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## Stars.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

A CHRISTMAS star of silver bright  
Shed lustre on the lonely earth,  
And brought us day from out the night  
To mark the Infant Saviour's birth.

A service star of golden glare  
Is on a mother's mournful breast,  
For killed in action "over there,"  
Her son is with his Saviour blest:

The present Christmas brings new stars  
To give more glory, joy, and peace,  
And like the Babe on manger bars  
They mark a vict'ry, war's surcease.

## Writing the Christmas Story.

BY FRANCIS T. BUTLER, '19.

WHEN in the dreamy November days you are assigned the task of writing a Christmas story, more likely than not you say to yourself, "My dear fellow, Christmas is a long way off. Besides, a short-story must have a prevailing mood, a distinctive air about it, particularly a Christmas short-story. Don't be in such a hurry. Wait a little. Let me study the Christmas spirit as it manifests itself in the shopping days of mid-December; let me catch something of the proper mood; above all, give me time to gaze into the faces of men and women, and to read therein perhaps a new and strange story that has hitherto escaped the litterateurs, and then let me tell it at leisure to an expectant public."

Thus soliloquizing, you indulge day after day your natural tendency to procrastination, until finally, some mid-December morning you awake

suddenly from your sleep. Your brain has taken a sudden twitch. "Oh!" you exclaim, "the Christmas story—it is beginning to haunt me like a restless spirit out of Hades!" During the course of the day, whether your lips be moving in response to a perplexing question that the professor of history has put to you, or your thoughts be concentrated upon some economic paradox, your mind is far, far away, searching for the plot for the Christmas story. At recreation periods (the Lord knows how short they are!) you take a walk with yourself. Surely, the proper mood will come once you have eschewed all distractions. You follow an unfrequented path-way. All around you, tranquillity holds court. You wish again and again that you were rid of this task of the Christmas story and could enjoy your walk. Then a sense of duty masters your truant disposition and you are brought back to your nuisance.

"Of course," you openly confess, "my story will be novel. It may touch upon some undiscovered vein of humor or may turn out to be a high romance. Love, the dashing, cavalier quality, lays upon my pen a pressing claim for delicate interpretation. In fact, I am strongly urged to probe deep into the human heart for that pathos which has never yet yielded itself fully to literary art." Thus, your thought-process now active, you saunter homeward. You stride jauntily along, anticipating the easiness with which the actual writing will be done. You have cultivated the "proper" mood; at any rate, you make believe you have. And though there is not forming in your mind any nucleus of a practical plot; you cajole yourself into repeating: "It will come. It will come."

You take up your pen, dip it into the ink-well determinedly, and observe with perfect composure the blue, evenly-ruled lines of your English tablet. At this critical moment the chances are a hundred to one in your favor that you will recall with considerable relish the story

of a young lady who wrote to Byron that if she could not have a specimen of his handwriting death would shortly overtake her. In fancy you picture the "eternal feminine" desperately grasping for the last shred of your mortal belongings. Obviously this phantasy is not unwelcome; but for the moment you are completely unnerved. You had scarcely begun to realize the momentous consequences which your story might involve.

Then when you have satisfied yourself that perhaps your Christmas story may not excite popular enthusiasm nor arouse popular sensibilities to so high a pitch as Byron's poems did, you clip the wings of that errant thought and lapse back to a contemplation of your pen and paper. Upon your desk you espy this aphorism mocking your efforts like a gargoyle: "The art of writing consists largely in knowing what to leave in the ink-pot." You are momentarily non-plussed. But when your more prudent self is consulted (and what one of us has not a more prudent self?) you avow that such sayings are intended for ambitious tyros or struggling amateurs, whereas you are generally regarded (mostly by yourself) as a master of technique, a writer of prodigious analytical powers.

But oh! the Christmas story! Surely you had not forgotten it. To-morrow it will come due. You have never disappointed your English teacher before. You must needs haste. Thereupon you ransack the labyrinthine chambers of your memory for an experience, an anecdote, an observation, anything at all which may in any way serve the purpose of the Christmas story. But the plot—that elusive will o' the wisp, that mysterious El Dorado which you must constantly seek whenever a short-story is assigned—where is it? You make a brave effort to bridle your vagabond imagination, to collect your scattered thoughts, in short, to regain that literary possession of mind which the Greeks so ardently cultivated. You recall, perhaps very vaguely, that your Christmas story was to be "different"—different not only in conception but also in form and treatment from the usual run. Quite naturally you entertain a religious abhorrence for conventional themes. Rather than resort to them you would prefer that your story be of mediocre merit.

But, try as you may to resist them, long retinues of plots, thread-bare in their ancient liveries, loom up before you, entreating you, as only old plots can, to clothe them by the

alembic of your art, with bright plumage and fine garments. You hesitate, half-assenting to their entreaties, half-spurning the advances they are making to turn your mind from writing a "different" story. In the end, however, you stick to your high resolution. But out of curiosity you ask yourself candidly: "Couldn't there be Christmas stories without snow on the ground, frost on window-panes, hunger in newsboys' stomachs? Couldn't Christmas be Christmas without sleigh-bells jingling, chimes sweetly ringing, wandering minstrels singing, and laughter in the air? Couldn't there be just as much rejoicing and merriment and good-cheer without these old-fashioned things? And as you ponder and reflect, you will be convinced more and more to the conclusion that these old-fashioned things, sanctified by the centuries, contain the very essence of the Christmas spirit. And you accordingly pen the opening words of your story: "From the choir-loft of an old cathedral come boyish voices singing the *Adeste Fidelis*."

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### Scenes and Episodes.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE IN NO MAN'S LAND.

The moon patrols the winter night. In its silvery light the snow sparkles. Here and there are footmarks—mayhap the last footprints of the dead. On this side is a trench, where lie the foes; on that, another, where huddle my comrades.

Uncovered is my shelter; unprotected am I from the bare turf. I am alone—alone in the loneliness of war.

Afar off I seem to hear the early Christmas bells ringing for Mass. But I have no Mass, no Communion—no Communion except that of the spirit.

Dimly do I see the sprightly blaze on the hearth. Faint are the familiar faces in its cheery light. All are there save one.

Alone am I in No Man's Land—alone in the loneliness of war.—R. M. MURCH.

#### AT THE LOOM.

She sits beside the loom from early morn till late at night. Her thoughts are of other and better days. A face is there upon the cloth. It is the likeness of a brave youth, her son, dressed in the trim uniform of an American soldier. He is kissing his poor old mother good-bye before leaving for the battlefields of France—

never to return. The young man smiles through a mist of tears. How different, and yet how like he was when he lay a child upon her knees.

Then visions of foreign lands and cruel sufferings unfold. Scenes of slaughter and bloodshed are enacted before her. She now beholds a youth stretched out dying in a pool of blood. He is dead, but he has fallen a hero. The blue skies of France are looking down upon him, as his pure, white soul rises from the dull earth and wends its way to God. She dries her eyes, for behold! there is Old Glory wrapped about him. There it is upon the loom. The same picture appears daily, but, without fail, joy and gladness follow the flood of tears.—T. C. DUFFY.

#### THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF FATHER MARQUETTE.

The mellow moon sparkles fitfully on the expanse of shadowy water. A long lane of canoes, silhouetted against the shimmering lake, move northward slowly and with sombre air. In the prow of the foremost canoe, like a flag-staff, stands an Indian. No feathers decorate his hair, but with silent solemnity stands this savage warrior, his face upturned to the moon. Into the water, without splash, the oarsmen dip their paddles. Occasionally a sigh breaks from one of the savage mourners. Then across the waters floats "*Sancte Joseph, Ora pro eo,*" chanted in cheerless tones, finding no response save in the moody whisperings of the tree-lined shore. In one of the canoes, some creeping vines and flowers are strewn over a long birch box. Two half-naked Indians, their hair and shoulders glistening in the moonlight, propel the bark. Near the head of the box sits a "blackrobe" dejected, his snowy head bent over the crucifix on his lap. The dusky procession moves religiously through the exquisite beauty of the night, taking up ever and anon a doleful chant. The ebon waves, crested with diamonds, ripple caressingly against the boats. The long line of canoes rides noiselessly into the distance, where the waning moon frames the black figures in glistening satin. Then as the moon sinks below the horizon the figures disappear. Only the blinking stars remain to warm the chilly night. From the distant darkness comes faintly, "*Sancte Joseph, Ora pro eo.*" The fir trees catch the echo and sigh wistfully.—A. B. HOPE.

#### DREAM-TIME.

Mystic Dream-time has come and he is making ready his grand lawn whereupon his

children are to play in delight. He has lighted luna, his jack o' lantern, and set it high among the little fleecy floating clouds, the leaves of the trees from which the Dream-time's great light hangs, leaves that are wafted by the breezes of the heavens and touched with silver by the soft light. Then with mysterious torch he lights the canles of the skies and puts them burning through the branches of the heaven's trees. And with streamers of silver for bunting he decorates the vast lawn.

He inlays the winding silver river in the beauty of the clear, deep blue. He pours over the hills a splendor, but leaves the sapphirine valleys asleep. And the little lakes scattered here and there are the pools in which the fountains of the Dream-time's lawn bubble and fall with murmurs that seem to be a part of the dream. The wooded patches here and there are now the flower-beds of this wonderful lawn, all aglow in silver and filled with the fresh pure fragrance of the night-time.

Then the soft trippings of myriad unseen feet are heard. And as the Dream-time grows even more brilliant, his eager, soft-laughing children hurry in from everywhere. They go dancing through their great playground, singing sweetest melodies, soft and low and joyous. They romp the silver hills, and trip down into the cool, blue valleys, dance through the wonderful flower-beds and play 'round the silver pools.

At last the great jack o' lantern burns low, and the children weary of their merry-making yawn for repose. Then the kind Dream-time bids them depart and in drowsy procession they leave the silver lawn and retire to their soft and scented beds within the mansions of the Dream-time.—LEO L. WARD.

#### THE OUTCAST.

Far over the winter sea, the cold moonbeams dance on the crests of the wavelets, around a lonely island in the Zuider Zee. High on the sandy shore is a castle. Its cold gray stones cast a shadow over part of the terrace.

From out these cold shades a lonely figure appears. He strolls to the end of the terrace; in the midst of the calm he lights a cigarette.

Peering into the sombre night, he seems to hear inaudible sounds; but only the swish of the fisherman's oar breaks the lonely silence of the night air.

This is he who saw the iron hand of might flourish for a time over defenceless Europe;

this is he who heard the din of the defending guns of Verdun; this is he who felt the bitter sting of defeat—Frederick, the crownless prince of Germany.

He strolls back into the shadows, an unwelcomed prisoner among an indignant people. The moonbeams still dance among the wavelets of the Zuider Zee, and the steady swish of the fisherman's oar continues to break the silence of the night.—R. M. MURCH.

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### Varsity Verse.

#### THE SHADOW.

How great God's beauty is,  
When that which fairest here below  
Can merely shadow His,—  
The sunset where His garments blow!

E. B.

#### THE JOY OF LIVING.

The optimist bubbled, but the cynic was troubled,  
For Christmas, you see, was nigh.  
Said he to the other, "This season's a bother,  
Breathlessly crying, 'buy, buy;'  
The spirit of giving is no more living,  
They've made it a duty, say I;  
From uncles and aunts to babies in pants  
To Grandpa no longer so spry,  
They will have their gifts, or else there'll be rifts,  
In their hypocrite Christmas, say I."  
The cynic was through, yet the optimist knew  
He felt in his heart he was wrong,  
For the high joy of giving is just to be living,  
To see the bright smile the gift brings along.  
It's just to be near when the someone dear  
Unlooses each love tangled thong,  
To hear the shrill laughter the morning after  
As the little ones round the tree throng,  
To know the deep joy that has no alloy  
Of parents united in love lifelong.

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

#### THE ROAD TAKEN.

Breasting the keen wind, through a trembling row  
Of silver birch, she wandered on alone  
By bare brown meadows, and small pools aglow  
With strips of sky and flying clouds wind-blown.  
From a hill's crest her eyes beheld the town,  
With radiant roof and spire resplendent rise,  
She stood, and stooping, gravely smoothed her gown,  
And dreams unnumbered came into her eyes.

MILES MURDOCK.

### The Resolution.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

It was New Year's Eve. Sam Billstein was leaning against a lamp post. The snow continued falling upon him and forming a pool of slush at his feet, but he did not move. The street was deserted but Sam did not even realize this. He was celebrating the death of the old year and was awaiting the dawn of new and happier days. He had imbibed strong drinks until he was unstable, and now he was recuperating his strength with the aid of the post, so that he could make a more dignified dash across the street for another drink at the "Short Stop Inn" before closing time.

"Whash-a-use of taking New Year's resolutions," he hiccoughed hilariously, in his drunken joy, "when a fellow won't keep 'em? No, shur, it ain't right. Ever'body takes resh'lutions, an' nobody keeps 'em. Have a good time—hic—celebrate, an' be happy. Sam, go 'cross the street and—hic—treat yourself," and straightway he started for the tavern, trying to take the lamp post with him.

This Billstein did not want to be hampered with resolutions; he wanted to start the New Year in good spirits, but he was putting his spirits in the wrong part of his anatomy. When he reached the opposite side-walk a frail little creature, in years still a girl, neat-looking in her new mission uniform of blue serge trimmed in red, entered the doorway just in front of him. He touched her on the shoulder and said to her in a fatherly way,

"Shay, little girl, a—hic,—you shouldn't go in there, 'specially now: too many—hic, drunks in there," he stammered gazing at her benignly.

The little evangelist looked back at him with a grave smile wrinkling her small mouth, and exclaimed, "Oh, but I'm not afraid! Those men won't hurt me, because I'm going to help them. I'm going to explain to them the folly of their ways, and then show them just how they can make the New Year happy," and as she continued talking she pulled a bundle of posters from under her cloak: "I'm going to distribute these gospel messages to the men," she said holding them up to his gaze.

"Sno use, a—hic, little girl. They won't pay no 'tention to you,—hic. They're happy 'nuff, too drunk—hic—to un'stand. So don't go in there, little girlie; 'taint fit for you."

"Well, then, if it isn't a good place for me, it isn't a good place for you either," asserted the little missionary rather emphatically.

The man was swaying unsteadily on his feet, and thinking so rapidly that he couldn't make much sense out of his thoughts; so he listened to the lecture that the zealous welfare-worker was giving him:

"Take one of these leaflets home with you and read it,"—but Billstein took them all,— "and then I'm sure that you will never partake of intoxicating liquor again. You know, my dear man, that you are ashamed to have me go into this saloon, even though you know that it is to preach the gospel to the drunken men in there that induces me, and yet you are not ashamed to go in yourself and spend your money for drink that will do you nothing but harm. The old year has been an ill-advising friend to you, sir, and it has led you far astray. It has made you a glutton. Would you ever think of going into a restaurant and eating steak after steak until you had gorged yourself into a stupor? You would laugh at anyone who even suggested such a celebration, and yet you commit the same sin by drinking beyond your capacity until you cannot walk home but have to lie down in the gutter like a pig. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Would you like to have your mother see you in your present condition?"

Yes, Sam, was ashamed of himself. At the mere mention of the word "mother" he had covered his face with his big rough hands, and begun to whimper like a child. The missionary was quick to follow up her advantage.

"Now, my dear man, the New Year will not bring you happiness unless you take the resolution to quit drinking. You will do that, won't you, just for your mother's sake?"

"A—hic, I'll never drink 'nother, miss, 'slong as I live. You have reformed, a—hic, my life, an' thash a whole lot. So here's a, hic, ten-dollar bill for a New Year's present, an' here's a—hic, your bundle of bill boards. Ish going home. Night."

The woman had evangelized Sam Billstein, good-fellow indeed, but an habitual drunkard. When she had gone on down the street to the next saloon to continue her good work, Billstein proud and happy in his conversion, walked up the street on his homeward journey—until he came to the next saloon, where he stopped to continue his celebration.

### Some Phases of Reconstruction.\*

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

#### V.—MERCHANT MARINE.

(CONCLUSION.)

Our Merchant Marine, which will rank second to Britain's, must not be demobilized when peace returns. It must continue to increase. We shall be free, temporarily or permanently, from the German steamship net which encircled the globe, and we must not return to the supine policy of paying tribute to the carriers of other nations. We must go back to the days of the Yankee clipper, before the Civil War destroyed our commerce, when our flag was supreme in every sea; we must believe and act on the belief that trade follows the flag.

What will become of the merchant fleet we are building, when the end of the war comes? By the terms of the law creating the fleet, the government control must cease within five years after the close of the war, and strong private interests and economic theorists as well would oppose permanent operation by the United States Shipping Board. Another possibility is the continuation of government ownership, with operation under charter to private firms, on a sliding-scale tariff of charter rates. Private interests would oppose this plan probably more strongly than the first. The third possibility—the sale of these ships to private owners—would have to carry with it some assurance against transfer of registry. Under navigation laws existing before the war, competition in the international carrying trade was impossible, since the cost of operation of an American vessel was twice that of a British ship and six times that of a Japanese ship of equivalent tonnage.

England and Germany are both organizing systems of navigation along national lines. Germany has a subsidy policy to encourage the rebuilding and replacing of merchant ships. The French Government is taking a very active part in the shipping program. The Ministry of Maritime Transport and Merchant Marine has control of all ships. Shipyards accept orders to build from the Government only. After the war the fleet will be operated by shipowners and the state will share in the profits and deficits. No

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

more subsidies will be granted unless the Government has an interest in the ships so benefited.

We must have ships! There is no dispute about that. We must never again be as helpless as we were at the beginning of the present war. And to have them and maintain them, we must mark out a policy that will not deprive us of the benefits of protected industry and high standards of living. And when our policy is adopted, we must educate our inland States to the view of the Maritime States of the importance of its adoption.

#### VI.—FREE PORT.

The Trade Commissions of other countries are mapping out their trade campaigns, and their industries and shipping facilities will be organized to open the great intensive drive which we must enter if we are to maintain our prestige. Commercial freedom will enable the United States to hold the foreign trade she has won and greatly help to develop our country in proportion to its resources. Commercial freedom can not come to the United States through free trade. Protection is a part of our national life; but while we keep the advantages of protection, we can offset its disadvantages by the free port.

A "free port" is a zone where imports may be received without customs examination or charges and manufactured or otherwise prepared for export,—duties to be imposed only if they finally enter the country.

It is said that England and Germany, who, previous to the war, held one third of the world's commerce, developed it by means of: 1, a Merchant Marine; 2, a highly perfected system of international banking; 3, free trade or free ports.

Congressman J. V. Sanders of Louisiana has introduced a bill which would provide for the establishment, operation and maintenance of "Free Zones" in and adjacent to ports of entry in the continental United States.

Trade follows the line of least resistance. The least conceivable hindrance to the free movement of a ship is to be found in the free port. (Clapp, *The Port of Hamburg* p. 51). Under the guidance of the pilot the ship comes into port any hour of the day or night and takes her berth in the free port, without the embarrassing molestation of customs officials. Summary or detailed declarations to the customs officials of dutiable goods are dispensed with. The attendant delay and explanations are likewise done away with. If she will, the vessel

discharges day or night and at any time the inspector pilot will take the vessel out to sea.

The free port will assure the huge merchant marine which we are now building of cargoes after the war. It will develop small industries instead of driving them out as the present customs system often does.

The first advantage of the free port is in facilitating re-exportation. The importance of the re-exporting trade is what above all else led to the creation of the Free Port of Hamburg. Before the war the transshipment business of the world amounted to \$4,000,000,000, annually. This is a prize sufficient in itself to warrant our utmost endeavors.

If we had a number of free ports, foreign merchants could maintain sample stocks within them and our merchants could get out of the class of catalogue orderers. Factories would be attracted to them because of the importation of raw material free from duty and the expensive, troublesome drawback of the customs.

Exporters and outfitting industries would get their raw materials duty free. Goods can be re-packed or mixed and, when market conditions are favorable, sent across the customs line. Wines are often cut and coffee mixed and similar transactions take place in a free port.

No bonded warehouse can offer the facilities of a free port. The chief advantage lies in the facilities it offers in the frictionless discharging of ships with dutiable goods, whether destined for re-exportation or shipment inland. The free port will relieve congestion of ships, for being free from the vexations and delays and weighing by the customs officials they can depart more quickly. The steamship clamors for punctuality and speed in loading and discharging. Its profits depend on the number of voyages it makes in the year.

Red tape of duty refunding is avoided and the owner has control of his merchandise. Capital is free which would be tied up by customs regulations. A more rapid turnover due to the prompt dispatch of vessels reduces the overhead expense. Highly specialized terminals would reduce the terminal cost which is about 60 per cent. of the cost of ocean transportation.

We must avail ourselves of every economy in order to compete with the merchant ships of other lands because we pay our sailors higher wages, and conditions make the operation of our ships more costly than the operation of the ships of other nations.

## Notre Dame Football, 1918.

A thing is considered a success if the results are commensurate with the time and energy expended. This fall the Notre Dame football team had but little time for practice, but used up myriads of units of energy. What have the men of the team to show for this? First of all they have played a man's game well. In addition they have learned to think; they have formed friendships which will last throughout their lives; and they have developed loyalty, a loyalty to a mother University which can come only from fighting for her. To the football squad for their successful work of the season the University gives homage.



COACH ROCKNE.

After spending the summer at Fort Sheridan Coach Rockne returned for the opening practice in the middle of September. The prospect was only fair. Vohs, Powers, Bader, Hoar, Kennedy, Dooley, and Brandy, men on whom he had been depending, were all commissioned at Fort Sheridan. The loss of these experienced players was a severe one, but the coach went ahead cheerfully to build a team from almost entirely new timber. Gipp, Bahan, Stine, and Smith were the old men back and their work was later the salvation of the team. The rescinding of the freshman rule made every college student in the University eligible, and with this as an impetus the squad began to grow by leaps and bounds. Before the inauguration of the S. A. T. C. there were more than eighty men out in uniform. Most of these were boys just out of high school.

Practicing twice a day until the formation

of the Army units, the squad improved rapidly. Daily scrimmages began to bring out good men, and left the team for the Case game at Cleveland in good condition. Case was defeated 26 to 6. This game showed the coach just where the defects in team play were and also who was who in the personnel. Gipp and Bahan were the stars in the backfield, but what was most pleasing to the coach was the stonewall defence of the line. While the play, as a whole, was more or less crude, it was a team of possibilities. Their "come-back" in the second half showed that they had the make-up of a typical Notre Dame eleven.

With the mobilization of the S. A. T. C. practice was greatly restricted, but the boys worked with a will and showed steady improvement. Then began that series of disappointments which for a while threatened to overwhelm athletics in general. The Educational Committee of the War Department forbade long trips and the dreaded influenza began to make its presence felt. The West Point and the Washington and Jefferson games were cancelled and the Nebraska game moved back to the 2nd of November. With the scheduling of the great Pier game of Chicago and Camp Custer things began to readjust themselves. On Saturday, October 19, the Pier team made their appearance in South Bend, but there was no game. The influenza epidemic was at its height, and as the medical authorities thought it best to prohibit gatherings of any sort, the game was cancelled. The game with Camp Custer was also called off. Football practice itself was even prohibited for a few days. Some days later the situation was so much better that the epidemic ban was lifted.

Work was begun for the Nebraska game. Coach McNamara's freshmen scrimmaged the Varsity daily using Nebraska formations. The team was worked up to a high state of physical and mental perfection and even the coach was optimistic. As the boys were about to leave for Lincoln a message was received stating that the ban was on in Nebraska. Seeing that the team must have some game or they would lose heart, Coach Rockne worked all day and finally late that evening scheduled a contest with Wabash at Crawfordsville.

The Little Giants had an off day, and though they fought with all their traditional courage Notre Dame romped away with the game. The final score was 66 to 7. Stine was injured rather

severely, and it was this injury which was to prove so costly to Notre Dame the following Saturday. Miles, Miller, Dunn and Connor had left for training camps and as a result there was a shortage of linemen. The two understudies to Stine, Owens and Nadolny, were also injured, and it was this shortage in tackles which opened the way for the Great Lakes touchdown late in the game on Saturday, the 11th of November. The Great Lakes with a most formidable line-up, including Bachman, Jones, Keefe and Driscoll, seemed to be an easy winner on paper, but they were due for a surprise. Notre Dame outplayed them for three-quarters of the game and only the greenness of the team prevented them from scoring again on the sailors a few minutes before the final whistle blew. The score, 7 to 7, was a virtual victory for Notre Dame.

On the following Saturday the Gold and Blue, out of her element in the mud, was defeated by the Michigan Aggies 13 to 7. The light Irish team found their speed neutralized on the heavy field and the heavier Farmers were able to hold them. Gipp and Bahan were both injured, and though the rest of the men played the Aggies to a standstill, the Michigan boys got the breaks and the game. Notre Dame made 16 first downs to the home team's 12.

On a dry field a week later Notre Dame won the State Championship by walloping Purdue 26 to 6. Barry took Bahan's place at half and played a remarkable game. The heavy Purdue team was outplayed in every point of the game, and there was no questioning the superiority of the Irish. Purdue made three first downs by the aerial route and that was the extent of their ground gaining for the day. Gipp ran their ends at will and Lambeau tore their line to shreds. Notre Dame gained over 400 yards on straight football. The only lamentable incident of the game occurred within the last minutes of play when Mohn, the flashy N. D. quarterback, hurt a rib. While the injury was not serious, yet it was enough to keep him out of the big game on Thanksgiving day.

Bahan tried to take Mohn's place at Nebraska but lasted only a few minutes. Lockard then played until he was hurt late in the third period. Notre Dame played the whole last quarter without a quarterback, but came within a few yards of winning in the last few minutes of the game. Heavy mud again prevented the Notre Dame team from winning a game which cer-

tainly would have been hers on a dry field. She made twelve first downs to the Cornhuskers' none. As it was only the excellent punting by Dobson that saved Nebraska again and again. They were fortunate to hold Notre Dame to a scoreless tie.

The Notre Dame team of this year was the lightest in the history of the institution, but they made up for this in fight, brains, and determination. Despite almost insurmountable obstacles they played their season and leave a splendid record behind them. Faculty, alumni and students can well be proud of them. They upheld every honorable tradition of an institution where they develop men.

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### The Men of the Team.

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The 1918 football season at Notre Dame is history, but before the page is turned some brief comment on the men who made the team is in order:

#### KIRK AND ANDERSON.

Notre Dame teams have in general been characterized by good ends, and the eleven of 1918 has been no exception. In Anderson and Kirk the Gold and Blue possessed two wing guardians of the first water. If there were any better in the West we have not seen them. In going down under punts, catching passes, and breaking up interference, briefly, in all that ends should do, these two men excelled. They each have two more years of eligibility in college athletics.

#### BAHAN, ACTING CAPTAIN.

Pete Bahan played his usual game, the kind of football of which very few are capable, and in these few words all has been said. As a contender for all-Western honors Pete should in justice be recognized as among the best in college and service elevens. In the course of the season Lieut. McReavy of the Great Lakes spoke of Bahan and his running mate, Gipp, as "wonderful." A torn cartilage sustained in the Michigan Aggies game kept him out of the Purdue and the Nebraska game, and had much to do with the scoring of Rockne's men. He is captain-elect for next season.

#### GIPP.

Notre Dame in the past few years has been fortunate in possessing one or more stars of the first magnitude, and the 1918 team had no less



a star than George Gipp. George never failed to gain when called upon. His prowess can be



BAHAN, ACTING CAPTAIN.

understood when one considers the fact that he went into every game a "marked man"—which fact availed opposing teams nothing in their attempts to stop him. Next to running the ball, his forward passing was a feature in all the games. Because of his accuracy he dared to pass in his own territory, setting a precedent which few care to follow. Gipp has two more years in which to continue his wonders.

STINE.

Up to the time when Coach Rockne learned that Rolly Stine would be back he had lost not a few hours of sleep over his left tackle. But once certain that the "red-head" from Oregon was returning, his worries were ended. Rolly was one of the elements in the wall that stopped every attack. An injured knee, which would have kept most men out of the game, only made this quiet lad from the far West grit his teeth and play the harder. A Notre Dame man and a fighter is Rolly, with one more year to play.

H. ANDERSON.

One H. Anderson was the boy who "crashed 'em" game after game. He was one of those immovables known as a good guard. Plays designed to gain ground through Notre Dame's left center were smashed regularly by the lad from Michigan. He was equally good at moving an opponent out of the way to permit a Gold-and-Blue back to go through. Anderson also is good for two more years.

LARSEN.

Larsen, the center, came to Notre Dame as a tackle, but he soon became a worthy successor of Feeney, Fitzgerald and "Big Frank." Seldom did his snap backs go awry. A power on offense, he was a hard man to go through when on the defensive. Steadiness was his big asset. He never had much to say, but his work in every game spoke for itself. He has two more years.

CROWLEY.

It is fitting that the East and the West should have divided the tackle positions, and Crowley from Boston played his part with honor. A shifty man on defense, he was hard to put out of a play, and when called upon to clear the way for the backfield the men carrying the ball never failed to find an opening. In the two years he has yet to play under Rockne, he should become one of the best tackles in the game.

SMITH.

There were those who doubted Rockne's wisdom in using "Smitty" at guard, but the first game of the season proved that the Coach was right, as he usually is. Notre Dame has had some wonderful guards in her history, but none better than "Pitch." Because of his ability to cover ground, he was used on defense as a "floating center." In this position he was invaluable, so invaluable that in a certain game an opposing coach told his boys "to get



GIPP, LEFT HALF.

Smith," but the game ended with "Smitty" still knocking them down. Several teams spent

a very unpleasant hour on a Saturday because of this stellar guard's ability to clip. He has two more years to play.

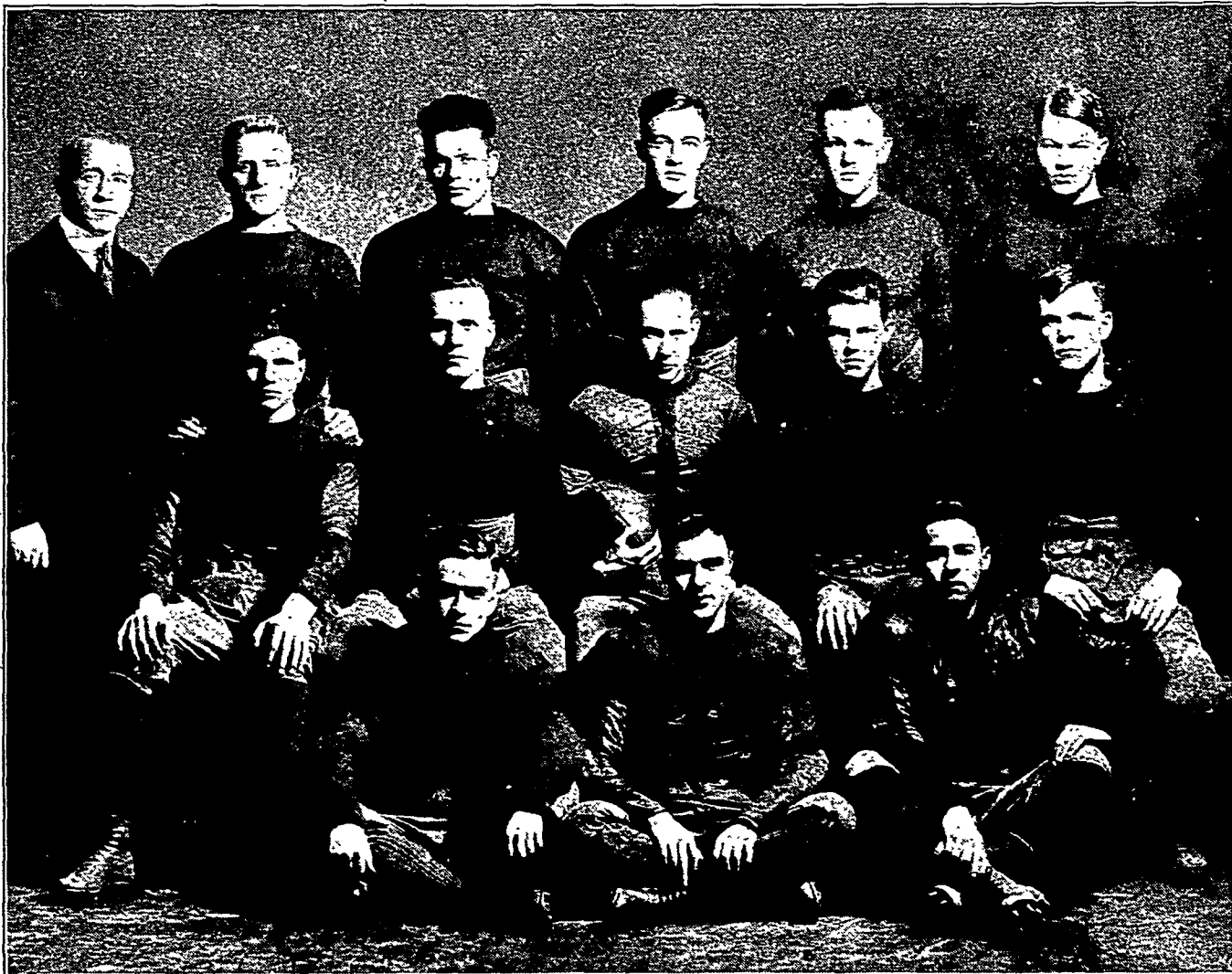
#### MOHN.

Another of the many boys from the South Bend "High" who have made good at Notre Dame is Willie Mohn. His lack of experience at the beginning of the year was made up by his ability in absorbing football principles, and the close of the season found him one of

made the loss of Bahan less keenly felt. He is a Notre Dame man with plenty of the "ole fight," and he will help Rockne for two more years.

#### LAMBEAU.

To fill the shoes of such men as Eichenlaub and John Miller is no easy task, but in Lambeau Coach Rockne made no mistake. A line-plunger of terrific power, he was also wonderful in off-tackle drives. He backed up the line



THE TEAM OF 1918.

FRONT ROW: Lockard, quarterback; Barry, halfback; Mohn, quarterback. MIDDLE ROW: E. Anderson, right end; Smith, right guard; Bahan, right half; Kirk, left end; H. Anderson, left guard. BACK ROW: Coach Rockne; Crowley, right tackle; Lambeau, fullback; Gipp, left half; Stine, left tackle; Larsen, center.

the most dependable quarter-backs in the West. His run of seventy-three yards at Purdue was one of the features of the 1918 season. With his two more years of opportunity he should write his name large in football history.

#### BARRY.

Some day "Chris" Barry is not coming back to Notre Dame in September and then the old school will have closed its career. From the Minim Specials in St. Edward's Hall to the Varsity is the career of this speedy little man from Chicago. As a defensive man Barry ranks with the best, and his ability to gain ground

unfailingly and was one of the chief reasons why opponents failed to gain. With Rockne as a teacher, "Curly" has a bright future in his two remaining years of competition.

#### LOCKARD.

Lockard weighs but 134 pounds, but he made up for this deficiency in weight by craftiness and quick thinking. He always out-guessed the opposing team, and his own team always felt confident that he would choose the right play. Although handicapped by an injured knee, "Abie" played through most of the season. With one more year to play, he should prove a

valuable asset to the team no matter how good they may prove to be.

#### THE SQUAD.

Upon every football squad there are several players known as the second string. The men who this year played that rôle at Notre Dame would have gladdened the heart of any coach. Donovan and Shanahan were a set of ends who could hold their own in any company, and in their remaining two years will undoubtedly win berths for themselves. Owens, better known as the "Sergeant," failed to make his monogram because of an injured ankle. "Dog" White, the understudy for center, always delivered when called upon. The lad from Tennessee will undoubtedly be a regular before his two remaining years of competition are finished. "Peaches Nadolny from de Nort" was a tackle of no small ability. Cahill and Saunders as guards will, with a little more experience, be top-notchers. Lombardo, Mohardt, Wynn and Phillips in the backfield relieved the coach of any worries he might have had when the regulars were injured or taken out. Dorgan, Grabner, Devine and Prokop. were men who with a little more work will be among the best. Taken as a whole, the second string would bring honor to any school. Their share in the team's success, which is after all the whole aim of any right-minded football squad, may not have been duly observed by spectators, but the coach and those who can appreciate their work can be glad that they had such a select set from which to draw in the pinches.

#### COACH ROCKNE

In every football season there is one man who, amidst a number of luminaries, will stand out most prominently. Such a one this year in Western football was our own Coach Rockne. Never in the history of football at Notre Dame has a coach opened his season under such discouraging difficulties as "Rock" encountered in this first year of his as athletic director of the Gold and Blue. Men upon whom he had planned to build his team failed to return, and when the time came to issue the football togs he had but three veterans on the staff.

Unabashed by the prospects, however, he set to work and evolved from his scant material a team that compares favorably with any of the great "Irish" elevens. He instilled into the men as if by magic that spirit of fight for which he himself is famous. From Case to

Nebraska the men, filled with the do-or-die spirit of their coach, battled against heavier teams to victory. Only once did "Rock's" machine suffer defeat,—at the hands of the Michigan Aggies; upon a field where the men from Notre Dame could not do justice to themselves. Even in the mud, where the heavy Aggie team was in its element, the opponents could not gain through the Notre Dame line. Such is the spirit Rockne puts into his men.

Notre Dame is peculiarly fortunate in having such a man to conduct her athletics. Under him victories will come, and the very occasional defeats will be mitigated by the knowledge that "Rock's" men have never been outfought. Coach Rockne is a true Notre Dame man to whom the teams can always look for inspiration. If there is any praise due the Notre Dame football team of 1918, it must go first of all to Coach Rockne.

#### Thoughts.

Success is born of sacrifice.

A labor of love is never tiresome.

A failing need not result in failure.

Only the low-bred live the "high life."

Experience is often a high-salaried tutor.

A half-hearted beginning is an omen of a poor finish.

Money talks in foreign language to many people.

Be a voluntary student and not an intellectual slacker.

Many students should be arrested for intellectual vagrancy.

Although the truth hurts, not everything that hurts is truth.

"Do as I say, but not as I do," is very poor advice from a minister.

Love is an ocean in which there are both gold fish and deep-sea dragons.

It is in the very course of nature that we have a few thorns among our flowers.

Only those who have borne the burdens of war can duly appreciate the blessing of peace.

The darkest hour of the night is when the husband comes home and can't find the key-hole.

Many people distract attention from their faults by talking about those of their neighbor.

—T. J. HANIFIN.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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## Board of Editors.

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Christmas is with us again and with what significance! The angels sang in the sky two thousand years ago, "Peace on earth and good will to men." Now that song is trembling in harmony upon the lips of men, for the peace proclaimed at Bethlehem has triumphed and a holy quiet has stolen into tired and troubled hearts. So it is that the Editors of the SCHOLASTIC, partaking in the great happiness of the time, would extend their greetings to the many sons of Notre Dame at home and upon far shores, and would wish every reader of our magazine the joys of the Yuletide and the blessings of a bright New Year.—T. F. H.

Despite Mr. Roosevelt, it is the duty of America represented at the peace conference to insist that Ireland be accorded the right to self-determination.

**Beware the Anglophile.** "Ireland is *de jure* a sovereign nation, conscious of her own independent life and culture, and as such she has the right of governing herself; and the imposition of foreign rule, which has never been accepted by her, cannot be considered as anything else but the violation of the weak by the strong." But the Anglophile is ever ready to wail "outrage" at any attempt to apply to England the principles of justice. Anglophiles have been organized for decades in a deliberate propaganda in America. They would have us forget "taxation without representation," the impressment of American seamen, the fisheries dispute, the discriminating Navigation Acts. They wish to gloss over the fact that England as mistress of the seas has used her power to abuse and insult America ever since our advent into the family of nations.

Even now, they claim for England the chief glory of winning the world war. They turn away from the fact that the war was fought mainly on French soil, that the French suffered the heaviest losses. And they forget that the participation of America turned the tide of battle; that before America came in, England had her "back to the wall," that England would have been starved by the U-boats had it not been for America; that America transported the greater part of her millions of soldiers to Europe guarded by her own ships, without the loss of a man; that it was American troops at Cantigny, Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, Rheims and St. Mihiel, who stopped the Germans at the height of their victorious onrush when all the Allies were broken and reeling; that it was an American army that held the front in the Argonne against a half of all the Huns in France, whilst the British and French armies, encouraged by the presence of the Americans, won victories on other sectors against depleted German divisions.

Yet the Anglophile says, "England's navy won the war!" But though such ignoble greed over the victor's wreath be of little moment, the subtle and powerful animus of the Anglophiles, which is working against the application of justice in the case of Ireland, is far more dangerous. Ireland, a nation, the oldest in Europe, to whose schools came the scholars of the world when the barbarians were sacking Rome, and these nations whose self-determination America fought for, Poland, Lithuania, Ukraina, Jugo-Slavia, and the rest, were but savage tribes; Ireland, the home of saint, scholar, patriot, and poet; Ireland, "whose devotion to the hope of free government will never die"—must she alone be excepted from the right to self-determination? If the nation which freed the black race from slavery, and the Cuban people from the tyranny of Spain, and the whole world from autocracy, has not utterly abandoned its glorious traditions, it will speak out clear and strong for the inclusion of Ireland among those nations to whom America has promised self-determination.—G. D. H.

War cannot camouflage character. It exposes the moral make-up of all engaged. Neither has war any respect for individual rights. It drafts the boy from the school, it summons the priest from the pulpit, and it calls the Sister from the

class-room. The world concedes bravery to the boys who fought our battles, it praises the zeal of the priest laboring among the officers and men, but does it recognize sufficiently the work of the nuns among the maimed and wounded? During the last four years the Sisters of France have ministered to many fighting men. The service rendered by some of these Sisters has elicited attention, but many others who have done a more private, but not less serviceable work deserve much more credit than has been accorded them. These pious women have helped to heal the bodies of the soldiers, and often, too, they have assisted in saving their souls. Many Sisters have had to face death, and not a few of them have died while attending their charges under enemy fire. The work of these nuns has been striking in its spirit of self-sacrifice, but it should not overshadow the labors of thousands of other Sisters who have performed their duty just as courageously and cheerfully in labor less public. Besides the Sisters of France, whole communities of whom were engaged in active war-work, the charity of our own American nuns is still fresh in our mind. When the influenza epidemic infested the army cantonments throughout America, the Sisters were the first to volunteer their services to nurse the soldiers. They braved the ravages of the epidemic, from the effects of which many of them died having contracted the disease while on duty in the camp hospitals. No complete statistics of the services rendered by the nuns are likely to be compiled, because the work of the Sisters in many instances has escaped the observation of men. Only those who have witnessed day after day the quiet, heroic work of the Sisters will be in a position to realize what it has meant to thousands of men to whom the war, despite its desolation, has been a blessing in disguise.—T. J. H.

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### Obituaries.

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#### MR. JOSEPH SCHUMACHER.

The news of the death of Mr. Joseph Schumacher, of South Bend, former student of the University, brother of Father Matthew Schumacher, our prefect of studies, and of Mr. Leo A. Schumacher (LL. B., 1913), brought on November the 28th a personal sorrow to everyone at Notre Dame. After a few days of the influenza, pneumonia was contracted. The funeral took place on Saturday morning, the

30th, from St. Mary's Church in South Bend. The solemn requiem was sung by Father Schumacher, with Father Wenninger and Father Joseph Burke assisting as deacon and sub-deacon. The deceased was in the very prime of sturdy and active life, of a character most genial and modest, and was truly a noble example of Christian manhood. To the bereaved wife, Father Schumacher, and the other relatives is offered the sincere condolence of the faculty and students of Notre Dame. Mr. Schumacher will be prayerfully remembered by all, that he may quickly enjoy the everlasting happiness for which he lived.

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#### WILLIAM ELGER.

News of the death on June 14th last of William Elger, a former student of the University, was received just a few days ago. A letter from the parents of the deceased explains that while cleaning a gun on the day prior to his intended departure for a training camp, the weapon was accidentally discharged, killing him instantly. It is with deep regret for his untimely death and with earnest assurance that his parents' request for prayers for his soul will often be remembered at Notre Dame, especially by those who cherished his friendship during his schooldays here, that our heartfelt sympathy is proffered to the bereaved father and mother.

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#### MR. JOHN DONAHUE.

On the night of December 8th, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Mr. John Donahue, father of the Reverend Joseph Donahue, C. S. C., died after a month's illness in St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Indiana. The deceased was born in Tyrone, Ireland, on April 24th, 1849, but has resided in South Bend for nearly half a century. Mr. Donahue was the first chief of both the volunteer and the paid fire departments in the city, and was a charter member and former president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The deceased was well known to all as an exemplary citizen and an ideal Catholic gentleman. Just three months ago Mrs. Donahue died. To Father Donahue and the other bereaved relatives the faculty, students and friends of the University offer sincere sympathy in this double sorrow, and promise frequent remembrances in prayer for both of the deceased.

## National Catholic War Council.

## IMPORTANT WORK OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF HISTORICAL RECORDS.

The National Committee on Catholic War Records had been directed by the Administrative Committee of Bishops to use every means possible for the purpose of securing an accurate and complete record of all Catholic American activity in the recent war. This aspect of the National Catholic War Council can not be too strongly emphasized. Unless we make provision for the history of Catholic patriotism and effort in this war, we shall be guilty of a neglect which can never be remedied and of a mistake which can never be retrieved. If we fail to establish authentic records of our civic and religious activities, and if we fail to record all the noble work being done by Catholics we are robbing the Church of the future of inspiration, of example, and of interpretation. History can not be written on the day on which it is made, and the object of the National Committee on Historical Records is to collect for careful preservation every record and document which tells the story of Catholic activity.

The National Committee on Historical Record has adopted the slogan that every Catholic should make his contribution to the history of the Church's activity in the war.

The Committee is desirous of obtaining letters from the parents and relatives of the soldiers, photographs of all those connected with local war activities, clippings from the local newspapers, accounts of meetings held for war purposes in which Catholics have taken a part, and all other material and information which will one day be of value in furnishing to the historian of the war the documents which will tell of the noble effort of the Catholic Church in the United States. Every bit of help in compiling the National Catholic War Records will count for the honor of Church and country, and for the glory of the men who have offered their life's blood and of the women, who, in their husbands, sons, and brothers, have given of their heart's blood for God and Right.

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Reverend Doctor Peter Guilday, 932 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

## Washington Hall Events.

Last Saturday evening a delightful program was given by the Metropolitan Quartette, consisting of Miss Muenstermann, contralto, Miss Van Grove, soprano, Mr. Kimbell, tenor, and Mr. Johnson, basso contanti. The quartette's best number was the "Sextette from Lucia;" and Mr. Kimbell's solo, "A Creole Love Song," won warm praise.

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On Tuesday afternoon Dr. James J. Walsh gave another of his entertaining lectures. This time his subject was Joyce Kilmer, poet and soldier, who was killed in France on August 1, 1918. Kilmer's perennial optimism, his close attachment to the Catholic religion, and his daring heroism in France were the striking features of his personality that Dr. Walsh impressed upon us.

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Mrs. Edythe Brosius, the distinguished American harpist, gave a splendid recital in Washington Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Her numbers consisting chiefly of foreign and American folk-songs were admirably suited to the tastes of her audience. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" and "Silent Night" deserve special praise.

## "SHOULDER ARMS."

Thursday, December 12, was a merry day at Notre Dame, made so by the appearance of the pantomimic prodigy, Charlie Chaplin, in his three-reel film-frolic, "Shoulder Arms." The play is a typical Chaplin comedy, furnishing an excellent medium for the unique antics of the world-known clown. It provoked smiles even from members of the faculty and caused soldier-students to cachinnate constantly. The little moustached man is at his best in this military picture. His characterization of the in-expert private, who on his first trip to the trenches brings along every conceivable inconvenience from a mouse-trap to a collapsible bathtub, is irresistible. It is a question whether said Chaplin could have paralyzed John Bunyan with hilarity or compelled Schopenhauer to chortle with joy, but that he furnishes a class of comedy that appeals to risibility of every kind of spectator goes without saying. Two exhibitions of the film were staged, one in the morning for the preparatory students and the other in the afternoon for the soldiers and other collegiate students.

## Book Reviews.

YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION, and YOUR INTERESTS ETERNAL. By the Reverend Edward F. Garesché, S. J. Benziger Brothers. 16mo, cloth. Price, 75 cts. each; by mail, 85 cts.

The practice of spiritual reading is not nearly so common as it should be among lay people. The ordinary Catholic is rather disposed to regard it merely as a kind of pious pastime for religious. Doubtless one of the chief reasons for this attitude is the scarcity of suitable ascetic books for lay readers. It is with a view to supplying this need that Father Garesché, S. J., editor of the *Queen's Work*, has written the two volumes just published by the Benziger Brothers, *Your Soul's Salvation*, and *Your Interests Eternal*. The author shows well how easy it is for the well-intentioned lay person to sanctify himself and at the same time become within his humble sphere an apostle of sanctity to others. "It is almost literally true that many good ordinary Christians are only a few steps from sanctity," observes Father Garesché, and he has made it his special purpose to light the way up these few steps and to reveal the new mission field for the lay Catholic. The chapters of the two books are familiar talks with the person of ordinary education on the spiritual topics of supreme importance. They are soundly spiritual and at the same time calculated to interest people of every class.

HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.00

Father Finn has long been a great favorite with the lovers of juvenile fiction. Everyone who has read "Claude Lightfoot" or "Percy Wynn" wants to read Father Finn's next story. Animation, interest, and real boys in real situations are the elements that recommend his fictions. In his most recent story, "His Luckiest Year," Master Robert Ryan, the hero, goes successfully through a series of lively experiences; his fine spirit and courage in meeting all the tests win and hold the interest and admiration of the reader. "Bob's" splendid character and disposition make everyone his friend, and the reader feels that he is one of the party in the happy reunion at the end of the story. We would not say that this latest story is by any means the author's best production, but it is certainly the kind of story that must have a wholesome influence upon the youthful reader,

the kind of story that is so badly needed. It shows all the fine qualities which have won for Father Finn's books the popularity they deserve, and it is well worth the one dollar for which it sells.

WAR MOTHERS. By the Reverend Edward F. Garesché, S. J. Benziger Brothers. Price, 60 cents; by mail, 65 cents.

Another contribution from the pen of Father Garesché is a little book of poems, entitled *War Mothers*, and beautifully dedicated to the lamented young poet, Joyce Kilmer, recently killed in France in the service of his country. The title poem of the collection is a worthy praise of the brave women who have given their sons in the great fight for the freedom of the world.

.... Securely great  
That land that hath great mothers for its stay.  
In vain its legions and its fleets would roam  
Did these not keep the sacred fires of home.

The able editor of the *Queen's Work* is well known for his fervent practical devotion to the Blessed Mother, and it is but natural to him to recommend the anxieties and sorrows of the war mothers and of their sons to the great Mother of Sorrows. Several of the poems are written to the dead poet to whom all of them are dedicated, of which the one entitled "To His Mother" is especially tender, musical, poetic, and full of sympathy. The little book is delicately bound in dove cloth and would make a most suitable holiday present to any mother who has a son in the service.—C. E. M.

## K. of C. Notes.

## INITIATION.

The local council of the Knights of Columbus initiated into the order on Sunday, December 1, the largest class of candidates ever admitted at Notre Dame, numbering one hundred and thirty men. It speaks well for the spirit of the council to say that most of the applications were secured in one week. Notre Dame very fittingly exemplified the first degree and must be complimented on their splendid showing. South Bend, assisted by Reverend Michael Quinlan, C. S. C., had charge of the second degree. The third degree was given by the famous team from Chicago, Loftus and Chambers.

A banquet was held after the initiation at which Professor Cooney and the Honorable R. Proctor, of Elkhart, were the principal speakers.

It was a delightful day and was all finished by eight-thirty, something unusual for the K. of C. affairs. Notre Dame Council can well be proud of its staff of officers. They are all one-hundred-per-cent members of the order. Visitors from other councils were very enthusiastic about Notre Dame Council, Notre Dame Officers and Notre Dame Degrees.

#### K. of C. BUILDING.

At last the Knights of Columbus are going to have a building of their own at Notre Dame. That is what they say and they seem to mean it. The third floor of the old chemistry hall, to be rebuilt, looked good to them until it was pronounced unsafe to add a third floor to the building. Now they are planning a home to cost \$40,000. Of this sum there is \$10,000 already on hand.

The Grand Knight has appointed a committee on general construction, building, finance, publicity and campaign, to look after these various phases of the work. Much has been done in the past week and the immediate object on which they are now working is the drive. The campaign is to begin the 15th of December and close the 15th of February. The council is divided into ten teams, each of which is to make a drive for at least \$2,000. The first and second teams to achieve the sum will receive colors and numerals. The team bringing in the largest amount will be given special recognition in a manner which may not as yet be published.

The necessity of such a building at Notre Dame will be questioned by no real Notre Dame man. The K. of C. building will be open to all students and not merely to Knights, so that it behooves the students to get behind the Knights in this drive and give them all the aid they can. Let us show the Notre Dame spirit in this, and "bust" the old thermometer by going "over the top" in the drive for the \$40,000.

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#### Local News.

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The President has received a communication from the State Department in Washington, acknowledging receipt of the Faculty telegram in favor of self-determination for Ireland.

Coach Rockne attended the meeting of the all-conference coaches in Chicago, on Saturday, December 7. One of the chief matters discussed was freshmen eligibility in college athletics. It was decided that freshmen will still be allowed

to compete in inter-collegiate athletics after January 1. Games were scheduled with Indiana and Purdue.

The Naval Unit was put through a physical examination last Wednesday. This is one of the many routine details which must be attended to before discharges are in order. The practical question with the navy men is, when are they to get their pay?

Dr. Hewetson, of Minneapolis, lectured at Notre Dame Tuesday evening on "English Cathedrals." He gave a brief outline of their history and a description of their architecture. Dr. Hewetson is going to Russia next spring to study conditions.

Three S. A. T. C. men, H. Hoffman, D. O'Connor, W. Powers, members of Company 1, were injured in an explosion in the chemical laboratory, caused by careless handling of chemicals. A glass jar in which they were generating oxygen exploded, blowing bits of glass into their faces. They were immediately taken to the infirmary, where medical examination showed their injuries to be slight.

The Annual Banquet for the football squad was held Saturday evening at 6:30 in the Westminster room of the Oliver Hotel. The monogram men of the squad of 1918 elected Leonard ("Pete") Bahan to captain the team of 1919. Bahan was acting captain of the team this year, in the absence of Captain-elect "Bodie" Andrews, of the Municipal Pier Training Station. Coach Rockne gave a short talk, reviewing the season of 1918 and the prospects for next fall. The schedule for 1919 will be made upon a pre-war basis.

The members of Badin Hall got together Sunday evening for a farewell smoker before the Christmas holidays. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Mullin, a very lively program was presented. Ice cream and cakes were served and cigars of a choice quality were in abundance. Speeches were made by the several prefects and by Father McGarry, rector of the Hall. The success of the meeting was due in large part to the committee, which was composed of Chas. Hirschbuhl, Clair Mullin, "Wop" Berra, and Robert Follet.

Members of the Notre Dame S. A. T. C. were measured for wool uniforms on Friday afternoon, December 6. All men in the service must be supplied with uniforms before demobilization can take place. The soldiers are



required to wear these uniforms ten days after discharge, with the option of wearing it one hundred and twenty. The Naval Unit, will be mustered out without their cherished middies. Requisitions were delayed on the way to the Great Lakes naval station and did not reach there until after the preliminary discharge papers.

On last Thursday afternoon the annual Breen oratorical contest took place in Washington Hall. Thomas F. Healy, the winner, delivered an eloquent oration on "The Imperishable Nation," dealing with the noble part played by Ireland's sons in the great European War, and emphasizing her right to self-determination. Cornelius R. Palmer, with an oration entitled "A Plea for a Living-wage," was awarded second place. The third place was given to Thomas C. Duffy with an oration on "The Disruption of Labor Laws." The other contestants were Sigismund Jankowski, who spoke on "The Champion of American Ideals"; Edwin Hunter, on "Foch, 'The Gray Man of Christ'"; and Stanislaus Lisewski, on "Poland, the Undying Martyr." It was a close contest and exceedingly interesting throughout. Mr. Healy will represent Notre Dame in the State contest at Indianapolis in February, the winner of which will represent Indiana in the interstate contest towards the end of the school year.

### Soldiers' Insurance.

The attention of the members of the Students' Army Training Corps is called to the following official instructions regarding their Government insurance:

#### HEADQUARTERS

Students' Army Training Corps  
University of Notre Dame  
Notre Dame, Ind.

1. Every person in the military service holding Government insurance may continue same in its present form for not more than five years, and during this time may convert the present term insurance into standard forms of Government insurance, including ordinary life, twenty payment life, endowment, maturing at age 62 years, and other usual forms.

2. Soldiers may continue Government insurance after they are discharged.

3. It is highly desirable that men now in the service keep up their insurance and continue to keep it up after they return to civil life. If the soldier permits insurance to lapse, he will lose valuable rights to convert same into standard forms of Government insurance.

#### WAR DEPARTMENT

Committee on Education and Special Training  
Section of Training and Instruction Branch  
War Plans Division General Staff  
Old Land Office Bldg., 8th & F Sts.

Washington, November 26, 1918.

From: Committee on Education and Special Training.  
To: Presidents and Commanding Officers at all S. A. T. C. Institutions.

Subject: War Risk Insurance.

1. The following statement has been issued by the Secretary of the Treasury for the information of soldiers about to be discharged:

"Treasury Department,  
November 15, 1918.

Statement by Secretary McAdoo:

I desire to remind ALL America's soldiers and sailors that it is their opportunity and their privilege to keep up their insurance with the United States Government after the war has officially terminated and even after they have returned to civil life.

More than four million officers and men of the Army and Navy are now insured with the United States Government through the Bureau of War Risk Insurance of the Treasury Department. The grand total of insurance is more than thirty-six billion dollars.

In its present form, this insurance is annual, renewable term insurance at net peace rates, issued against death and total permanent disability. Under the provisions of the War Risk Insurance Act, every person holding this insurance may keep it up in this form *even after he leaves the service* for a period of five years. All that is necessary is the regular payment of premiums.

Moreover, the law provides that not later than five years after the termination of the war as declared by Presidential proclamation, the term insurance shall be converted, *without medical examination*, into such form or forms of insurance as may be prescribed by regulations and as the insured may request.

Presidents and Commanding Officers.

In accordance with the provisions of the law, these regulations will provide for the right to convert, into ordinary life, 20-payment life, endowment maturing at the age of 62, and into other usual forms of insurance. *This insurance will continue to be Government Insurance.* The various forms of policies which the Bureau of War Risk Insurance will write are now prepared.

Every person in the military or naval service owes it to himself and to his family to hold on to Uncle Sam's insurance. It is the strongest, safest, and cheapest life insurance ever written. Just as this insurance relieved our soldiers and sailors of anxiety and misgivings for the welfare of their loved ones and protected them against the hazards of war, so it will continue to protect them through the days of readjustment and reconstruction and in time of peace.

The advantages of keeping this insurance in force cannot be emphasized too strongly. The right to continue it is a valuable right given by the Government to our fighting part of the men as compensation for their services. If this right is lost by allowing insurance to lapse, it can never be regained. When

government insurance is allowed to lapse, the holder cannot again obtain insurance except from private companies at a considerable increase in cost. Moreover, many of the men may have become uninsurable as a result of the war through physical impairment, and if these allow their insurance to lapse they will lose the last opportunity for their families to have the protection of life insurance.

The economic value of life insurance to society is so well recognized as to need no argument. The Government now has in force upon the lives of four million American citizens who have fought its battles, a life insurance group larger than all others combined. Therefore it is manifestly of the highest importance not only to the fighting men and their dependents but to all the people, that the largest possible percentage of this insurance shall be continued in force after its holders shall be returned to civil life."

2. It is desired that this statement be brought to the attention of all members of the S. A. T. C. by whatever means Commanding Officers and heads of institutions shall deem most effective.

Committee on Education and Special Training,  
R. I. Rees,  
Brigadier General, General Staff,  
Chairman.

#### HEADQUARTERS

Students' Army Training Corps  
University of Notre Dame  
Notre Dame, Ind.

Each soldier honorably discharged will retain all used stockings and under-clothing in his possession at the time of discharge. He may also retain the following clothing, which will be returned within four months, by mail under a franked label which shall be furnished him for that purpose. No postage is necessary. The franked labels will be obtained from the company commanders:

1 flannel shirt; 1 coat, service and ornaments; 1 pair breeches; 1 pair shoes; 1 hat; 1 overcoat; 1 pair leggings.

#### Personals.

Joseph Stack, former student, is doing noteworthy work as an editor of *The Journal* in Springfield, Illinois.

"Buddy" Flannigan, now of the U. S. Engineers, dropped in a few days ago to visit his old Corby acquaintances.

R. A. McNally, an old student of the University, is now the managing editor of the *Star Bulletin* in Honolulu, Hawaii.

"Ted" Sheehan, who was in Corby Hall last year, has made his way, since June, 1918, to Siberia and back again to the States.

James Kenefick, graduate in law a few years ago and until recently located in Michigan City, is now connected with the Red Cross.

Albert "Dutch" Freund, famous broad jumper for N. D. in 1911, is now a sailor on the former *Vaterland*. "Dutch" has made three trips to France.

Richard Lawless, old student, who enlisted in the Engineer Corps last spring, is now an instructor in Electrical Engineering at Fortress Monroe.

Tom Ovington of Walsh Hall received a telegram recently stating that his brother John had been killed during the last days of fighting in France.

Tom Moore, brother of Sergeant Owen Moore of Co. 2, was recently chosen from a group of three hundred to be leader of a flight squadron in France.

Candidates Chas. T. McCauley, Richard Dore and Geo. Haller arrived some time ago from the Artillery Officers' Training School, Camp Taylor, Ky.

Ed. Murphy, better known as "Nips," who was a student a few years ago at N. D., is now in a base hospital in France recovering from a gas attack.

Stanley Niezgodzki, formerly a day student, sends word that he has arrived safely overseas with Rev. George Finnigan, C. S. C., Chaplain 137 Field Artillery.

Edgar J. Hermes is at present in the Army Medical School, located at Washington, D. C. Hermes was a pre-medical student at Notre Dame for two years.

R. C. Langan, who graduated from Notre Dame in 1893 with Rev. M. Quinlan, C. S. C., and Prof. E. J. Maurus, has sailed for France in the interests of the Knights of Columbus.

Lieutenant Gushurst, varsity end in Coach Rockne's day, visited the University recently. He arrived just in time for the football banquet and aided in making that affair a success.

Lieut. A. B. Hunter, '16, recently made an adjutant in the Depot Brigade at Camp Taylor, intends to re-enter Notre Dame as a student of law as soon as he receives his release from the service.

Frank Sweeny, who lived in Cadillac last year and was for three years a student in Journalism, is at present employed as a Knight of Columbus secretary at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, Texas.

John T. Balfe, a popular student of '16 and '17, is now in the employ of W. R. Grace and Com-

pany, of New York City. He writes that Earl Clark, '17, holds an important position with the same company.

Hugh A. O'Donnell (Litt. B. 1894), who for some time has been connected with the *New York Times*, was recently elected vice-chairman of the Industrial Division of the United War Work Campaign in New York.

The many friends of Mr. Speer Strahan, C. S. C., '17, were glad to see him return to Notre Dame, after a year of absence due to illness. He is residing at Holy Cross Seminary, where his health is steadily improving.

Brother Alban, C. S. C., returned recently from West Baden, Indiana, where he had gone for rest and recuperation after an attack of influenza. His friends were glad to note his improved condition, which, they hope, will be permanent.

"Stony" McGlynn, a graduate of the Notre Dame law school and not so long ago Prosecuting Attorney in East St. Louis, has been heard of as being "over there." "Stony" gave the prefects of the University an occasional job in his day.

Clarence W. Brown (C. E., 1918), assistant to Prof. Maurus in surveying for two years, has been stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor for some time. On his way to his home in Kalamazoo he stopped recently for a visit with Notre Dame friends.

A card received recently from Mr. Vincent Mooney, C. S. C., '16, gives an encouraging report of himself, Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, C. S. C., '16, and Mr. Kearnt Healy, C. S. C., '16, who are pursuing their theological studies with ardor at Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C.

Frank A. ("Bodie") Andrews, honorary captain of this year's football team, has been transferred from Municipal Pier, Chicago, to Pelam Bay. "Bodie" is now on the road to an Ensign's commission. The best wishes of his many friends at Notre Dame go with him.

Lieutenant Edward J. Story, student at Notre Dame some years ago, is now located at Chatillion sur Seine. His brother (the turbulent "Babe") is a second lieutenant in the Regular Army and is located at Camp Lewis. In ordinary conversation one good story draws out another.

Another of Notre Dame's soldier-graduates, Ray Miller, has been promoted to the rank of Captain in the United States Army. The com-

mission was awarded on the battlefield in Belgium, according to news received by relatives of the young officer in Youngstown, Ohio.

Freeman Fitzgerald (E. E. '16), former football and basketball star at Notre Dame, is at present stationed at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. He has made several trips by aeroplane to St. Edward's Field, which adjoins St. Edward's College, conducted by the Fathers of Holy Cross at Austin, Texas.

Stanley Tylman, a former Notre Dame student (1910-13), is now a professor of dentistry at Northwestern University, Chicago. It will please his friends to know that besides filling the capacity as professor, he is also enjoying an extensive practice in his own office in Chicago.

"Mike" Rooney, a minim at Notre Dame a few years ago, writes from France to Lee (Toodles) Osborne that he has been in the army for two years and in France for the last nine months. At the time of writing he was just recovering from the effects of a gassing and was ready for the front again.

Earl Clark, '18, is now assistant buyer in the drug department of W. R. Grace & Co., the largest export house in N. Y. He writes: "I hope this will be as pleasant a surprise as I received a few days ago when I accidentally met John Balfe, '16-'17, another N. D. man, in the employ of Grace & Co."

Sergeant Charles A. Grimes of Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, writes that he expects to resume his studies in Journalism at the University after spending the holidays at his home in Rhode Island. His career on the aviation field has been as successful as the two years he spent here at Notre Dame.

The marriage of Lieut. John J. Bristin (Law '11) to Miss Lyde Ricketts occurred in Pittsburgh on November 27th. Before he entered the Infantry of the United States Army, in which service he rose to a lieutenantcy, Mr. Bristin practised law in the city of Pittsburgh. Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Bristin!

On November 30th, Ray Humphries (P. B. in Journ., '16) wrote from Washington, D. C.: "To-morrow I am leaving again for the South—this time for San Antonio, Texas, where I expect to be stationed indefinitely. Here in Washington I have been attached as a sergeant of the Corps of Intelligence Police. I will continue with the Intelligence on the Border. While on duty the other night I saw Lt. Kelly, but didn't

get a chance to speak to him. . . . The last I heard from Tim he was on his way over. . . . Best regards."

The president of the University received recently a postcard from First Lieut. Frank C. Walker, at Blois, France, saying: "I met Ed Arvey, Law, '09, in this most interesting city. He too is in the service and we spent several hours recalling happy days at N. D. Some day we hope to be at a reunion of the '09 class. Best wishes to Father Moloney."

Brother Walter, C. S. C., '15, and Brother Austin, C. S. C., '17, are teaching in the Cathedral High School, Indianapolis, Ind. This school, which was taken by the Brothers of Holy Cross last September, promises to be one of their largest establishments. Bishop Chartrand has been a real father and friend to the Brothers since their arrival in his episcopal city.

Alexander A. Sczapanik, student in Journalism for three years, writes that he will be back at Notre Dame in February to complete his course. Alex. has been transferred from Camp Upton to the city of Buffalo, where he is doing clerical and interpretation work for a local board. Recently he enjoyed a visit from Charles Call and Walter Miller, who are sailors on the Great Lakes.

According to recent press dispatches, the 38th Division is now located at Le Mans, France. This means that Father McGinn and Father Edward Finnigan are at the birthplace of the Congregation of Holy Cross, for it was at Le Mans that, nearly a century ago, a French priest, Father Moreau, organized the community which now has its mother-house at Notre Dame.

Jenaro D'Avila, who graduated in Engineering at Notre Dame a few years ago, has since been employed by the Mid-Co. Petroleum Company at Tulsa, Oklahoma. This year Mr. D'Avila was promoted to chief engineer for the Company in the state of Texas, and very recently was made an executive of the firm at a high salary. At present he is on his way to Tampied, where he will open a new producing field before sailing for South America in the interests of his employers.

The *Morning Oregonian* recently had this to say of a former Notre Dame graduate: "Sam Dolan, former Notre Dame gridiron star, who is a member of the Oregon Agricultural College faculty, will referee the big clash (between

Mare Island Marines and the Multnoma Amateur A. C.). Dolan is one of the few capable referees on the Pacific Coast. A signal honor was accorded him last Saturday at Cornwallis, when the University of Oregon accepted him as referee of the annual state gridiron clash. Football history fails to show where a member of one of the schools engaged in a state championship contest has ever been selected to referee the big game previous to last Saturday. Dolan lived up to his reputation of honesty and ability."

Timothy Galvin of the class of 1916, writes from Central France on November 15th: "It really seems that Christmas is once more to see peace upon earth. I hope that another Christmas may find us all back home. I do not expect to be there much before that time, though of course our next movement is decidedly problematical. The armistice found me still a private, though I still have hope of some advancement, and, if some not improbable things happen it may come soon. At any rate, I have tried to do my best and have had in return, the most wonderful experiences of my life and an increase in health and vigor that I should never have gained otherwise. So I have everything for which to be thankful." Tim's address at the time of writing was, Ordnance Technical Section, A. P. O. 902.

A letter from Father O'Donnell, in Italy, dated Nov. 10, tells of the difficulty of conversation that begins in "low-gear Italian, speeds up into Henry Ford Latin, and finishes strong in Notre Dame au Cadillac French." Written the day before the German armistice was signed, the letter says:

We were going forward as fast as the broken and burning bridges (and our own falling arches) would let us, in hot pursuit of the retreating Hun—literally the Hun, though the heels of all the races known to Austria were towards us in the race. We caught them at one place, a river side where their rear-guard tried to hold us up with machine guns, after showing a white flag and telling us an armistice was on. Poor devils, they may have believed it, but we knew differently, and went forward as ordered. It was a slight scrap and we came through very lucky. Then the armistice was declared, and the fighting was over on this front—perhaps for good, we don't know yet. . . . My labors have been light: Mass every day in a different place, confessions, communions, almost daily some, and beads at night when I can get the men. Excellent and well-instructed Catholics, these boys are. The hallmark of the parochial school is on them all. . . . and I have become certain that this same little parochial school is, in the Providence of God, just about the corner-stone of the Church.



"Picture taken on July 4th. The boys have just finished singing 'Joan of Arc' and the Major is about to present the speaker of the day. It was a fine chance to review a little American history. On the stand you see the City Fathers. They all kissed me at the close of the speech." [Post-card from Lt. (Father) M. J. Walsh, C. S. C. Among the figures on the platform he stands in the fore-ground.]

### Letters from Soldiers.

American E. F., France,  
November 4, 1918.

Dear Father Eugene Burke,

A month ago your fine letter reached me up in the front lines, where between shell-bursts I was gathering in the dead and burying them. About ten minutes after reading your letter in the shelter of a fox-hole, one of my burying detail was splattered all over the landscape by a six-inch shell which let me off with throwing a lot of dirt on me. The day before, I think it was, a shell followed me into an old wine-cellar in a wrecked village, where it killed two boys, who fell partly on me. It also wounded all of the other eight, except me. I lost my pack, containing toilet articles and blanket, which I carry on my back everywhere I go. One night after we had made a fine advance and taken several towns, the Boche counter-attacked with 1,500 strong, and many of them came into the village, which we had just taken that afternoon. It was the only time I ever came so near to being captured and it was near enough too. I was in a cellar and some Boche were blazing away at our boys in the street with a machine gun they had set up right on the top of my cellar. It would have been "good-night" if they had climbed down and thrown a hand-grenade. At any rate, the Yanks slaughtered some Boche that night. It took me three days to bury those I found lying in the village, and just outside of the hamlet dead Boche lay in wind-rows. I went all over the field next day looking for dead Yanks and never in my experience have I seen so many dead Germans. At least eight hundred of them lay out there in an acre of ground. I could have got watches, rings, pistols, observation-glasses by the score, as the boys did who risked being hit with shells and bullets. I had to go out there, or I should never have gone.

Since October 9, I am in the hospital with the influenza, gassed eyes, and, worst of all, gassed lungs. I sucked in gas for about three hours one day, but, except for my eyes burning, I did not notice for two days the success of the Boche gas attack on my "insides." Then I did. Today, I was given an examination preliminary to going before the Hospital Board of Examiners, which settles whether a fellow goes back to the line or stays on duty in the rear,

or gets a "blighty." He said to me: "You are still in poor shape from the gas poisoning. Your heart is doing one hundred and thirty a minute, when it should be doing from seventy to eighty. As the result of the gas, you are not even in class B. I will see you again in two weeks."

So here I am, when I had expected and hoped to be on my way back to my Regiment. It is awfully lonesome in a hospital and, besides, I have had no mail for a month, on account of being away from my outfit. Then again, all my clothes and everything are with the Regiment and I cannot get a uniform made before I leave here. Today, I sent for my mail and for my pay checks for July, August, and September.

Father Walsh is in Paris, and writes to me to come and see him for urgent reasons. He is a great joker! When the camel can pass through the needle's eye, they may begin issuing passes for Paris. If I asked for a pass to Paris the adjutant here would confine me to the insane ward. My orders, however, may call for my passing through Paris later on. I hope at least they call for my going through Berlin.

Well, Father, I hope to hear from you again soon and often. I certainly enjoyed your letter. I am sorry I cannot tell you many things now; I think that after the war I can tell you not only interesting things, but things which are not yet published about the war and the front lines. Maybe war was something glorious in past ages, but do not tell that to anyone who has been to the Front. I do not expect they will ship us back to the United States for a year or two after it is over.

Keep the home fires burning, for old Notre Dame will look good to me.

Sincerely,

(Lieut.) E. A. Davis.

Chaplain, Infantry, Rainbow Division.

Ploermel, Brittany,  
November 3, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

I am now away back in the middle ages—in a little old town that comes from about the year 500, in the old house of the Curé. I just left my room to come down to the kitchen, for here the old fireplace is going and the stone floor is warm. Christine, who fits right into the picture, is the old house-keeper and seems ages old

as she goes around in her wooden shoes. And cook—her food is the best I have tasted in a long time. Her vegetables and meats are all seasoned as they must have been in the olden times.

The Curé, Monsieur le Gaillard, is very fine to me. This all seems very cheerful, and so it is, but we quit here this week and go to camp. I am glad, for we want our few weeks of training, and then we can go farther up. The boys are enjoying the town, and they are well liked by the people. Our band played Chopin's funeral march in the All Souls' Day procession. The Curé was delighted. Last year some young French buglers took part in a procession here and got five days in jail for it. To the French our liberty is a most extraordinary thing. Our Catholic boys are giving a splendid example. They fill the churches at the Masses. I leave the doors open so that the French officers passing can see them. The whole crowd was astonished when Colonel Moorhead of the 139th, a Protestant, came to Mass to-day.

I have taken the whole regiment around to see the historical things hereabouts. It gave me a good chance to explain the religious life, while visiting the old monasteries. I was also able to explain some of the doctrines of the Church while studying paintings and windows in the churches.

I often think of all of you at home. It will not be long now, I believe, before we shall all be back. I am going to try to go to Angers, which is about a three hours' ride from our camp. I do not know whether I shall see Rome or not, but I hope that I may. Give my love to all, and pray for me,

(Lieut.) George Finnigan.

137 Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Camp Grant, Illinois,

October 27, 1918.

Dear Father Doremus:

You can always be sure that you will hear from me sooner or later. My training course has been very changeable, beginning at Camp Custer, then shifting to Camp Lee. At the latter place I was fortunate in receiving a month of extra training. There were only sixty-three of us in the course, all of whom were either University graduates or men from professional life. It was a very interesting month for all of us, and we learned many things concerning military tactics, which we should otherwise get only in actual fighting.

The day before we were commissioned I became a victim of the influenza, and put in thirteen monotonous, though in some respects interesting, days in the base hospital. My commission was handed to me in bed, and after recovery I reported for duty here at Camp Grant. The colonel of the replacement unit here has recommended me for a ten-day leave, and I expect to enjoy it soon. It will be one grand and glorious day when I get to see my family.

It is raining here at present and we are doing a great deal of book work. We have more officers than privates training here in preparation for the coming of the next draft. These men will most likely be given a course of intensive and speedy training to make up for lost time.

Father, kindly remember me to all my friends at

Notre Dame, and I shall try to write to more of my old "pals" in the future. Dan Skelly is in the training school at Camp Lee and is doing well.

Sincerely,

Fred W. Gushurst.

Camp Sherman, Ohio,

December 4, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney,

No doubt you think me very slow in not having written to you long ago, but I have been almost too busy to breathe freely. After being commissioned in August I received a ten-day leave. Then I was ordered back to Camp Lee, Virginia, where I was assigned to Company L, 3rd Battalion, Infantry Replacement and Training Camp. On September 19th I was ordered here to the new 95th Division, which was then forming. On my arrival I was assigned to the Headquarters Troop.

Our outfit is the escort to the major general. In actual service we furnish the liaison between divisional headquarters and the regimental headquarters; we also furnish the Headquarters as chauffeurs, side-car drivers, mechanics, and the like. I am acting in the capacity of divisional headquarters supply officer, headquarters troop supply officer, and also am on duty with the troop. I am quartered and have mess with the divisional staff. We have two colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, five majors, seven captains, four first lieutenants, and four second lieutenants. The troop is a separate unit. General Smith is the officer over our captain; he is an ex-cavalry officer and a splendid man. In fact, all of the staff are ex-cavalry officers and most of them are West Point men. We wear cavalry insignia—chin straps, boots and spurs—and of course the whole troop is mounted. This would have been an excellent division, Father, as most of the officers are from overseas, many with service stripes and not a few with wound stripes. I am very lucky in being in this outfit, and I do not know yet why I was privileged with such an excellent assignment.

The sad part of my letter is this: orders have just been received to demobilize the 95th. Hence we shall all without doubt be relieved and sent home within the next two weeks. I hate to go home feeling that I have done so little, but orders are orders. I shall come back to Notre Dame some time just to shake hands with all the men of old N. D. who have played their part in the shock of an epic day.

Sherman May's brother is here. I met him accidentally the other day in the quartermasters department of the Camp. I am well, Father, and have gained about twenty pounds; I am happy, but not nearly so happy as I should have been if I had gone across. I received a few copies of the SCHOLASTIC from home and enjoyed every one of them. I am planning on a trip to Notre Dame soon after my return home; so you may be prepared for the return of the black sheep.

Give best regards to every one connected with Alma Mater and believe me always,

Very sincerely,

(2nd Lieut.) Wm. E. Bradbury,

Headquarters Troop,  
95th Division, U. S. A.

Evacuation Hospital 1, A. P. O. 784, France,  
November 6, 1918.

Dear Dad,

Some few weeks ago I was, in the vernacular of the Army, knocked off the limb. It happened during a heavy bombardment by the Germans, who began shelling us one night at nine o'clock. I was in No Man's Land engaged in digging trenches when the trouble began. We were unable to reach shelter and had to endure it in the open. About the third shell, which was a high explosive of the kind we term a "G. T. Can," struck very close to me and injured me slightly in the neck and right hand. The wound in the neck was very slight, but the thumb and the first and the middle finger of the hand were rather badly mangled, though the doctor has succeeded in saving them. Later another piece of shrapnel struck me in the back and wounded me slightly. Thus far, however, my most serious trouble has been with mustard gas burns, of which I have many. At the dressing this morning the doctor was very much pleased with the progress I am making and thinks that I shall be out soon.

Such in brief is the story of my first trip to the front-line trenches. I had been there only three days when the accident happened, but I expect to finish my turn some time in the near future.

I am, as you understand, unable to write myself, this letter being possible only by courtesy of the Red Cross.

Devotedly your son,

(1st Lieut.) Bernard J. Voll.

56th Infantry, Company B, U. S. A.

Somewhere in France,  
November 6th, 1918.

Dear Father O'Hara,

Just a line to let you know that I am still alive, healthy and happy, and praying for a bit of excitement. We landed in France some time ago, after visiting England from north to south and from east to west. The country is beautiful, and the cities bring back a vivid picture of years gone by. In certain parts there still prevails the same style as when Shakespeare sought characters for his plays. The people have a warm-hearted manner about them that appeals to the Americans and makes the fight seem more glorious. I have heard hundreds of men say, as they marched along, "I'd fight till I dropt for these people."

France, minus of course her pre-war manner, is one beautiful Eden. The people, with their five long years of war bearing heavily upon them, still manage to give a smile of welcome to the "Glorious Americans," as they call us. They will do anything to make life worth while for our soldiers. It is a common sight to see a few American soldiers gathered around the table in a French kitchen, having dinner with the family, or else around the fireplace trying, with the aid of a small dictionary, to express their gratitude for all that the French people have done for them.

How is everything going at Notre Dame? I surely miss the good old days, and I look forward to the time when I can pay a visit to the old haunts at N. D.,—just as soon as bull-headed Bill and Company realize that they are done for, which no doubt will be shortly.

Tell Father Farley to reserve a room for me at commencement.

By the way, I saw an old Notre Dame man here in France, John McShane, from Indianapolis. He is in the aviation service. I hope to meet Father O'Donnell and Father Davis before this is over. I have been on the lookout for them ever since I came over.

Well, Father, there is not very much to write about, save that the Hun is very uneasy without his allies, Austria and Turkey. The Americans are gaining consistently at all points, and are driving the Huns until they are almost exhausted.

My best wishes to all of my friends at Notre Dame. Hoping to be remembered in your prayers, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(1st Lieut.) Austin A. McNichols,  
Company G, 341st Infantry, A. P. O. 916.

American E. F., France  
All Saints Day, 1918

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

As there is a slight let-up in our work due to the rain, I am seizing the opportunity to fulfill a much-neglected duty. I am afraid I read Joe Gargan's letters rather conscientiously, because I feared to write while preparing myself for duty over here. Then too, not being a marine made my stand quite proper. But fortunately I was awakened, and I am sure that my status among Notre Dame's roll of honor will not suffer from that fact. Everybody appreciates the worth of our Marines, but I would advise Joe that heroic deeds and actions need no advertising. Joe evidently remains the same lad that we all knew at Notre Dame.

Before leaving the United States I was overjoyed to meet Father McGinn and Father Finnigin, Eddie McOsker, Lou Kiefer, John Miller, Jimmie Lawler, and Joe Pliska. We were all stationed at the same field for a few days. Coming across I had the pleasure of Ed Cleary's company all the way. We were encamped together and we found another Notre Dame man soon after we settled here. He is a marine, by the way, but different from the type I had learned to know from Joe Gargan's letters. "Johnnie" Murphy of Chicago is his name. He was formerly a Brownson haller.

By way of explanation, I may say that after eight months of continual study I am an aerial photographer. I prepared in elementary and advanced photography and typography. The work is exceedingly interesting, but unfortunately not very exciting. The importance of the work is self-explanatory.

France holds all the thrills I had pictured and a few more. To eat, sleep, and work in mud is an experience, and everybody must enjoy such variety as we have. It rains 346 days every year and snows continually the other 23. The United States will surely look good to all of us, when we get back, but we all wish to do a good thorough job while here.

I am writing under difficulties, Father; so please excuse the poor legibility, grammatical errors, and the like. Give my sincerest regards to all my friends at Notre Dame, and with heartiest wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Photo Sector 22.

Pvt. Joseph E. Flynn,

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

Reverend Joseph Boyle, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father,

Many times have I thought of writing to you, but something has always hindered me. Here I am now at a French Y. M. C. A., where only a week ago an American was a rare figure. Now I can say the same of the French. I imagine I am away back of the lines, as there is a real lively time going on here. No ink is at hand, but I am determined to write this note to-night and I know you will pardon the pencil. A band is furnishing some choice selections just outside; so if my thoughts seem to drift, blame it on the music, for it is the first I have heard in months. It has taken me back to the good old United States.

For over three months we have been on the front, in two different sectors, and we have certainly seen and heard some of the real horrors of war. It is, however, only a taste of what the real line is like. I am with a field hospital, and detailed to look after dental supplies. On account of this we are the farthest back of the front line, though we can hear the old barrage go over and see the flashes of the guns. We can also see the signal lights, and occasionally our friend "Jerry" pays us a visit. Only the other night he dropped four bombs just a short distance from our billet, but he did very little damage. I hope he does not come any closer. I have another difficulty in writing: there are two "Frenchies" having a heated argument, at least it sounds so, and I can scarcely hear the music. They can make a great deal of noise with their vernacular. One has just said "*coucher*," which I happen to understand. The quickest way he can get there is too slow for me.

At present I am a dental assistant, and luckily I have a very fine officer to work with; so, with the experience I am getting I shall probably change my course to dentistry when the war is over. I may, perhaps, be ready to teach the subject when the University opens her course in dentistry. I have had a permanent assignment for only about three weeks, because I have been travelling a great deal. I am still a "Buck" private. I was quite glad when I saw a letter about to go through asking that I be made a surgical assistant, the highest position an enlisted man may secure in the dental corps. The pay is the same as that of a line sergeant. I am praying that it goes through all right. In to-day's Paris edition of the *Herald*, I saw that a Reverend Matthew J. Walsh had officiated at a funeral in Paris, and I was wondering whether or not it was our own Father Walsh.

I had a Notre Dame night all to myself this week. A number of SCHOLASTICS arrived, and as we often said at Notre Dame, it was like receiving money from home. Did I enjoy them? well, I can not express how glad I was to get them and read of the happenings at Notre Dame. One of them contained a letter of Father O'Donnell's, which he wrote upon arriving here. Notre Dame will always hold a warm spot in my heart, and I trust the day is not far distant when I shall be able to return there to finish my course.

During my first three months here I never received any mail, but now I get it quite regularly. Give my regards to my friends, the good Fathers at Notre Dame, and also to Brother Alphonsus. Some of these days when I get up enough courage and when I can recall enough correct English, I am going to write to Father Cavanaugh. I shall have to select a much quieter place than this. When I think of how I studied through the practice of the Carroll Hall Band, I might to some extent at least imagine myself back again in Washington Hall, and all my learning could then return.

I hope that you are well, and that you will remember me in your Masses. I am,

Lovingly your cousin,

Private D. J. Carr.

302 Sanitary Train,

A. O. P. 739, France.

Camp Travis, Texas,  
December 1, 1918.

Rev. William Moloney,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father,

I attended solemn high Mass in San Antonio on Thanksgiving Day, and it reminded me so much of the services at Notre Dame, that I can not put my mind at ease until I drop you a few lines.

The army has treated me splendidly and I have never felt better in all my life. It has made me, as I am certain it has made hundreds of others, appreciate old Notre Dame as never before and especially has it made me thankful for the training received there. I am sure that with the opening of next year's term you will have a number of the old boys back ready to work hard, for now they will realize as never before what an education means.

I hear occasionally from Joe Maag. He also sends me the SCHOLASTIC, and you may be sure that every item in it is read with the utmost care. It keeps me posted on happenings at Notre Dame. The letters of Father Davis are always interesting; but they make me envious, for his experiences are surely magnificent ones. Many boys who left after me have seen real service, but I was always out of luck. Being transferred from cavalry to artillery made me lose about four months of hard training and also the chance to go across. The signing of the armistice took all the "pep" out of us and we are now only waiting for a chance to get out. Drill is held only about half the time and then is gone through in a half-hearted manner, which makes the time drag discouragingly. I don't know when they will discharge this division, but most likely it will be some time after Christmas. Notre Dame men are scarce in this camp. Ryan from Walsh Hall is the only one I have met here. Father, would you please give my very best regards to all my old friends at Notre Dame, and let me have a few lines from you when you can find the necessary leisure. I remain as always,

Sincerely yours,

Sgt. Eugene Rooney.

Battery F, 54th Field Artillery,  
Camp Travis, Texas.