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To Washington: An Ode.

BY JAMES H. MCDONALD, '19.

HARK, there is a new note singing in the air
As of a lone bird telling the long night's end,
Look, upon the hill's dark edges, where
Morning by morning the crimson light
Like a returning bird doth slow descend
And hold the mountain 'neath his burning wing.
Now comes a youthful host of marching men,
League upon league along their ranks they sing
This song,
Remembering,
Proud and strong,
The call of love in cities far and dear;
As morning rises white and clear—
A tide of sunshine on the shores of night:

"America, the sons of your delight,
We come from fields where hang the damps of death,
And in our eyes the glory of the fight,
A song of matchless victory on our breath;
We sing the overthrow of man's dark hate,
The might, the sway, the mastery of God,
Of morning at the East's gold barréd gate,
Of April moulding daisies from the sod,
Of battles nobly lost and nobly won;
A living homage to our Washington.

"Queen of the West, lift up your eyes and see,
This day behold the image of your might,
Your head is myrtled with the dawn's dim light;
The ranging roadways of your destiny,
Through untrod acres of the boundless skies
Lead to the golden cities of the sun;
O Daughter of our delight, lift up your eyes,
Behold the glory of this Washington,
And weave our days and laughter into song
For one so fair, so exquisitely strong.

"You are the uncrowned king of all our days,
O prince estated of all time's esteem,
Contriving in your wonderful, fair ways
The poor, oppressed and captured to redeem.

You are beholden in your great, gray ships
On far-flung waters plying down the tide,
The word of right like dew upon your lips,
Or javelin of lightning at your side;
Warrior you are, God's little ones your prize,
His holy wrath reflected in your eyes.

"You are immortal in your valiant sons,
Whose number is as stars upon the sea,
Whose radiant blood in Flemish poppies runs,
Whose dark eyes met the flaming cavalry
At Rouge Bouquet and in the dense Argonne.
You fashioned well a nationhood of light,
Fair and victorious from a small seed grown,
Who are yourself the winner of the fight.
In thee, may no coming age forget
The Spartan and the Galilean met.

"The shade be on the poppy and the rose,
And the low light linger darkly in the glen,
May each white star its glowing petals close,
And no laughter be upon the hearts of men;
The wandering earth be truant to the sun,
When these your sons be faithless to your knee,
When we forget, forget you, Washington.
No lark may skyward lift his ecstasy,
The day be passed, our glass of time be run,
When we forget, forget you, Washington.

"Peace, peace, America, each havening hill,
Your prairies and your primrosed valleys sing,—
'Father and gracious friend, be with us still,
Your kindly grace and calm eye hallowing
Ways that are sweet, American, and free.'
And here God grant that days be long and fair
On city, hill and plain, from sea to sea,
That Liberty inhabit this blue air,
Kindling in a thousand places holy fires,
Quickening in young breasts high white desires,
Making each worthy to be named your son,
That we may not forget you, Washington.

The German Naval Surrender.

(A reply to a rejoinder.)

REJOINDERS are delicate forms of argument which only the most skilled should venture, for they are extremely liable to degenerate into mere vaporings, or blatant expositions of some irrelevant phase of the thesis criticized. Most of them are blows struck at shadows, since they often create the position which they then proceed laboredly to demolish. The rejoinder published in last week's SCHOLASTIC is no exception to the rule.

It begins with a misapprehension, drifts into irrelevance, and closes with some flourishes of abuse. The criticized article was not a "defense" of any motive; it merely advanced the hypothesis that the surrender of the German fleet might have been prompted by humanitarian principles. "The red-blooded gentleman of Europe, the Spaniard," was not "compared to the vermin of the earth," but the Spanish dash for freedom at Santiago was likened to the dash of a cornered rat, because that is the way the most graphic pen-picture of that battle, "The Derelict" by Richard Harding Davis, described the coming out of the Spanish fleet.

The criticism construed as a eulogy what was a mere statement of fact concerning the brief war-record of the German fleet, and then proceeded to lavish praise upon the British navy, which is not only bad taste in coming from an American, but extremely poor argument, for exaggeration is a weak lance to tilt even against a windmill. The critic declares that "the safety . . . of America . . . depended for three and a half years on this supremacy of England," and that else "the seven seas would have been at the mercy of the German birds of prey." Where was the British navy when cruisers like the *Karlsruhe* and *Emden*, and submarines like the *Deutschland*, were slipping in and out of American harbours at will in the days when American neutrality backed by the American navy kept our shores inviolate? There is a great deal too much harping in certain circles in this country upon the part England's navy played in the protection of America before we entered the war. When we were neutral, we asked no nation's aid in preserving that neutrality. When we declared war, our navy went to the

aid of Britain's navy, our troops to the succoring of her troops, not vice versa. The critic asserts that England's navy took our troops to France. Here again the typical fault of the rejoinder appears. In nine cases out of ten a rejoinder is no more than irascibility speaking *ex cathedra*. The present one is evidently not the tenth case. The Navy Department has announced that the American navy convoyed more than three-fourths of all the American troops to France.

It is mere bosh to say "had it not been for the British navy American soldiers would still be dying on the fields of France." When the British armies had, as General Haig put it officially, "their backs to the wall," what turned the tide of battle? The British navy? No—American troops convoyed to France by the American navy succored the British. Could the British navy effectually cope with the submarine menace? Again, no. The weekly ratio of U-boat victories steadily increased until the American fleets joined in the struggle and then only did the permanent decline begin. The submarine would have starved England if the American navy had not saved the situation.

The irrelevance which rejoinders seemingly cannot avoid also appears in this criticism. The critic dogmatizes thus: "Bolshevism is anarchy. Let just no man speak for it. . . ." The good or bad of Bolshevism had no part in the original article, but that did not matter to the indignant critic. He cannot be bothered by such nice distinctions as that between Bolshevism, a government by the proletariat, and anarchy, a negation of government.

The original article offered as food for thought the hypothesis that the surrender of the German fleet might have been actuated by a desire to express faith in the brotherhood of man. But the critic with crushing finality, probably based upon some esoteric personal information, utterly denies to this hypothesis any possibility whatever in reality. The peroration, after applying epithets like "uneducated brutes" and the like, declares in effect, with all the certainty of an oracle, that no good will ever come out of Germany. Rejoinders to be successful must be based upon a superior knowledge of the facts of the case, coupled with a temperament which will be content to let these facts speak for themselves and a judicial frame of mind which will not mistake sentiment for sense, and epithet for argument.—G. D. HALLER.

Washington Day at Notre Dame.

The true patriot not only loves his country but also reveres the founders and friends of his country. Hence the expression of patriotism to-day throughout our land in honor of the character and services of the great Washington, to whom we are indebted for so much. It is a cherished tradition of the students of Notre Dame to assemble on the birthday of this Father of our Country in the hall that bears his name to pay homage to his memory and to perpetuate him as an exemplar in their minds and hearts. And it will continue to be traditional so long as patriotism is esteemed a virtue. Perhaps there has been no more opportune time in the history of our country for applying the principles set forth by our first president.

From the flaming torch of freedom in America the lamp of liberty has been lighted over all the world. The principles which animated Washington have greatly influenced the world at war.

This year Washington's birthday is saddened and at the same time made so much more significant in the appearance of the gold stars that sanctify our service flag, the gold stars in memory of the heroic sons who have gone to join the immortal Washington while fighting in defense of the principles he formulated.

The program of the day began at nine o'clock in the morning when the members of the Senior Class in cap and gown marched into Washington Hall. The University Orchestra played the opening selection, after which the audience, led by the Glee Club, sang "The Star Spangled Banner." In words most appropriate to the occasion, George Dewey Haller, senior journalist, and president of the senior class, in the name of the class, and in keeping with the old custom, presented to the University a large American flag:

The Presentation of the Flag is a sacred and venerable custom at Notre Dame, and many graduating classes have on this day in years gone by testified to their loyalty and devotion to that banner in the most eloquent and moving phrases that love could fashion. It is an inspiring thought to imagine that the spirit of those speeches is somewhere preserved as an immortal bouquet to that deathless Flag. And in a true sense the spirit of love and loyalty which those words, however fitting, did but dimly reveal, still has its being within our hearts.

But it was not given us merely to cherish noble sentiments; the Flag was threatened and it became our high privilege to offer our lives in its defense. Though but few of us were called to make the supreme sacrifice, it

is still the proud boast of the class of 1919, that there was not one among us who faltered in his devotion, not one who has turned aside from the path of duty.

On this day in past years the observance of this custom has afforded the occasion for the consecration of the graduating class to those sublime principles which the American flag represents. But this year the class comes already consecrated beyond the power of our words, already dedicated by a record of service offered and deeds accomplished in defense of those principles. Here it is only possible to promise that our lives shall be ever faithful to the consecration even now consummated. We accept this responsibility in a mood fitting it. It is a grave obligation, the duty of so living and acting as never to prove false to the ideals which the American Flag symbolizes for the whole world. The blood of our brothers who died in this war has served to ennoble that banner in the eyes of all mankind; but they will all have died in vain if we who remain do not carry on the work they have begun. Hence it is in a new spirit, in the determination to prove worthy of a dedication sealed by service, that the class of 1919 approaches its privilege today.

We are proud to take our place in the succession of classes for the perpetuation of a custom so singularly emblematic of the whole history and aspirations of this old school, of a tradition which symbolizes in the gift all that is noble and beautiful in American life, and which reveals in the practice the unvarying devotion to country which has always characterized the University of Notre Dame.

In keeping with this precious tradition, we, the members of the class of 1919, have gathered here today to present to the University our class banner, the American Flag, as an earnest of the loyalty in service which we pledge our country. And we ask you, Reverend Father, to accept it on behalf of the University as a token of our gratitude and as a sign of our appreciation of the debt we owe our Fair Mother.

Father Matthew Schumacher, Director of Studies, replied on the part of the University with the following speech of acceptance:

I believe it is customary after a battle to have a roll call, the ranking officer, commissioned or non-commissioned, to do the honors. What is left of the Class of '19, a class that would have been the banner class of the University in normal times, has gathered after the battle to continue a praiseworthy custom of long standing. The University accepts with as much affection and will treasure with as much care the flag you present this day as if it were the offering of a legion. Were it presented by one only, it would still be the flag.

A year ago the nation was busy preparing to take an active part in the Great War and there was much speculation as to the future. To-day there is the return of a victorious host and there is much speculation as to the future. The scene changes more or less frequently in the life of a nation, but the big problems remain. A year ago, it was military efficiency, speedy termination of the war; to-day, it is social efficiency, speedy solution of the problems of reconstruction. How is one to meet these varied conditions? Man and nation must have guiding principles that

will admit of safe and just application. The principles must be ready for use, clearly defined, fully accepted—for even then, their application will tax the wisdom, the ingenuity, and the patience of the fully enlightened and the properly disposed.

These last few years we have been hearing much about justice, right, duty, truth, liberty, ideals in general. These fruitful concepts are supposed to be especially prominent in a democracy, for in a democratic form of government the individual seems to enjoy most opportunity for their exercise, the opportunity to transmute them into dependable action.

President Wilson at the Formal Acceptance of the Lincoln Memorial, built over the Log-Cabin Birthplace, characterized the purpose of democracy in these words: "The hopes of mankind can not be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women, willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us." There is a danger in a democracy that men are unduly impressed by its privileges and opportunities while forgetting its just and necessary commands. Its blessings we are all ready to receive and are ever looking for more, but we are not always as mindful as we might be of the duties that are demanded to insure a continuation of these blessings. There are times, however, when men are forced to halt in their ordinary pursuits and to take stock of the motives that influence their conduct and to consider anew the big purposes of life. It is curious, and, at the same time, gratifying to note how readily the great motive powers of life come to the surface at these critical times and are ready to do service. If affairs should ever come to such a pass that men could not readily respond to the call of what is best or would not respond, then one might justly doubt the continuance of cherished institutions. I believe almost every one in our day will pay tribute to the reawakening of noble ideals within him, to a new meaning attaching to these ideals and a readiness to give all that is demanded by them. We are now ready to accept the statement, in a practical sense, that 'the commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous', and we are ready to transmute these commands into life and action—first into our own lives and actions, and then into the life and action of society.

We find among the many ideals that influence conduct two that stand out rather strikingly; they are expressed in the motto of our country *Pro Deo et Patria*, for God and country. These two strong forces operate in the life of every right-thinking and right-living man, the force of religion and the force of patriotism; a love for that Being who fashioned the universe, who sustains it and before whom all men and all nations will one day stand, and a love for that country symbolized by its flag which shelters and protects those who are fortunate enough to live under its folds and who are ready to meet its call at any

time. The God of Battles, the Lord of Hosts can not relinquish His right to the allegiance of all things existing, for they came forth from His beneficent hand, man and nation alike, and they will all return to His final roll call, man and nation alike. History has shown rather conclusively that a nation stands or a nation falls in the light of these two forces. They are not so much two distinct powers as really two aspects of one all-dominating thought or force. They were never intended really to be viewed apart, and where conditions are normal they spring from one only source. When they are separated or divorced some unhallowed influence has been at work, some individual or some organization, misguided or self-seeking, has brought about the undesirable result. Their union, based on the nature of things and sanctioned by the Author of nature, gives rise to a nation's ideals, for when men and nations have a correct starting point the ideals that shape their destinies are bound to be true, ennobling, and lead to a happy fruition. I have always felt that it ought to be a matter of pride to the American mind to realize how closely these two ideals have ever been associated in the utterances of our public men and in our history. And, incidentally, we find this same association of God and country running through practically all of our literature. I mean particularly the authors that have found their place in the recognized history of American Literature.

Note the presence of these ideals at the beginning of our history. In the Declaration of Independence you find a direct appeal to the God of the universe to justify the action of the colonists who were about to take their first step in self-government and to base their claims upon principles as eternal as God Himself. That men themselves have a definite place in creation, that certain very specific rights belong to them as individuals, such as, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that nature wishes to give a large and a generous opportunity to all men, were ideas basic in the Declaration of Independence. This striking declaration was one calculated to startle mankind, at that time at least, and in the sense that this declaration was to be made the basis of a government under which men could live. Here was sown the seed of our existence as a nation and here was the fundamental idea to which we were ready to commit ourselves. But, like every idea that claims much for itself, it had to be tried out; if it stood the test, then the founders of the republic had acted wisely. I need not remind you that the nation was willing to meet the test, for it offered the best it had to make this idea a reality. But there came a time in the history of our country when we had to declare anew our allegiance to that idea, and then a second time great sacrifice was called for, perhaps the greatest sacrifice that any nation can ever be called upon to make, for we had upon us the Civil War. But the nation was ready for the second test; and though many lives of her devoted sons were sacrificed, these sacrifices bore testimony that the nation held the inspiring thought of the builders of the republic in true regard. The last splendid response, still fresh in our memories, gives comforting assurance for the future. The Revolutionary War gave us freedom as a nation, the Civil War gave us a union of states,

the Great War has given us a people united in sentiment and devotion.

That our part in maintaining a continuance of the good things we have received be rightfully carried out, our attitude towards present-day conditions ought to be inspired by a proper understanding of the lofty principles enunciated and a faithful carrying out of the same. These principles are found notably in the Declaration of Independence, in the Farewell Address of Washington, the Gettysburg Address, and other statements of Lincoln.

These documents are storehouses of wisdom for the welfare of the nation, and we should do well to hearken to them, to assimilate them, so as not to be turned aside by the untried theories or the dangerous experiments of men who in some cases lack political insight, and in some cases are more interested in their own advancement than in the prosperity of the country. The great ideal that is held up in these documents, and which it has been our privilege to enjoy is the possession of liberty. We are a nation 'conceived in liberty.' Liberty is the power of choice, but that power of choice must be exercised under the guidance of an enlightened mind, a mind knowing the value of things, otherwise it will bring harm to the individual and to those associated with him. This enlightenment does not come merely from the information we have regarding the world in which we live; its material resources and possibilities; the history of nations; the betterment of physical conditions only; but it embraces enlightenment in moral and religious matters. These are more closely identified with men and nations than material prosperity, and our choice is of value only when resting on a correct estimate of these factors.

This truth was clear to the mind of Washington, the close relation between national prosperity and religion and morality, that religion and morality could not be separated, and that the morals of the nation can be quite safely estimated by its religious tone. He says: "Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle." "Of all dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports." "In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. . . . A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity."

"We have paid dearly for our liberty; we have estimated it highly, and justly so. That the treasures offered to secure it may not have been squandered we must never accept a definition of liberty that is one with license nor such an abridgment of liberty that is virtual bondage. License is selfishness of the lowest type; it is a quality that never rests easily on a man; it is discreditable in every sense. Nothing is sacred in its eyes: civic freedom, economic security, religious belief and practice are ruthlessly overthrown. Authority is dethroned, anarchy and utter chaos darken the land. It breaks away from all restraints and ruin is its goal. On the other hand we must beware

of undue encroachments on liberty from whatever source. It must be clearly shown that a thing is against the common good in great measure before men can in justice be deprived of its use. When men deny a citizen, for instance, freedom in the matter of education and religion they are running counter to the concept of liberty, unless it can be conclusively shown that doctrines subversive of the welfare of the State are taught and practised. This must be shown, not presumed. Members of legislatures who introduce or support bills tending to deprive a large part of the American people of the right of educating their children as conscience dictates, especially when the result of that education is the finest type of American citizen, are not fitted by nature or training to represent a democratic people. They are either misinformed regarding the facts or they are malicious in their acts. Neither alternative is complimentary. It may be hoping for too much to expect men to be reasonable at all times, but that does not prevent us reminding public men that it is their sworn duty to be reasonable, to be just, and a gentle but continued insistence on our part may go a long way in helping them keep their oath of office and in not discrediting democracy. Nothing touches life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which are natural as well as constitutional rights, quite so intimately as interference with education and religion; for these make the man and the citizen. Watchfulness is the only guarantee of their security. We must watch and when occasion demands we must act. It is clear that no man has a right to deprive another of what belongs to him so fundamentally, but men have been unjust and there is sufficient reason in human nature to warrant unceasing vigilance. True liberty then means right choice; it means a proper regard for the restrictions that must be placed on men and nations if they are to get on at all. It means a knowledge of the moral and religious forces that enter into a man's life and the life of a nation and an ever-faithful harbouring and following of these forces. We are a nation 'conceived in liberty,' brought up in liberty, and "who," in the words of Washington, "that is a sincere friend to it (free government) can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?"

The early consecration of our nation to liberty and the ever-present determination to meet the obligations of the liberty that means so much for our own comfort and happiness is one of the best guarantees that this liberty is going to continue to dwell among us and is a powerful incentive for us to make ourselves worthy of that continuance by living in the spirit of those who made this consecration so prominent a part of our national existence. Its power is felt almost daily and with this feeling comes a renewed resolution to root it more firmly, if possible, in the minds and hearts of our people and to give it an abiding place in our national life. The splendid response to the 'commands of democracy' witnessed so recently, a response which we hope will be equally prominent in the trying months immediately ahead of us, is a very hopeful sign that the desire for liberty is still strong within us and that we stand ready with everything, time, money, service, life itself, to insure its

remaining with us. We all realize, I think, that if liberty goes there is not left enough in life that is worthy of our effort, much less of our devotion. Liberty is the one great blessing that a man will not give up if there is any possible way of his keeping it. Liberty, in the wide and proper sense, embracing true freedom of action for the individual, is the one blessing for which man is prepared to sacrifice everything.

On the 22nd of February, 1861, Lincoln happened into Independence Hall in Philadelphia. He had just dropped in to witness the ceremonies and with no thought of making an address. When his presence was discovered there was insistence that he speak. And then he gave us again the great message that filled his heart and his life, an absolute devotion to the principles guaranteed to all by our constitution, to that liberty which had become so important to the life of our nation. So strongly was he impressed by the consideration that these privileges must continue that he remarked: "I was about to say I would rather be assassinated than that these privileges should cease." Such is the power that liberty exerts over the heart of a right-thinking and a right-living man. Thus every one feels with Lincoln that "no man is good enough to govern another man without that man's consent." That has been the attitude of every true man from the beginning of time, and should be the attitude of every true man until the liberty the world now enjoys will pass over into the liberty of an unending day. Properly understood, the classical utterance of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death," expresses the sentiment of every man worthy of liberty.

What we desire and insist upon for ourselves as men we should be ready and willing to grant to all men. The present time is interesting from many points of view, but its chief interest comes from the fact that freedom is seeking expression the world over. We can truly say, the soul of the world is deeply stirred. From every corner of the globe goes up the cry for the unshackling of humanity so that man may live and grow, as God destined unto him, life and growth. Not in a single instance should that cry remain unanswered. Those who are unmindful of so just a claim never were true members of a democracy or else they have forfeited their right to speak of liberty or even think of the brotherhood of man. "The hopes of mankind can not be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society."

The flag you have just presented to the University means that you understand in a practical sense what it symbolizes. It guarantees to you true liberty, protection in your natural and constitutional rights, and you gladly pay for that privilege by your readiness to give the best that is in you at all times for the welfare of the nation. Whenever opportunity calls, in peace or in war, it means that you, like every true citizen, will be ready to transform the silver chevron of preparedness into the gold chevron of special achievement.

Another selection was played by the orchestra,

followed by the recitation of excerpts from "Washington's Farewell Address" by August Aloysius Van Wontenghen, Law '19. The audience then sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," after which James Harold McDonald, A. B. '19, paid tribute to the founder of our country in an ardent ode, whose very fancy is fact. Joseph Cyril McGinnis, Law '19, entertained the assembly with a solo, "The Americans Come," which, judging from the applause, was thoroughly appreciated by all.

A brief and eloquent speech on "Washington, Our Inspiration" was delivered by Edwin Walter Hunter, Ph. B. '19. The speaker made very clear his point that if Washington were alive to-day he would be fighting for the rights of small nations, and for a union of nations. The program closed with the chorus song, "Notre Dame"

T. J. HANIFIN.

Varsity Verse.

A BIRTHDAY.

(To Mother, Born February 22, 1872)

To-day the world in reverence bends
In memory of him, our Father,
I know there's hardly one attends
To yet an equal loss—my Mother.
She, too, was born this day,
Yet not one year has fled
Since she has passed away;
So I in reverence bow my head,
Uncovered, to the nation's dead.

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20

THE RED CROSS NURSE.

Out to the battle front I went
With many comrades, staunch and brave,
But one was ever by my side,
To her I bow, a willing slave.

And as I'd daily march along
Her image followed by my side,
To show me safely to my rest
And keep my feet in perfect stride.

So in that Land of Death I went,
Where men would die with gun in hand
Still fighting onward for her sake,
That lovely "Rose of No Man's Land."

CLARENCE W. BADER, '20.

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Board of Editors.

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GEORGE D. HALLER, '19

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PAUL SCOFIELD, '20

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THOMAS J. TOBIN, '20

To-day we commemorate the birth of Washington. Never before has the observance of the anniversary been fraught with such significance.

We look back upon the days of the Revolution with solemn reflection; we are aware that the country which Washington made possible stands before us in a clearer and holier light. The thoughts we form and the words we utter seem pregnant with an intensity of feeling not evident before. Since our country was first welded together with the words and deeds of her first president mighty ordeals have tried her soul. From the test of all time has she now come forth victorious, her sword yet trembling from her mighty blows. The stars upon her banner shine with a new glory; for the principles for which Washington labored and fought have conquered. The United States still stands powerful, vigorous, pulsating more than ever with national life. To-day we wander back and search for the footprints of her youth. Every ruin speaks; every battlefield is noble with its story. From Lexington and Valley Forge to Chateau-Thierry and Metz the spirit of Washington has been with us because we have been true to what he bequeathed us. He has bound the laurel of freedom around our country's brow; we must keep it forever fresh and sacred for it is our patrimony and that supreme gift with which our children shall be endowed.—T. F. H.

Probably no other great philanthropic work has been so slighted during the war time as the foreign missions. With the Government's constant plea for aid

Stand by the Missioners. and with the unparalleled prices of food

and clothing, we have forgot our bounden duty in this matter. During the years of the war we should have been more mindful than ever of this great cause. The missions have suffered greatly from loss of workers, from excessive expenses and from a pitiful lack of financial support. Our priests of Holy Cross, who are spending their lives in far-off India, are, among many others, pleading with us to help them. The Notre Dame man should respond promptly, heartily and generously. Let us now try to make up in some degree for the neglect. Every one in the University should contribute at least in a financial way to the evangelization of these neighbors on the other side of the world. A few cents in the hands of the foreign missionary may mean the salvation of a pagan soul. Surely we should be willing to stint ourselves somewhat in order to aid in a practical way the self-sacrificing missionaries. In doing so we shall be promoting the worthiest of causes, the spread of the Catholic Faith in foreign lands. Let us, therefore, especially during the season of Lent, lend every effort to this work. Even our mites may do great good, and in contributing them we may prove ourselves real Catholics and real men of Notre Dame.—T. C. D.

Prize Contest.

One thousand dollars is the prize offered by the National Industrial Conference Board for the best monograph on any one of several subjects in "Industrial Economics." The contest is open to all persons except members of the Board and those connected with the Board. Although the papers may be of any length, it is urged that they be not "unduly expanded." Special attention will be given to the English and to skill in exposition. The competitor must sign an assumed name to the manuscript, sending his real name and address in a sealed envelope superscribed with the pen-name, and the author's identity should in no way be revealed by the text of the paper. The essays must be mailed on or before July 1, 1919, to the National Industrial Conference

Board, 15 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, marked "For Prize Essay Contest in Industrial Economics."

The prize is to be awarded to the best treatment of one of these subjects:

1. A practicable plan for representation of workers in determining conditions of work and for prevention of industrial disputes.
2. The major causes of unemployment and how to minimize them.
3. How can efficiency of workers be so increased as to make high wage rates economically practicable?
4. Should the State interfere in the determination of wage rates?
5. Should rates of wages be definitely based on the cost of living?
6. How can present systems of wage payments be so perfected and supplemented as to be most conducive to individual efficiency and to the contentment of workers?
7. The closed union shop *versus* the open shop; their social and economic value compared.
8. Should trade unions and employers' associations be made legally responsible?

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Professor M. J. Golden, of Purdue University, one of the leading workers in the field of practical mechanics in the Middle West. Professor Golden will be remembered by Notre Dame men of his time as one of the rare spirits, who as a sportsman did not look upon athletics as a theological controversy and who gave Notre Dame a square deal. *R. I. P.*

Local News.

—The little fellows of St. Edward's Hall achieved a victory over the ex-minim combination of Carroll Hall in basketball last Monday evening. Coach Steinle offers two to one on his Minimites against any aggregation not twice their size.

—James Ryan, formerly of Corby subway, has returned to school after having served in the naval aviation overseas for more than six months. Jim was in Washington long enough to get his discharge and lost no time in returning to Notre Dame.

—We received a few days ago the following

words of appreciation from a reader of the SCHOLASTIC: "I consider an article by Leo R. Ward, '21, on the 'Charm of the Familiar'—a remarkable effort, worthy of the pen of a mature observer of men and things."

—The Ladies Auxiliary of the Knights of Columbus, South Bend Chapter, extends a special invitation to Notre Dame men to be present at their dance on March 4th at the Oliver Hotel. This is the last social event before Lent and will no doubt be well attended.

—The Glee Club is progressing rapidly and daily rehearsals are developing excellent members, although there is at present a dearth of first tenors. Several out-of-town trips have been arranged, and Business Manager Grimes has in view several other prospects.

—The Glee Club in their recent election of officers chose Joseph McGinnis, of Rock Island, Illinois, as president. Joe has been a member of the club for four years and should prove an excellent leader. Arthur Weinrich, of Bloomington, Indiana, received the office of vice-president and the position of secretary-treasurer went to Thomas Tobin, of Canonsburg, Penn.

—Preparations are already under way for the Junior "prom." In a recent meeting of the class a committee, composed of Douglas, Beacom, Moore, Scofield, Patterson, and Harrington, with Al Ryan as chairman, was appointed to make arrangements for the dance. The dance will be given in May and the Juniors promise to introduce an innovation as to place and music.

—The athletic store is exhibiting several trophies of war, contributed by Lieutenant Leo Scheibelhut. A German officer's helmet with its regal decorations and a cleverly constructed trench periscope are the most interesting articles in the exhibit. The German camouflaged sniper's helmet on exhibition is the property of Father Cavanaugh, presented to him by Lieutenant Scheibelhut.

—Charles Grimes has been chosen by the juniors as editor-in-chief of next year's *Dome*. Charlie enjoys an enviable reputation among Notre Dame and South Bend journalists and is unquestionably the man for the position. Vincent Fagan and James Bailey were elected to hold down, respectively, the offices of art editor and business manager. Owing to the fact that no *Dome* will be published this year and as the season should be covered, the election has been held early. Next year's issue should be the

largest and best year book ever published at Notre Dame since it will record the experiences not only of the class of 1920 but of this year's seniors as well.

—Acting on the suggestion of Professor José Caparo, the students in electrical engineering met a few days ago and organized a Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. James Reed was elected president of the organization; James McNulty, vice-president; George Sullivan, secretary; and Edward O'Connor, treasurer. The club will hold regular weekly meetings.

—The Kentucky Club held its regular bi-monthly meeting Wednesday evening and outlined its activities for the remainder of the school year. The Southerners are considering a "real Kentucky dance" that will prove the event of the social year. This organization from the Blue Grass country was one of the first clubs formed here and the Southern blood incorporated in it has carried the Club along in a most spirited manner.

—According to Brother Maurelius, the S. A. T. C. was at least good for one thing while stationed at Notre Dame. The boys had to spend their money somewhere, and as they could not visit South Bend very often they brought twice as much business to the candy store as it now enjoys. Between classes and drill the boys in khaki made "raids" on the candy store and it required all the time of Brother and his assistant to keep them well supplied with "goodies".

—"The Seven Keys to Baldpate," featuring George Cohan, was shown on the screen of the University theatre last Wednesday evening. This photoplay is a kind of ragout of Poe, Verne, and Gaboriau, with a generous seasoning of Cohan to give it a real Yankee relish. The artful combination of the tragic and comic in this burlesque of the melodramatic is as successful as it is rare. The Bray pictograph which opened the entertainment was evidence that even our censor, like the good Homer, "sometimes nods."

—The Notre Dame chapter of "The Friends of Irish Freedom" will be represented at the great Irish convention in Philadelphia today and tomorrow by Thomas Tobin, the orator of the local organization. Notre Dame will be the only university represented at the conference and the local chapter has the unique dis-

inction of being the first university chapter organized in this country. At present the "Friends" here on the campus number more than two hundred and fifty, and new members are enrolling every day.

—Father Doremus and Paul Fenlon are the recipients of two Verdun medals sent by Dick Daley ('16), who is now stationed at Nantes as a representative of the *Stars and Stripes*. The medals are of bronze, bearing on one side a replica of the fortress of Verdun and the date of the heroic battle fought there, February 16, 1916. On the reverse side is symbolized the spirit of fighting France in the figure of a woman with drawn sword and the famous motto, by which the defenders of Verdun were inspired, *On Ne Passe Pas*—"They Shall Not Pass."

—Notre Dame will fittingly remember her alumni and students who served in the World War by the erection of a permanent bronze memorial on a campus site soon to be selected. Father Moloney is sending out to alumni in all parts of the country lists of names of students who served. When the revised lists are returned the name of every Notre Dame man known to have been in the service will be engraved on the memorial. Special recognition will be given to those who died in action. It is conservatively estimated that two thousand Notre Dame men were enlisted in the various branches of the Service.

—The Brownson Literary Society afforded itself an interesting evening on Thursday. For the first time music was included in its program, with "jazzeur" John E. Kenney at the piano. Louis J. Finske made an old subject, "The Tariff," new and interesting by a spirited treatment. J. Worth Clark spoke with marked ability for a first year man upon "The Freedom of the Seas." Ireland was awarded complete independence in a very lively extemporaneous discussion, and Brother Alphonsus concluded the program with an interesting criticism. Numerous inquiries have been made concerning admission to the society. College men of all halls are eligible and most welcome to membership in the organization.

—Following the precedent set last year, the New England Club recently re-organized and immediately planned an active season. The club will tender a banquet to Father Davis and Father McGinn, the former a New Englander "by inclination" and the latter

by birth, when they return to the University next month. The club will also present an act in the St. Patrick's Day Military Revue and will actively support the Knights of Columbus in their building fund campaign. At the meeting Charles A. Grimes, of Central Falls, Rhode Island, was elected president of the club; Thomas J. Watters, of Westfield, Massachusetts, vice-president; John R. Jolly, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, secretary, and Wilfred Riley, of West Newton, Massachusetts, treasurer.

—The sophomore class held their cotillion at the Oliver Hotel Wednesday evening. An attractive program of fourteen dances, all to the latest music drew more than seventy couples. The patrons and patronesses were Professor and Mrs. K. K. Rockne, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dorais, Professor and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, and Professor and Mrs. J. M. Cooney. The committee on publicity was composed of Harrison Crockett, George Fischer, George O'Brien, and Emmett Sweeney; the financial campaign was successfully conducted by Daniel Duffy, Charles Davis, and Gerald Hoar. Louis Musmaker, Edward Gottry, and Wilfred Riley selected the music. A blue leather program of the leaf type was a novelty which makes a delightful souvenir from the class of '21.

—The incomparable Douglas Fairbanks sprinted down the celluloid path into Washington Hall last Saturday night, and fought through five reels of film with ever-increasing energy. "Say! Yough Fellow" proved an excellent medium for the acrobatic hero giving him an extensive role in which to deliver the famous Fairbanks smile and punch. Starting as a cub reporter on a metropolitan journal, "Doug" takes the initiative, asks for the impossible assignment, and by unique methods extracts the story from a reticent millionaire by means of a persuasive gun. This success leads to another assignment involving "the girl" and a crooked combine of financiers, and here "Doug" is impartial, bestowing his smile on the fair miss and on the magnate who tries to bluff him. Although the picture is not of the latest release, it is packed with fighting action, which appealed strongly to the audience. Those who were so eager to leave before the feature picture was finished might have well heeded the moral pointed in the last scene. Common sense is of value to college men as well as cub reporters.—P. SCOFIELD.

Personals.

—The present address of J. E. Valdes (LL. B. '06) is 709 San Marcelino, Manila, Philippine Islands.

—Frank Artemus McCarthy (LL. B., 1906,) Elgin, Illinois, is now a member of the state legislature of Illinois. He received a very large vote at the last election.

—Lieutenant Emmett Mulholland (LL. B., '16) is a convalescent in the Officers' Hospital at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. He was wounded in the leg while leading his platoon in France.

—Lieutenant H. McAlleenan, (student at the University 1905-6-7-8) is now in Germany with the American Engineers. He is acting as an interpreter for the American Army of Occupation.

—Louis Patrick Harl (Litt. B., 1917) is a member of the Doctor Borrow Hospital Unit from Lexington, Kentucky, and is now stationed at the United States Base Hospital, 40 Salisbury Court, Southampton, England.

—Lieutenant Stanley Makielski, a former student in the architectural department, writes that he is anxious to return to America and to Notre Dame. He is at present on duty with American troops patrolling the Rhine.

—John Vincent McCarthy (Litt. B., 1914; LL. B., 1914) who was a practicing attorney in Britt, Iowa, enlisted and was commissioned a lieutenant. He is now stationed at Camp Cody, and expects to get his discharge soon.

—Joe Silk, the young giant of Walsh Hall last year, is at present at his home in Joliet, Illinois. Joe was refused admittance to the army and navy because of his great bulk. He intends to come to Notre Dame again next year.

—Harry Poulin of the athletic store has heard from Lieutenant "Shorty" De Fries, who inquiries whether his high-jump record still stands. "Shorty" has been in the service two years and is now stationed at Jeffersonville, Indiana.

—Howard Parker (Ph. B. in Jour. '17) visited his Notre Dame friends recently. Howard and his three brothers, two of whom were in France, will be at their home in California for a family reunion on Washington's birthday.

—William J. Milroy (LL. B. '13), who has been employed at the General Supply Depot

U. S. A., in Chicago since December, 1917, writes that in the spring he expects to leave Chicago for the oil regions of northwest Texas where he will locate permanently.

—In a recent letter Louis T. Weadock, (LL. B., 1899) says: "I hereby accept Father Moloney's kind invitation to attend the coming Commencement." There will be lots of old boys here to give "Louie" a good welcome.

—From T. Paul McGannon, a student at Notre Dame in '07-'08, comes to Col. Hoynes the good news: "Again I am proud to advise that I have been reappointed in the office of the Attorney General. The new position carries more responsibility and more compensation."

—Captain "Dutch" Bergman, former varsity football star, is stationed at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, and doesn't expect his discharge for at least four months. "Dutch" says that he is doing a major's work, as he has to censor the moving pictures and has many other duties that are not called for from a captain.

—Edward Cleary, of the class of 1912, was a recent visitor at Notre Dame. Although he did not get into the battle line, he landed in France before the armistice, and is confident that his experience in the army will benefit him. His acquaintances are as confident that he has already been repaid, for he has lost some of the superfluous weight with which he had been burdened.

—William Perce (LL. B. 1906; LL. M. 1907) who was an attorney in Elgin, Illinois, with a large practice previous to the outbreak of the War, enlisted and was commissioned a Lieutenant. He has been in the thickest of the fighting in France, but has come through safe. He expects to return on St. Patrick's day. Perce will be remembered as captain of the baseball team, and one of the best pitchers in his years.

—"Joe" M. Walsh sailed from Hoboken on September 23rd, and returned just three months later—in time for Christmas at home,—after a period of training in France. November 11th, he says, came too soon for his company to get into action; but their camp, "located on the site of the first Battle of the Marne, was near enough for us to hear the bombardments and to experience an air raid. Mute evidences of the Hun's invasion of '14 were all around our camp—shattered buildings, torn fields, and the graves of French soldiers." In Boston "Joe"

visited "Nap" Hassett and Tom Curry, lately dismissed from the Navy.

—Friends at the University have received word that Lieutenant Emmett Lenihan, '17, who was reported killed in action in France, has not left the United States, but is still stationed at Camp Upton, New York. He was recently given very high recommendation for a captaincy. On New Year's Day Mr. Lenihan was married to Miss Ursula Farringer, of Kansas City, who for two years has been studying music in New York City.

—Mr. P. T. O'Sullivan, one of the most honored alumni of Notre Dame, has completed twenty-five years' service as Postmaster of South Chicago. He is one of the most admired men among the servants of Uncle Sam, and his modest jubilee was recently made the occasion of an outpouring of enthusiastic congratulations from friends. The SCHOLASTIC joins in the joyful chorus in honor of one of the best Notre Dame boys in America.

The following day-letter from Father John McGinn, former professor of sociology and ethics, to the President of the University on the seventh of February, announced his arrival in New York City: "Arrived on the *Saxonia* today. Temporary duty here. Most of the men with me. Expect discharge within short time. Will write in a few days—just as soon as I know what is in store for us. Wonderful trip. Father Norman came over with us. —(Signed) J. C. McGinn."

—Cards have been received from Frank C. Walker, First Lieutenant in the U. S. A., "Somewhere in France," and from Arthur F. Sullivan, Second Class Seaman, U. S. N., Air Station, Pauillac, France. The latter writes: "I have met during my short sojourn a great crowd of fellows, and there is not much chance of getting homesick. I have met a large number here from N. D. One will meet our boys all over the world." A card has come also from Sherwood Dixon, A. E. F., Italy, A. P. O. 901-6.

—From a recent letter of Thomas Glynn, who is located at Prüm, Germany, we quote the following interesting passage: "It wasn't because I was fast that some of these shells didn't get me in the St. Mihiel drive, or on the Meuse, or in the Argonne Forest. I was lucky that I got into all the fighting that the first Army was in; and now I'm in the Army of Occupation. I haven't seen any of the

boys over here but Frank "Buckey" Welch; the company I'm with relieved the company Welch was commanding in September. We have been in some tough fighting since then, so I don't know whether Frank pulled through or not."

—Charles L. Vaughn (LL. B. '14) and Vincent D. Vaughn (LL. B. '17) having returned from active service with the navy and army respectively, have announced the re-opening of their law offices in the Wallace Building, Fourth and Ferry streets, Lafayette, Indiana. Their friends at the University wish them every success.

—From the daily press we clip the following notice which is of interest to Notre Dame boys:

Capt. Gerald Egan, son of Maurice Francis Egan, former minister to Denmark, is cited for "bravery and courageous conduct" during the battle of the Argonne, in general orders issued by Maj. Gen. Cronkhite, commanding the 80th Division, copies of which have been received in Washington.

Capt. Egan, for several years a member of the Washington corps of newspaper correspondents, was in command of the 3d Battalion of the 319th Infantry during the advance through the Argonne. The regiment was given one of the most important positions just west of the Meuse, and moved forward in the face of terrific enemy resistance.

—Lieut. Edward Malley spent the last four months of the war with American airmen who occupied themselves flying over the Austrian lines and dropping explosives. On May, 1917, Malley, then a junior in Chemical Engineering, left Notre Dame to enter Fort Benjamin Harrison, where he won a lieutenancy. After a special training for the air service at Columbus, Ohio, Malley sailed for France in October, 1917. There he spent some months in preparation for that strenuous campaign in which he took part until the signing of the armistice. At present he is visiting his mother at his home in Greensbourg, Penn., but he intends to remain in the service and to make aviation his life's work.

—Lieut. Harry E. Scott, LL. B. '17, writing recently from Verdun, expresses himself thus gleefully over an intended visit to Paris: "I shall meet Father Walsh, and we will talk over the old days... the days when Brother 'Leep' was guardian over his kingdom of jelly-beans and 'sixes' and when the least of our worries was examination time. . . . I was in Paris before Christmas and spent several delightful evenings with Father Walsh and Father Davis. On

Christmas morning I served a Mass celebrated in the Verdun Cathedral by Father McGinn. I also met John U. Riley, 'Ned' Barrett, 'Stue' Carroll, Dan McGlynn, and Joe O'Hara. These have been the high moments in my life in France."

—After three years' work as a student at Notre Dame, "Joe" Kane left us last spring to enter the Officers' Training School at Camp Funston, Kansas. On account of defective eyesight, Joe was unable to remain in the Aviation Corps for which he first volunteered; yet he made his way into another branch of the service and showed such ability that, despite his natural defect, he soon received a commission as lieutenant. At Chateau Thierry he fought with the Rainbow Division, and afterwards, as the result of a severe gassing, spent a month in a hospital of Paris. Upon his recovery he returned to this country and, November 30th, married a young woman of his home town, Houston, Texas. The SCHOLASTIC offers felicitations to the young hero and his bride.

—In a letter from Richard Daley, of the class of 1916, received recently by Mr. Paul Fenlon, of Sorin Hall, "Dick" writes:

One of your recent letters, telling me of the changes which the S. A. T. C. brought about at Notre Dame, hurt me, and it was for this reason that I have not written to some of my friends there. It made me feel that a very grievous wrong had been done to the old school, and that if I wrote, the letter would find its way to a place strange to me and not to the good old Irish Mother of the West which had sheltered me for four of the happiest years it was ever the good fortune of a man to spend. But your letter to-day saying that the school is fast returning to the good old system and traditions was like a tonic, and the world seems brighter for it.

I am field agent here in Nantes for the *Stars and Stripes*. Ed Beckman, of the Journalism class of 1916, is my assistant. We have been here since the 1st of December, and within that time we have raised the circulation in this district from 450 to 3000, and within the next week or two we shall have it up to 5000. Hence we feel that we are making good. We have been very fortunate in the way of meeting friends. One day we met Chet Grant on the street, and a little later I ran into John Boyle, who is a second lieutenant, and then I met Dick Lightfoot down at the Red Cross. We went to Clisson where Chet is town major and had a little party. We intend to look up Fitzpatrick and Neal Robinson, who, we hear, are somewhere near Nantes. Friday I went out to Verdun with some papers and ran into "Butch" Whipple, whose outfit is preparing to sail for home. Beckman saw Francis Fox at Le Mans, where he is R. T. O., and John Raab is also there.

L. R. WARD.

Athletic Notes.

A difficult but attractive track schedule has been arranged for the Gold and Blue track men, Notre Dame clashing with Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, of the "Big Ten." The only indoor meet at home this season will be with Illinois. Notre Dame was originally scheduled to meet the Michigan Aggies but at the eleventh hour the Wolverine Farmers cancelled the event, despite the fact that Coach Rockne had consented to withdraw Gilfillan from the competition. Purdue likewise has declined to meet Notre Dame, fearing that Gilfillan might prove too much for them. The annual trip to Des Moines for the Drake relay carnival and participation in the Pennsylvania games at Philadelphia are the other features of this year's card. The schedule:

- Feb. 21—I. A. C., at Chicago.
- March 1—Michigan at Ann Arbor.
- March 8—Wisconsin at Madison.
- March 15—Illinois at Notre Dame.
- April 19—Drake Relays at Des Moines.
- April 26—Pennsylvania Relays at Philadelphia.
- May 3—Illinois at Champagne.
- May 10—Michigan Aggies at Lansing.
- May 17—Michigan at Notre Dame.
- June 7—Western Conference at Chicago.

GOLD-AND-BLUE MEET.

Earl Gilfillan, the consistent point-winner on last year's track team, gave a first class exhibition last Saturday afternoon in the annual Gold and Blue Meet, when he scored five points in each of the five events in which he was entered. His achievement, however, could not win for his team, the "Blues," taking the meet by the score of 61 to 58. There was keen competition a-plenty, and the meet was marked by several surprises. Mulligan, the "Brooklyn Flyer," won a close race from Hayes in the 40-yard dash. Andrew McDonough, after two years of absence from the track, came back strong, even if he was beaten in the 880-yard event by William Burke, the Eastern champion. Scallan, a promising sophomore, won the four-forty, finishing far ahead of Barry and Hoar, who were disqualified for violation of track rules. Bahan, of the basketball team, finished second in this race.

Summary:

Novice 40-yd. dash—Lyons, 1st; E. Anderson, 2nd; Keenan, 3rd; Rotchford, 4th. Time, .05-1.
40-yd. dash for football linemen—Smith, 1st; Trafton, 2nd; H. Anderson, 3rd; Crowley, 4th. Time, .05-3.

Novice 440-yd. run—Davis, 1st; Avilez, 2nd; Keenan, 3rd; Susen, 4th. Time, .58-4.

Novice mile run—Weiss, 1st; Lyons, 2nd; Keefe, 3rd; Hoskins, 4th. Time, 5.25.

40-yard. dash—Mulligan (B), 1st; Hayes (G), 2nd; McGinnis (B), 3rd; Lockard (G), 4th.

220-yd. dash—Gilfillan (G), 1st; Patterson (G), 2nd; Willett (B), 3rd. Time, .25.

440-yd. run—Scallan (B), 1st; Bahan (B), 2nd; Wynn (B), 3rd; Colgan (G), 4th. Time, .55 2-5.

880-yd. run—Burke (B), 1st; A. McDonough (B), 2nd; P. McDonough 3rd. Time, 2.04 2-5.

Mile run—Sweeney (S), 1st; Rosenthal (G), 2nd; White (B), 3rd; Powers (B), 4th. Time, 5.05.

High hurdles—Gilfillan (G), 1st; Wynn (B), 2nd; Andrus (G), 3rd; Shugrue (B), 4th. Time, .05-5.

Low hurdles—Gilfillan (G), 1st; Hoar (G), 2nd; Wynn (B), 3rd; Shugrue (B), 4th.

High jump—Gilfillan (G), 1st, tied with Hoar; Douglas (B), 3rd; Mohn (B), 4th. Height, 5 ft. 6¾ in.

Pole vault—Rademacher (G), 1st; Douglas (B), 2nd; Mohn (B), 3rd. Height, 10 ft., 6 in.

Shot-put—Gilfillan (G), 1st; Gipp (B), 2nd; Smith (B), 3rd; Andrus (G), 4th. Distance, 37 ft. 10½ in.

Broad jump—Gilfillan (G), 1st; McGinnis, 2nd; Mohn, 3rd; Willett, 4th. Distance 20 ft., 6 in.

Last Friday the Freshman Basketball Team journeyed to Fort Wayne, where it defeated the strong team of the Catholic Central High School. Brother William, C. S. C., director of the Fort Wayne school, entertained our players during their short stay.

The following account of the game appeared in the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette*:

Before a crowded house at Library hall last night the C. C. H. S. quintet was obliged to accept defeat at the hands of the Notre Dame freshman five despite the valiant stand it made against its larger and heavier opponents, the final score being 41 to 24.

The first half was contested on fairly even terms, the locals' speed standing them well in hand. By a clever display of team-work and passing they managed to keep within striking distance until the rest period, which ended with the visitors leading 25 to 20.

The second half started fast, and for a time the Fort Wayne lads held their own, but the odds were too great against them and they gradually fell behind. Included in the Freshmen line-up were four monogram football players whose speed and weight proved a big factor in their favor.

The line-ups and summary:

NOTRE DAME (41)	Pos.	C. C. H. S. (24)
Kiley	R. F.	Doriot
Mohn	L. F.	Logan
Trafton	C.	Suelzer
Mehre-B. Kirk	R. G.	Bushman
E. Anderson	L. G.	Zurbuch
H. Anderson		

Summary—Field goals: Kiley, 3; Mohn, 2; Trafton, 9; Mehre, 3; E. Anderson, 2; Kirk, Doriot, 5; Logan, 3; Suelzer. Foul goals: E. Anderson, Logan, Doriot.

ALEXANDER A. SZCZEPANIK.

Letters from Soldiers.

American E. F., Italy,
January 17, 1919.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

I am a hundred years younger to-day after receiving your letter of December 18th. Thank Heaven, you have brought sun even to Italy.

I have just returned from Rome where I spent seven or eight crowded days. Frère Raphael, who was of course my genial and devoted, though French, host and cicerone, spoke lovingly of you. (In point of language the trip was rather a visit to France, and, alas, for my acquisition of French, I found it had gone no deeper than Murphy's varnish, had in fact rubbed off in large splotches, under Italian exposure. But the Brother's quick intelligence "got" me on the fly, so to speak, while I was dully mumbling and mangling the verb.) He had been keenly suffering from "chagrin" over poor Father Labbé's death and the melancholy months which had preceded it; and hence my coming was a tonic. He rather paraded me, you know,—“Chief Chaplain of the American Army in Italy”, and all that. As to himself, he has a decoration from the French Government for his war-work. I gather that he really did a great deal, at the station, for French troops going and coming.

I had gone down with our band and a guard of honor for the President. In the actual reception we were not placed, the Italians doing the whole thing. Later the band played at the American embassy during a luncheon to the President. I had hoped to get them in to see the Holy Father, but soldiers were “unclean” at the Vatican because of the “Flu.” No public audiences were being given. The present Pope, I was given to understand, was not easily accessible. I did not have an audience, but attended a Papal function at which I had a good opportunity to study the Holy Father at close range for two hours or so. You don't need to go to Rome to see him, just call on Bishop Alerding. The Pope is exactly the height of our Bishop and moves and acts like him. There is no facial resemblance, however, nor any in the manner of speech. After the reading of the decrees—it was part of the canonization process of the Blessed Gabriel and the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi—the Sovereign Pontiff spoke for about half an hour. A wonderfully vivacious and young and moving discourse it was, translating itself to the foreigner through its magical delivery. Do you recall Monsignor Agius, the little prelate who gave us an entrancing night years ago? His Holiness speaks like that. Only when the Papal Benediction was intoned and I added my raucous contribution to the general response did I feel that I was kneeling at St. Peter's feet.

I visited the American college and was had to lunch there, finding Monsignor O'Hern a good friend of ours, one of Father Dan Luttrell's crowd. It was he that managed the details of the interview between His Holiness and the President. He assured me it was an immense satisfaction all around. Italy and France had done their utmost to prevent the meeting, because it could mean only one thing, Wilson's endorsement of

the Holy Father's attitude throughout the war. The Vatican went the limit, both of royal splendor and democratic friendliness, in its reception of the President, till the man from Washington gasped with delight. And the Pope gave him books, the Codex, which tickled him to death. It was an inspiration. Wilson further contravened governmental wishes by making a tour of important Italian cities, and in the whole disported himself like what Stoddard once called “a free and unterrified American.” If he will only be as big on the Irish question!

But much of this will be ancient history by the time you receive this. History grows ancient quickly in America. It is not the same here. I don't mean exactly the facile antithesis usually made that we live in the future and Europe in the past, but there is here, as you must have observed, a strong sense of historical continuity which is lacking with us. Europe's memory is long. The importance of this factor in all problems here seems to me to be great, but it would take a disquisition to illustrate what I mean. And this screed is long enough.

Devotedly,

Chaplain C. L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.
332nd Infantry Regiment, Am. P. O. 901.

Thiacourt, France,
December 22, 1918.

Dear Professor Maurus:

I received your letter of November 16th just a few days ago. Needless to say it was the source of much pleasure to me, and I was glad to learn that my last letter had reached you. The arrival of mail over here creates nearly as much excitement among the boys as did the Boche plane when it made its appearance over our lines before peace was declared.

I have witnessed some of the aerial incidents myself, and I soon learned to distinguish the peculiar hum of the German plane, which was particularly audible at night when all else was quiet. It was always the signal for the searchlights to get busy, and it was a spectacle to see a number of searchlights scanning the skies to locate it.

Our organization took over a portion of the sector in this locality during the early part of October, and remained at the front for about four weeks, when they were relieved for a few days of rest. They were sent back again just two days before the armistice was signed and part of them were in the front line when hostilities ceased. The guns were active on both sides up until very near the last moment. In fact we had two casualties on the morning that the trouble ended.

I don't know whether I told you or not, but I was placed in the personnel adjutant's office shortly after our arrival over here. My duties are altogether clerical and my time is busily occupied in completing the pay rolls for the regiment and converting the figures into French money. Of course we follow the organization in all its moves, and although we did not go up to the fighting lines, we were within range of the big guns and just about close enough to get all the excitement I wanted. The artillery fire was usually strongest at

night or in the early morning and especially preceding an attack, when they would lay down a barrage which was one continuous roar from the cannon.

We have been in this village about two weeks. It was for a long time in the hands of the Germans, and it is certainly "shot up." The civilians were long ago of course forced to abandon it. It is still uninhabitable, but it has been pretty well cleaned up for our troops, and affords pretty good quarters for us now. Scarcely a building has escaped the effects of the shells. The building I am billeted in has been pretty well shot to pieces, but with two others I am occupying a room which remains practically unharmed. We have a little stove, a table, and a washbowl, which is considered luxurious over here.

Time will not permit me to go into any detail with regard to my experiences over here, and besides I hope to be able to see you before so very long, and then I can tell you better how I went "over the top" with a fountain pen.

Be sure to remember me to all at Notre Dame, especially to Professor Ackerman and Father McGarry. I am feeling fine and I have thus far enjoyed good health. With every good wish and hoping to see you soon, I remain,

Very sincerely,
(Sgt.) Stephen H. Herr.

Camp de Souge, France,
December 24, 1918.

Mr. Harrison Crockett,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Harrison:

Well, oldtimes, in the form of some SCHOLASTICS, arrived last night, and I have just time to drop you a note of thanks for them. It was very thoughtful of you, and I enjoyed every one of them from cover to cover, including the "ads." After reading them one can easily see how the old place has changed within the last few months, but even the changes can not affect that old Dome; I would surely like to see her shining in the sun this afternoon with a regular blue sky for background.

We have had nothing but rain here for the past month; and slopping through ankle-deep mud from morning to night is the usual thing. I'll be a cross between a mud turtle and a duck when I return. Speaking of returning, we have been all set for a month, expecting to get at any moment the order to roll our packs, but here we are still. According to the latest rumor we shall move before New Year, in which event I may beat this letter to the States.

I have been playing football for the last month, and am now halfback on a team composed of both officers and enlisted men. We played our first game Friday against an American camp team from St. Sulpice and won easily, 20 to 0. To-morrow we go down to play a team at an embarkation camp near Bordeaux. We have a regular aggregation made up of former college men. Captain Proud, of Purdue, and Captain Monteith, former Oberlin coach, are the guards; Captain W. Yland, of Indiana U., is center; Lieutenant Peckinpugh, of Indiana, is one tackle;

and Lieutenant Sheeks, Wabash coach, is one of the halfbacks, and there are several other old-timers with whom I am not acquainted; I do not think there are many teams in the A. E. F. that can give us much of a battle, as the three center men in the line are of the size and build of Bachman, and all of them know the game.

Notre Dame has certainly been "going great" this year, and old Rock deserves a lot of credit. Give my best to Barry, Bahan, and the rest of the fellows. Hoping to see you soon and thanking you again, I am,

Yours forever,

G. L. ("Louie") Wolfe.

Pvt., Battery C, 325 F. A.,
A. P. O. 705, American E. F.

Rochester, New York,
December 30, 1918.

Rev. W. A. Moloney,
Notre Dame, Indiana.
Dear Father:

I am enjoying a short furlough, having been recalled from my ship on December 30th. Now that the war is over the service is becoming irksome and everyone is trying to get out. I met Ralph Sjoberg in New York last week and he was waiting to put in his application for discharge. If I thought that I could make any money as a naval officer, I would see it through; but it takes a man of means to support a commission, and so I guess I shall file my application for discharge. I shall work till next September and then try to return to school.

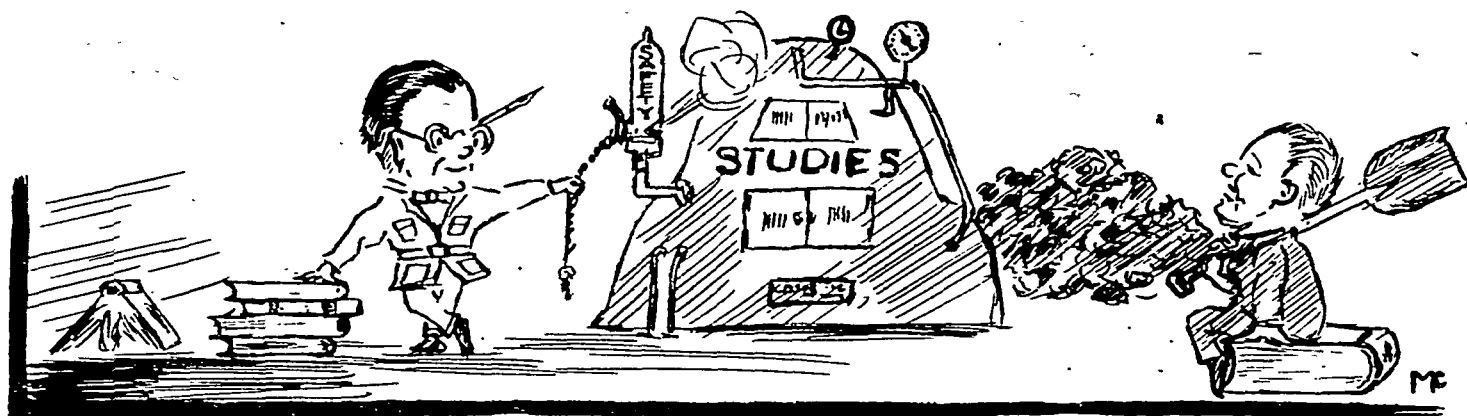
While standing a bridge watch at night one has plenty of time to reflect. My reflections always took me back to Notre Dame and the Sorin sub-way. I do not think that anyone who has ever been a student at Notre Dame can get over wanting the society of N. D. men. I have been associated with college men in the navy but to most of them their university is just a collection of buildings. I really never knew the full meaning of what we call the "N. D. spirit" until I left the campus. But every time I met one of the boys I became better acquainted with it.

I ran into Dale Vohs down in New Orleans last week. He brought me out to his rooms in Tulane University, where he has been instructor in the S. A. T. C., and we had an "old home-week" celebration all to ourselves. Later in the week I met John Balfe in New York City. I was having lunch in a downtown restaurant when I met him. We "swapped" experiences and planned to return to N. D. as soon as possible. Meeting him made my coffee and rolls taste like a turkey dinner.

From what I hear, a great many of the boys will return to school in February and by next September everybody will be back. I certainly hope I can be among them. I hope that you and all the other members of the faculty will enjoy a very happy New Year and that 1919 will be the biggest and best year in the history of Notre Dame.

Very truly yours,

James P. Dower.



A REAL LOVE STORY.

Nellie was a poor working girl who had no furs except a mole on her cheek. She went to the office every morning and typewrote with all her might to support a poor indolent father. No one had ever tried to hold Nellie's hand or to pat her cheek because she wore gloves and a veil which were obstacles. One day, however, Nellie got a nice letter in a white envelope. It was not from a prince or a lord as you might have thought. It was a bill of thirty eight cents for face powder—this, however, has nothing to do with our story.

As Nellie was hurrying home from work one evening she stumbled over a young man in the street car who had carelessly thrown his legs out in the aisle. She was completely taken off her feet with him. As he lifted her from the car floor she saw the mote of love in his eye—also she felt the beam of love in her own eye. Just as they were about to elope the young man was called away to war. He went to France and was killed. Poor Nellie didn't want to marry a killed man. She went back to work and worked more violently and ferociously than ever before but her spirit was gone. She began to chew gum. She chewed five or six packs. Her employer could not stand the noise so he fired her. She was all alone in the world now. Her poor indignant father grew more and more indignant every day for he had no means. He could have got along without means if he had money but he had no money either. He had only a daughter and she was an only daughter and she was fired. One day as she was crossing the street she was run over by an automobile. The licence number was 563. The man who owned the auto was a millionaire. He did not fall in love with Nellie. He took her to the hospital and refused to pay for her. She was in bed for several weeks but at last she was effervescing. One day a tall dark haired handsome looking man came into her room. He was a doctor from France and a wonderful specialist. At the first glance he noticed something familiar in the girl's eye. It was a cast. Formerly this doctor had made casters for chairs and also salt and pepper casters. He felt the girl's pulse. It was jumping so hard that he surmised her heart must be beating. He was right. He asked her to put out her tongue. It was not a polite thing for a young lady to do but she did it to please him. Her tongue was coated but she had no other coat except a mole on her cheek. Finally he chanced to notice her hat on the table and recognized the red feather in it. A torrent of joy seemed to rush into his heart; his eyes seemed to be beaming with love. "Do you know me little one?"

he said, as he threw himself down beside her bed—"don't you remember me?" The old glow came back into her cheek and the brightness into her eye, "Yes," she said, "I know you now." "How could you?" he gasped. "We never met before. This is the first time I ever saw you." And so dear reader the doctor was not her lover who was killed in war and who had come back to her. The man who was killed in war is running a street car in Oskosh and don't know his girl is looking for him that she might live happily ever after.

THE VERNACULAR,

"Esther," said I in a whisper
"Let me hold your hand;"

Esther looked at me severely,
Didn't understand.

Madly then I sought to grasp her,
Caught her by the thumb,

"Esther, darling," said I sweetly,
"Let me chew your gum."

Sis:—Did you hear, dad, that Willie has cheverons?
DAD (*excitedly*): Good gracious, no! Did you call the doctor?

MY LATEST MALADY.

Last year I felt quite sure I had consumption
The doctor said my lungs were very weak,
A month passed and I swore I had the quinsy
My throat was swollen so I couldn't speak.
But now another dread disease is on me

Sharp shooting pains throughout my bosom dart,
For since I've seen the students at Saint Mary's
I'm certain I have leakage of the heart.

I used to lie in bed all day and slumber
When my poor lungs were feeling very sore,
And when my throat got so I couldn't swallow
I took some codine pills and slept some more.
But now I cannot slumber night or morning
At every little noise I seem to start,
For since I've seen the girlyies at Saint Mary's
I've got a case of leakage of the heart.

I've talked to many friends about my trouble
They tell me I should sail to other climes,
Where I should never see our sister students
Or even read about them in the *Chimes*.
But somehow as my longing eyes turn westward
I find it mighty hard for me to part,
I think I'll camp along the dear old Niles road
What though I have the leakage of the heart.