

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 15, 1919.

NO. 16.

The Night-Dog.

LEO L. WARD.

FROM off the mystic spirit-shore
Of Mistland, o'er and o'er
Returns the Ghost of Dews and Damps,
Who in the night-time tramps
Across the mountains' starry height
And scatters all their light,
Who with his ghostly fingers chills
The valleys and the hills,
Who walks among the forest trees
In darkest mysteries,
Who even gives the skies dismay,
For he takes the stars away.

"Lorna Doone."

BY LEO R. WARD, '22.

THE novel upon which the literary fame of Richard Doddridge Blackmore chiefly rests is that immortal work of fiction, "Lorna Doone." It is probably as delightful a romance as was ever written; yet Blackmore, like many authors, did not agree with his readers as to what is his masterpiece. Like Dickens, he would appear to have forgotten that he was doing a prose work, for he employed, here and there, language which, without any great difficulty, he might have scanned and printed in the form of poetry. But aside from the whole wonderfully entrancing story and the beautiful poetic diction of many passages, "Lorna Doone" is yet worth reading and re-reading for its perfect portrayal of natural scenery. The story abounds in description whose fulness and richness have never been surpassed. Blackmore, we know, lived close to Nature, but he was more than a passive and selfish admirer of Nature,—he was one of her closest observers. The fields, with their wealth of beauty and

of marvels, claimed his closest attention; effects of sun and frost he gave a constant and searching scrutiny; and his depicting of animals and their traits he has done with an astounding precision which is the natural outcome of intimacy coupled with profound study. Above all, then, he was an observer, and the first-hand results of his best observation we have clothed in most charming English in "Lorna Doone."

There is in this volume so much rare description that one knows hardly where to begin best to consider it. One thing is certain: Blackmore lived, at least in his youth, in the country; for he pictures with an exactness and with a tone of reality which bespeak long and close association. More than once he saw that stream which in "a deep green valley . . . glided out from underground with a soft dark babble, unawares of daylight; then growing brighter, lapsed away unto the valley . . ." Again, the same rivulet is "falling from the upper rock by means of moss and grass. . . . Now and then it seemed to stop, in fear of its own dropping, and waiting for some orders; and the blades of grass that straightened to it, turned their allegiance to wind instead of water." And he takes us into the broad and wild valley of the rapacious Doones to show us "a chamber of unhewn rock," with "here and there . . . 'chairs of living stone,' [which phrase, by the way, John Ridd, the bumpkin who tells the whole tale, declares he must have read in the grammar grades, which were the limits of his study]; and in the midst of it a tiny spring arose, with crystal beads in it, and a soft voice as of a laughing dream, and dimples like a sleeping babe." But these struggling creeks become vast torrents when "the Bagworthy water flows into the Lynn," to make "a real river out of it. Thence it hurries away, with strength and a force of willful water, under the foot of a barefaced hill, [and what ends might

he have gone to in describing that hill, and yet not have produced for us the definite picture which that one word 'barefaced' summons up?] and so to rocks and woods again, where the sky is covered over, and dark, heavy pools delay it." The rocks and woods and mountains he pencilled with scarce less pains and success than the "barefaced hill." In the description of Plover's Barrows Farm, where John Ridd lived, we read "all above it, is strong dark mountain. . . . Here are trees, and bright green grass, and orchards full of contentment, and a man may scarce espy the brook, although he hears it everywhere. And indeed a stout good piece of it comes through our farm-yard, and swells sometimes to a rush of waves, when the clouds are on the hilltops. But all below, . . . pretty meadows slope their breast, and the sun spreads on the water." In other places we find such passages as: "the woods are in folds," and "The bar of rock with its water-cleft breaking steeply through it, stood bold and bare, and dark in shadow, gray with red gullies through it."

Delicately as the author has pictured all this, it is probably no better than his putting into words the effects of sun and of frost: that bit of Nature which, common as it is, yet seldom claims an author's time and thought. John Ridd, speaking of the sunrise, says "he raised his shoulders heavily over the edge of a gray mountain. . . . Beneath his gaze the dew-drops dipped, and crept to hollow places; then stole away in line and column, holding skirts, and clinging subtly at the sheltering corners, where rock hung over grass-land"; and again, "suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue and purple, and a tint of rich red rose, according to the scene he lit on. . . . Then life and joy sprung from every crouching hollow; every flower, and bud, and bird had a fluttering sense of them; and all the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence." These wonderful passages have a rhythmic movement perhaps too regular to constitute the best prose, and had their author cast them in the ode form, one would immediately recognize their great beauty. There is reality in that picture of the dew clinging to the sheltered places, as in another wherein John Ridd finds "creases in the dusk, where prisoned

light crept up the valleys," and in that of the quickening of all life at the sunrise. Good this imagery certainly is, but not a whit better than that in which he tells us of the effects of a late spring-frost: "The lilacs and the woodbines . . . were ruffled back, . . . and nicked brown at the corners. . . . The russet of the young elm-bloom was fain to be in its scale again; but having pushed forth, there must it be, and turn to a tawny color, . . . and more than all to notice was the shuddering of everything and the shivering sound among them toward the feeble sun; . . . every ridge of new-turned earth" was "honey-combed, and standing out void of spring and powdery." And the pear trees, which, "in a quiet way," John Ridd and his mother and sisters thought so much of, "had taken advantage of the west winds, and the moisture, and the promise of the spring-time: a crowd of eager blossoms" had come forth on them; but now "all this was marred and baffled by the wind and cutting of the night-frosts. The opening cones were . . . shriveling in doubt of health and neither peart nor lusty." Soon, however, the spring was again "toward," as John Ridd would say, and there followed a season of "soft wet; and when the sun came forth again, hill and valley, wood and meadows could not make enough of him. . . . The spring was creeping first for shelter slyly in the pause of the blustering wind. There the lambs came bleating to her, and the orchis lifted up, and the thin dry leaves of clover lay for the new ones to spring through. The stiffest things that grow,—the stubby oak and . . . beach,—dropped their brown defiance to her; . . . while her over-eager children, who had started forth to meet her," (here he enumerates them and so characterizes their coming pell-mell that we almost see them), as it were, scrambled to see which should come first.

But in the midst of such beauty of field and forest, sun and shade, we misplace John Ridd, unless indeed we surround him with the animals he liked most. He is ever, to be sure, the sturdy yokel; yet he is never so much so, as when we see him in the midst of kine or sheep, or teasing his favorite dog or horse. His confidence in his power over the latter was almost unbounded, and on one occasion—when he tried to manage a half-broken mare—carried him, we should think (though he did not) too far. The incident is best in his own words:

"First she reared upward. . . and then down with her fore feet deep in the straw, and her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her like wax, . . . away she flew. . . 'Mux me!' I cried, —for my breeches were broken, and short words went furthest, 'if you kill me, you shall die with me.'" There follows a passage of descriptive narrative so vivid, so dashing that any reader must see that exhibition, his very bones must tingle with John's telling of it. All that the daredevil boy saw was the "flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest," until he felt that the earth was rushing away, and the air was left behind, and he "prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late about it." Finally, however, he tumbled into the mixen"; yet, although he fell on his head, he was not hurt, for, as he says, his head was "of uncommon substance," (and, if we may believe the prodigies he relates, his stomach was of substance quite as uncommon). But that woeful experience did not wean him from again seeking for his own use the most fractious horse. "Old Smiler," of all the horses in the neighborhood the most difficult to manage, and for which the hired helpers had a mortal fear, John Ridd made his favorite, and he was ever ready to pit his strength against the horse's.

John Ridd, so often alone, was seldom lonely. If he did not ride his fretful horse, he took along with him at least his dog. How thrilling it is to read that as the ferocious robber, Carver Doone,—John's mortal enemy,—was passing within a few feet of the bed of autumn leaves wherein the wily John lay buried, "Watch," his ever faithful companion, crouched beside him, and it was with difficulty that John restrained him from what would have meant certain death to his master—trying his teeth on the leather of the mighty man's boots. "Watch" and the "valiant Jem," a beautiful ram that he saved from premature death when a goat was about to butt him into a rocky chasm, he brings together in a pretty little episode in his chapter entitled "The Great Winter," which throughout is so replete with realistic pictures that it were a pity to butcher it into quotations.

"Jem" it was that met him when, after an absence of months which were as years to John and his people, he came home from London. "I leaned over [from the horse he rode] and stroked his head, and swore he should never be mutton." The sheep then ran from

the extreme confines of the farm to the flock to announce with its bleating that the master was coming home at last; and "Old Smiler," "having escaped from his halter-ring, was. . . out to graze in the lane a bit;" but when he saw "a strange horse coming, with young master upon him. . . he gave us a stare and a neigh, with his tail quite stiff with amazement, and then (whether in joy or through indignation) he flung up his hind feet, and galloped straight home, and set every dog wild with barking."

And what a home-coming that was for John Ridd! first of all, to his mother and sisters: how they wondered that he was so much as when last they had seen him, although they expected he would be a prince, and were glad he was not; and then to his kine and fowl and horses: if ever in his life, then might John Ridd truly say, "the mooing of a calf was music, the chuckle of a fowl was wit, and the snoring of the horses was news to me." Home he was surely, and with no desire ever to leave again. That he was not one of the king's body-guard he was glad as his mother and sisters ever dared to be (though a fit candidate for such a trust if we consider his Titanic proportions). He wanted merely to experience the old pleasures again: to watch the ducks and geese as they stood in the mud and "dabbled for more ooiness", and the pigs—their supper delayed—"dreaming in their emptiness," after they had "resigned themselves, as even pigs do, . . . hoping to break their fast more sweetly on the morrow"; and to hear the cows with their "moo and moo, and a turn-up noise at the end of every bellow, as if from the very heart of kine." Here, again, in "turn-up" we have one of those inimitable, Homer-like adjectives, in which so much is compressed. For who, that at all knows cows, is not familiar with that "turn-up noise at the end of every bellow"? But who, save Blackmore, would have so tersely yet adequately designated it?

From what is herein set down, the reader may have begun to ween that "Lorna Doone" is a text-book on description. *Statim* let him be undeceived; its incidents are so rapid, so vigorous that one discovers himself perchance taking part in them; for a fascinating story runs through and forms a foundation for all else; and the description is, as it should be, subservient always to the plot. John Ridd himself, the clout, is the main character. He stands out bold and plain throughout and tells the

tale admirably, and, though he assures us that his education was rudimentary, yet he loved his Master William Shakespeare right genuinely and was able to quote for us "chairs of living stone." His mother, too, and one of his sisters are types easily recognizable, and are altogether real and delightful fictional characters; but the other sister, though it is evident that Blackmore intended her for a powerful feminine, is perhaps too uncommon. And Lorna Doone, whom the reader might expect to find taking the leading role, remains forever rather shadowy; likewise all the Doones,—terrible, lawless men,—are less forcible than the simple peasant, John Fry.

The author of "Lorna Doone" did not write his book with the express purpose of reforming the world. Its best passages represent merely a jotting-down of delicate observations, which John Ridd well sums up when he says: "These little things come and dwell with me, and I am happy about them, and long for nothing better." Yet this classic is entirely wholesome, and, here and there, its author has managed to drop in a striking truth, pithily expressed. It is a work to be enjoyed in peace and leisure when one can watch, with Blackmore, "favorite creatures feeding, and licking up their food, and happily snuffing over it, yet sparing time to be grateful," which, he rightly says, is an anodyne for cares and hot tempers and, he adds, if there be another approaching this, "it is to smoke good tobacco well, and watch the setting of the moon; and if this should be only over the sea, the result is irresistible."

The Surrender of the German Fleet.

(A Rejoinder.)

The SCHOLASTIC of February 8 printed a eulogistic defense on the motive that prompted the surrender of the German fleet. The press of America and of the Allied countries was harangued as being "silly sheep" and as smacking of the "jingoistic," while the red-blooded gentleman of Europe, the Spaniard, was compared to the vermin of the earth. This collection of ideas is wholly too erratic to have any stable foundation. The article represented the German sailors as having surrendered their fleet because they believed in the brotherhood of man. Too much emphasis was laid on the fact that they had "single-handed tilted a lance against England's supremacy."

The author forgets that the safety of the Allies, of America, of the world, depended for three and a half years on this supremacy of England; for had she not been "Mistress of the Seas" during the war, prior to the effectual entrance of the American navy into the conflict, the seven seas would have been at the mercy of the German birds of prey. The German sailors performed great services for Germany—but dastardly deeds against the rest of the world. When American ships were insufficient to transport the American soldiers to France, England's navy took them over. And had it not been for the wonderful work of the British navy, the American soldiers would still be dying on the fields of France. The ghostly cries of the innocent dead at Whitby, of the innocent dead under the sea, and of the innocent dead wherever the German flag has flown, shriek their protest against a statement that glorifies in the German "shelling of boastful England's very shores." England has done many wrong things during her career, but it certainly was to the advantage of the world that she had control of the seas before the war.

The statement that the German sailors were "Reds, Bolsheviki, or whatever happens to be the favorite epithet for those who have come to place faith in the brotherhood of man," provokes only one comment: Bolshevism is anarchy. Let no just man speak for it, or for any of its deeds.

The author asked if there were not a possibility that these German Bolshevik sailors surrendered their vessels with a sublime faith in the brotherhood of man. The answer is "no." The surrender of the German fleet occurred as it did, because these Bolshevik sailors saw with the intelligence of the usual uneducated brutes, that they were at the end of their rope. And like all who rely upon brute force alone, they took the easiest and safest way out of a difficulty. They surrendered because they had to, not for any humanitarian principles. The Spaniards who fought a losing battle at Santiago were the bravest of the brave, for they fought in the face of the greatest odds. The German blood has no liking for this sort of conflict, as was evidenced in all the land battles during the war. For centuries the Spaniard has fought his battles like a man, never abating until disarmed or killed, but Germany has never been and never will be a nation of humanitarian heroes, fountainhead of the principles of the brotherhood of man.—J. S. MEYERS.

Varsity Verse.

DON'T LET IT DIE WITH YOU.

They say that the school is smaller;
Shrunk by the call of war;
Lackin' the gang to pick from
She had in the days of yore,
But strong in the same old spirit
That pushed her ahead before.

Scrappin' as hard as ever;
Always an uphill fight;
Lackin' the men and money
But keepin' her flag in sight,
And backed by the old traditions
She's slated to win tonight.

You that have donned her colors
Think as you take your place—
N. D.'s flag was seldom struck,
And never to her disgrace,
And right where the going is hottest
There's where we set the pace.

The spirit that made us famous
Burned as a beacon light
Over the world's athletics,—
Don't let it die to-night.
Notre Dame is a motto;
All that it means is fight.

Fight for the old time glory
Passed through the years to you;
Fight for the grand old spirit—
Born of the Gold and Blue;
Say that we came to win, gang,—
Don't let it die with you. A. L. M.

DAYBREAK.

I dream about a promenade,
Where men and angels mix—
Divine bells chime—I wake to find
The church bell striking six.

I dream of Pandemonium,
A world of dark and dank
And gnashing teeth—which prove to be
The radiator's clank.

I dream of fair Elysian fields,
I climb the golden stairs,
Then some poor, heartless wretch cries out:
"All out for morning prayers!"

BY PAUL GESSLER, '22.

The Cousins.

BY BROTHER EDMUND, C. S. C., '19.

Jack Boland stood on the other side of the street facing a block of red-brick houses that looked as much alike as twin brothers multiplied tenfold. "Well," he said to himself, "they all look very much alike. I'd give something to find that notebook of mine. Oh, bosh, what's the difference anyway! Here's hoping 325 Belvedere Avenue gets Uncle Ray."

He crossed the street, rang the bell of 325, and waited. The door opened in a moment and before he knew what had happened a motherly old woman had him smothered in what Jack thought an all too affectionate embrace, and was welcoming him most familiarly. "Come right in. Why, Child, how tall you've grown! Ten years ago you were a tot! Father! Emily! come here and welcome your Cousin George from California."

Emily! George! California!—Jack was fairly bewildered; he had obviously the wrong house.

"Aunt—I mean Mrs.—" but before he could finish his protest he found himself returning the smile of a girl of about his own age, and under the warm touch of her tender hand, his protest died. "Oh, time enough," he thought; "let's wait till the excitement subsides," as his eyes feasted on the white-gowned girlish figure before him.

"George, I'm so glad to see you," said the smiling goddess. "You look so much better than you do in the photograph you sent me."

"Miss—I mean—" stuttered Jack, a little embarrassed, "permit me to return the compliment."

"Where's father?" asked the motherly lady, as father had not responded to her summons.

"Oh, he didn't expect George quite so soon," explained the daughter, "and just before you came in from shopping he went to his room for his nap."

"Come right into the sitting room, then, George. Goodness knows he's not in the best of humor when his nap is broken into."

Jack was led half willingly into the sitting room.

"Now, Emily, you entertain George while I see that his room is put in order. I'll be down again in half an hour."

This was too much. Jack blurted out excit-

edly, "Don't trouble yourself. I assure you—"

"I assure you you're quite tired out after your long journey, poor boy." And before he could recover his wits the lady was gone.

"Oh, well, what's the use! Confound that notebook," muttered Jack to himself.

He flung himself into a couch, and closing his eyes, leaned his head back wearily. It was but for a moment. He felt a soft hand upon his as it lay resting on his knee. A thrill of delight passed through him, and opening his eyes he found himself sitting beside the vision he had seen in the hallway. He sat up straight.

"I might as well make myself happy for half an hour anyway," thought he. "There's plenty of time for explanation."

The vision spoke. "You look tired, George." The voice was sweet and full of sympathy.

"Oh, not at all. Just to see you sitting here is enough to drive all weariness away and more."

"Why, you are getting quite gallant, cousin," said Emily laughing. "You're not in love, are you?"

"I was not yesterday, but I am to-day, and very deep too."

"How unfortunate," said Emily, pretending to pout. "You don't indulge in sonnet-writing, do you? I fear I shall have a dreadful time while you are here."

"One brief half hour of delight," said Jack in a dramatic tone, looking into the limpid depths of her eyes.

"Is that the first line? For a short train acquaintance it isn't so bad. Tell me, cousin, what does the lady look like?"

"Oh," said Jack laughingly—but seriously at the same time, "she has lovely black eyes, ravishing raven hair, a complexion unrivalled, and a dainty nose, 'tip-tilted,' as Tennyson would say, 'like the petal of a rose'."

"Why," broke in Emily, casting a look at the big mirror on the wall opposite, "she must look somewhat like me, does she not? I have black hair and eyes to match; I've a pug nose too, though it isn't very pronounced, to be sure. Cousin, I fear you are in a dangerous state," said she shaking her finger at him.

"I think so too," said Jack, thinking as he was of many things.

During the next half hour Jack was rapt to the lover's sixth heaven. We would say seventh; but while Jack found his own case to be that of love at first sight, it was all too

evident that Emily's purrings were only those of a cousin. He wondered how he could get out of the entanglement and still retain the good graces of his pseudo-cousin.

At last he heard Emily's mother descending the stairs, and from the heavy footsteps that followed her he knew that "Father" had finished his nap.

"Well, I hope he is in a gentle mood," thought Jack. "Here goes." He hastily arose as the couple entered.

"Sir," said he as he advanced to meet the grey moustached gentleman, the latter's pleasant face reviving his courage; "this is a big mis—"

"Ha, ha, isn't that good?" and Jack's hand was grabbed in the huge palm of his new acquaintance. "Of course she is big. Why, you were but a kid when you saw her last."

"But sir—" Jack was in despair. Would they never let him explain?

Then the door bell rang.

"What a nuisance that door bell is!" said the motherly lady. "Jim, will you answer it?"

'Jim' hastened to do so, while Jack sank back into his old seat on the sofa.

But there was a hub-bub in the hallway, and he and the two ladies hastened to the door to see what all the racket was about.

The door was open and a young man stood expostulating good humoredly with the elder.

"No! I'm tired of book agents," said the latter.

"Book agent! What's the matter, Uncle? Are—"

"Uncle! The deuce take you! How many nephews do you think I have anyway?"

Here the new caller espied Jack and called laughingly: "Jack Boland! You of all men! Fix things straight, will you?"

Jack hurried to the rescue. "George, it is good to see you again!" exclaimed he, almost falling on his friend's neck and, to the amazement of the others, kissing him.

"Yes, sir," he explained, "this is all a mistake. That is George all right. He and I used to be roommates at Notre Dame." He then told them how he had lost his uncle's address.

"You see," he concluded, "I've never been in this city before, as I live down South. My uncle, Mr. Ward, lives in this street, and I must have got his house number confused with yours."

"Ha, ha," laughed the old gentleman, "This surely is good. Come right in, George,

and forgive an old bear," said he shaking his nephew's hand warmly.

"Mr. Ward," said he, turning to Jack, "lives in 523. By the way, what is your name, my friend?"

"Pardon me," begged George. "So many things have happened in the last few minutes that I forgot to introduce my friend Jack Boland to you."

Thus it was that Jack met Emily Burke.

"You must call to see us to-morrow," said Mrs. Burke. "We dine at seven o'clock."

Greek Freedom

BY JAMES W. HOGAN '21.

Now that President Wilson's principle of 'self-determination' has been recognized by the world's statesmen as the only permanent solution for the territorial and international problems confronting them, it is not surprising to find the down-trodden little kingdom of Greece demanding her share in this general distribution of justice. For nearly five centuries millions of these liberty-loving people have felt the stifling domination of the Turk or have cringed beneath the lash of the jealous Bulgar. History records no other instance of such systematic, inhuman, and prolonged tyranny as these two states have practised upon the helpless Greeks; and no treaty is just, no peace secure, which does not alleviate the suffering and provide for the future freedom of this nation whose ancient splendor has been at once the marvel and the model for succeeding ages:

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!

Immortal, though no more! though fallen, great!

The Greeks have, indeed, a peculiar and inherent right to participate in that new birth of liberty and equality which is today stirring the hearts of men; and it is one of the unfathomable anomalies of history that they should, for so long a time, have been bound hand and foot by the 'Black man of Europe,'—that unwelcome visitor from the far East, who personifies the very antithesis of the spirit of exotic freedom which has characterized the Hellenic peoples for nearly thirty centuries. For Greece is the mother of self-government; and she it was who gave to the world the magic word 'Democracy,' at a time when other states were groping in the darkness of despotism and barbaric savagery.

Homer sang of personal and national freedom and the joys of home and hearth, while northern Europe was still a trackless wilderness, peopled by our nomadic ancestors; Solon carved the Grecian laws of human equity upon tablets of stone and set them up in the Acropolis of Athens at a period when the Germans, the Franks, and the Britains were occupied in plundering and ravaging the territory of their neighbors; while at Marathon it was the Greek hoplites who first turned the Asiatic hordes from Europe and preserved the civilization of the West.

Nor was it through any fault of the Greek people that Constantinople and their eastern provinces were swept by the Turk in 1453, and from that time until the present day they have never for one moment surrendered their national ideals or ceased to pray for final deliverance. Thousands upon thousands of these oppressed people have suffered their tongues to be torn out by the roots rather than abandon their native speech,—that imperishable language which has so vitally influenced the literature of all nations and stamped its indelible impress upon the world's thought since the very dawn of history; while upon the Isle of Crete alone, fifty thousand children were snatched from their Christian homes in a single year because their parents refused to rear them according to the doctrines of Islam. "Their steadfast allegiance to the Christian faith," says Woodröw Wilson, "in the face of every threat and inducement to abandon it, commends them most strongly to all who believe in the principles of religious freedom, and their adherence to the ideals of Constitutional Government should make them peculiarly the object of the cordial sympathy of the American people, the foundation stones of whose political structure are freedom and liberty."

The moment has arrived, therefore, when the age-long dream of Hellenism may be realized, and the Greek nation freed from those shackles of tyranny which have so long held it in bondage. The inhabitants of Macedonia, Thrace, and Asia Minor should be permitted to unite themselves to their true fatherland, and the sufferings and tortures which they have endured during the centuries of Bulgarian and Turkish rule should command the attention of the Peace Council in order that adequate provision may be made for their unhampered development in the future along purely nationalistic lines.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

VOL. LII.

FEBRUARY 15, 1919

NO. 16.

Board of Editors.

THOMAS F. HEALY, '19

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19

JAMES McDONALD, '19

T. FRANCIS BUTLER, '19

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20

ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20

WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20

LEO RICHARD WARD, '22

JAMES W. HOGAN, '21

CHARLES A. GRIMES, '20

Germany is now a sixth-class sea Power. What remains of the second largest fleet now lies in British harbors. The navy that was to have challenged England's maritime supremacy and to have swept her ships from the seas has surrendered in force with its boast unfulfilled. Such a surrender forms a fitting climax to its record for the past four years. Penned up behind Kiel Canal the Kaiser's dreadnaughts literally rusted and rotted sailing up and down their quays as idle as painted ships on a painted ocean. Once they dared to break through the Grand fleet—only to flee, broken and battered, before the battle was half done. The utter failure of that attack kept them in hiding until they steamed out after the armistice with guns dismantled under the white flag. The history of the German navy will never be envied by any fleet, for it stands as one of sheer and unparalleled poltroonery. To the last it refused to fight. There was one chance left, when the Army was crumbling to pieces, for the German navy to make the supreme attempt. Therein it might have retrieved all or at least regained a scrap of its lost honor. The French fleet in 1805 put out to battle from Cadiz and when all else seemed lost engaged the British at Trafalgar. It went down in defeat, but its honor was saved. The Spanish fleet sailed out from Santiago in 1898 to meet destruction by an overwhelming American force. The world knows the story of

that encounter; and though the power of Spain was crushed on the sea we esteem the courage which prompted that final effort. But the German navy did no such thing. It gave itself up to the fleet it had threatened to annihilate because it was white-livered and afraid to fight.—T. F. H.

Our country is now engaged in the tremendous task of reconstruction. Since the actual fighting has ceased we are prone to forget that we are in several senses still

Prepare for the Loan. at war, and we need to be constantly reminding ourselves of this fact. Many of the war-time restrictions have been removed, and many unthinking people are yielding themselves to complete reaction in a riot of reckless spending. Hence it behooves the thoughtful citizens of the nation to be worrying seriously about the big Victory Loan of six billion dollars to be launched in April. It is imperative that the universities and colleges of the country prepare to do their part in this huge enterprise. It is greatly through the influence and example of these higher institutions of learning that the government hopes to rouse the country to the duty of buying bonds. If the more intellectual class does not respond promptly and heartily, what hope is there of persuading the less educated? The purpose and necessity of this loan should not need any exposition to college men. Our national debt in consequence of the war is appalling. That alone would be sufficient reason for raising billions. And although we are not actually fighting now, we still have an army in France, an army in Germany, an army in Russia, an army at home, and our large navy to support. Our ship-building program for this year involves some hundreds of millions of dollars, and numerous internal improvements are being made. Any one of these reasons would be sufficient cause for floating the proposed loan, and all of them combined multiply its necessity manifold. The students of Notre Dame should be instantly ready when the time comes to enhance their already illustrious war record by over-subscribing their quota. Our college, which has sent so many noble sons to the fields of honor, must not fail in its final duty to them and to the country. It behooves us, therefore, to save our means and purchase the Victory Bonds with the same patriotic fervor that prompted us in the former loans.—R. P. D.

Obituaries.

With sorrow we record the loss of another of the devoted workers in our printing office in the death of Sister Agnella (O'Sullivan) on the 5th of February. Born in Ireland in 1851, she came to this country and joined the Sisters of Holy Cross in 1875. For nearly a half-century since then she has given her efficient service to the SCHOLASTIC in the composing room. During the last several years she was, as very few knew, a constant sufferer from ill health, but would not give up her work till a short time before her death. Always childlike and as cheerful as she was religious, this devoted Sister rounded out her long term of hidden and holy labor in the service of God and of Catholic education. To the Sisters in the office, by whom this gentle companion is so much missed, and to her many relatives in this country and in Ireland, the SCHOLASTIC Board extends sympathy, and prays that Sister Agnella may quickly enjoy the great reward for which she labored so long and well.

With profound regret we chronicle the death in Tours, France, of Lieutenant Paul Nowers, for several recent years a student at the University. Paul, affectionately known as "Curley," received a lieutenant's commission at Camp Sheridan, Illinois, and throughout our participation in the war was connected with the Transportation Department of our Forces in France. He was a bright, promising and most lovable young man. We extend to the bereaved family the sympathy of the University.

We regret to announce the death in Boston, Mass., on October 8th, of Raymon M. Castaneda (old student), whose home is in Guadalajara, Mexico. Mr. Castaneda had lived in America sometime and his untimely death brought to an end a promising career.

Notice has been received of the death of Angus Charles McGillis, of Escanaba, Mich., who was recently drowned in the Menominee River. The funeral services were held Jan. 20th. While at the University Mr. McGillis was a member of Co. I, S. A. T. C., and received his honorable discharge on Dec. 21, 1918. His many friends at Notre Dame extend their sympathy to his parents. R. I. P.

Friends of Irish Freedom at Notre Dame.

A Notre Dame chapter of the "Friends of Irish Freedom" was organized in Washington Hall on the evening of February 10th. Before the regular program commenced the university orchestra conducted by the versatile melody-maker, Mr. Charles Davis, rendered several syncopated selections that gave the assemblage a transient attack of saltatory chorea. Mr. George Haller, characterized by the speaker of the evening as a "subtle, elegant, ingenious youth," presided as chairman. In a brief preliminary address, not the least feature of which were some cryptic allusions to an executive conference earlier in the day, he explained the genesis and purpose of the society to be organized. An oratorical triumph was achieved by Mr. Thomas Tobin in an exposition of the proper attitude for the student on the Irish question, and in an appeal with vim enough to furnish several Gaelic clubs with brimming enthusiasm, he called the college men to the Irish cause. The Reverend President in the principal speech of the evening made an enduring impression on the minds and hearts of his hearers. Soft and sweet as a lullaby when it recounted the endearments of Erin, passionate as a prophecy when it told of past greatness and glory, and relentless as Nemesis when it described the cruelty of the oppressor, this address will live long in the memories of those who were moved by its mirth, thrilled by its emotion and touched by its pathos. "America," said Father Cavanaugh, "is not merely a member of the family of nations; America is a condition of soul, like the state of grace which every man, woman, and child that prizes freedom desires above all else." Meetings like that of Monday night, he insisted, are necessary because it is impossible to present the case of Ireland to the fair-minded American public in any other way. America has always been effectively supported by her Irish-American citizens when her institutions were menaced or her liberty imperilled, and she is quite as much indebted to Ireland for these services as is the world for the historic service of keeping the fire of learning aglow when the first Hun horde deluged Europe. Hence it is now the opportunity and duty of America to champion the cause of Erin before the bar of the world, and thereby partially repay her great debt.

During the interval between speeches, Mr.

Charles McCauley, Notre Dame's popular vocalist, sang several songs with characteristic charm. Father Cornelius Hagerty, organizer of the Notre Dame chapter, spoke succinctly of the reason for the formation of the society and the work it purposes to perform. "I firmly believe that Ireland's freedom is at hand and that now she is about to come back, as the Englishman Chesterton says, 'for the salvation of Western Europe.' It is our duty then to create apostles who will labor zealously for Ireland." Immediately after the final address, a *viva voce* election of officers was held with the following results: Reverend Timothy Maher, C. S. C., honorary president; George Haller, president; Norman Barry, vice president; John Ryan Jolly, secretary; Robert McGuire, treasurer; Thomas Tobin, orator; James O'Sullivan, guard; Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., Brother Aidan, C. S. C., trustees.

The election was vividly reminiscent of the old-time mode of determining amateur prize winners at Friday night variety entertainments. Membership cards were distributed during the orchestral finale and signed by nearly three hundred students.—W. C. H.

Local News.

—Found: Near the Main Building a flat lock key. Apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—"Eddie" Meehan returned to Notre Dame Wednesday to finish his course. He is a student in the school of journalism.

—Some one recently mailed a Notre Dame pin at the local post-office without any address. The person interested may inquire of Brother Alphonsus.

—February 19th is the date set by the sophomores for their cotillion. The dance will be held in the ball room of the Hotel Oliver.

—The Carroll Teenie Weenies played their second outside game last Sunday night against the Marquette Juniors of Michigan City. The final score was 17 to 10 in favor of the Michigan City lads.

—The Reverend Bernard Ill will direct the "Military Revue" which will be staged by students of the University in Washington Hall on St. Patrick's Day for the benefit of the building fund of the Knights of Columbus. Father Eugene Burke, who assisted so successfully in

the staging of last year's "Camouflaging Cupid," is now writing the lyrics for the coming production.

—Lawrence S. Stephan, was elected president of the junior (four-year) law class at a meeting held in the Sorin law room last Saturday. Dudley L. Pearson was elected vice-president of the organization and Norman C. Barry, secretary-treasurer.

—Aaron J. Halloran was recently elected president of the senior law class, William Kelly, vice-president, and Joseph McGinnis, secretary-treasurer. The senior lawyers will unite with the seniors of other departments who are planning to conduct the senior ball in South Bend immediately after the Easter holidays.

—Father Cavanaugh left Thursday for Los Angeles, California, where he will formally confer on the Honorable Joseph Scott the Laetare Medal, which the University awarded him last March. Mr. Scott has only recently returned from France where he served as a commissioner for the Knights of Columbus.

—Edward Bailey, Father Farley's speed demon, received a painful injury last Saturday night in the locker room of the gymnasium, when a fellow athlete stepped on his foot with a spiked shoe. It was thought at first that an operation would have to be performed, but it has happily proved unnecessary, and we hope to see "Eddie" back on the path before long.

—A Paramount picture never fails to satisfy even the most fastidious, and "Missing," the pictorial dramatization of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, shown in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening, merits a high place among recent film productions. It is a realistic martial picture that accurately records the late experience, from the heart-rending farewell to the happy reunion of a multitude of lovers. The scenario is an excellent bit of craftsmanship, the story refreshingly simple, wholesome, and appealing, the photography particularly good, and the acting, which strikes a happy mean between power and theatricalism, feeling and sentimentality, comes close to establishing a precedent in the pantomimic art.

—On Thursday evening of February 6th the Griffith photoplay entitled "The Great Love" was shown in Washington Hall. Though it exhibits the same high quality of theme and artistic craftsmanship of former Griffith productions, it seems to lack, despite the tenseness

of several situations and the many exquisite touches, general unity of plot and the element of impressiveness. The scenes depicting the beauty of rural England, however, the flight of giant Zeppelins across the Channel to London, and the war activities of brave women are worthy of compliment. The bewildering beauty, quaint mannerisms, and artful acting of Dorothy Gish, the most magnetic and wistful of screen commediennes, is also an especial feature of this picture. A comic film starring Alonzo Arbuckle, the corpulent comedian of the "movies," in a country drug-store, opened the evening's entertainment. Dillon J. Patterson, Notre Dame's nimble-fingered keyboard artist, interpreted the action and gave melodic expression to the actors in a finely-rendered accompaniment.

—A most eloquent and inspirational talk was given by Father Newton Thompson, assistant-director of the American Foreign Mission School, Maryknoll, New York, in Washington Hall on the 7th of February. Father Thompson's clear presentation of the history and meaning of the missions in China, his earnestness, and his vigorous manner combined effectively to stir the Catholic college student to an active interest in missionary activity. The work of the Church, the speaker said in substance, is essential and always universal. It is the duty, therefore, of everyone who professes the true Faith to conform himself to the catholicity of the Church by emulating in some way the ardor of the first missionaries, who carried out Christ's command to "teach all nations." Since the pagan nations are today most receptive to Christianity and since the war has crippled European sources of support, it is now America's chance and duty to step in and secure the salvation of other peoples by generously supporting missionary movements. College men, destined to be the nation's future leaders in thought and action, should ensure the successful promotion of this great mission of the Church by being practically interested in her mission work. Father Cavanaugh, speaking to the students after Father Thompson's address, urged that the suggestion relative to the establishment of a "Student Mission Corps" at Notre Dame be acted upon at once, and he promised to lend his personal aid and influence towards its organization and success.

Personals.

—A card from Tim Galvin to the President, headlined County Cork, January 20: "A hearty 'top o' the mornin'" from the 'auld sod' and more power to your efforts in behalf of old Ireland."

—August 28, 1918, marked the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Daniel J. Spillard, C. S. C. One of the editors of the SCHOLASTIC, who lately received a memento of the celebration of that event, wishes to extend congratulations to Father Spillard.

—The last thing heard of "Stretch" O'Connor, of last year's varsity basketball team was that he is in Leibricht, Germany, with the army of occupation. We wish "Stretch" all kinds of good luck while camping in Hun territory and hope that he may be soon with us again.

—John "Mary" Butler, formerly of Walsh Hall, paid the University a visit last Saturday and Sunday. He is stationed in the Hospital Corps at Great Lakes and expects his discharge Monday. "Mary" is very much undecided as to whether he will return to the University this term or not. We hope that he may be with us again next Fall.

—Mr. P. T. O'Sullivan, a student of some thirty years ago, recently visited Father Maher, C. S. C., and other old time friends at the University. Mr. O'Sullivan, who has just completed twenty-five years of very successful service as postmaster for the South Chicago District, was a conspicuous figure in the great "Self-Determination for Ireland Rally."

—Edward K. (Ted) Sheehan, student in Corby last year, writes from the electrical school, Mare Island, California, that he has just reached dry land after a five weeks' cruise. He sailed on the destroyer "139," passed through the Panama Canal, and, after spending Christmas in Mexican waters, returned to the Pacific on the *Hazelwood*. "Ted" reports himself "anxious to get out and come to Notre Dame again."

—Corp. George W. Shanahan, '17, who has been doing strenuous work overseas with the Chemical Warfare Service, has had the good fortune recently of spending several weeks as the guest of Uncle Sam in Paris and Northern France. "While in Paris," he writes, "it was my good fortune to assist at solemn High Mass in the wonderful Notre Dame Cathedral."

The Cardinal was there and everything was so wonderful and beautiful that I was just lost. I now feel more than repaid for all the work I have done over here during the past ten months. "I saw many places of interest in that beauty spot, Paris, and wish that I might spend more time there just devouring the beauties of that magnificent city. I went around to see Father Walsh twice, but did not talk with him, because he was busy the first time and absent the second. I met two Notre Dame men and greatly enjoyed the little time I spent with them. Uncle Sam is a great host and treated us royally at Dinardt. We stayed at the best hotels, ate the best food, and were treated as though we really amounted to something."

Athletic Notes.

WABASH 34; NOTRE DAME 26.

Dreams of scoring a victory over the "Little Giants" last Saturday evening were spoiled in the last few minutes of play when the visitors rolled up points and walked away with a 34-to-26 victory. The contest resembled an interhall football game, the visitors seeming to take delight in fouling and "roughing up" the home players. They were evidently out to "get" every Notre Dame player instead of playing ball, and they succeeded in crippling Brandy and Stine. Wabash scored seven points before Captain Bahan dropped a basket for Notre Dame. A few seconds later Brandy raced down the court and caged a fine one. When he took his position at forward and resumed play Rowley rushed up to him without any provocation and took a deliberate blow at Brandy, breaking a nasal cartilage. The offender was immediately ordered out of the game, but Brandy was unable to continue. He was replaced by Bader, who scored twice in the second half.

At the end of the first half Wabash led, 13 to 11. The home players tied the score a few moments later. Gilfillan made a free throw and the Gold and Blue took a one-point lead. Notre Dame fought hard, holding the heavier opponents to a standstill, but lack of weight and the injuries sustained soon began to tell. The opponents rallied and their effective shooting netted them winning points.

Gilfillan effectively stopped his man at centre, while Captain Bahan played his usual good game at forward, starring in the offensive.

NOTRE DAME (26)

Brandy, Bader R. F.
Bahan (C) L. F.
Gilfillan C.
Stine, Vohs, Hayes R. G.
Smith L. G.

WABASH (34)

Grisme
Hunt
Etter
Burns

Baskets from floor—Brandy, 1; Bader, 2; Bahan, 4; Gilfillan, 2; Smith, 1; Grimes, 4; Hunt, 8. Free throws—Gilfillan, 4; Grimes, 2. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Cook, of Indiana.

DEPAUW 39; NOTRE DAME 23.

Notre Dame's crippled basketball squad proved no match for the strong aggregation representing DePauw University in a game played here Tuesday afternoon, in which the Gold and Blue suffered the fourth defeat of the season by the score of 39 to 23. At no stage of the game did our team threaten the visitors, although in the second period Notre Dame braced and the rally netted some points. DePauw, to whom state honors are practically conceded, gave the best exhibition in basketball seen here this season. The visitors entered the contest in excellent condition, whereas our players were still suffering from bruises and injuries sustained in Saturday's battle against the "Little Giants" from Wabash.

Carlisle and Cannon led their team-mates with their accurate throws. The home men made one attempt after the other to check the opponents. Although the downstaters had a big lead, the home team refused to give up and fought desperately to the end. Brandy, still suffering from a bad blow received in Saturday's game, entered the contest towards the end and made two fine baskets. Stine played hard, but was soon forced to retire, Pearson taking his place. He also fell a victim of Wabash's rough playing, suffering a fractured rib. Though Captain Bahan's weak ankle gave him much trouble, he played a fine game.

Our only player in condition to play was Gilfillan, at centre. He acquitted himself most creditably by collecting thirteen points, in which he was ably assisted by "Chick" Bader.

Summary:

DEPAUW (39)

Cannon R. F.
Carlisle, Gibson L. F.
Miller, Moffett C.
Billingsley R. G.
W. Smith L. G.

NOTRE DAME (23)

Bader, Brandy
Bahan, Vohs
Gilfillan
Smith, Stine, Pearson
Hayes

Baskets from floor—Cannon, 5; Carlisle, 6; Miller, 4; Moffett, Billingsley, Gilfillan, 4; Bader, 2; Brandy, 2; Bahan. Free throws—Billingsley, 5; Gilfillan, 5. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Cook, of Indiana.

Letters from Soldiers.

Contrexeville, France,
November 26, 1918.

Mr. Charles Cavanaugh,
Salem, Ohio, U. S. A.

My dear Father:

For the first time I can head my letter with the name of the little village in the Vosges Mountains in which we are stationed. Perhaps it may be interesting to you if I begin from the time when we left the States and tell you where I have been during this last year.

As well as I remember, it was on December the 15th, 1917, that we steamed out of New York harbor on the former German ship the *Vaterland*, re-named by the United States the *Leviathan*. We were eight days in coming across, and had a very fine voyage. We were accompanied by a convoy only the last two days of the journey; the rest of the time we were speeding along alone. Our unit was quartered on deck G, the first one above water. I had an easy job in the aft dispensary, which was on deck E. It was fine up there, except that one would not know that he was on a ship, she rode so easily. She was like a floating hotel.

We arrived at Liverpool on the 24th of December, left the ship the next morning, and had a fine trip across England to Southampton, where we arrived about midnight, dead tired and hungry, for we had marched several miles with heavy packs. We woke up not too merry on Christmas morning, and ventured out into the frigid atmosphere, which was, I think, below zero. Outside our tent there were a few holly trees, the only thing near to remind one that it was Christmas. Needless to say, there were not many merry Christmases wished that morning. And the Christmas dinner that was served in that English rest camp! We had stew, potatoes with the skins on, bread, and tea. That afternoon we went down to Southampton. It was very cold and we almost froze, but it was Christmas, and we tried to celebrate it.

We left the next day, crossing the Channel by night, and landing at Havre, France, early the next morning. We then went to another English rest camp, so-called, where we stayed only two days. Sunday morning about 4 o'clock we were loaded on box-cars, and rode until Tuesday noon, getting colder all the time. It was snowing and very cold, and there was no way of heating the car. We had no stove, and when we tried to build a fire on the floor of the car, we almost smoked ourselves out. I spent my birthday in that way, and it was one I shall remember for a while. Our train moved at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour and stopped about every five miles. On New Year we arrived here at Contrexeville, dirty, hungry, and almost frozen. There are in the town about fifteen large summer hotels, which we are using as hospital buildings. There are two Bases here, Nos. 31 and 32. The force in the latter is from Indianapolis.

Well, nothing of very great interest happened in my domain until I went away on detached service. I was with Lieutenant-colonel Sherbondy, attached to an evacuation hospital a few miles south of Verdun. I was in Verdun, and had a very interesting time knocking around among the ruins there. The city certainly is in ruins. I don't think there is a house in or near the city that has not been hit more than once. It was only by the most heroic effort

that the French kept the city from being surrounded and cut off from supplies.

While up there we were stationed just over the hill from General Pershing's headquarters, which was then at Souilly. Near us also was a large aviation field, a large prison camp, an engineers' dump, a railway head, and a food supply. You see we were in a rather interesting spot. Behind us were two anti-aircraft batteries, that had occasion to let loose several times when Jerry came over dropping "pills" or taking pictures.

We were in close touch with the St. Mihiel and the last great drive. The Americans had a difficult job in this last smash, but it was only right that they should take it, for they were fresh and had plenty of "pep." The fighting was heavy up to the very last day, even to the last hour in some places. We could follow the fighting easily, for we could plainly hear the barrage which our artillery was sending over to Fritz. About two days after the armistice was signed we returned to the Base. I might add that if Fritz had not surrendered when he did, we were all ready up there to give him the hardest jolt he ever felt. On our way back here we spent a day in Paris.

So we are back here, guessing when we shall go home. My guess is that we shall get there by St. Patrick's day; if we are lucky, it may be before that. We have some thousand patients here now, but we could evacuate them all on very short notice, if we only got the notice.

To-day is Thanksgiving. Our turkey did not arrive, because of the delayed transportation, but we shall have one big "feed" when it does come. We had a good dinner, anyhow: roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, creamed cauliflower, pumpkin pie, bread, and cake. It is not cold here yet, but very damp and muddy.

Well, Dad, as this letter is assuming the proportions of a book, I think I had better stop, and save something for the next one. Wishing you all a most happy Christmas, and a good appetite, I am,

Your loving son,

Pvt. John Cavanaugh.

Basé Hospital 31,
A. P. O. 732, A. E. F., France.

American E. F., France,
November 16, 1918.

My dear Father:

This is one letter to you which I do not enjoy writing, for the subject with which it is concerned is not of the pleasantest. However, it will prove to you that the gold star which has probably by this time replaced the white one on your service flag can be proudly pointed to; only last night I learned that "Jerm" is dead; that he was killed in action while carrying out his orders.

I will tell you the whole story. One of the other captains in the Supply Train is Captain Haggerty and he has a younger brother who is a lieutenant in the 59th Infantry. Yesterday this Lieut. Haggerty arrived here on leave and he is the one who has told me of Jerry's death.

By some coincidence Jerry and young Haggerty from the 58th and 59th regiments, respectively, were appointed aides to General Booth. That was after the battle of Chateau-Thierry where Jerm was reported as wounded on the 18th of July. That report was certainly erroneous, as Haggerty was with "Jerm" when the two of them read the casualty lists as printed in the States. At any rate, during all the intense fighting on the Argonne front Jerry

and Haggerty were together and acted as liaison officers for the General. According to Haggerty, they both got through some very difficult going unharmed and considered themselves very lucky, as there were many casualties in our forces there. Jerry received his promotion to captain's rank about the 1st of October when the division went into action at Verdun. It was about the 12th that Jerry, then liaison officer for his regiment, was carrying on a very heavy artillery bombardment. He was evidently executing some perilous task when he was struck by a high-explosive shell and killed instantly. That he understood well the danger of his task is evident from the fact that when his body was found he had a crucifix clutched in his hand, and from the nature of the hit it was plain that death was instantaneous and that he could not have got the crucifix after being struck.

Jerry died a soldier and a Catholic, and although his loss is most keenly felt by all of us, you will, I know, be greatly consoled in knowing that he soldiered and died as a Murphy should—in the performance of his duty and for the good and glory of his country.

Thus, the manner in which I have heard of Jerry's death is very strange indeed. I presume you will have heard of it before you get this letter. The grim reality of war is vividly impressed upon us when some one from home is taken away. But it is something that can not be helped, and we must simply shoulder our burden and smile.

I am in the best of health and "going good," but I don't know what is on the boards for us. I shall close with a prayer for Jerm.

Your son,

(Captain) James E. Murphy.

Company F, 113 Supply Train.

American E. F., France
November 22, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:

We have been stationed at this one place since we stopped travelling, and now that peace is almost assured, we are thinking that since we have not become proficient linguists in the French language it may turn out that we might better have spent the little time we have had for study in learning the German alphabet. However, I shall say that—thanks to the efforts of Father McNamee and poor Father Fitte away back in my Notre Dame days—I have found that I had sufficient foundation in French to make myself understood and also to "get the gist" of what the French were saying at such times as I could persuade them to "throw their tongues into low gear."

I have had a chance to travel around a little. I have visited the seat of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy and have gone through the art museum which is part of their ancient palace, and which, as an art centre, is said in France to be second only to that in Paris. There are in it several works of the old masters, including "The Descent from the Cross" by Rubens.

On Sunday I stopped at the little village of Domremy, and visited the cottage where Joan of Arc lived, and also the old church across the street in which she worshipped. I then went up the mountain to the beautiful basilica that is erected on the spot where she watched her sheep and had the vision. The spire of the church is supposed to be over the exact spot; under it is a group of statuary, representing Joan kneeling and listening to the voices. Behind her is St. Michael, with St. Margaret and St. Gertrude

on either side of him. There are two chapels in the building: the lower one is a memorial to all the soldiers who have died for France, and the upper is the Chapel of Joan. In the latter are several paintings showing the principal epochs in her career, beginning with "The Voices" and ending with "The Burning at Rouen."

I have always been alert to discover any Notre Dame men I might find over here. One of them, a Captain O'Hara, who, I believe, went from Notre Dame to a training camp, looked me up the other day. I was very glad to meet him. From him I learned that there was a Lieut. ——— here of the law class of 1911. I took special pains to find him but had only myself to thank for my trouble, for he was, I might say, about as enthusiastic as if I had spoken to him of the University of Heidelberg. I have my doubts now as to whether he would know which of the two I mentioned to him.* Pardon that pen-scratch, Father, but my thoughts were ahead of my pen. After meeting a Notre Dame man with such an attitude it surely is a pleasure to run into one like O'Hara.

I hope, Father, the "flu" has not reached Notre Dame. Remember me to all, and tell Professor Maurus that I have not forgotten that I owe him a letter. With best wishes for your health, I am, Sincerely,

(Captain) Thomas Donnelly.

Company A, 48th Reg. T. C., A. P. O. 712.

*[Editor's note.—We have learned that the young man referred to above owes the University \$639.44.]

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

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

Your letter was like a gift from heaven. It was handed to me in a dark, cold, damp dugout near the front, and I have read it several times. Sorry indeed was I to hear of the death of such good fellows as O'Laughlin and the others. Today I noticed Arnold McInerny's name in the casualty list. Father, it is of no use for me to try to describe the ravages of this horrid struggle. When a fellow goes out into No Man's Land he finds himself face to face with fearful realities, and death is nothing more than a portal to a peaceful life.

I went to Confession and to Holy Communion about three weeks ago. A young French chaplain heard my confession and I received Holy Communion in a battered French church while the big pieces were belching death just outside.

It certainly was news to me to hear about your summer school; I know that I shall have to take a summer course when this is all over. One of my lieutenants formerly sold Bausch & Lomb instruments to Father Maguire; he is an exceptionally fine fellow. Father, you will pardon me if it is too much to ask you that I get a Scholastic occasionally; also kindly save for me a 1917 and a 1918 Dome, for if I am lucky enough to get back they will be a source of much pleasure to me. I guarantee that if I could only be at Notre Dame tonight I would not "skive" to town. Here I have weasels and rats for bedfellows, but what can a fellow expect if he wants to do his bit in "licking" the Hun, as every "Yank" in France is determined to do. Although the boys want to get back, there is not, Father, a single Sammy on this side of the water who wants to see the statue of Liberty until he is sure that her symbolism is vindicated.

I met Pete Yearns and Heine Slatcher last week; they

are over here with the Engineers and the Signal Corps respectively. I received a letter from Joe McKenna, who is still in the States. My oldest sister is now on the staff at one of the base hospitals, and with my brother John and I "in it" I think that the Ovington family is trying to "do its bit."

Well, Father, my time is up. There is something I have to do now, the nature of which I cannot tell you. Please pardon my writing and spelling, for I am writing this under difficulties, and believe me, Father, when I say that I would take a hundred "exams" from Professor Maurus to be out of this. Please remember me in your prayers and ask the head-Sister in the kitchen if she remembers the fellow that gave her the American Beauties for her altar. Good night, Father, and good luck.

Sincerely yours,

Bob Ovington.

Hdqrs. Del. 308 Engineers.

Summit Hill, Pennsylvania,
January 29, 1919

Dear Father Maloney:

Since I left Notre Dame I have lost all trace of my school friends and chums. I have not received the SCHOLASTIC this year and would be glad if you would send it to me. I do not intend to be stationed here permanently, but I am always sure of having my mail forwarded to me.

I was discharged from the Coast Artillery as second lieutenant on January 13, after spending seventeen months in the service—ten as electrical sergeant and seven as second lieutenant. Within that time I was sent from coast to coast, but was not chosen for overseas service until the armistice had been signed, and then I had one foot on land and the other on the boat. It seems good to get back into the "civies," and I hope that I shall not have to don the khaki again.

The war has made a great many changes and afforded many surprises, and of course I had to give my parents one. Just four months ago I was married to a little "French" girl, Catherine A. O'Neill, of New York City. You never can tell, Father, but that some future day may find another "Wild-Irish" Breslin at Notre Dame.

Give my regards to Professor Benitz, Professor Caparo, and to all whom I may know.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Breslin, '17.

Headquarters 58th Infantry,
American Expeditionary Forces,
Germany, December 11, 1918.

From: Max B. Garber, Lieut. Colonel, 58th Infantry.

To: The President, Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Subject: Forwarding of letter.

It is requested that the enclosed letter addressed to Mr. C. J. Murphy, Bridgeport, Connecticut, be forwarded to him. His street number is not known to us.

(signed) Max B. Garber.

4th Division, A. E. F., France,

Mr. C. J. Murphy,

December 10, 1918.

Bridgeport, Connecticut.

My dear Mr. Murphy:

Your cablegram making inquiry regarding the death

of your son, Captain Jeremiah E. Murphy, was received by me on December 8th. The date is not given in the cablegram, but I believe that the cablegram was received in Paris on November 18th. The delay is occasioned by the fact that cablegrams are sent to us from Paris by mail. We did not receive mail for the first fifteen or sixteen days after starting on the march into Germany.

Upon promotion from 1st lieutenant to captain, Captain Murphy went to the 58th Infantry, as a brigadier general is not allowed a captain as an aide. He was assigned and was acting regimental adjutant at the time of his death. I am not familiar with all the details, but I understand that he was killed by a shell while en route from the regimental headquarters to one of the battalion headquarters to give some instructions regarding future action.

I am handing your cablegram to the commanding officer of the 58th Infantry, who may be able to find who was with or near Captain Murphy at the time he was killed. It is probable, however, that no one actually saw it, because all those who were with him were probably either killed or wounded at the same time. However, as above stated, I am not familiar with all the details.

Captain Murphy served as my aide from the time I joined the brigade until about three or four days before his death. I had become much attached to him and regretted exceedingly losing him as an aide, but, of course, could not be so selfish as to stand in his way of promotion. He rendered me excellent service and I shall always remember him in the most kindly way.

Very sincerely,

(signed) E. E. Booth.

Copy to C. O. 58th Infantry,

Requesting him to answer the letter.

58th U. S. Infantry,
Germany, December 11, 1918.

Mr. C. J. Murphy,

Bridgeport, Connecticut.

My dear Mr. Murphy:

Shortly after your son, Captain Jeremiah E. Murphy, was transferred to this regiment we went into action. Captain Murphy was acting regimental adjutant, and went from the regimental P. G., to the advanced battalion P. G. to carry a message concerning the relief.

The shell fire was extremely heavy, and the night dark. One runner accompanied him. A piece of shell struck him, entering his breast just below the heart. He died instantly, with his Rosary in his hand. Lieutenant Palmer went to him as soon as the runner brought the news and secured his purse and other valuables.

Captain Murphy was buried in the southern edge of the Bois-de-Fays, in the Argonne, one mile north of Montfaucon.

Captain Murphy has proven himself to be a very able officer and had endeared himself to everyone in the regiment. The regiment joins me in sincerest expression of sympathy.

Most sincerely,

(signed) Max B. Garber,

Lieut. Colonel, 58th Infantry.

Safety Valve.

This time next year your liquid glance
Is all that will be wet,
Then drink to me only with thine eyes
And Oh! What a jag I'll get.

The Safety Valve has organized a basketball team in order to accept the challenge of Ring Lardner's Pretty Name team. The game will be staged in the Boat House on Saint Patrick's Day. Our menu is as follows:

Most Foward Forwards.

Thurmand Fabian Mudd and Linden Virden Berra.

Gullible Guards.

Policarpo Constantino Valdivia.

Alfred Lyndon Roswell Bryce.

Collapsible Center.

Colonel Pardou Pearl Hershel Myers.

A training table has been provided in the natatorium where workouts will be held three times per diem.

A LA TYPEWRITER.

BRO. CYPRIAN: "Can you use the touch system?"

SHORTHAND: "Sure! I've used it on Dad for years."

Rubber Stamps: "Got any more good ones."

RUMMY (*edging towards door*). "If '2 and 1' is shoe polish and '3 and 1' is oil, what is '4 and 1'?"

RUM (*caressing a paper weight*): "I'll bite. What is it?"

RUMMY (*softly closing door*). "Five."

After seeing the sub-title on the film that some things are "first abhorred, then endured and finally embraced," we heard a Corby Haller remark that he used to hate South Bend girls.

HISTORY PROF: "What state is the Rock Island Arsenal in, Mr. Monk?"

MONK: "I don't know. It's government property."

REMEMBRANCE.

If you should die to-night dear girl
I should not crave a lock of hair
As a remembrance of our love,
Nor should I want the gloves you wear;
But through the mourners would I steal
And softly lift the silken pall
And whisper in your silent ear
"Dear girl I'd like to have your gall.
The gloves and veil and scarf you have
Are much like other maidens wear,
And when a score of years have passed
One might forget your nut brown hair;
But though a thousand years rolled by
Your own sweet self would I recall,
If on the street I chanced to meet
Another maid who had your gall.

With the audience clubbed into submission and his gas mask adjusted, Mr. Wilhe Howell will render N. D's favorite ballad: "Oh How I Hate To Get Up From The Table." The Badin Hall sextet (formerly Badin Track Team) will also gargle: "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows."

FAT.

The girls all said Genette was *stout*
Her chums proclaimed her *plump*,
Her teachers all agreed she was
Well packed to stand a bump;
Her uncle called her *corpulent*
Her father *bouncing* brat,
The fellows dubbed her *husky* Gen,
But I'll say she was *fat*.

Like measles she was breaking out
Of dresses thick and thin,
No corset that was ever made
Could hope to hold her in,
And yet folks called her *portly*, *large*,
And other names like that,
She may have seemed *obese* to them
But I'll say she was *fat*.

Owing to the press of urgent business the Obituary Column has been forced to suspend publication for this week. A Kolumn of Queer Queries will take its place however. Dean Fitzgerald suggests the following answer as a leader.

"If your wife doesn't drink—liquor?" Local undertakers are asked to bid for the mangled remains.

Since the Walsh Hallers have adopted the style of hair cut now in vogue in Joliet, the proverbial "Bald-Headed Row" at the Orpheum has become an actuality.

LONESOMENESS.

I have heard of lonesome people living on a desert isle
Where the grey sky was the only friend they knew,
From the dawn of day till evening they were never
known to smile

Is it any wonder hearts like these were blue;
Yet it seems to me the saddest souls that ever yet were
born

The most lonesome little waifs that ever grew,
Are a boy without a sweetheart and a girl without a
corn

For they really haven't anything to do.

If a laddie has a lassie he will strive the whole day
through

Just to please the little girl he calls his own,
And a girlie with an aggravating corn is busy too,
She is never really said to be alone.

They are working, striving, toiling, doing deeds both
night and morn.

And they find the daylight hours all too few,
But a boy without a sweetheart and a girl without a
corn—

Well, they really haven't anything to do.