

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LII.

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No. 9.

The Wanderer.

BY GREGORY LYELL.

AH, now so soon the nursling Song is dead
Though I did take him in my spirit's house,
And, Heavenly Wanderer, give him with my bread
The fire and honey of my singing vows.

Since he is gone, silent I walk alone
By shadowy streams where one nest ruined lies,
Now Song is dead, have all the young birds flown
And taken even summer from the skies?

Some Phases of Reconstruction.*

LOUIS E. WAGNER, PH. B. IN COMMERCE, '18.

I.—FINANCIAL REORGANIZATION.

THE war is bringing about a great financial readjustment. Previous to the war the Orient and South America were almost totally dependent on Europe for finance and trade connections. The war has very much altered these conditions. We must build up a financial organization that will be as elastic as that of other powerful nations when peace is here again. Before the war, Europeans would extend credit to South Americans for as long a period as thirty-six months. But we now have quicker transportation, and in every way conditions are improving. Six months might now be given as the usual credit period. The credit limit of our Federal Reserve Banks is ninety days. South Americans pay a good rate of interest. Crop credit has become exceptional.

We must maintain banks in foreign countries if we wish to carry on commerce with them. The bank may be called the strongest link in the chain of foreign commerce. The financial transactions of our foreign trade previously carried on with South Americans have been through such money centers as Hamburg,

London, and Paris. Such action permits such banks to reap a profit of a fraction of a cent on every dollar's worth of business transacted. The country which has banks in a foreign country may be said to force the foreign business of that country into the hands of its own merchants. This is often brought about by a high rate of exchange. "The United States did a gross business with Latin America in 1912 of \$526,468,815, practically all of which was paid for by European exchange. Assuming that the commission charged was one-half of one per cent. the cost to the American merchant would be \$2,623,344, which in itself is a strong argument for American banks in these lands." (Auginbaugh, *Selling Latin America*.) So close has been the connection between banking and commerce in the German system that banks have been operated simply as links in a giant chain that included the importer of raw material, the manufacturer and the exporter, the banks depending on these other agents for profits, to the disregard of returns on actual money advanced.

Certain special transactions which are made necessary by the inevitable accidents of commerce, will be carried through by a bank of your own country, while a bank of a foreign country might serve your interests poorly. Such transactions as adjustments of insurance, disposal of goods in case of refusal, or arrangement with customs officials so that the goods will be released when the documents are missing, will ordinarily result in heavy losses, unless the bank will adjust the difficulty.

There is another disadvantage in doing business through the bank of another nation. "Invoices and bill of lading are frequently attached to banking documents for custom house clearance and other purposes, thereby giving the European banker, and through him, his clients and friends,

* The points here presented are selected from a forecast of reconstruction problems made six months before the signing of the armistice.

an opportunity of learning our prices and terms. And so, not content with giving the foreign financier a chance to make money on our export trade, we also aid our greatest competitors by supplying prices and information to defeat our commercial purposes." (Auginbaugh, *op. cit.*)

For a foreign trade the establishing of friendly home banking facilities is an essential. The banker is in a position where he is required to familiarize himself with the fine points of trade. He keeps his hand on the pulse of business. The good banker is familiar with world markets, existing crops and future prospects, future production, local and extraneous political affairs. The tactful banker is a medium for friendly, responsible and mutually advantageous business connections between the home and foreign customer. New trade alignments are brought about, and our business allies become our sincere friends and well-wishers.

It is desirable that our Government take a more favorable stand towards foreign investments and investors. If this is done we can maintain the dollar instead of the pound sterling as the international standard of exchange. And we must have the co-operation and protection of the U. S. Government in foreign countries. Let the State Department assure legitimate investments of protection, and the last great barrier to the development of trade with South America will be removed. If the grievances of our citizens are looked to promptly and energetically we shall have more success in the foreign field. With European nations, if diplomacy fail the warship appears on the horizon, and as a result the just claims of Europeans are respected. Dr. Auginbaugh relates in his *Selling Latin America*, the very interesting facts about the Buenos Aires subway concession which was first held by an American. After months of fruitless efforts to get capital in the United States he failed; Agerman secured financial backing from Hamburg, and everything about the system is an advertisement of the German's industry. From the electric installation to the motorman's uniform, all is "Made in Germany." There could hardly be a more powerful advertisement of the scientific and engineering ability of the Germans.

By the end of the war, we must have a highly developed banking system. Germany and England will be our greatest competitors in the world market, and both have a highly perfected system of banking. Both nations

furnish State aid and encouragement to their banks. Germany has a very successful method of commercial insurance, and England is perfecting the plan for such work. A plan for international credit insurance was proposed at the Fifth National Foreign Trade Convention this year and suggested many interesting questions. At present we have nothing to compare with the British Trade Corporation with a capital of ten million pounds. It has received a royal charter, and the great purpose of this huge institution is the financing of England's export trade.

II.—TRANSPORTATION.

Transportation must be good if commerce is to prosper and civilization advance as it should. Commerce is first of all dependent upon transportation. Goods must be moved to acquire place utility. We have developed the greatest railroad system in the world. Our freight system is far superior to that of Europe and our rates much cheaper, although wages are higher in the United States than in Europe. The American laborer is more efficient and there are fewer employees per mile of road in the U. S. than in Europe. Our superior technical efficiency gives us lower rates.

At the beginning of the war our railroads were in very poor condition. This was due to improper regulation. The return on railroad stock has been far below the return on other investments. Railway credit must be restored. Materials for construction have advanced in price while rates have been forced down. As a result construction has practically ceased. After the war there should be an intensive development of the railroad net, especially in double tracking and improved terminals, south of the Mason and Dixon Line. If we consider that the South is the predominant cotton section, produces one-half of our lumber and contains half of our iron deposits, Birmingham possessing unrivalled facilities for iron production, we realize why there should be an intensive railroad development in the South in order to meet peace conditions.

Francis H. Sisson, Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, in an address April 11, 1918, "Laying the Rails for Future Business," said: "It is obvious that we should adopt a definite, comprehensive and adequate policy for developing our railroad extension policy based upon definite, determin-

ing factors. Our railroads must keep pace with our industrial expansion; it is imperative that this relationship be strictly maintained." Our extension policy must be based upon the increase in our population and our business.

The great after-war question concerning the railroads is that of Government ownership. Prussia is the only country that has really succeeded with government ownership of railroads. Mr. Sisson also tells us: "The privately owned railroads of the U. S. have the lowest freight rates, the lowest capitalization per mile, the greatest operating efficiency and pay the highest wages of any railroads in the world." If private ownership has failed to meet present conditions Mr. Sisson's remedy is this: "Somewhere within the meaning of the words 'co-operation' and 'partnership' lies the answer.... Regional companies representing both private and public capital under private operation with Governmental participation in the management and earnings above a just guarantee, would seem to assure the necessary extension of our facilities. In unity of interest and understanding, progress towards the desired goal should be possible."

Johnson and Van Metre in *Principles of Railroad Transportation* give this answer to the question: "A constructive policy of regulation should be adopted which will permit the continuance of private ownership under conditions in which the interest of both the public and the railroads will be properly conserved. Such a course seems far wiser, at least for the immediate future, than for the Government of the United States to attempt the enormous and even dangerous task of purchasing and operating two-fifths of the railway mileage of the world."

III.—LABOR.

Many labor difficulties will come out of the war. The transportation of our army back from Europe is not a small problem. The time required to complete the task has been estimated at two years. The cargo ships which we are building are poorly adapted to the carrying of passengers, and definite plans must be made to bring the men back home again.

The wealth of many nations is being destroyed, and the welfare of such nations will depend primarily upon their ability to produce. The great question is the supply, cost, and control of labor immediately after the war. No definite

conclusions can be drawn, but there are many reasons to believe that there will be a great labor shortage at the end of the war especially in the ranks of the unskilled.

The English government invented the idea of labor "dilution." The English were pressed for man-power and the following method was devised. An unskilled laborer was placed between two skilled operators and under their direction and assistance he developed into a skilled laborer. In this way one-half of the skilled men could be sent to the front while those unfit for military service took their places. The labor unions were patriotic enough to permit this, although they are training men who will compete with them after the war. We have not been forced to labor "dilution" in the United States, but it is a possibility. Our country has built up its industries with a supply of cheap European labor. These laborers came over and worked into our industrial organization. They gradually worked up and secured better positions and wages and became Americans.

In the last few years an international supply of labor has arisen. Laborers come to our shores for a few months or a few years and after making a few hundred dollars return to their native land. These laborers go to the country where there is a demand for their services and return to their country when the service demand is over. This phase is especially striking in the Argentine Republic. Laborers come in for the few months of harvest and then leave the country. "Of our own immigration in the five years ended with 1913, 42 per cent. returned home. Of Argentina's comparatively large immigration 43 per cent. returned home. British statistics show that in 1913 454,427 citizens of the United Kingdom, including all classes of travelers, left British ports for overseas, while 192,718, exactly 42 per cent, returned from abroad. (*The Americas*, June, 1917.)

Southeast Europe has furnished us with our unskilled labor. Italy is to-day talking of restricting emigration and expects an industrial era that will employ all her laborers at fair wages. Many of her laborers are familiar with German and American methods. They have formed part of the temporary labor supply of our country. Every nation is studying the after-war labor supply. The plan of Herr Ballord, Professor of political science at the University of Berlin, as reported in a Stockholm dispatch (*Chicago Daily News* March 18, 1918), involves

the conscription of labor from the German colonies to the number of 1,000,000 men.

The *Indianapolis Star*, May 19, 1918, gave a report of some of England's after-war plans. In order to prevent the returned soldier from packing his belongings and setting sail for the New World, improved housing conditions will induce him to stay in England, and convince him that it is not only a good place to fight for but also a good place to live in. The cost of the English government's plan—"the biggest home building plan ever known"—is estimated at \$500,000,000. It is proposed to abolish the slums of the big cities throughout England and replace them by habitable dwellings; also, 30,000 cottages are to be built on the new land put under cultivation during the war.

The effect of war industries on labor problems suggests a new set of relations between capital and labor after the war. Labor has made concessions during the war on promise that certain conditions would be brought about by capital. It is a remarkable fact that scientific surveys in England have established that the eight-hour day, for which labor has contended so persistently, has proved to be the most efficient and most productive working day in the war industries. The advantage of long hours is offset by a decrease in efficiency and in health.

IV.—FACTORIES.

The enormous output of munitions of war caused the total reconstruction of many factories. Peace production was replaced by the necessities of war. From June, 1915, to June, 1917, the manufacture of munitions in England increased 300 times. In the United States the change was not so quickly made. It was seen that it would be far better to continue the peace-commodity producing plants. The Government placed orders and made recommendations to the organizations. As a result extensions were made or new plants erected under the same efficient management as the old factory. The change from a peace to a war basis was gradually, efficiently and quickly made, and we feel certain that the change from a war to a peace basis will be made in the same way. The great after-war demand for peace commodities will gradually increase, and our industrial organizations will be able to meet the increased demand by the systematic conversion of their munition-production department into manufacturers of the articles of peaceful commerce.

The American Trust has the reputation of being very efficient. Because of its efficiency we shall be better prepared for the coming of peace than will our competitors. The Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison, in a speech in the House of Commons on the work of the Ministry of Munitions, June 18th, 1917, stated: "The designing and equipment of these national factories were undertaken by Mr. Quinan, the American engineer, and in the great works of Queensferry, Gretna and elsewhere we have become possessed, through Mr. Quinan's genius, of factories which to a very large extent will be of permanent value to peace industries."

There is an impression abroad that England's peace factories have been changed to munitions factories; that England is one large munition plant. It is a mistake to believe that England would thus lose out in the world markets. England has continued to carry on her foreign commerce, and she was especially active along such lines until we were actually in the war.

As one example of England's commercial activity after the war began I will quote from *The Review of the River Plate*, of Nov. 3rd, 1916: "The report of the Prince Line, Ltd., for the year ended June 30th, shows a net profit (less provisions for depreciation, excess profits duty and income-tax) of £495,328 to which is added £35,580 brought forward, making a total of £530,909. The directors recommend the addition of £250,000 to the reserve fund for the protection of the company's trade and £50,000 to the general reserve, and proposes a further dividend of 25 per cent., making 30 per cent., for the year, leaving £50,460 to be carried forward. Four steamers of 10,000 tons have been contracted for" Such prosperity of line which suffered with others the heavy submarine losses does not indicate stagnation of foreign trade! (Conclusion next week.)

Foch, the Conqueror.

BY WILLIAM A. FITZGERALD (ENGLISH C).

In warfare men are nothing; a man is everything. It was not the Roman army that conquered Gaul, but Caesar. It was not the Carthaginians that made the armies of the Republic tremble at the very gates of Rome, but Hannibal; it was not the Macedonian army that marched to the Indus, but Alexander. It was not the French army that carried the war to

the Weser, and the Inn, but Turrene; it was not the Prussian army that defended Prussia during the Seven Years' War against the greatest powers of Europe, but Frederick the Great. And so to-day, it is not the Allied army that has defeated the Hun and saved civilization to the world, but Ferdinand Foch, generalissimo of the armies of democracy.

But who and what manner of man is Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Forces? Is he a Napoleon? A Molke? a Wellington? a Grant? There is one sharp difference between Napoleon and Foch. It is years. Foch is now more than twice as old as Napoleon was when he reached his zenith.

Ferdinand Foch was born in a little town near the Spanish border sixty-six and a half years ago. He is short, closely knit, extremely well preserved for his years, and looks the warrior. Like Napoleon he is an artillery man by training and a horseman by preference. His earlier career was not unlike that of the ordinary French officer, except that he excelled in diligence.

It was on March 15th, 1915 that, Marshal Foch found his first real opportunity to put into practice his lifetime studies. Next to Joffre, it was Foch who contributed most to the defeat of the German onrush.

Without General Foch's superb execution, Joffre would not have prevailed. The French line had been forced back to the valley of the Marne, and Von Kluck was threatening to envelop the left wing and take Paris. It was at that vital moment that Joffre issued his famous order: "The moment has come for the army to advance at all costs, and allow itself to be slain where it stands rather than give way."

As the French army moved forward in obedience to the order, Von Kluck found that his plans would not carry, and immediately made a re-disposition of his forces, with the intention of driving a wedge through the centre. Foch, holding the centre, commanded the Ninth Army, of 120,000 men. Von Kluck attacked him with the Prussian Guard and the Saxon Army, of 200,000. As the wings recoiled under the terrific enemy attacks, Foch's troops were forced to bear the brunt of the entire German movement. For five days the Germans battered him with ever-increasing force, till finally the crisis came. The French line was breaking and Foch exerted his supreme effort. He sent

this telegram to Joffre: "My right has been driven in; my left has been driven in; therefore, with all that I have left in my centre, I will attack."

Materially and physically at that hour Foch was beaten, but his indomitable will mastered the Germans. From that day, the slow German retreat began. Is it any wonder that Joffre called him "the first strategist of Europe."

One of the great Marshal's chief characteristics is courage. He is a man with whom hopefulness is much more than a question of temperament. In his creed as man and general, hopefulness is the first article. He considers that depression is a confession of intellectual weakness, and will argue that it has lost more battles than any other single cause. To be gloomy is to admit that matter has conquered spirit. Literally the General lives and flourishes by virtue of mental pluck. It was that indomitable courage that drove the Germans back at the battle of the Marne, when they were within thirty miles of Paris. Perhaps, at that time Foch looked beyond the battlefield, and saw in Flanders' fields the long lines of crosses that mark the last resting place of thousands of brave Frenchmen, representing the best blood of their native land; perhaps too he saw the multitude of sorrowing French mothers, and these visions spurred him on to meet the foe and fight to the last stand, that democracy might live in France.

And now that the greatest war in history is over, and the last gun has sent its shrieking challenge across the blood-stained fields of Flanders, General Foch may take his stand as the Saviour of France; to him is it given to look across those shell-torn fields and to see the sun of autocracy setting forever. To-day he rides to Metz, and in the name of France, and as her supreme marshal, he will take possession of that city, so long desecrated by the presence of the Prussian. To reach it, he must travel the highway from Rheims to Verdun, the eastern part of which is known as the Sacred Way, because so many of the brave sons of France have trudged along it on their way to death for "God and Country."

And so, as the idol of France, we shall leave him crowned with the laurels of his victory, and conclude with the hope that the historian may write, as in all truth he may: "It was not the Allied armies that finally drove the Germans across the Rhine, but Ferdinand Foch."

Varsity Verse.

PESSIMUM.

I may be afraid of a gun,
I may quake at the crack of a pun;
But I'd rather be dead
Than have it be said
That I was afraid of a Hun.

"DO AS I SAY."

I've often heard my elders say:
"Labor omnia vincit!"
But when my elders laborant
I wonder if they think it?

R. OWEN STUFH.

THEY SHALL NOT PASS.

The students quickly filled the room,
On each one's face was written gloom;
They knew their sentence from the first
They felt as though the "Prof" had cursed:
"They shall not pass!"

They labored long with might and main,
They racked and strained each tired brain;
Yet echoed the avengeful word,
When riled professor firm averred:
"They shall not pass!"

They burned the midnight oil in vain,
Stored gobs of learning in each brain;
Black thunder gathered on "Prof's" brow
As stubbornly he did avow:
"They shall not pass!"

The day came round for the exam,
Think you, Professor cared a fig?
With flickering hope each asked his grade,
And this reply Professor made:
"YOU—DID—NOT—PASS!"

DONALD MCGREGOR.

LIMERICKS.

There was a young artist named Neal
Who strove hard to paint the ideal.
He met a young maid
At the movies who said
"My painting is all for the reel."

* * *

The boys of the S. A. T. C.
R. soldiers right up to a T.
But the Germans said "Nuff!
You have called our Hun bluff."
Now it's S. A. T. C. R. I. P.!

P. K.

American Efficiency.

SIGISMUND A. JANKOWSKI, '21.

To-day America is at peace. The critics who accused her of entering the war too late, who said that the burden of checking the world foe was left to the European nations, while this country with its power and numerous resources stood back unarmed, now forget their disapproval of the tardiness of this great democracy. Why did America stand aloof from the monstrous battlefield for so long a time? The American people, friendly and peace-loving, wondered at the sudden outbreak of the struggle. The ravaging of Belgium shocked them, and they watched with curious eyes the development of the war, as one by one the nations across the sea marshalled their armies and arrayed them for battle. The glory of peace was a brighter vision to most American hearts than the glory of war, and the thought of the possibility of our being drawn into this European maelstrom was quickly dismissed.

The cause of the war, the signal that summoned the rival armies to battle, in no way affected us. We did not yet understand what the purposes and aims of Germany's drive were, and we remained strictly neutral. Unwilling to favor any side, we were confident that due respect would be given us as neutrals. The intrigues of the Germans, and their methods of warfare, however, failed to work in harmony with our rights on the sea. Heroic efforts were made on the part of our President and Congress to explain neutrality to the warring nations, and the pretentious and false German autocracy answered favorably and honorably several times, so that we forgave them and remained at peace, though it was but a doubtful peace. The treachery of the military despotism came to light when wrong after wrong could not be righted. Peace and liberty were threatened, and the peoples of the world called upon us, as lovers of freedom, to defend them. We drew the sword at last, and our efficiency and enthusiasm saved Europe from oppression and won the war in the interest of world freedom.

The news of the declaration of war troubled American hearts at first. We were to wage an offensive battle; we were to save France and England from the treacherous foe. Some shuddered at the idea of sending soldiers across

the sea to fight in foreign lands, because the majority of people in this country did not fully understand the real reason for our entering into war, and believed that we had not the means wherewith to cope with the modern war machinery with which the foe so skilfully played havoc on land and sea. But American efficiency and activity scattered the clouds of pessimism, fears disappeared, and a wonderful organization began. The righteousness and nobility of our cause was fully explained to every citizen, so that he worked with the conviction that his country was in the right. Wonderful enthusiasm was displayed throughout the land, and the full-heartedness of a freedom-loving people was revealed. The former wars, the heroism of our forefathers, and the glorious scenes of the Revolution and the Civil War moved in a panorama before the eyes of Americans of to-day, a panorama of American ideals of self-sacrifice and courage, that filled all hearts with strength to face the greatest foe of liberty.

Whatever the effort, whatever the cost, whatever the sacrifices, American citizens promised co-operation; promised not to sheathe the sword until the spirit and power of liberty should have been triumphant in the entire world. Fortunately America has been blessed with a government, whose chief executive proved himself the man of the hour, a great scholar, patriot and statesman; with a government whose war secretary by his genius organized the invincible ranks of liberty-loving warriors; and whose treasurer by his financial enterprises contributed his full measure of devotion to the success of the liberty loans and other war finances. America was blessed in having a Hoover, whose name will forever live on the statutes of economy, whenever the question of saving food in time of war shall puzzle future administrators; finally in having a great general who upheld the standard of American heroism and led our soldiers to victory.

These are the men who set the country upon a war basis, and their word caused victory to arise at the very beginning, like the sun which after a little time spreads its rays far upon the dark world. The soldiers flocked to Pershing; the wage-earners upheld McAdoo, the housewives "Hooverized," and all hailed the President as the champion of democracy, placed their confidence in his hands, and kept it there without the least disappointment. This American

efficiency conveys a precious message to the future generations, a message which will show what enthusiasm, what spirit and what loyal response curbed militarism and saved the world from oppression. The tales of heroism, the stories of daring courage, displayed upon the European battlefields by American warriors equal any of those of former wars. We can place to-day's heroes beside those of the Revolution, of the Civil War and of the Spanish War, and point to them as the world's greatest vindicators of human rights. We must pay a special tribute to the men who championed the cause of liberty, who left their homes, their loved ones and risked their lives in fighting for American principles. Backed by millions of enthusiastic hearts, and welcomed by the people whom they freed from further attacks of the foe, the warriors of liberty never faltered in their duty, and accomplished in a short time more than was expected of them; accomplished all that American ideals could demand of them. Truly the ancient heroes of the arena and the old legions of honor are but shadows compared to the army that fought for liberty on the fields of France and Flanders. The ancient conqueror wore no worthier laurel wreath than that which should adorn the heads of soldiers who left their country to crush the enemy in a foreign land. We can pay but a silent tribute to those who gave their lives for us, and keep their memory ever dear and ever new so that the future generations may fully estimate the value of their sacrifices.

This is a summary of American efficiency which revealed its strength in a democratic union, which showed that America's spirit cannot be equalled by that of any other nation of the world, which showed what love and loyalty embrace the Stars and Stripes. Patriotism and sacrifice worked in harmony; patriotism that brought victory for America, and sacrifices that made all citizens equal in the fulfilment of rigid precepts that the time of war demanded. The boasted American spirit was brought to a test and in every respect it upheld its honor. The flag that forever stands for justice, loyalty and purity received no stain of dishonor from the sons of Liberty, and well may it be unfurled on the highest pinnacle so that the world might recognize the emblem under which victory was won; the emblem which inspires all nations to follow American principles and American ideals.

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We believe that the following telegram—sent by the Faculty of the University to President Wilson on the eve of his departure for Europe to take part in the great international peace conference, the purpose of which is to insure justice and peace to all peoples—expresses the sentiment and the hope not only of the numerous class of Americans of Irish descent but of all true Americans:

*Notre Dame, Indiana,
December 2, 1918.*

*To the President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.:*

The Faculty of the University of Notre Dame in regular session assembled sends respectful greetings to President Wilson, prays for him a happy voyage and a safe return, and expresses the hope that Ireland through his genius and friendship may attain to self-determination in government and share in the blessings of liberty for which men of Irish blood in America fought so heroically in the Great War. That the President of the United States should exert all his influence to this end seems the one thing necessary now to prove to the world the sincerity and earnestness of the American demand for justice to the smaller nations.

(Signed) President Cavanaugh.

Tomorrow is the festival day of the Catholic Church in America—the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. It should be a day of hearty

The Eighth of December. thanksgiving to the Mother of God for

the gifts of grace and strength our Church and our country have received through her. Our causes for thanksgiving are many. She has seen us safely through the dark days of war; she has brought us out of the fighting with comparatively few scars, and has obtained for us the glory of a marvellous achievement. In her name and in the name of one of the purest of her children, legion after legion of French men and boys went out to meet the Teutonic barbarian; the undefiled figures of Mary and of Joan of Arc have supported thousands of dying English, Italian, and French heroes in the last moments of their sacrifice: and these men, as we now realize, died for our own land as well as for their own. What Catholic will doubt that through her mighty supplication, we were given, as leaders, men of such stern faith and unfailing principle? Have the prayers and rosaries of mothers, sisters and dear ones not put into our soldiers that moral energy by which we have won the grimest of wars? In virtue of our Catholicity we are true Americans; and being true Americans, we had rather die than betray our Catholicity, than betray the source and principle of our loyalty. It is not mere pious fancy that prompts us to speak tenderly of our religion; it is rather the consciousness that thence come our sense of duty, our fidelity to right rules of conduct and to the forces preservative of the nation's liberty. Could anything be more proper than that, among all the feasts of the Mother of God, ours should be that of her Immaculate Conception. For this feast is the exaltation of purity and of the power of spotless living. Our power in the war days from which we are just emerging has been the power of honor. Our armies are vast, and as brave as any on earth; our economic and financial resources are beyond compare; but it was neither steel nor gold which crushed out of the enemy the last measure of resistance. It was the spiritual power which we brought into the war. We would not fight until honor forced it; and, equally, we would not sheathe the sword until honor was redeemed. May traditions of noble thought and noble action be ever the heritage of these United States.

The rich red blood of American manhood poured out for justice pleads for it, the clean white dignity of American ideals of liberty and equity urges it, the penetrating blue radiance of faith and truth demands it; and as American Catholics, we must pledge by the Immaculate Mother of God that as far as it is in our power we shall promote it.—J. H. M.

Obituaries.

We regret to learn of the death of Rev. Jacob R. Geiger (Litt. B. '14), one of the most popular and accomplished students of his class and art editor of the 1914 *Dome*. After receiving his degree from Notre Dame he spent four years at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, in Cincinnati, and was ordained on May 8th of this year. While attending sick calls during the influenza epidemic at Bellaire, Ohio, where he was assistant pastor, he contracted the disease and died at Wheeling Hospital shortly after. He was buried November 26, at his home, in Logan, Ohio, where on the day before his sister, who had also succumbed to pneumonia, was buried. Needless to say Father Geiger will be well remembered in prayer by his Notre Dame friends. *R. I. P.*

Word has reached Father Lange of the death of his student room-mate, Fred L. Truscott, E. E. '14. He contracted pneumonia while performing his duties in one of the Western camps. Always an exemplary Catholic as a student, Lieut. Truscott died with that beautiful spirit of perfect resignation which only a true belief in that religion can give. His many friends at Notre Dame bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

Within the week news has been received of the death of Charles B. Lawrence, of North Baltimore, Ohio (student 1914), who passed away at Great Lakes Training Station last September. He was a popular man while at school—*R. I. P.*

Joseph Raymond ("Dick") Kinsella, a former student of the University, is dead in France. He was inducted into the army in August, 1917. A year later he went to France with the 124 M. G. Corps. Later, however, he was transferred to the quartermaster's department. His home was at Springfield, Illinois. To his bereaved parents and brothers we tender our sympathy. *R. I. P.*

Captain Campbell's Record.

The following column from the *Daily Times*, of Woburn, Massachusetts, under the heading, "Captain George Campbell, Veteran of Six Wars Killed—Retired after Many Years in Army, Went into German Conflict and Met His Death," will be of much interest to all those whose privilege it is to have known this splendid soldier:

Capt. George A. Campbell, veteran of every war since the Indian campaign, wearing the service bars for six campaigns, retired with 30 years of honorable service in the army to his credit, has been killed in France. The news was contained in a telegram received last night by his father, Charles A. Campbell, 38 Broad street.

Captain Campbell had probably the most illustrious career of any Woburn soldier, covering himself with glory in the Philippines, winning commendations in China and in Cuba, fighting the Indians in the old days and the Mexicans during the border trouble, crowning more than 30 years of service with a gallant death in France.

He was retired from the United States Army about six years ago, with thirty years of service to his credit and the rank of color-sergeant, the highest non-commissioned rank that an enlisted man could obtain. He was then only forty-two years of age—too young, he thought, to quit the military life. Accordingly he petitioned for assignment and was sent to Notre Dame University, South Bend, Indiana, where he whipped into shape a most remarkable organization of student-soldiers. This was before war was thought of, but Campbell's diligence and devotion to his place caused him to turn out a finished regiment of youngsters, whose numbers have since furnished many officers for the United States fighting army.

Even in the summer months when Campbell came home from Notre Dame on vacations, he craved for the military and enlisted in the Massachusetts Cavalry, being attached to a Cambridge troop. He went on the summer manoeuvres and was the headquarter's cook. When the Mexican border trouble came he went south with the cavalry, remaining throughout the trouble. He never sought a commission in the M. V. M., preferring to enjoy the flavor of his old life as "one of the ranks."

George A. Campbell first enlisted in the army in 1889, fighting the Indians through the West. He was in the last Indian campaign and carried a service stripe for that service. He was in Cuba, the Philippines, the China uprising, when the Boxers broke out, and the Mexican trouble.

Campbell's record was one of the most exemplary ever given an army man. Every discharge paper that he ever obtained, at the conclusion of his various enlistments, was marked "excellent." He won several certificates of merit for particularly heroic duty, and when he was pensioned he was, because of his heroism, given an annuity in addition to the sum usually granted.

One reason, and probably the main reason, why he was always an enlisted man and never a commissioned officer, was because he remained in the Philippines,

choosing to shift from one regiment to another in order that the "Islands" might be his station. Several times he rose to non-commissioned berths in various regiments, but when the regiment was transferred back to the States, Campbell always transferred to the incoming regiment, losing his rating, but always remaining on the "Islands."

Captain Campbell, then a "non-com," distinguished himself when he, single-handed, captured a notorious Moro leader, Faustina Ablen, whom the Spanish troops had been seeking for eleven years and whom the United States forces had tried for four years to capture. Campbell brought him in and was cited for the act. Ablen was a particularly active disturber in the Islands, leading a cult that cared for nothing. They had no fear of death, rather revelling in the opportunity of dying for whatever cause they entertained. They wore white bandages over their eyes when they went into battle and were ferocious in their clashes. Ablen was the leader of these fanatics, and he kept them constantly harrassing the soldiers, no matter what country they represented. Campbell one day set out for the mountains where Ablen had his haunts and he succeeded in bringing back the leader without injury to either himself or his prisoner. He was given a medal of honor.

There existed no doubt of Campbell's bravery after an incident at Illoilo Straits, when Campbell, in an unseaworthy boat, rowed out into the straits and rescued two drowning soldiers. The boat in which he conducted the rescue was spouting water through the seams and he barely was successful. On another occasion he jumped into the bay and saved the life of a lieutenant who had fallen from a ship into the water, for which he was given another certificate of merit.

Captain Campbell won his bars at Plattsburg, after he had declined to accept a lieutenant's commission recommended by an army board. He went to Plattsburg as a candidate, but he was distinguished for the reason that he wore more service bars than any other man at the camp, excepting neither instructors nor candidates. His five campaigns, lacking then only the German war bars, made him a notable personage.

In spite of all the honors that George A. Campbell won in the service of his country, and in spite of the record that he had made, he was one of the most modest and retiring men that this city has ever known. He accepted all honors quietly and made no use of them in any attempt to be conspicuous. He was rarely seen in uniform in this city, preferring to wear civilian's attire, and it was only after much persausion that his friends were able to pry from his diffident lips the story of his military career.

George A. Campbell was a thorough soldier. He was a "regular," and he died like a "regular." A gallant man who has given his all for his country. No man could give more than he gave.

Captain Campbell was born in Prince Edward Island, December 31, 1869. His first enlistment was on October 25, 1889, when 19 years of age. In France he was captain of Co. E, 18th U. S. Regular Infantry, and he was later transferred to headquarters of the 1st Division, also a regular army organization. According to the telegram he was killed on October 7, 1918.

Local News.

Found—A watch and a crucifix. Owners may apply to Brother Alphonsus.

Old Chemistry Hall is to be restored and for a time at least will be used by the Knights of Columbus in their welfare work.

Representatives from each of the halls met in the Main Building at noon on Monday last to perfect the plans for frequent Communion.

Members of Company 3 have completed their arrangements for the dance to be held in the Rotary Room of the Oliver on Saturday, December the 7th.

It is understood that demobilization of the S. A. T. C. will begin with Sorin Hall. After that the men not wishing to remain as students at the University will be discharged.

Last Wednesday evening the Army officers in charge of the S. A. T. C. gave an informal dance in Place Hall to the Army and Navy men. The university orchestra rendered the music.

In a faculty meeting on Friday, November 29, the question of the length of the school term and of the Christmas vacation was brought up, but it was left undecided till the next meeting.

There has not been a death in the Community at Notre Dame since October 20, 1917, when Brother Theodosius passed away. This would be remarkable even in a normal period, but it is especially noteworthy during the present visitation of the Spanish influenza.

Communion Masses will henceforth be said in Walsh and Badin Halls as late as 6:30 a. m., since the "Prep" army is now discontinued. This will give the late sleepers a better opportunity of going to Communion daily during Advent, as was suggested by Father Burke in his sermon last Sunday.

Dr. James J. Walsh gave us in Washington Hall Tuesday afternoon another of his illuminating lectures. The subject this time was Cardinal Mercier,—"broad-shouldered and broad-visioned; a supreme type of passive resistance and a redeemer of scholastic philosophy.—a man of towering moral grandeur and remarkable versatility."

The Navy men have received notice from the commandant of the ninth, tenth and eleventh naval districts that the naval section of the S. A. T. C. is to be disbanded within a few days and that the men are to be put on inactive

service. Those, however, who wish to remain in active service may do so upon application. Thus far no one at Notre Dame has applied.

The musical program given last Saturday evening by the Gambol Concert Company was a genuine treat, meriting the praise of all lovers of good music. A picturesque stage setting added charm to the opening number, "The End of a Perfect Day," and Mendelssohn's "Andante" was rendered with fine impressiveness by Miss Waumbaugh, violinist.

The members of the Notre Dame S. A. T. C. are being discharged as rapidly as possible, the work of disbanding having been ordered to be completed by the 21st of December. When the announcement of demobilization was made by the President of the University the student-soldiers gave vigorous applause. It was announced on the same occasion that the students' employment bureau at the University is to be reopened at once for the benefit of the soldiers who wish to continue at college and need assistance in order to do so. The bureau was closed early in the fall for the reason that there were no students seeking occupation, a condition growing out of the government's action in giving tuition and support to the young men in the Training Corps. Every effort is now being made to put the school back on a peace basis as quickly as possible.

The University of Notre Dame is the first educational institution to request President Wilson to urge the self-determination of Ireland. The text of the telegram sent by the faculty is given in the editorial column of this issue. In a mass meeting held Tuesday night the students of the University resolved to send the following message to the President urging his support of Ireland's rights:

The students of the University of Notre Dame tender their respects to President Wilson, and express their hope for the complete success of the momentous undertaking which he is journeying to initiate—the settlement of a fair and final peace embracing the consummation of the just aspirations of all the oppressed peoples of the world.

We feel that any peace would fail grievously did it ignore the condition of Ireland, whose sons have rallied from all the corners of the earth, have bled and died for that democracy whose leader spoke so intrepidly for the self-determination of small nations. To except Ireland from the realization of that high principle to which America was pledged would be to break faith with all who gave their lives for liberty.

(Signed) The Students of Notre Dame.

Personals.

W. B. Lynch, Badin '17-18, is now stationed at Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Florida.

Bernard Voll (Ph. B. in Hist. 1917) has been wounded and is at present confined in a base hospital in France.

Lion Wituchi, a member of the engineering class of '15-17, visited the University recently. Wituchi is studying Radio Operating at Harvard University.

Word has been received that Stewart O'Brien, old student of Rochester, N. Y., has married Miss Dorothy Royse, formerly of South Bend and St. Mary's Academy. They have settled in Boston, Massachusetts.

William Barbour, a Brownson haller last year, was at Notre Dame recently visiting his brother, Howard, of Carroll Hall, and many other friends. Barbour is a Jackie and hopes to go on a cruise soon.

Practically all the men sent from Notre Dame recently to officers' training camps will return to resume their studies. Of the small number who will not return are Paul Loosen and Lyde Musmaker, who have decided to remain in the army.

It is reported that "Jim" Dooley, vice-president of the New England Club of last year and now in the navy, has entered the marriage state. "Jim" visited at Notre Dame recently, but would neither confirm nor deny the rumor. In this matter, however, we draw our own conclusions.

"Charlie" Call (Ph. B. in Journ. '18), who was sporting editor on the SCHOLASTIC last year and for two seasons our star mile runner, is, according to reliable information, to be married in the near future to a girl of La Porte. "Charlie" worked for the La Porte *Argus* last summer and is at present in the navy.

James F. Murtaugh, who was in Badin Hall last year, is at present at Minneapolis with unit 4, U. S. N. Aviation Detachment. Murtaugh expects to be transferred soon to Key West, Florida, where he will learn to man an aeroplane. He writes that he had fully intended to return to Notre Dame this year and will certainly do so as soon as possible.

"Bernie" Murphy, a student in Corby Hall last year, is playing with the Headquarter's team of the First Naval District, Brookline, Mass.

There is a possibility that his team may journey west after Thanksgiving to play the Great Lakes. At a game at Harvard Stadium two weeks ago he met Ray DeRoche, a Walsh Hall man of last year, and J. Hogan, formerly of Corby Hall. Hogan is now in a Radio School.

The following letter speaks for itself. Think of a communication, written in a hand that would put any college boy of to-day to shame, and from an old student who was here twelve years after the University was chartered. Can't we have some letters from some of the other old fellows who belong to antiquity?

644 Merrimac St., Oakland, California,
November 20, 1918.

President of Notre Dame College,
South Bend, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

I am an old man of seventy-eight years, but well do I remember the days of 1856, when I was a happy student in your halls. I am in touch with some young people, and think if I had a later catalogue of your institution, I might send you some California students.

I do not know another living student of 1856. Do you happen to have any of the old catalogues of that date? If so, I would be most happy if you would tuck one in along with the more modern one, and send them both to me. How I would enjoy reviewing the dear old names from the depths of my "old arm chair!"

Sincerely your well-wisher,

J. L. Hoiey.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME 0; NEBRASKA 0.

In a quagmire of mud Notre Dame and Nebraska battled to a scoreless tie in their annual tilt on Thanksgiving day. Mud alone, stickier and more treacherous than that of Flanders, saved Nebraska from defeat. Again and again Gipp, Barry, or Lambeau would cut for a clear opening only to flounder and fall helplessly in the heavy going.

Outweighed though they were ten pounds to the man, Notre Dame made first down twelve times, while the Cornhuskers' attempts to advance the ball were always smothered by the fighting N. D. line. Not once did Nebraska make the required distance. In the second half Nebraska made no attempt to rush the ball, but, playing for a tie score, kept kicking on the first down. In this they were fortunate to have the services of Dobson, who had been furloughed home from the Navy three days before the game. Dobson's clever punting was the best feature of Nebraska's play, though her

defensive work was at all times strong.

Notre Dame received the kick-off and Gipp carried it back almost to midfield. On the first play the Irish fumbled and it was Nebraska's ball on their opponents' 40-yard line. After three unsuccessful attempts to gain they kicked to Bahan, who returned the punt 15 yards. Bahan was hurt, and was replaced by Lockard. After several exchanges of kicks, N. D. began from her own 30-yard line a long march towards their goal. Two long drives by Gipp, and a forward pass, Gipp to Barry, placed the ball on the 10-yard line. Here Nebraska held for two downs, but on the third play Barry sliced off tackle for a touchdown. An eagle-eyed official, however, detected Barry momentarily grasping Lambeau's belt for support and the touchdown was disallowed. In addition Notre Dame was penalized 15 yards. As the mud was too deep for a drop-kick, Gipp essayed a pass which, however, was incompleting. This ended for a while the threat to score.

Until the last quarter, Gipp and Dobson engaged in a punting duel, with honors about even. At the start of the last period Lockard was injured, and Mohard took his place. For a few minutes the Notre Dame offense was demoralized and it appeared as if her strength was spent. Gipp brought them back to normal, however, and in the last five minutes led them almost to the Nebraska goal line. With the ball on Notre Dame's 40-yard line, Barry, Gipp, and Lambeau knifed their way for three first downs. Gipp then passed to Kirk, who was downed on the 8-yard line. The whistle blew an instant later.

Larson played a steady game at centre, his passing of the wet, slippery ball being sure at all times. Smith and Heartly Anderson fought their hearts out at guard and their deadly tackling on kicks was spectacular. Stine and Crowley broke up all Nebraska formations in their incipency, while at the ends Ed. Anderson and Kirk left nothing to be desired. In the absence of Mohn, who had been injured at Purdue, Bahan gamely tried to come back, but his injured knee could not stand the jarring and the doughty captain was unwillingly carried off the field. Lockard, who took his place, used good judgment and took advantage of all opportunities. Gipp, Barry, and Lambeau strained every effort and almost accomplished the impossible. One more minute and they would have scored. However that may have been,

the N. D. team, the lightest in the history of the University, fought with all the courage of the Belgians at Liège. They played a real game of football, and have nothing of which to be ashamed.

NORTE DAME 26; PURDUE 6.

After a lapse of eleven years Notre Dame and Purdue resumed hostilities on the gridiron on Saturday, November 23rd. While the score was not very gratifying to Purdue adherents, their team fought sturdily and bitterly to the end. On the dry field, however, the light Notre Dame team could not be denied and they scored four touchdowns to Purdue's one. The final score was 24 to 6. The story of the game as reported by John W. Head in the Indianapolis *Star* on November 24th, follows:

LAFAYETTE, IND., Nov. 23.—Football teams just grow at Notre Dame.

Although Purdue has the best team it has had since the days of Oliphant, it was no match for the Irish gridders here this afternoon on Stuart Field. The Irish, aided and abetted by one Gipp, just simply marched up and down the field at will. The final count was 26 to 6.

As is usually the case with star football teams, there is always one man on the team who is a star. That man to-day was Gipp, the towering Irish half-back, who not only advanced the ball with great skill, but was a bulwark on the defense, breaking up any and all kinds of spurts Coach Scanlon's eleven tried to make.

However, the score was not what it might have been in favor of the Irish, for Capt. Bahan of the Notre Dame squad, who will be unable to take part in no more games this season, was not even carried along with the team. With this half-back in the game to aid Gipp in his off tackle smashes, Purdue would have been buried under a mass of scores that would have made it exceedingly difficult for Coach Scanlon to have extracted them for the Great Lakes game next Saturday at the Great Lakes Station.

Bear stories from Notre Dame last week indicated that Gipp was in such a condition that it would be difficult for him to enter the game today, as he had a ruptured blood vessel in his face, besides an injured leg. However, if he plays football the way he did today with these ailments, it is inconceivable what he might have done had he been a hale and hearty man.

The Purdue men showed only one flash of football and that was in the first quarter, when they rushed the ball into Notre Dame territory and counted a touchdown when Murphy slid over the line from the one-yard line.

Purdue hopes went soaring with this spurt, but Gipp and his cohorts hadn't obtained a footing. When they did the Purdue gridders didn't have a chance, just as the Mudville nine that day when Casey fanned the air with two men on the bases.

With the ball on the Notre Dame thirty-yard line in Purdue's possession in the first period, Quarterback Murphy opened up his play and successfully negotiated two neat forward passes. One to Bendixen and the other to Quast placed the ball on the twelve-yard line, where Quast was called back on a fake place-kick formation. He didn't kick, but passed to Markley, who was downed on the three-yard line. Two smashes at the Notre Dame line placed the ball over. Quast punted out, but Purdue catchers failed to receive the ball, which gave the Boilermakers an edge for a few minutes. It was short-lived, for the quarter ended shortly afterward and then Gipp began to tear great holes in the Purdue line. He was no respecter of sides of the lines, for first it was the left and then the right side of the line that was hit by his 175 pounds of beef and brawn. He was aided by some terrific line-smashing by Lambeau, the nifty full-back of Coach Rockne's making.

At the beginning of the second period Barry ripped off seven yards around left end and then Lambeau split the center of the line as a knife would rip a watermelon. It was first down and the ball on Purdue's thirty-seven-yard line. Gipp got loose, dodged, side-stepped several Purdue would-be tacklers and when he was downed he had carried the ball some eighteen yards. On a clever fake play which somewhat resembled the old Princeton tandem, Gipp was given the ball and he made another eighteen yards and a touchdown.

Up until the last few minutes of this quarter the ball see-sawed up and down the field, but with only three minutes to go Gipp ordered the play opened up and some of the cleverest passes of the afternoon were successfully completed.

With the ball on the twenty-yard line Gipp dropped back for a drop-kick, but the wind carried it wild and Purdue recovered the ball on its own eighty-yard line. Quast then punted outside on Purdue's forty-eight-yard line. Barry skinned tackle for four yards. Gipp then tossed a pass to Barry for twenty-two yards. He then duplicated this pass on the other side of the line, Kirk snagging the ball just on top of the turf and sprinting a few yards for a touchdown. Gipp failed to kick the goal. The half ended shortly afterward with the ball in Purdue's possession on the forty-yard line. The score: Notre Dame, 12; Purdue, 6.

Purdue's hopes were still bright despite the versatile attack of the Irish. Anyway, the Purdue men came back on the field full of fight and vim, but they were just not good enough to cope with the Irish.

In the third quarter Gipp made a spectacular run of fifty-five yards. It just took the heart out of Purdue followers and there were quite a few of them, there being something like 7000 people watching the contest for supremacy of the State.

After Purdue had pushed the ball deep into Notre Dame territory the Irish dug in and stopped the rush, forcing Quast to punt over the goal line. With the ball out on the twenty-yard line Lambeau ripped off five yards. Gipp then cut loose with nine yards, while Mohn carried the ball for three yards, just to give the smashing Irish half back a little rest.

Gipp then ran over the entire Purdue team for fifty-five yards and placed the ball on Purdue's twenty

seven-yard line. Roth, the fastest man on the Purdue team, caught the huge terror when he seemed on his way to a touchdown. This saved the score for only a minute, as Lambeau tore through for ten yards and then Gipp was given the ball and he made good with a twelve-yard off-tackle smash for a touchdown. Gipp kicked goal, making the score: Notre Dame, 19; Purdue, 6.

Here the Purdue mentor began to shove in new men with the hope they would stem the tide, but such a thing was not possible for the Irish had blood in their eyes. Probably one of the most spectacular plays of the day came in the fourth period when Mohn, playing quarter in place of Lockard, caught a Quast punt on his own twenty-seven yard line and ran through the entire Purdue team for a touchdown, amid the cheering of the few loyal Notre Dame rooters who made the trip with the team. Gipp kicked the goal making the count: Notre Dame, 26; Purdue, 6.

From this time until the end of the contest the play see-sawed up and down the field, with the Irish gridders not extending themselves except on the defense. Gipp broke up several attempted forward passes by the Purdue team when they were making a last frenzied attempt to score a touchdown and make the defeat just a little bit easier. When the game ended the ball was in the middle of the field in Purdue's possession, but that was all that was in Purdue's possession, for the Irish carried off all the glory.

Truly Notre Dame has a wonderful eleven, and had the field at East Lansing, Mich., been in the same condition as the field here today there is hardly a doubt but that the Irish would have placed the bacon in their meat house last Saturday. For Purdue, it is exceedingly difficult to pick out a star, for they were unable to get away for any gains except in the first quarter on forward passes.

Quast's work at punting was excellent, kicking his men out of danger on several occasions with his toe, but it took more than toes to beat the Irish.

Coach Rockne is to be congratulated on the splendid aggregation he has welded together at Notre Dame and it is expected the team will wind up the season Thanksgiving at Lincoln, Neb., in a blaze of glory.

Notre Dame (26)		Purdue (6)	
Kirk	Left end	Quast	
Stein	Left tackle	Birk	
H. Anderson	Left guard	Hargrave	
Larsen	Center	Mitchell	
Smith	Right guard	Phillips	
Crowley	Right tackle	Bartlett	
E. Anderson	Right end	Bendixen	
Lockard	Quarter	Murphy	
Gipp	Left half	Waters	
Barry	Right half	Daly	
Lambeau	Full	Markley	

—Scoring—

Touchdowns—Murphy, Gipp 2, Kirk, Mohn.
Goal after touchdown—Gipp 1, Mohn 1.

—Officials—

Referee—Gordon (Harvard). Umpire—Lipski (Chicago). Head linesman—Davis (Princeton.)

—Score by Periods—

Notre Dame	0	12	7	7	—26
Purdue	6	0	0	0	—6

Letters from Soldiers.

Kansas City, Missouri,
Dec. 3, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

I have just learned that our Sergeant (Captain) Campbell was killed in action in France. It does not seem so long ago when Sergeant Campbell and I were happy members of your family.

I knew him very, very well. He was one of the manliest men it has ever been my pleasure to know. He was brave and modest; he was respectful, but not obsequious. He was absolutely the most loyal man I have ever known; loyal to his government, loyal to his Church, loyal to his profession, loyal to his superiors, yet always with a mind that functioned independently, and with no fear whatever of consequences.

I feel a personal loss, as I had hoped to be associated with him again. I do not regret my part in securing for him an appointment to an officers' training school, from which he was sure to come out with high honors, even though it has led directly to his death. He is the sort that would ever be found in the most advanced and dangerous positions, not with a view to self-glorification, but with a view to performing all the service he possibly could.

Permit me then, Father Cavanaugh, to add my testimony to that of the others at Notre Dame; also permit me to pay you my respects and to ask to be remembered to all the Fathers and Brothers at Notre Dame, as well as to the other members of the faculty whom I knew and liked so well.

Very respectfully yours,

R. R. Stogsall.

Camp Stanley, Texas,
November 6, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

I have been intending to write to you for some time, but it is only now that I could get the few minutes to do so. From the beginning of the war I had tried to get into the Army, but for several reasons I was unable to do so until this Texas Cavalry was organized, when I was admitted with a commission as lieutenant. I helped organize a troop in Brownsville. Now all the officers of the Texas Cavalry are here at Camp Stanley in training. We have been here since the 25th of September and will get out on the 8th of December, when we are to be taken into the federal service and put on active duty. I tried very hard to get into the fray at the very beginning, but could not. I should certainly like to be over there fighting the Huns, but our chance of seeing any overseas service is very slim unless it be in the way of police duty.

Bob has been over since July. He writes that he likes it very much. When I received the last letter from him his division had not seen any active service, but I think that they have by this time. He is a sergeant in the division surgeon's office of the 36th Division. He says that he has run into several Notre Dame boys since he reached France.

While in San Antonio last month I met Art Carmody, Mark Duncan, and a fellow by the name of Cagney. Carmody is a lieutenant in the Aviation Corps and Duncan is a sergeant in the same branch. I understood

from them that Freeman Fitzgerald is at Brooks' Field, but I have not seen him.

I get the SCHOLASTIC regularly and am always looking forward for the next issue, as I like so much to read the news of the dear old University and the news about my friends. I have read in the casualty lists and in the SCHOLASTIC the names of some good friends of mine who have died for Old Glory, and, Father, I assure you that if I ever get over there I shall help to make the Huns pay for it.

How is Notre Dame? I oftentimes think of the place and wish that I was there, and if the war is over soon and I do not decide to stay in the Army, you are liable to have me back. I have tried more than once to get away for a visit to Notre Dame, but with my work in the bank and helping my father with his business I have been kept too busy. I had a fine position in the bank and was going up rapidly.

They have surely kept us on the go since we came here; from 5:45 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. we have hardly time to turn around. The life is agreeing with me, however. I do not know just where we shall be stationed when we finish here, but it will most likely be in El Paso. An instructor told us to-day that we should not remain with our regiments more than three months and that then we should be transferred into the Regular Army Cavalry.

Well, Father, as it is about time for taps, I must close. Give my regards to Father Farley, Father Moloney, and to any others I may know. Hoping that you are enjoying the best of health and wishing you all success for the coming year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Lieut.) A. A. Browne, Jr.

1st Brigade, Troop 2,
C. O. T. C., Camp Stanley.

Pelham Bay, New York,
October 4, 1918.

My dear Father Moloney,

This is the first opportunity I have had to reply to your letter of the 16th of August. I have been here at Pelham for the last two months going through one of the stiffest courses I ever ran up against. I am more than happy to be able to tell you, however, that I completed it yesterday and that I am to get my commission to-morrow morning. Then I am to have a ten-day leave of absence to go home. There is at present one other N. D. representative here at Pelham, "Chick" Breen. In the class prior to this one Notre Dame was nobly answered for by Matt Trudelle, Jerry Miller, and Walter McCourt. They are now ensigns out on the "Deep Sea."

Father, I was very much pleased to read that Notre Dame had won her first football game, against Case. The Aviators played West Point last week and Joe Pliska starred for the Aviators. It has been my pleasure to meet a considerable number of Notre Dame men here in New York City.

Would you be so kind as to remember me to the other members of the Faculty? Wishing you and Notre Dame unbounded success, I am,

Sincerely,

Brian S. Odem.

U. S. Naval Aviation Forces
Paris, France

My dear Father Moloney,

It is so long since I had a letter from you that I hardly know what to write; I do not know whether you have received the letters I have written to you or not. I have just finished a fine trip down in Italy. I had a wonderful time, but I did not get a chance to see the Pope, as I had hoped. I have been out of the hospital for some time and am now enjoying fairly good health. I had expected to be in the States or else back in the line by this time, but I am still doing duty here in Paris. Several congressmen requested my return to America to help out in the loan drive, and my old colonel made, at my suggestion, three requests that I be permitted to rejoin the regiment; but, for some reason unknown to me, my present commanding officer, who is the Naval attaché, refuses to let me go. Without his knowledge, I have made four trips to the front and made four patrols. I almost got "nicked" off on the last one. I have now decided to confine my patrolling to Paris while I am stationed here.

Hoping to hear from you very soon, and with every good wish for yourself, for old Notre Dame, and for everybody there, I am always,

Most sincerely yours,

Joseph F. Gargan,
Captain U. S. Marine Corps.

American E. F., France,
September 12, 1918.

Dear Brother Alphonsus,

I received your last welcome letter yesterday, together with one from Father Burke, and was surely glad to hear from you and to get news from old Notre Dame. Your letters were the first real news I have had from the University since I came across. I have not heard from any of the boys except Mr. Sullivan, and as he left before commencement, he did not know the latest. Mail is very irregular over here, and that, no doubt, has something to do with my having had no word from the boys.

Well, Brother, there are so many things I might tell you about that I hardly know where to begin, unless I go back to the time when I left the States. I have had a strange and rather unusual life as a soldier of the A. E. F. I had a wonderful voyage across. I never thought the ocean could be so calm, and it surely was one trip I shall never forget. And all my travels through France have been a wonderful experience and a valuable education. I have been quite fortunate in being able to travel a great deal and most of the time alone—something quite unusual for a soldier. Travel in France under present conditions is very different from that in the States, and very amusing when it comes to figuring out how to ride first-class on a third-class ticket, and oftentimes on no ticket at all. This thing of not collecting tickets is a puzzle to me. I have travelled first-class and in box cars, slept on all conceivable kinds of beds, on boards, and even on "mother earth." I have had mess in every place where the yellow jackets were not too numerous, and what I can not quite understand is that I am feeling better than I did when I had all the comforts of home. It

seems that we can get used to nearly everything.

One great disappointment I had in my travels was that I was within a few miles of Paris for two days and could not get permission to go into the city. I could see the Eiffel Tower, but that was as far as I got. I hope, however, to see the city before I get back to the United States. When I dropped you the card I was in what is considered one of the most beautiful parts of France. The chateaux surely are wonderful, both in architecture and in history. I never saw such beautiful scenery. At that time I was working in the postoffice, waiting for orders to report to the division. I am sorry that I could not remain at that work, as I liked it very much.

Just a few of the experiences of a soldier's life over here might interest you, and first this one of last evening. We moved to this place a few days ago. I suppose it was a prosperous farm before the war, but all the buildings are badly shattered at present. When we came here we lived in tents until the rain and wind became too much for us. We then selected a small building which was no doubt, used as a barn at one time, as it was the only shack with an entire roof. It is about the size of the boat-house there at Notre Dame. There was nothing in it except a small French stove, which has come in very handy. Well, after a general cleaning, we decided that we needed some furniture, and as there is always plenty of discarded French stuff in the woods, taken there by soldiers in an effort to make themselves comfortable, we set out on our search and it was not long before we had a load of chairs and tables and had found a small German cart in which to haul the valuables "home." Everything went well until we were about a mile from the farm, when it began to rain as hard as I ever saw. There was no shelter in sight and we had no rain-coats. We met several French soldiers on the way, and I suppose they thought we were a trio of crazy "Yanks." Here is where the stove came in, and it wasn't long till we were quite dry. We had a great deal of fun out of the occasion, and I feel none the worse for the drenching. In fact, I forgot all about it as soon as I reached the shack, where I found just nine letters waiting for me, which, by the way showed stamps of four different months,—May, June, July and August. This will give you an idea of how we get our mail, but when we do get it, we surely do appreciate it.

At present I am close enough to the front to hear the thunder of the big guns and see the signal lights. Then too we have an occasional air raid—which things give us just a slight taste of what the boys in the trenches must endure. On the way up here we passed through the town in which Father O'Donnell's and Father Davis' divisions were stationed. I was very anxious to see them, but we did not stop a minute.

I was very glad to hear that the summer school was so successful. I should like very much to have been there, but I was taking my lessons in France at that time. I do not mean lessons in French; I am learning less and less of that every day.

Brother, please give my regards to my friends at the University. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Daniel J. Carr.

Safety Valve.

BITTER.

I was eating a rosy red apple one day,
It was juicy and sweet and delightful,
And I felt that the world must be happy and bright
And that no one therein could be spiteful,
But my dream was soon changed, for behold as I ate
There came into my room a queer critter,
And she turned up her nose as she peered in my eye
And said "Give me a bite"—So I bit her.

* * *

There are words that are dear to the heart of each boy
For they bring back fond memories and true,
There is "sweetheart," and "mother," and "home"
and some more

That would wake love's dead fires in you.
But there's one word whose music is greater than all
It's the tenderest sound in creation,
And it makes every S. A. T. C. dance with joy
When he hears of "demobilization."

* * *

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED IN WAR-RISK CORRESPONDENCE.

"I aint got no book lurning and I am writing fur inflammation."

"Just a line to let you know that I am a widow and four children."

"Previous to his departure we were married by a Justice of Piece."

"He was inducted into the surface."

"I have a four month old baby and he is my only support."

"I did not know that my husband had a middle name and if he did I dont believe its his right one."

"As I need his assistance to keep me inclosed."

"Caring to my condition I haven't walked in three months from a broken leg whose number is 795."

"Your relationship to him. (Answer) "Just a mere aunt and a few cousins."

"Both sides of our parents are old and poor."

"I enclose lovingly yours."

"Kind sir or she."

"I am left with a child seven months old and she is a baby and can't walk."

"Please send me a wife's form."

Your relationship to him—(Answer) "I am still his beloved wife."

"In the service with the U. S. Armory."

"And he was my best supporter."

"I received the insurance polish and have since moved my postoffice."

"You asked for my allotment number—I have four boys and two girls."

"I am his wife and his only air."

"I was discharged from the army as I have goitre and which I was sent home on."

"I received \$61.57 and am certainly provoked to write."

"Please correct my name, as I could not and would not go under a consumed name."

"Name of Individual, Firm or Bank" (Ans) "No bank, I am keeping it."