

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 13.

## The Plain Country.

JAMES H. McDONALD '19.

SING me the song my heart has longed to hear  
These many years that I have learned to know  
The secret of the plains and clover hills, of clear  
Soft Springs, of laughing rains and the still snow.

The low winds, gay and singing on the lea,  
Are they less rare upon our grass-blown plains,  
Than when in some cool grove of Thessaly,  
They make the daisies dance and chase the rains?

Or is the rose less fair, less lovely here  
The flame of sunsets burning into rose?  
Does April scorn our common ways, and fear  
To mould the lily from the winter's snows?

O who shall sing the gold maturing corn;  
The fruitful vines of yonder low-curved hill,  
Their crimson vintage bursting ere the morn  
Of harvest has of purple drunk its fill?

O who shall sing of the noon-sun's radiant crest:  
The far-flung meadows merging in the skies;  
The thrill that trembles in yon ploughman's breast,  
That leaps and dances in his children's eyes?

I know that beauty here hath come to tryst  
And in the darkest clay hath wrought its art;  
I saw it late in dim autumnal mist,  
To-day I hear it singing in my heart.

## Problems of the Peace Conference.

PAUL R. CONAGHAN, '20.

On the eve of the peace conference the eyes of the world are turned to the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, where the destinies of the nations are to be determined by the great statesmen representing the allied countries. Decisive battles have been fought and won. Great havoc has been wrought to life and property. The quiet, peaceful atmosphere of all great nations has been for

nearly five long years obscured by the dark clouds of war. Homes have been wrecked. Women and children have been ruthlessly murdered. But now the greatest of all wars is ended. And through the lull of the world battle comes to all free, democratic peoples of the earth a ray of sunshine—the peace conference.

The problems to be solved are many and complex. Each nation will present its claims. Diplomats will no doubt try to settle them with sincerity and justice. This has been “a people's war,” fought for the safety and betterment of mankind, and any agreement that may be reached must be for the benefit of all concerned rather than for individual nations. This new “brotherhood of men” is composed of the freest, strongest nations in the world, and it is only by their concerted effort and resolution to solve the problems amicably and without any “belligerent motives” that the peace conference can be successful. Never before have so many people been fighting for a common cause; never before have so many great minds been drawn together to decide the fates of nations; and, we believe, never have the intentions of great statesmen been more sincere. This is the first true international gathering. May the “power, fear and national ambition,” so fatal to former gatherings of this kind, not wreck this most important conference of all history. The prospects for success, it may be said, are as good as could be hoped for in a situation where so many and so varied interests are involved.

Recent newspaper accounts tell us that England will enter into no league of nations which prohibits the retention of her position as mistress of the seas. “The war has been won by the English navy,” it is urged by Englishmen, and English statesmen think that their country should not surrender the means by which peace has been restored to the world. And then comes the threatening statement from our

American Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Daniels, that if no league of nations is established, the United States should build the biggest navy in the world. Surely such a delicate situation should be handled carefully. Nations may have the best of desires for "a just and durable peace," but obviously if each of them has a certain program of its own to put through and none of them will agree to relinquish its claims, their desires and intentions, no matter how sincere, will result in nothing. The British government some months ago appointed what Secretary Balfour terms "a very well chosen committee" to consider the advisability and feasibility of a league of nations. M. Bourgeois heads a similar commission in France. Both of these committees are reported "to have ended their work," yet no public statement has been made by either of them. Perhaps findings were unfavorable. Perhaps they are being deferred for good reasons until the peace conference convenes. It is generally conceded that the people of the United States are strongly in favor of a league of nations, or at least, some sort of union of the nations that will prevent the recurrence of such conditions as have just caused so much bloodshed and destruction.

The second of the fourteen terms for peace laid down by President Wilson on January 8, 1918, is as follows: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside of territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international acts for the enforcement of international covenants." Not only the question of the size of the fleets but many other important considerations come under the very indefinite phrase "freedom of the seas." Among these is the matter of the jurisdiction of narrow strips of land which control important entrances to seas, such as Gibraltar, Suez, Constantinople, and Panama. Again ship movements from some ports are regulated by local and state authorities. This regulation must be done away with and "clearance" be given, if "freedom of the seas" is to become a reality.

It seems that England is disposed to make almost any concession except that the league of nations contain a clause which will deprive England of the possibility of maintaining her supremacy on the waters. Thus the most important question of the peace conference is by no means settled before it meets. Perhaps the people of the United States are looking upon

the subject of a league of nations in a too ideal way; at least they are regarding it in a way that does not seem practical to England. And yet the peace conference will be a failure if some sort of an organization is not effected which will call for the settling of international disputes by investigation and arbitration. This is the most important task it has to accomplish. Upon its achievement depend the interests of all civilized peoples.

The re-cession of Alsace-Lorraine is the important consideration which France will, no doubt, receive from the peace conference. The story of how those two provinces were ruthlessly wrested from France by German hands in 1871, and of how a billion dollar indemnity was imposed upon the French, is too well known to need any repetition here.

Within the short period since the Franco-Prussian war Germany has risen and fallen. From the signing of the peace at Versailles in 1871 Germany's aspiration for world dominion began to grow. She was a nation founded upon war. Military supremacy and conquest were her great ambitions. She grew and flourished in militarism, and then in war has met her doom.

At Versailles in 1871, William von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, was gloriously and triumphantly crowned Emperor of the Germans. At that time his country was prosperous and had many advantages for future success. The Kaiser soon became a powerful man in world history. His influence grew; his industrial and economic forces became manifest. What a contrast was the Germany of five years ago to the Germany of today. Thousands of her people are close to starvation. Political parties are waging civil war. Law and order no longer prevail. The power of the Hohenzollerns is shattered. The Kaiser is helpless, in exile. No longer does he sway the destiny of millions of people. The terms of the armistice leave Germany in a more helpless condition than was France in 1871. Not since 1813, after Leipsig, have foreign armies invaded German soil. Now the American and other Allied armies occupy more territory in Germany than the Kaiser ever controlled in France during the recent war. Never have terms of an armistice been more severe. Even the iron heel of Napoleon, in all of his glorious triumphs, never exacted more humiliating conditions. And Germany, once aspirant for world dominion, the fatherland of Goethe and Schiller, the country of industry and progress,

once the throne of the all-powerful Kaiser, is the victim. But she is only beginning to suffer under the burden of the debt she has imposed upon herself. The Kaiser is dethroned; the country is verging on Bolshevism. But the German people still remain. Upon them the peace conference will place the penalty for so much ruthless destruction and murder in France, and the world anxiously awaits the sentence.

Italy's claims at the peace conference will be chiefly relative to the redemption of territory along the Adriatic sea and along the Austrian frontier in the northern part of Italy. These claims are based upon the covenant of London drawn up shortly before Italy's entrance into the war. Her claims have also been recognized by President Wilson in his "Fourteen Points." In her claim to part of the territory along the Adriatic in the Balkan peninsula, Italy will probably meet serious opposition from Jugo-Slavs. Italy will also put in a claim to regain Trentino.

The future of Austria-Hungary is a case upon which one is inclined to look with a "smile and a shake of the head." With Hungary seeking independence and Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia cutting off big strips of territory, there will be but little remaining of the empire of mixed races, so mysteriously held together by Francis Joseph. With the Hapsburgs overthrown and the unity of the empire broken, Austria must reluctantly but bravely await the doom of the peace conference. That Poland will receive the claim for her independence, with suitable coast line and the annexation of considerable territory which before the war belonged to Germany, is scarcely disputed. Lithuania, Ukraine, Courland, Livonia, Esthonia and Finland will ask from the peace conference the right to exist as independent countries. All the territory and the sea coast held by these countries five years ago belonged to Russia. Roumania will ask for greatly enlarged territory, for land once held by Austria-Hungary. Armenia, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia, all countries in the experimental stage, will no doubt be granted their claims for independence. The boundary line of Russia will also be definitely determined. The internal conditions of that country of raging Bolshevism still remain as mysterious as the people themselves, and perhaps even the peace conference cannot make much headway towards establishing a nation out of the maelstrom of disorders.

These are only some of the more important

problems which the peace conference will be called upon to decide. May they for the future peace of the world be settled amicably and justly, and may there be found some means of preventing the recurrence of a conflict such as the one we have just experienced. No doubt many wise decisions will be rendered at the conference, but there is need of every precaution lest one bad decision wreck the entire work and fling civilization into another death struggle. Those countries which have sacrificed most in the recent war will, no doubt, be the last to desire another. May the God of justice and peace direct the counsels of this great conference to the end that the world may have a permanent peace satisfactory to all peoples.

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### Thoughts.

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BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

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The secret of genius is industry.

The owl is not the only bird that hoots.

Better late than never, but best never late.

The coldest hearts are thawed by kindness.

A fool laughs at the reproofs of conscience.

You have not failed until you stop trying.

Your idleness is part of the devil's diplomacy.

The world is setting a new stage; choose your part now.

Icy disdain soon melts away in the presence of a sunny disposition.

A soldier is a soldier, whether he has done his bit in France or in America.

Do not pet the animal in yourself too much; it may turn upon you.

See in the sublimity of the sunset a faint reflection of eternal glory.

Some who were never late for reveille will now arrive in the midst of the sermon.

Some railroad employees are working overtime to figure up their back pay.

Overcome difficulties cheerfully; the warp needs the woof to make a texture.

A certain acquaintance of mine invariably laughs at my jokes; he owes me money.

A man's measure should be taken not by his talents but by the use he makes of them.

How are our lieutenants going to enjoy themselves on the mere "money from home"?

## Spring in Flanders.

PAUL GESSLER, '22.

IN Flanders fields where all was red,  
 Spring steals to lift the gloom,  
 And 'twixt the crosses of the dead  
 The blood-lipped poppies bloom.

Our debt is paid to those whose deeds  
 Brought peace where once was pain;  
 The dead may now sleep on and know  
 They have not died in vain.

We caught your torch and kept that faith,  
 The faith that never yields,  
 And poppies deeper crimson grow,  
 And blow in Flanders fields.

## American Leadership

JAMES W. HOGAN, '21.

Oh, for a statesman, a single one, who understands the living might inherent in a principle.—*Coleridge*.

This is, indeed, an era of marvellous political development. Never since the foundation of the world have men sent forth such a universal cry for change and reconstruction; never have they determined upon their own betterment with such unanimity of purpose. The vitiating force of civic and social freedom throbs through the people of all nations, and their hearts are vibrant with this new spirit within. Each day witnesses the downfall of some age-old political state or institution, and the establishment of new forms, new laws, and new methods of government.

Republics and empires are, in fact, being made and unmade with such startling rapidity that many of the world's most astute statesmen acknowledge their bewilderment and speak of the future in vague and unmeaning terms. Even here in America, free from the harassing intrigues and entanglements of Europe, the minds of our politicians are in a state of turmoil, and they who are looked upon as leaders are obediently treading in the footsteps of those few fearless souls who are leading the onward march of democracy.

Such a condition is to be greatly deplored; certainly more is expected of this great commonwealth of the United States. During the past four years the nations of the earth, engaged as they were in a supreme struggle for liberty

and self-rule, have turned to us at each new step for guidance and support. They have looked upon America as a mighty group of free states, possessed not only of wealth and abundance, but containing also an aristocracy of advanced thought and dynamic action; and now that the heavy clouds of war have lifted they will turn to us again for leadership and assistance in the establishment of popular government.

But are we prepared for the task? Do we Americans comprehend the underlying principles and the tremendous possibilities of true democracy? Have we elevated our governmental and social institutions to that height of perfection which the world has expected of us? Even our most generous critics admit that we have not. No one would venture to accuse the Honorable James Bryce, former Ambassador from England, of being unsympathetic or hostile to American ideals, and yet he observes in his usual kindly but trenchant manner that, even among our leading statesmen, "Tenets and policies, points of political practice have all but vanished. All has been lost but office and the hope of it. Politics, in America, have been turned into the art of distributing salaries, so as to secure the maximum support from friends with the minimum of offence to opponents. To this able men have been forced to bend their minds; on this Presidents and ministers have spent those hours which were demanded by the real problems of the country."

Such an outspoken diagnosis of our political ills would, indeed, be very disheartening were it not for the fact that the very malignancy and scope of the malady is sufficient assurance that it will receive more drastic treatment in the future. But it is not at all flattering to our complacent sense of national superiority to find that upon the termination of his exhaustive study of American institutions this same masterly British statesman and parliamentarian is driven to the conclusion that "He who turns away from a survey of the government and society of the United States and tries to estimate the place they hold in the history of the world's progress, can not repress a slight sense of disappointment when he compares what he has observed and studied with that which idealists have hoped for, and which Americans have desired to create." And while it is true that this wide divergence between the aspirations and achievements of democracy

is one of the characteristic notes of self-government, it is equally evident from such a frank and accurate statement of the American position that we are yet far from attaining that norm of excellence which other nations have looked upon as our natural heritage.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that we devote more and more attention to our internal affairs and industriously enter upon the task of setting our own house in order: for 'If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the pit.' If America is to point the way to governmental perfection, it is right and reasonable to expect that America herself tend towards a perfect government. We must strive earnestly to comprehend the underlying requisites and demands of true democracy in order that we may advance to meet them with the knowledge that we are upon solid ground. It is our bounden duty to enquire carefully and conscientiously into every problem of State, abolishing those systems and practices which have been the fruitful source of extravagance, corruption, and misrule in the past. The political laxity of former days has no place in this rejuvenated world. We have come to a parting of the ways, and it is an opportune time to bid a fond farewell to the self-seeking politician, the vote-grabber, and the ward-Boss,

Who born for the Universe, narrowed his mind,

And to Party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Efficiency is to be the watchword of the future: efficiency in government, in society, and in the individual. The war has exhibited the folly of haphazard and misguided effort and demonstrated for all time the latent possibilities of system and organization in every line of human endeavor. The men returning from the front will be in no mood to condone the loose administrative methods of the past, and it is worthy of note that this same exacting attitude has been infused into the thousands of noble women who have nursed and cared for our soldiers across the seas. For them, devastation and death have lost much of their accustomed horror, but the sight of inefficiency fills their hearts with dread. In the crowded hospitals of France this phenomenon has been especially noticeable. The scream of shell overhead or the bursting of bombs without, met with the utmost indifference, while the bungling of an unskilled surgeon or the disruption of a badly managed corps of men were looked upon with fear and trembling.

Nor can it be denied that the World War has done much for these United States. A new and unaccustomed spirit of loyalty, service, and patriotism is abroad over the land. The barriers of race and nationality have been forever broken down, and a deeper meaning and significance attached to American citizenship. America, the melting pot, has given way to America, the forge. Fanned by the flames of war and national peril the heterogeneous mass of peoples composing our population have been welded into a homogeneous whole, possessed of a common bond and a single purpose. And as a result we have exhibited to all the world the unconquerable might and unlimited potentialities of a free people united in the cause of Liberty. We have put forth a leader in the person of our illustrious President who has elevated the political thought of friend and foe alike by his advanced and exalted statesmanship. "Who does not admire the genius of Wilson?" exclaimed the Prime Minister of Austria at the very height of the recent struggle,—"who would not pay homage to the man?" He has, in fact, crystallized the sentiments of the entire nation and proclaimed them in no uncertain terms. "What we seek," said he, "is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

But we have accomplished only the beginning of this difficult task to which we have set ourselves. We have, it is true, crushed and rendered impotent those arbitrary powers whose existence was a perpetual threat to peace and a mockery to the reign of law. But we must not be content to rest upon our arms. The mission of America is to nourish and perfect democracy, develop its richest fruits, and instil them with unadulterated purity into the hearts of all men. Every great nation has a mission to perform, a wrong to right or some mighty lesson to impart to mankind. Who will say that the rise and fall of the German Empire has nothing to teach succeeding generations, or deny that the noble self-sacrifice of Belgium will constitute a luminous page of history? Just as the glory of ancient Greece has shone down through the centuries with undiminished splendor because of her unrivaled mastery in science and art; even as the grandeur of Rome was based upon her judicious development of law, jurisprudence, and empire; so must the majesty and fame of America ever

depend upon her success in the establishment and perfection of democratic justice. It is her task to reconcile those ever-conflicting principles of personal liberty and State authority; law with freedom, order with progress,—that is the mission of America, and upon those grounds will she be judged at the bar of history.

But to achieve this exalted purpose and maintain our leadership among the commonwealths of the world, we must in turn have leaders in America who can grasp the gigantic problems of governmental reconstruction: men of broad vision, lofty ideals, and universality of mind, not only conversant with the deeper principles of eternal justice and the inherent rights of mankind, but possessed of the courage and ability needed to give them proper application. Such an élite of enlightened, active statesmen and public thinkers constitutes the very warp and woof of all self-government, and the growth and development of the United States depend in a direct and vital manner upon the number and quality of such men we are able to produce. "One great man," said Orestes A. Brownson, "well educated, well informed, devoting his acquirements to the good of his country, will save it, and secure it many generations of well being; a million of half-educated men without him will only ruin it." Without a Washington we might to-day be subjects of the British Crown; without a Lincoln there would be no United States; and without a Wilson who would have raised America to the highest pinnacle among the nations and pointed the way to a world-wide League of Free States?

Such are the men we must have, and in ever increasing numbers. The great masses of the people have little time to devote to the weighty questions and policies of State. Occupied as they are in the manifold and exacting duties of life, they have neither the aptitude nor the continuity of leisure necessary for the solution of profound governmental problems. They need light and inspiration, the leadership of fearless men, firm of purpose and keen of mind, who can read the pages of the past aright and look into the future with discerning eyes. Their duty it will be to direct the current of national thought along the proper channels, and those men who are not so equipped may expect to be ground beneath the feet of the on-marching multitudes.

For the advancing hosts of democracy will

not be stayed: Onward, is the cry, Efficiency the pass-word, and Liberty, Equality, Justice, the banners thrown out to the breeze. The mists of the morning have cleared away and a new day is dawning upon the earth,—heralded by the prophetic words of Victor Hugo: "A day will come," said he addressing the Paris Peace Congress of 1849, "when bullets and bombs shall be replaced by ballots, by the universal suffrages of the people, by the sacred arbitrament of a great Sovereign Senate, which shall be to Europe what the Parliament is to England, what the Diet is to Germany, what the Legislative Assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon shall be exhibited in our museums as an instrument of torture is now, and men shall marvel that such things could be. A day will come when we shall see those immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, in face of each other, extending hand to hand over the ocean, exchanging their products, their commerce, their industry, their art; their genius clearing and colonizing deserts and ameliorating Creation under the eye of the Creator."

### The Guilty One.

In a sequestered corner of Holland's humid lands stands a quaint and sombre palace. Without, all is peace. The risen sun is shedding his warmth upon the trees and shrubbery, and the crystal water of a lake near by lies in complete repose. Within, sits a worn and haggard man. His distant gaze shows him oblivious to all around him.

There is a reason for his doleful mien. It cannot be weariness of a long sojourn here, for he has just come. No, is it a weird vision that holds his gaze so steadily? The bodies of a million iron-clad heroes strewn over the late battle-fields; a myriad of half-starved, fatherless children crying plaintively for food; an infinitely just God looking down upon these scenes of horror—such is the phantom that haunts his vision.

And with this vision of horror comes the answer to a question that he would fain not ask himself. By whose order was this horrible pageant enacted? "By mine," he contritely tells himself, as the sweet-toned bell of a near-by monastery calls the faithful monks to prayer.

THOMAS J. BRENNAN.



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## Board of Editors.

THOMAS F. HEALY, '19

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ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20

T. FRANCIS EUTLER, '19

LEO RICHARD WARD, '22

WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20

CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20

The meshes of secret diplomacy are cruelly lacerating the hearts of Michigan mothers. Michigan and Wisconsin troops are dying in Russia; the long, "Bring Back Our Boys." dismal Arctic night merges into the last great Darkness; the flickering Northern Lights reveal the desperate struggles of the boys fighting on the top of the world; they lie still and cold, not under white crosses among the poppies, but four feet under the white snow, their only requiem the crackling frost and the grinding of the ice-clad river. For Russia, "the first to seek peace, is the last to receive it"; and by some sudden, unexplained transition, the troops that left our shores to side with Russian democracy against Germany, find themselves bent under staggering odds, fighting the Russians and at peace with Germany. Secret diplomacy, knowing its end is near, seems bent on one last orgy of blood, one final chaotic maelstrom of cross-purposes, that will usher it out in a manner befitting the way it has lived. American mothers want their boys back; tear-dimmed eyes can not easily make out the subtle circumlocutions. The war is over, the mothers know, and yet their sons can not come home, but must remain to suffer, to be slaughtered, for what cause no one can tell. American manhood will back these mothers; it will demand in no uncertain tones, in an earnest volume that will brook no denial, that these soldiers be brought back to their lonely homes, to the empty arms and the aching hearts of their mothers.—G. D. H.

## Obituaries

REVEREND DAVID P. O'LEARY, C. S. C.

The news of the death of the Reverend David P. O'Leary, C. S. C., which occurred on January 12, brought a feeling of deep sorrow to his fellow-religious and to many others at Notre Dame. It was over a month ago that Father O'Leary was taken with an attack of pneumonia; the disease gained upon him and after a lingering illness the venerable priest passed away at St. Francis' Hospital, Evanston, Illinois. The deceased was born in Chicago, June 2, 1853, a member of one of the oldest families of that city. He made his college course here at Notre Dame. After his college days he practised law and attained such success that within a few years he achieved the honor of standing forth as one of Chicago's most distinguished lawyers. He returned to Notre Dame in 1903 and entered the Congregation of Holy Cross. In December of that year he received the cassock and was ordained priest on August 2, 1906. After his ordination he was made president of the Sacred Heart College at Watertown, Wisconsin. He then spent several years at Notre Dame, until ill health forced him to cease from active work. Everyone who came in contact with him were impressed by his gentle and engaging personality and no one was ever able to speak an unkind word of Father O'Leary. To the breaved sisters of the deceased we of Notre Dame tender our sympathy and heartfelt condolence. R. I. P.

MR. THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK.

Another Laetare Medalist, a gentleman whom Notre Dame once chose to honor as one of the nation's leading Catholic layman, has passed away. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick died at his home in Boston, on January 15, after several years of failing health. Born at Grafton, Mass., in 1844, Mr. Fitzpatrick attended the local common school and worked his way through high school. He left the farm in early youth and entered the business world in Boston, where he became associated with Brown, Durrell, and Company. At the time of his death he was president and treasurer of the firm. His keen business ability was widely acknowledged, his honesty and fairness ever admired. He was in no respect the less a man in being a good business man. Notre Dame recognized in him the personification of the true, charitable, Catholic gentleman in bestowing on him in 1905 her

Laetare Medal. Soon after, Mr. Fitzpatrick toured Europe, studied conditions in Ireland, and returned to America a Knight of St. Gregory. In his death the church has lost one of its ablest and most faithful lay servants; the Irish cause, one of its fervent exponents; America, a patriotic son; and the Fitzpatrick family, its kind and loving head.

GILBERT P. HAND.

Sad news was received last week of the death of Gilbert P. Hand, LL. B., '17, which occurred at Camp Grant, Illinois, after an operation for appendicitis. Gilbert enlisted from Notre Dame at Fort Benjamin Harrison in May, 1917, but was later honorably discharged because of physical disabilities. He returned to his home in Plymouth, Wisconsin, and was admitted to the Wisconsin bar in September, 1917. He then associated himself in law with George L. Mooney in the firm of Mooney and Hand, in which he practiced law successfully until May, 1918, when he re-enlisted at Camp Custer. He longed to be sent overseas, where so many of his classmates were stationed, but was soon transferred to Camp Grant, where he was made battalion sergeant-major. Gilbert was a member of the Knights of Columbus and was engaged in many activities during his three years at Notre Dame. He was an ardent student and will be remembered by Notre Dame as one possessing the many admirable qualities which make strong character.

ROBERT J. WAGNER.

Through the *Lafayette Courier* comes news of the death of Corporal Robert J. Wagner, of Lafayette, Indiana, which occurred on January 2, 1918, in a base hospital, in France, due to an attack of influenza followed by pneumonia. Although young Wagner was not of draft age, he volunteered his services in the coast artillery. He was sent to Fort Hancock, New Jersey, in the fall of 1917 and was assigned to Battery A, of the 57th Artillery, which was sent to France in May, 1918. From the time of the St. Mihiel drive until the armistice was signed he served heroically on the firing line. The *Lafayette* paper truly characterizes him as one whose "striking personality and admirable frankness won for him the esteem of all with whom he was associated." John attended Notre Dame (1910-11) as a student in Carroll Hall. The SCHOLASTIC extends its deepest sympathy to his grief-stricken and brothers parents. R. I. P.

## Book Reviews.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE, by the Rev. F. X. Lasance. The Benziger Brothers, New York City. In five bindings, ranging in price from \$1.25 to \$3.50.

The latest devotional publication of the Benziger Brothers is "The Prisoner of Love," another prayer book by Father Lasance, well known to religious and devout lay people as the author of several favorite manuals, such as, "The New Missal," "Prayer Book for Religious," "The Catholic Girl's Guide," and "The Young Man's Guide." This latest book will be found a real help by anyone who cultivates special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The first part furnishes an excellent translation of the very fine instructions and reflections on the Eucharist by the French writer, L'Abbe S. Febvre. These meditations are eminently sound, sensible, and practical, and better spiritual reading could scarcely be found for any person. The second part consists of a large collection of the best special and general prayers. The book is especially prepared for the holy hour and other Eucharistic devotions of lay people, but it will no doubt find much favor among religious also. In his rare combination of mind and heart, Father Lasance is very exceptionally qualified for the most difficult work of making good prayerbooks, and "The Prisoner of Love" is easily the best manual of its kind.

ALBERTA: ADVENTURESS, by Pierre L'Ermite, translated by John Hannon. Benziger Brothers, New York City. 444 pages. Price \$1.25.

Now that we have become so much more closely connected with the French people in consequence of our alliance with them in the great World War, we are naturally much more interested in things French and in knowing, among other things, more of the life that prevailed in France before the War. Not many, of course, are disposed to review on purpose volumes of French history for the information, but not a few will readily read a good story setting forth the conditions and other things "that are good to know." Pierre L'Ermite offers such a story in his novel, "Alberta: Adventuress," well translated into English by John Hannon. It is a really interesting narrative showing to advantage the virtues of the simple home life as led in the village in contrast to the very fast and artificial life of those who quit the old home and seek excitement in the large cities, such as Paris. The book is very appropriately dedicated to all those who think and feel with the author on this subject.

The foreword to the fiction is done by the great French litterateur, François Coppée. He also regrets this "imminent national peril" to France, and grieves to see her grand old country chateaux abandoned for the attractions of the city. This competent and responsible critic pays the work of L'Ermite a real compliment in saying that it "may be safely entrusted to all and sundry readers." Aside from the information which the novel affords the reader will find even in the translation a degree of literary style. The descriptions are vivid and delightful, the situations strong, the emotions genuine, and the whole story interesting and convincing.

—C. E. M.



### Quarterly Examinations.

January 30. Classes taught at 1:15 P. M. and 3:05 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. respectively.

January 31. Classes taught at 8:05 A. M. and 10:00 A. M. will be examined at 8:05 A. M. and 10:00 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:10 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M.

February 1. Classes taught at 9:00 A. M. and 10:55 A. M. will be examined at 8:05 A. M. and 10:00 A. M. respectively.

The Second Term begins Monday, Feb. 3, 1919, 8:05 A. M.

### Local News.

Found—A signet ring. Inquire at the desk in Brownson Hall.

Next semester the college of agriculture will offer courses taught by Professor Johns, Brother Leo, and Mr. Vogt.

The number of music pupils has greatly increased since the holidays, and Professor John Becker promises a recital soon.

The Carrol Hall boys are anxious for the snow to fly in order that they may test the new coasting hill which has been built on their playground.

The local council of the Knights of Columbus, in accordance with the orders from the State Deputy, is compiling a record of the war work of the Knights in this community. The State Council is preparing a booklet which will summarize the reports from the Councils throughout the State.

"Till I Come Back," a screen drama with a juvenile plot and a military setting, was exhibited twice in Washington Hall on January 23. Bryant Washburn, the dimpled matinee favorite who played the "lead" with characteristic charm, was supported by a graceful cast and some well-photographed scenery. A musical accompaniment would have incited more interest in the picture.

The finance and the publicity committee of the Knights of Columbus Building Association have joined forces in order to conduct more effectively their campaign among the students. Thomas J. Tobin has been appointed campaign director. At a mass meeting of the students the plan of operation will be disclosed and small cards and buttons for those contributing their quota will

be distributed. The director has set the amount to be secured by this campaign at \$10,000, and there should be no real difficulty in obtaining that sum. It will mean comfort for all students of Notre Dame and is not merely for the welfare of the Notre Dame Knights or of the University.

George D. Haller, of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, was elected president of the senior class last Monday. The president-elect has for the last two years been prominent on the SCHOLASTIC staff, and was chosen editor-in-chief of the 1919 "Dome," the University year-book. Everett Blackman, of Paris, Illinois, was chosen vice-president; Bernard McGarry, of Ashtabula, Ohio, treasurer, and Patrick Murray, of Brockport, New York, sergeant-at-arms. The late elections this year, coming as they do in January instead of September, make the work of the fourth-year men doubly hard and will render the publication of the "Dome" a most serious task.

George Cohan's first screen visit to Notre Dame was a triumph. Within the recollection of none of the movie "fans" has a more enjoyable film than "Hit-the-Trail-Holiday" been shown in Washington Hall. Full of familiar types and situations, permeated with the vital personality of our most original American, characterized by a plenitude of wholesome humor, this laughable and yet instructive play on prohibition and revivalism establishes a precedent in well constructed and well acted scenarios. The convention scene, with the brewery mercenaries giving the "silencer" to oratorical nephelists was exceptionally amusing. It is hoped that the pianist who furnished the musical accompaniment on Wednesday evening will render the same service at future pictures.

The oldest literary organization at the University began its fifteenth year of uninterrupted activity last Thursday evening, January 16, when the Brownson Literary and Debating Society met in the Columbian room, and elected officers for the year. Alden Cusick, of Green Bay, Wisconsin, was chosen president; John E. Kenny, of Havre de Grace, Maryland, vice-president; Lawrence S. Stephan, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, secretary; Emmet G. Sweeney, of Ottumwa, Iowa, treasurer; and Leo L. Ward, of Otterbein, Indiana, sergeant-at-arms. Edward C. McMahon, John E. Kenny, and Leo L. Ward, who were selected as the program com-

mittee, promise an entertaining and a profitable schedule. The officers, some of whom have had varsity experience in debating, are all old men, and fully able to guide the society according to all its traditions. The splendid work of the society last year, which excited a widespread interest, together with the fact that many of the old members are returning, augurs for even greater success in the months to come.

### Personals.

Grover Malone has just returned from camp to Notre Dame.

"I miss The SCHOLASTIC very much," writes Joseph M. McGrath, '16. "I will greatly appreciate it, if you will send it to my present address: 822 Maywood Avenue, Hammond, Ind."

William Kelly, '19, has recently returned from the Great Lakes Training Station where he served as football coach for his regiment. Under Kelly's able tutelage the regimental team lost only one game.

Robert McGuire, of Municipal Pier, Cleveland, and Dell Smith, an instructor for the S. A. T. C., of Michigan University until the demobilization, visited at Notre Dame recently. As soon as it is possible, both boys will return to school.

Dr. Hugh Benson Hewetson lectured recently at St. Mary's on "Early Cathedrals" and paid the University a few hours' visit. Dr. Hewetson is a cousin of the late Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, who a few years ago lectured at Notre Dame during his tour throughout the United States.

Paul Scofield is in receipt of a letter from Father Davis dated December 2, in which the Chaplain writes that he has been placed in Class "C-2" by the medical board, "which means," he continues, "U. S. for me as soon as I get orders to go to a port." Father Davis, however, is not expected back at the University for some time.

Maximilian G. Kazus, who graduated from the law department last June, was a visitor at the University during the holidays. Mr. Kazus is employed by the Falk, Phillips, and Schenkler Company, one of the largest and best law firms in the city of Buffalo. Mr. Kazus is also conducting a real estate and insurance business, having had from the day he opened his office a large patronage.

### Athletic Notes.

FRESHMEN 20; Y. M. C. A. 10.

In its initial appearance of the season, the Freshmen basketball team scored a well-earned victory last Saturday evening over the strong quintette of the South Bend Y. M. C. A. by the score of 20 to 10. Captain-elect Harry Mehre, the sturdy athlete, gave a first-class exhibition. Playing at right guard, he prevented his opponent from scoring a basket and was much in evidence in breaking up every combination the opponents formed.

The triangle players took an early lead. A few technical fouls netted them points on free throws. They did not maintain the lead very long, however, after Kiley braced and began scoring one basket after another to a total of six. After the yearlings had taken the lead the result was no longer in doubt. The contest was rough in spots, and the losers took advantage of the fact that the collegians were unaccustomed to the slippery court. They tried to sweep the victors off their feet by a series of long passes that would play them all over the floor, but the Freshmen retaliated in a style of play which forced the "Y" players into the very same difficulty they wanted to stage on the victors. Seeing that the collegians were stronger in the second half, the losers formed a strong defensive to keep the score down, and succeeded in part, for Capt. Meher's combination made only ten additional points.

Athletic Director Rockne and Coach Dorais attended the contest, and after the first half gave the Freshmen some good suggestions on the game, which they used with advantage during the remaining period of the contest.

Coach Dorais was very much pleased with the showing the newcomers made in their first game. Each player promises to become valuable material in the coming years. The Freshmen players are being used in daily scrimmages against the varsity.

#### Score and summary:

FRESHMEN (20)	Y. M. C. A. (10)
Kiley.....RF	Watters
Mohn.....LF	Rhodes(Capt.)
Traften.....C	McEndoufer
Ed. Anderson.....LG	Nyikos
Mehre(Capt.).....RG	Shanafelt
Baskets: Kiley 6, Mohn 2, F. Anderson, Mehre 2, Rhodes, McEndoufer, Nyikos.	
Free Throws: Watters 3. Missed free throws, Ed. Anderson 3.	

Referee: Olson. Timekeeper, George. Scorers, Szczepanik and Watters. Time of halves 15 minutes.

### INTERHALL GAMES.

The interhall basketball season opened last Sunday morning in the University gymnasium, Corby and Sorin teams defeating Walsh and Badin respectively. A large number of followers attended the games and witnessed two good contests, although the teams showed a lack of "pep" due to insufficient practice.

After playing a brilliant game and holding its opponent to a tie in the first half, Walsh hall succumbed to Corby in the first game when Mehre showered the Walsh team with seven baskets. In the second half Walsh did not register a basket, the best they could get being a free throw. Walsh rushed in a number of substitutes in the second half, but the big lead which Corby took in the early part of the game could not be overcome. The final score was: Corby 20; Walsh 7.

Badin failed to score a single basket in the entire game when it met Sorin in the second contest, and Sorin took the game by the score of 10 to 1. Neither team had the advantage in the first half, the score being 2 to 1 in Sorin's favor. Sorin braced in the last period of the game when Scofield and Van Dyke made two baskets apiece. There was in the second half abundance of rough work, which afforded merri- ment to the spectators.

The interhall basketball and relay schedule, as announced by Athletic Director Rockne is:

### BASKETBALL.

Jan. 26	Brownson-Corby.	Walsh-Badin
Feb. 2.	Sorin-Corby.	Brownson-Walsh.
Feb. 9	Badin-Brownson.	Walsh-Sorin.
Feb. 16	Corby-Badin.	Sorin-Brownson
Feb. 23	Badin-Sorin.	Corby-Walsh.
March 2	Badin-Walsh.	Brownson-Corby.
March 9	Walsh-Brownson	Corby-Sorin.
March 16	Sorin-Walsh.	Brownson-Badin.
March 23	Brownson-Sorin.	Badin-Corby.

### RELAYS.

Jan. 22	Corby vs. Badin.	Brownson vs. Sorin
Jan. 25	Corby vs. Brownson	Badin vs. Walsh
Feb. 1	Walsh vs. Corby.	Sorin vs. Badin.
Feb. 8	Sorin vs. Walsh.	Badin vs. Brownson.
Feb. 11	Sorin vs. Corby.	Brownson vs. Walsh.

VARSITY 23; KAZOO 12.

Kalamazoo College, which scored a close victory here in basketball two seasons ago, succumbed before the rejuvenated Notre Dame quintette Wednesday afternoon in the Uni- versity gymnasium, by the score of 23 to 12.

The contest was replete with excitement in the first period. The game was the debüt of Coach Charles E. Dorais and the team before the home "fans." Although Kalamazoo was not so strong as in 1917, it forced the home team to battle for every inch of their ground. Here and there were flashes of the old-time fighting spirit which has always characterized the Notre Dame athletic combinations.

Notre Dame drew first blood. Gipp scored the first basket after two minutes of play, but McKay came back a moment later and evened matters. Then Captain Bahan, who played a stellar game, began scoring one basket after another, making ten points of the total. He was ably assisted on the defensive by Gipp and Stine. Smith played well at guard. Bader, at left forward, contributed his share to the victory, scoring two perfect baskets and going hard into every play during his stay in the contest. Neither team had the advantage in the second half, both missing numerous baskets on long throws. After getting a safe lead Coach Dorais sent in his substitutes, who made a creditable showing. The score:

NOTRE DAME	KALAMAZOO
Bader, Brandy.....	Right Forward..... McKay
Bahan, Ward.....	Left Forward..... Reed
Gipp.....	Center..... Wattles
Smith, Pearson.....	Left Guard..... Hill
Stine.....	Right Guard..... Reed

Goals from floor—Bader 2, Bahan 5, Gipp 3, Stine 1, McKay 1, Reed 3, Wattles 1.

Goals from fouls—Bader 1, McKay 2.

Referee Cohlmeire. Time, 20 minute halves. Scorer, Szczepanik.

Interhall relay races between the halves of the Varsity basketball games were revived Wednes- day afternoon, when Sorin and Corby defeated Brownson and Badin respectively. Corby won easily, its anchor man Hoar crossing the tape almost half a lap ahead of his opponent. Hayes, Sorin's anchor man, made up the lost distance of one of his teammates and saved the day for Sorin.

CORBY: Meredith, Burke, Wynne, Scallan, Colgan, and Hoar.

BADIN: Skelley, Foley, Paden, Burke, Schueler, and Wheeler.

Time: 1:39-4.

SORIN: Miles, Mohn, Moore, Willard, Lockard, and Hayes.

BROWNSON: Davis, Keenan, McGlennan, McDermott, Grace, and Judea.

Time: 1:39-3. —Alexander A. Szczepanik.

## Letters from Soldiers.

Army of Occupation,  
November 28, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Today is Thanksgiving, and, although I am far away from you and "Dad," my thoughts are with you. I recall the many fine dinners I have had with you on former Thanksgivings. Just to think of them makes me most thankful for all you have done for me. And just to go back to the last Thanksgiving dinner I had with you and sum up mentally what has happened since then causes me to be very thankful.

Since coming over here I have been in all the scraps that have taken place. The start was on June 2, when we held up the German drive to Paris. My division covered itself with glory when it stopped the "Boche" at Chateau Thierry. The Germans were coming down the streets of Chateau Thierry in squad formation. The 7th Machine Gun Battalion was the company which got to them first, for it had seen them coming and had mounted the guns. And what a target! It was just like moving down hay. On the following day the 9th Machine Gun Battalion got into action and by this time things were getting pretty lively, as the Boche had got his artillery into action. We were on this front for about one month and were then moved eastward to a position just about one mile from the place from which I sent you the postal card; its name is Crezancy. For about one month we had a fine time of it. We dug trenches and built dugouts.

The best part of the whole fight was the artillery fire. About 10 o'clock at night our artillery would open up on the Boche. It surely was great. The best part of the show was to see an ammunition dump get shot up. You would see a cloud of smoke, then a burst of flame shoot skyward; the dump would continue to burn until it was all burned out. The rockets and the flares and the popping of machine guns added interest and beauty to the entertainment. Of course the Boche would also send over his nightly greetings. The whole was infinitely more exciting than any account of it could ever be.

Then came the big Boche drive of July. It was started by one of the most terrific barrages that has been put down during the war. It began at 11 p. m. on July 14 and lasted forty-eight hours. It was terrific, and most wonderful. Just to think of it makes one wonder that anyone came out of it alive. On the 15th my outfit made a counter attack under that rain of steel. We were successful at our sector in driving the enemy across the Marne. It was then that I captured the canteen I sent you. Well, for the next three weeks we continued to drive the Boche, and this drive was one of the turning points of the war.

Well, mother, after all, we have had a wonderful time. No stay-at-home can ever realize what he has missed. To one who has been hungry, thirsty, tired, muddy, unshaven, it seems hardly possible that he will ever get back to where he was before. The experiences are "untellable." You have read, no doubt, that our division is part of the Third Army and is known as the "Army of Occupation." I have seen wonderful things, and as we continue towards Germany I shall

see more of this country. At present we are in Luxemburg, living in a village named Elvigen, which is quite close to the city of Luxemburg.

I am certainly feeling fine, and am in better health than I have ever been before. The only strange thing about me is my unshaven upper lip—the reason, of course, being that the French girls like a moustache. Well, mother, I shall say good-bye. With love to all.

From your loving son,

(2nd Lieut.) Leo C. Scheibelhut.

Camp Devens, Massachusetts,  
December 3, 1918.

Dear Father Quinlan:

No doubt you have long since come to the conclusion that I have completely forgotten you, on account of my negligence in writing. Such is not the case, however, for I have turned my thoughts westward many times and wondered how the priests and boys of Notre Dame were coming along. As for not writing, it was a case of not getting a chance.

When I returned home last summer little did I think that this fall I should be a soldier at Camp Devens. I was sure that I could return to Notre Dame in September and received encouragement to that effect from Coach Rockne, but in the latter part of August I was examined and two weeks later received "Greetings from the President." September the fourth found me at this camp, a member of the Depot Brigade, where I remained for nearly a month. Then I was transferred to the Military Police of the 12th Division, and it was here that my troubles began, for the M. P's are mounted. I used to watch Bill Hart of moving picture fame do wild stunts on horseback, but little did I think that some day I was to imitate him—the only difference between us being that he knew what he was doing and I did not. Oh, how I did suffer! If I had done the same things for the films I should have made a fortune. Time and again did I fall from my horse. It is a mystery to me that I am still alive, for during that first month of equestrianism I had a thousand narrow escapes. But now, I am one of the regular boys and can ride pretty well. On November 5th our horses were taken away and overseas equipment was issued to us. We were just ready to move when the war ended. We would have gone across sooner but were delayed by the influenza epidemic, which put us back nearly a month.

The one thing foremost in our minds just now is home. Some say that we shall be home by Christmas, but it is as yet only an unconfirmed rumor. Christmas at home will be a sad one this year for me, for my dear mother died on October 25th from blood-poison. Only two weeks intervened from the time she was first afflicted until her death. While my mother was dying, my brother was suffering from double pneumonia. He had been given up by the doctors, but on the day she died he began to improve. He is still unaware of her death, for he is too weak to be told. I myself have been very lucky. While influenza was raging in this camp the rate was very high. We lost about 810 men and one out of every four here had the sickness. I escaped it, for which I am most thankful to God.

Some time ago I heard of a Lieut.—stationed here, and looked him up. It was the same fellow that was graduated from Notre Dame not long ago and with whom I talked on June ninth last, the night of the senior play. Would you believe it, Father, when I tell you that he refused to remember me until I made him, and then he dismissed me from the office saying he was too busy to talk. During my conversation with him he looked up twice. This was the last thing I expected from a Notre Dame man (?), but I am thankful that this type is very very scarce.

Best wishes to Father Devers and Father Heiser and to all my other friends.

Very respectfully,

"Johnny" Ambrose.

Company A, 12th Military Police.

Le Mans, France,  
December 2, 1918.

My dear Father Cavanaugh,

Long before I left the University of Notre Dame I was thoroughly aware that this same school was about the best place in the world. While I was in Mississippi this conviction was confirmed day in and day out. And since I have been in France the same idea has been impressed upon me in so many different ways that the only thing left to do is to get back to old N. D. with all possible haste. Now, that seems to be a problem, considering the fact that at present I am charged with the duties of a railway transportation officer, commonly known on this side as R. T. O. In all probability the R. T. O.'s will be about the last to leave this part of the world.

Our division was broken up about a month ago and sent to the four winds. I was transferred from the M. G. to the infantry, and assigned to the 330th Infantry on special duty as transportation officer.

Le Mans has two beautiful cathedrals: St. Julien's, which is the second largest in France, and Notre Dame Coture, which is full of most beautiful tapestries. At ten o'clock every Sunday morning the Thirty-eighth, or rather what is left of the Thirty-eighth, comes for high Mass. The Knights of Columbus have a rather historic place here; in fact the Mc's that run it maintain that Napoleon was educated in the art of billiards in that same place. He did sleep in the bed they have there, but as to the many other stories they tell about the place, no one else seems to know anything about them.

Father Finnegan is assigned to the 60th Infantry, which is in the army of occupation. He is here now but expects to leave in a few days. Father McGinn also has orders for Germany and left here some time ago. Dan McGlynn dropped in from Paris the other day. He said he and Father Walsh were having a good time in Paris. Dan is working for the base censor; so I presume he will be out of a job soon. Most of the Notre Dame boys who were in Shelby have gone up into the advance section as replacements. The assignment to the army up there were made in bulk and not by name. I had something else in view at the time and carefully avoided any trip in that direction. Someone carelessly recommended me for my present position, which involves the

handling of anything from generals to Red Cross nurses and getting them on their way.

Here comes the Paris express. I will see you next September, Father, if possible. At any rate, I wish you the merriest of Christmases and a regular Notre Dame New Year.

Your sincere friend,

(2nd Lieut.) Wm. Francis Fox, Jr.

330th Infantry, C-o R. T. O., A. P. O. 762.

American E. F., France,  
October 27, 1918.

Reverend Eugene Burke,

Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S. A.

Dear Father Burke—I am now on the trail of the "lonesome Hun" and almost in Germany. I have been up at the front for some time and am beginning to believe Sherman had the right "dope" after all, for I have seen both Hell and the Devil. I had a rather unique trip up, travelling all the way across France in box-cars, marked "Cheveaux 8—Hommes 40." You perhaps have seen pictures of them in the papers, but it was worth the inconvenience, for we saw a great deal of France on the way, and many of her best cities and finest cathedrals. Champagne and fine wine and good times are now only fond memories, and in their stead we have nothing but the views and wreckage left by the fleeing Hun.

You will observe that stationery must be a pretty scarce article up here; when you write you had better enclose a couple of blank sheets, so that I can answer. Really, it has been so long since I have seen civilization or anything approaching it, that I am beginning to feel wild—living in dug-outs vacated by the Germans, except when travelling, and then we must resort to our "pup" tents, which are not exactly shell-proof. It is surely a thrilling sensation to be under the fire of the Boche heavy guns; but one soon becomes accustomed to their tactics, and after a while the shrill whistle and weird whine of the whirling projectiles become essential to peaceful slumber. I have some rather lively experiences every now and then. While on the trail of the retreating Germans about two weeks ago, we pulled in after dark at our evening's "paic de repos." Another fellow and I pitched our tent for the night and endeavored to pound our ears. In the morning I noticed a big black boot underneath our blankets, and on closer examination, discovered a dead Dutchman on the other end of it.

There have been rumors circulating about Germany's wanting peace. I am not surprised, and still, from the way the shells have been falling around us lately, I am a bit skeptical about their sincerity. That sort of activity does not quite conform to my idea of a peaceful disposition. A frequent and exasperating trick of the Boche is played about our eating time or just when our cooks have one of their best meals ready. He seems to know those days, at any rate, he usually chooses that particular time to administer a "beau-coup" gas attack which spoils the whole banquet.

The technical duties in this conglomeration of gunpowder, "nutty" ideas, and flying steel are observation and keeping record of all activities in a given sector, but practically they consist for the most part



in ducking shells and then guessing what they were, how many, where they came from, and what they have done. Very often the effect is very unsightly and indescribable. In the sector in which we are now fighting there is not an acre in the entire terrain that is not completely pitted with shell-holes.

The air-men also offer us a great deal of diversion. Sky battles are now as common as dog-fights. Occasionally an idle Hun aviator with a grandstand seat at a ball game or some other of our sports, not approving of a certain play, swoops down on the arena, playing a hot tune on his machine gun and the game is then automatically and immediately called off.

It is not unusual to see some two hundred German and Austrian prisoners marching down a road, being escorted to the rear by only three or four American "doughboys." We have the scoundrels scared to death of the khaki uniform, and unless they are greatly superior in numbers they surrender on sight to our infantry men. A short time ago several German women were found operating machine guns in our sector and were captured.

I am most anxious to get news of our team of this year and surely would appreciate a few lines occasionally from you and from some of the boys. I am particularly interested in the game with Purdue, which I believe is on the schedule; there are two Purdue men here with me. The enclosed six francs are, I believe, equivalent to a good old American "greenback," for which I should like you to have the SCHOLASTIC, from the opening of school this fall, sent to me, if possible.

With very best wishes and kindest regard to everyone at Notre Dame, I am always,

(Corporal) "Simon" DeGree.

Headquarters Company,  
322 Field Artillery, U. S. A., France.

Garden City, N. Y.,  
December 15, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

Just a few lines, as I know you will be glad to have news of some of your boys. I have just returned from overseas, and, as you see, I am writing from a hospital. I did not fare any too well on the other side, but I expect to be up and around in a very short time. I am at Garden City, and as Mother has charge of a new hospital being erected at Lakehurst, New Jersey, I am not so much "out of luck" as I might be, if I had been kept in Europe.

Mother, Jim and I,—all being in the service gives our family its hundred-per-cent quota. I did not know of her joining the active Red Cross until I arrived at this hospital, and you can imagine what a happy meeting took place in my ward. Neither of us has heard from Jim for some time, but as no official report has informed us otherwise, we believe that he is safe. He has been in France for nearly seventeen months, having gone over in July of 1917, and was probably the first Notre Dame man to go overseas.

I have met a great number of Notre Dame men since I joined the army. Most of them are fliers, such as I am supposed to be. At Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas, I met "Fitz," Andy McDonough, Bill Hogan, and "Jap" French, who, I understand, has been killed

since then. Later at Hoboken I met Jerry Miller, who is an ensign. Upon arriving at Winchester, England, I met McShane; and a week later at Issoudun, France, our last instruction centre in aviation before "going over," a Notre Dame re-union was held, as Bill Kennedy and Al Schlipf, both men of my class of 1917, Art Keyes, Powers, of Walsh ('14), "Young Chief" Soldani and Ed Smith, of 1909, were all in the same line of barracks with me. I left them a short time after to go with the Replacement Squadron of the First Army Corps, and after "getting mine" returned through Paris to London; in the latter city I met Hugh Carroll, who was at the time recuperating from an operation.

On landing in New York I stayed in town a few days, hobbling around on crutches, and was lucky enough to run into my old "pal" and room mate, "Tommy" O'Byrne. He was talking to Bill Grady when I discovered him. We had a regular "pow-wow," as you can easily imagine. That afternoon I met Bryant Odem, an ensign, and "Big Dave" Philbin, who is awaiting his commission from the Pelham Bay Training Station.

While in Liverpool waiting to go on the boat, I met John Urban Riley's father, who is a captain of the K. of C's. He said that "Duke" was well and doing fine. Mr. Riley is a wonderfully fine man and is certainly a credit to the K. of C's in their great efforts to help our boys overseas. I am sorry to have forgotten for a moment that I met "Swede" Edgren in England. One day I was made officer of the guard at a small rest camp for Air Service men, and upon reporting to the guard-house I noticed a very familiar face. "Swede" and I exchanged looks about three times and then came to a "clinch" in the center of the guard-house, with about thirty astonished guards looking on and wondering at the strange sight of an orderly and a commander-of-the-guard in embrace. I was "called up" about it, but when I explained that it took more than a set of bars to overcome the feeling between two Notre Dame men, I was dismissed. I met "Swede" again the next day when he was leaving for France, but I did not mention the incident, as I thought it might make him sorry. Well, they don't, come any better than "Swede," and so, to use the fliers expression, "I should worry."

Father, this letter is not nearly so sensible as it might be, but I knew you would be glad to hear where some of the many Notre Dame men are. Hoping that you are enjoying the finest health, with best regards to my friends at Notre Dame, and with thanks to "Rock" from all the N. D. fliers for giving us the "nerve," I am,

Most sincerely,  
Lieut. F. D. ("Gus") Jones.

Camp Mencon, France,  
November 19, 1918.

My dear Professor Maurus:

I suppose I should begin by offering excuses for being so negligent about writing, but I am going to disappoint you this time by offering no excuses.

Your letter received, etc.; you know, the old line. Many changes have occurred, since you heard from me



last, the most important of which is the fact that we are now in France, after our sojourn in the Sunny South, U. S. A. We were delayed at our embarkation camp for about two weeks. Mother and Father came down to see me and I also had a chance to spend a week-end at home. It was the first time I had been home in a year, except for a few days last March, when I went on the sad occasion of the funeral of my youngest brother.

After a very pleasant ocean trip, not without some thrills, we arrived in England, and in France about six days later. We were billeted for about two weeks in a very old town of Brittany, Ploermel. The old-fashioned ways of the people, dress, customs, stores, and market-places were most interesting and instructive. There is in the town a very old church, famous for its size, its style of architecture, its paintings, and its stained-glass windows. We are now in an artillery camp, situated about eight kilometers from the city of Vannes, a town of about 35,000 people, which was founded by the Romans. The walls and the gates around the city are still standing.

Since coming to France, I have been transferred from the 137th Field Artillery to General McIntyre's staff. I am now in the Headquarters Company, 63rd F. A. Brigade, in which I have been assigned a very fine job. At present time we are going to school from 7:30 to 11:30 in the morning and from 1:30 to 4:30 in the afternoon. We had our first examinations Saturday and I managed to "get away with" a 100%, just to make a good impression at the start. So much for me.

Father George Finnigan and Lieutenant Eddie Meehan were with me in the 137th Field Artillery, and they are still in that regiment. Eddie came ahead of the rest of us with an advance school detail. He is specializing in telephone work and is getting along well. Father Finnigan has long ago become the source of consolation, solace, counsel, and an all-around man for the men. He is always worrying and working to make everything as pleasant as possible for them. Whatever may be the nature of a fellow's complaint, Father George starts an investigation. At whatever hour of the day or night he may be informed of a very sick or dying man, Father George is on the job and stays on it. He has done this ever since joining the regiment. On our trip across, I visited the hospital and the men sick in quarters, with him several times, sometimes late at night and sometimes in the early hours of the morning. He had words of cheer for every patient, inquiring whether or not there was anything that he could do for him that would make him more comfortable. Men of all creeds sought his counsel. He was their friend without discrimination and they left satisfied; and as he is every man's friend, so is every man who has come in contact with him or even heard of his work his friend and staunch supporter. When the rest of us are forgotten by the men of the regiment, I venture to say that Father Finnigan's memory will still be fresh in their minds. He has been very busy in France, acting as interpreter, as a consequence of his ability to speak French so fluently.

I have a brother at Notre Dame this year. He is in Corby Hall. You would never know that he was around, he is so very quiet—like all the other Mc-

Nultys, particularly his older brother. If it be not asking too much of you, I wish you would look him up, and get him into that room 3...., seat him in a straight-back chair, and give him a little fatherly advice, such as you gave Frank G. and me. He will be the better for it, and perhaps you will be incommoded by one more McNulty as another member in that long list of friends which you have made by association with them. I hope to see you at the opening of the fall term at Notre Dame, 1919. Give my regards to all the faculty. Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! As always,

Your friend,

(First Lieut.) Jim McNulty.

Headquarters, 63rd F. A. Brigade,  
American E. F., A. P. O., No. 779.

P. S.—Do not let any zealous literary shark get his hands on this for publication in the SCHOLASTIC. Send all my mail to the address above.—J. M. McN.

Camp Logan, Texas,  
September 25, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:—

I am still at Camp Logan, and now comes another host of men to form a division. They are from Oklahoma and thus far I have found no Notre Dame men among them.

Last night I had a telephone call from Ellington Field and was surprised to find myself talking to "Eiff" Lee, who played a good game of football and was on the Varsity baseball team about 1911 and '12. Not long ago I recognized a young fellow in the 43rd Infantry as W. S. Springer, of Denver, Colorado, who attended Notre Dame for many years. He was in my law class in 1909. He is doing well here and the hard work is of great value to him.

I have heard from many of the boys overseas, but I have had no word from any of the N. D. men I knew there. There are many officers coming in and I am sure I shall bump into some N. D. man soon. Young Rick, of Houston, is back at Notre Dame. He is a fine young fellow and will make good. Should you see him remember me to him. I had a letter recently from "Slim" Walsh, who pitched on the team of 1913; he is now at Aberdeen, Maryland. "Billy" Milroy, of "Jimmy Valentine" fame, will land a commission in the fighting Q. M. branch before long. He writes to me that he is working on the examinations for the purpose of being commissioned. I am patiently waiting for the first issue of the SCHOLASTIC. I hope our chaplains are having things to their liking.

Have you the S. A. T. C. at N. D.? I thought perhaps the K. of C. would put up some kind of a place there for the boys in training. Maybe they could appropriate three or four thousand dollars for some sort of a recreation building down near the shops. If you would write to the Committee on War Activities, Drawer 96, New Haven, or take the matter up with Mr. William Fox, of Indianapolis, perhaps an addition to Notre Dame could be obtained from the Knights. If Notre Dame got it first it would not matter, as I believe that all of the schools would want a building if Notre Dame got one. William Moriarty, of St. Louis, Missouri, is the department director. He has

charge of the construction end of this work and I am almost sure that he would approve of the idea. After the war it could be used for whatever purpose the University might desire.

Thus far I have not been able to get into the Army. I am very thin but otherwise in good condition. I am eligible for the S. A. T. C. and would like to go through the course at Notre Dame. If you have any information on that head, I should be glad to hear from you concerning the matter. I cannot leave here until December. If they have successive S. A. T. C. courses, I might be able to get in to the second or third one. I could make myself useful around the old place and perhaps the regular system of living would give me the necessary weight and health. If unable to meet the physical requirements, I might be able to go along as an instructor after studying up in the course. I should appreciate any information you can give me, and who knows but that I may be back at the old place for a course in military tactics and the like.

Regards to all the members of the Faculty and best wishes for the success of the old school.

Sincerely,  
Hugh J. Daly.

### Safety Valve.

#### GENEROSITY.

Man wants but little here below  
Its strange that it should be,  
He never tries to steal the earth  
Or corner up the sea,  
He doesn't crave the vasty blue  
To rent it out or sell,  
Man wants but little here below—  
And yet they give him hell.

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#### CALOMEL.

It tied me all up in a bow knot  
And made my head spin like a top,  
It gagged me and lifted me skyward  
Then "beaned" me and swift let me drop.  
It took me through Cuba and China.  
I saw most of Oskosh and Hell,  
It poked me and choked me and croaked me  
This medicine called Calomel.

And then doctor looked so pathetic  
And whispered, "Sit up, here's your chaser,"  
Good gosh but it certainly chased me  
You'd think I'd been born a racer,  
I stubbed all my toes and got slivers  
From every old board in the floor,  
I hurried and flurried and scurried  
And then—well it chased me some more.

So I'm finished for ever and ever  
With the drug that they call Calomel,  
And I'm off of the chasers till doom's day  
For I fear they may chase me to hell,  
And I'll go back to beef steak and onions  
With cream, puffs and pie and ice cream,  
And when I go to bed in the evening  
It won't be of bull dogs I'll dream.

"And did you like the set of Dickens I got you for Christmas," she said in a shy timid voice as she threw a glance at him that almost caught him off first.

"Like Dickens?" he replied as he gulped down a saucer full of coffee and wiped his mouth in the table cloth, "I'd just fall dead for him. I knew him when he played in the minors before Hans Wagner was called piano legs and when Muggs McGraw was afraid of umpires."

"But you must be mistaken," she purred back with the sweetness of a kitten, crushing a chocolate cream in her chubby hand till the chocolate oozed out between her fingers, "Dickens is a literary—"

"Of course, he's literally the best batter in the league and his slide to second has everyone shouting for ozone. Why I've seen him—"

"But it simply can't be, Sosthenes. Dickens was dead—"

"He certainly was dead sure of his throw. I've seen him with my own two blue eyes catch ten fellows off first in one game, and I—"

"Sosthenes dear, will you promise me that you'll read the books and then we will be able to talk about them sensibly and you will understand me when—"

"Say, Miriam, does your mother make her own coffee. That's the finest coffee I ever tasted (pours out another saucer full)."

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#### FAIR ENOUGH.

He failed in Math a dozen times  
He never passed in history,  
That he could make but forty-five  
In English was a mystery,  
And yet when others crabbed and said  
Their Math was awful stuff,  
And asked him how he got along  
He answered "Fair enough."

He never rose till half past twelve  
And then this blissful sinner  
Would seek the cafeteria,  
And eat a hearty dinner;  
Yet when the breakfast meal was knocked,  
And meat called "raw and tough"  
If asked how breakfast suited him  
He sang out "Fair Enough."

And when it rained in torrents, and  
Blue lightning rent the sky,  
And thunder barked like mammoth guns  
And leaden clouds rolled high,  
Should someone chance to say to him  
"Ain't this blame weather rough?"  
He'd look out at the rain and say,  
"I think it's fair enough."

And yet no one got peeved at him  
No matter what he said,  
They seemed to like his roguish smile  
And cheeks of summer red.  
They listened to his talk each day  
And never called his bluff  
Because he was a sport, and—well,  
They found him fair enough.