

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 1, 1919.

No. 18.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

TO

JOSEPH SCOTT

GREETING*

Sir:—Nearly two score years have passed since our forefathers in the University founded the Laetare Medal, to honor men and women of the laity who have won distinction in any line of beneficent human activity. The Medal has since been bestowed on many illustrious figures whose names adorn the history of art, letters, science, scholarship, eloquence, civilization, patriotism, and religion. It has been conferred upon publicists like William J. Onahan and Henry F. Brownson; upon such stalwart defenders of the Christian Faith as Patrick Donahue and Katherine Conway; upon great surgeons like Murphy and Emmet and Quinlan; upon litterateurs like Christian Reid and Agnes Repplier and Maurice Francis Egan; upon soldiers like General Newton and General Rosecrans; upon scholars like Gilmary Shea and Doctor Herbermann; upon men of eloquence like Daniel Dougherty and Bourke Cochran and upon great jurists like Charles Jerome Bonaparte, Attorney General of the United States, and Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice of the United States. Each of these noble figures in turn has added lustre to the Medal itself.

This year the University turns to you, Sir, as one worthy to be added to that noble company. You, too, have uttered golden truths in showers of silvery speech; you, too, have defended Christian truth with zeal and learning. By your fidelity to God and country you have made a beautiful symposium of religion and patriotism. Eminent in your own profession, you have found, amid the perplexities and exactions of your busy life, leisure for distinguished service to America during the recent war, more especially through the agency of the Knights of Columbus; thus exemplifying in act what your brilliant speech has so often declared in doctrine. Admired for your loyalty to the duties of public and religious life, you are even more esteemed for your devotion to the highest ideals of domestic and personal virtue.

If a University were to teach all knowledge and the loftiest lessons of Christian virtue, it would still fall short of its holiest duty if it did not set before its students men and women of the world who incarnate in their own lives the ideals and perfections which the University commends. Because you have been an example of beautiful loyalty to God and country and home; because you have added lustre to the profession in which you have achieved distinction; because of eminent and unselfish service to humanity in your own personal work and as a representative and leading spirit of a great fraternal organization, the University of Notre Dame confers on you the Laetare Medal for the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, and prays that you may live many years to continue your benevolent activities.

*Read by Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, at the formal conferring of the Laetare Medal on Mr. Scott in Los Angeles, California, on February 20, 1919.

An Abandoned Log-House.

LEO R. WARD, '22.

GRASS-COVERED hills three-quarters round;

A scraggy hazel patch before;
A wildly dashing stream that plays
On rocks and roots, and even sprays
The long, bare ribs of wall and door
Rough-hewn, but slowly yielding ground.

Above, the maples, someone's pride,
Lean heart to heart and twine their locks,
Yet do not even blush, but sigh;
For, through the roof, below, the sky
Is plainly visible, and mocks
The gloom of earthen floor inside.

The German Naval Surrender.

(A *Second Rejoinder*.)*

The group of digressing ideas compiled under the title, "A Reply to a Rejoinder," printed in last week's SCHOLASTIC, failed signally in three respects: First, it did not support the weak point which was the main theme of the original article; second, it further held up the enemy for praise at the expense of one of our allies, which is always poor policy; and thirdly, it lowered itself from an argumentative thesis to a vehicle for invective, not against the points of the Rejoinder so much as against the Rejoinder itself, and, indirectly, against the author thereof, desiring that the average reader be so dumfounded by the bombastic vehemence of the epithet that he should neglect to see the lack of sound argument.

When the author of the Reply says that his original article was not a "defense" of any motive behind the German Naval Surrender, but that it merely advanced a "hypothesis," he acknowledges the very point he tries to deny. For the statement of the hypothesis required three and a half lines, whereas the whole article occupies nearly a page of the SCHOLASTIC. What was occurring during the rest of the article after the hypothesis had been stated? There it was that the author built up the defense of his so-called "hypothesis." His learned diction would leave the average reader to decide that there was no defense, while in reality there existed not the truest, but the surest idea of defense, one hidden, hidden behind the entanglements of his English.

If the exploits of the "brief war-record" of

the German Navy were to have been expressed in a "mere statement," as the author alleges, then why did the article use multifarious adjectives in dealing with the subject? The Reply states that the Rejoinder "lavished praise" on the British Navy, declares this to "be bad taste in coming from an American" and further alleges that the Rejoinder deteriorated into "mere bosh" when it stated that "had it not been for the British Navy American soldiers would still be dying on the fields of France." I ask, Is it not more American to "lavish praise" on the armed forces of an ally than on the armed forces of an enemy? Regarding American soldiers still dying on the fields of France but for the work of the British Navy, the following may clear up the matter. The German Navy as a whole was penned in by the British Navy. Reverse the case:—the German Navy has now full control of the seas; America declares war. In such a situation would it not have required a longer time for the American soldiers to have reached France and end the war, with a powerful fleet, more powerful than our own at that time, standing off our three-mile limit waiting to sink the transports? The American Navy did not reach its high war-time efficiency literally overnight. Therefore, if we had had an enemy just off our sea coast instead of an ally, that enemy would have to first be destroyed for the soldiers to cross. This was done away with by the fact that the British Navy hemmed the German Navy in their hole in the Kiel Canal, and the American troop ships were able to cross unharmed, before the American Navy was entirely ready to relieve the British of the task, and do the major portion of the work. The world knows of the record of the American Navy, and gives it due credit, but at the same time even the devil also deserves his due. Look at this angle of the subject with unprejudiced eyes.

In touching on the entrance of Bolshevism into the original article, the author thereof states in his Reply that "the good or bad of Bolshevism" had no part in his first article. Yet in this same article, he states that these German sailors, who surrendered their fleet to the allies, with faith in "the brotherhood of man," were "Reds, Bolsheviki . . .," thus saying that they were firm believers in the brotherhood of man, the greatest doctrine of Christ, and at

* Conclusion for the negative.—EDITOR.

the same time members of the society that rode through the streets of Petrograd in a military automobile, mounting a machine gun, flying the Red flag, and killing indiscriminately. Is this what Christ meant when he said, "Love your neighbor," the words which form the basis of the brotherhood of man?

The statement in the Rejoinder, "Bolshevism is anarchy . . .," allowed all that was possible for the "fine distinction" between the two, and therefore referred to the effects of the two rather than to the intrinsic value of each. If the author of the Reply desires to call the effects of Bolshevik rule in Petrograd, Berlin, and Munich, government, then a new word must be secured to define such a condition as exists in America. If anything, Bolshevism is worse than anarchy, for the latter spouts no claims to being a government, while the former has the audacity to term the ruling of Russia, government. Theoretically, there may be a "fine distinction" between Bolshevism and Anarchy, but practice reveals them to be of equal baseness.

Another defect in the Reply is that the author sets a too apparent trap to form the basis of another argument of present-day interest, which I do not care to discuss. Lastly, the Reply revelled in the lowest form of rebuttal, abuse of an opponent. It is obviously of no use to engage in a formal debate and put forward points for argument, and to receive in reply a tumid collection of multisyllabic, impetuous assertions which have no bearing on the subject.

No, there exists no possibility that the German sailors, Bolsheviks, were actuated by faith in the brotherhood of man in their surrender to the Allies. They surrendered because they were forced to, not by the brotherhood-of-man ideals, but by existing conditions.

J. SINNOTT MEYERS.

Missing.

She stood upon the city street,
A maiden young and fair.
The boys come back, were marching to
The tune of "Over there."

She tried to smile, but I could see
The tear and vacant stare.
God pity her, give peace to him
A-sleeping over there.

FRANK MASTERTON.

"Two Strong Men."

BY J. SINNOTT MEYERS, '20.

Paris was wonderful that night, thought Jack Taylor. Never before had the soft glow of the arch lights of the Champs Elysee cast such a beautiful glow. The soft air of summer playfully caressed his face as he passed the dark silhouettes of the trees, which lined the promenade.

He turned to his companion, a tall, well-built blond: "Reinald, a wonderful night!"

"Yes," replied his friend, with a slight German accent; "never has Paris seemed so dear to me. And it is all the more dear now, for the signs of war are in the air and I may have to leave Paris—and you."

"Oh," said Jack, in his American manner, "I believe it's all talk. Why should these people over here living in peaceful happiness go crazy and start a scrap just because an Austrian noble has been shot?"

"Ah, my American friend, you have lived only two years in Europe and you don't know us Europeans yet," said the German.

"Maybe not," replied Jack; "but let's go back to the house and 'hit the books,' as I've a lot of work to do."

The two young men retraced their steps to their lodging near the University of Paris. For two years Jack Taylor had been a student in the great French school. In his first year he had met the young Bavarian, Reinald Von Hauf, also a student at the university, and the two of them had become fast friends. Both were lovers of Paris; and for two years they had lived as only college men can live in Paris.

During the last few days, however, the rumors of a war with Germany had threatened to part them. Von Hauf was a lieutenant in the German army, and as a true German he would have to return to his own country in the event of war.

The following morning when Von Hauf and Taylor stepped into the street, the newsboys were shouting the declaration of war with Germany and her allies. Reinald bought *Le Matin*. He glanced at the headlines, and then turned to Jack: "At last, my friend, it has come. It will be a great war, for Germany is prepared. The Prussian rule of my country has wrought only one good for her, as I can see it,—preparedness."

"But," returned Taylor, "you are in France and do not have to go back and get killed."

Reinald Von Hauf drew himself up to the full height of his six feet and two inches. "I am a German," he said.

Taylor understood and the matter was dismissed for the time. The University of Paris held no classes that morning and Reinald and Jack returned to their rooms. Jack threw himself into an easy-chair, propped his feet onto the table, lighted his pipe, and gazed dreamily out of the window. Reinald paced the room. The atmosphere was tense. Finally Taylor blurted out, "For God's sake, Reinald sit down; you drive me mad with your walking up and down, up and down, like a caged lion."

But the pacing continued. Then there was a knock at the door. Taylor got up and opened it. A messenger boy handed him a telegram addressed to Von Hauf. The latter signed for it and closed the door. He tore the envelope open, glanced at it, and handed it to Jack. "I must go," he said. Taylor took the message dated from a small French frontier town, and read, 'Aunt Miriam very ill. Come at once.'

"Where in thunder did you get an 'Aunt Miriam' so suddenly? You never told me anything about her."

"It is a code message, ordering me to return to my command at once," said Reinald.

"But how the devil did it get through?"

"Oh, leave that to the Wilhelmstrasse", laughed Reinald, as he started to his own room to pack his clothes. Jack went over to the victrola and put on the "War Song" of Wagner. This over he laughed, and taking a record at random he placed it on the machine and turned the lever as Von Hauf called to him. Jack turned. His friend was standing near the door in his overcoat and hat; his valises were on the floor at his feet.

"Not going now?" asked Jack in astonishment.

"Yes; I am a German—I must go. And, my dearest friend, remember that no matter what comes or goes, you and I are pledged to everlasting friendship. I do so hope that your country will not be drawn into the struggle. And if she is, I hope that it will not be on the side of France and England—Gott strafe her—for, my brother, I love you, just as I love my beautiful country, and I could not bear to fight against you." He grasped Jack and embraced him.

The two men stood shaking hands, looking

straight into each other's eyes, reading in their very souls the affection they bore each other, as the voice on the forgotten victrola sang,

Oh East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
Till two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.

Reinald released his grip on his friend, grabbed his valises and hurried away. Jack turned to the victrola and stood staring at it, listening to the "Ballad of the East and West," his brain in a daze.

The months which followed were agonizing ones for Jack Taylor. The University was closed. He had never heard from his friend, his heart was sick over the violation of Belgium, and he was ashamed to appear on the streets of Paris in his civilian clothes. In fact, he ventured out only at night to take his accustomed walk.

It was on one of these night rambles that he passed a one-legged soldier standing under an arch light on a street corner. The man stared at him. "Mon Ami," he called and Jack turned. "Pierre, Pierre," he cried, as he recognized a former fellow-student. How comes this?"

"Ah, my American friend," said the Frenchman, "I left the University and lost this leg at the Marne." Then he told his tale of how a German had mercilessly cut off his leg with a bayonet as he lay unconscious on the battlefield. The beastly cruelty of the deed so shocked Taylor's sense of righteousness that he made up his mind then and there to join in the struggle against the Hun, and the next morning he made application for admission to the French Flying Corps.

The month of October and the first part of November, 1918, had been strenuous days for Jack Taylor, now a lieutenant in the Flying Corps. During that time he had been actively engaged in helping to stop the great German advance. On the afternoon of November the 10th he was called to headquarters, and asked by his colonel if he would undertake a most hazardous task for France.

"At your service," responded Taylor.

"Very well," said the colonel; "to-night Captain Verne will take you into Germany. He will descend and drop you one mile east of the town of Heisenden, near a small wood. Word has come through the lines that the new super-Gotha planes are hidden in an aerdrome there.

Their first flight over our lines is to be to-morrow afternoon. That flight must not be made. You will carry on your person two small tins of high explosives. Captain Verne will to-morrow at high noon fly again over the spot where he has left you; if he sees a large white square on the ground, he will descend and pick you up. That is all."

At two minutes after nine o'clock that night a swift-flying plane carrying two passengers rose from Aerdrome 7172, Sector 62, and flew directly east. The usual communication lights on the tips of the wings were missing. At the end of an hour's flying, the machine dove, and then circled to the earth. One man climbed out of the plane, shook the hand of the other, and ran quickly towards the woods, some hundred yards away. The airplane rushed forward over the ground, rose, and was lost in the night.

When Jack Taylor gained the woods, he secreted himself in the underbrush, and watched for about half an hour. From time to time he glanced at his wrist watch. Finally, the dial read ten thirty-five. He must hurry if he was to accomplish his task. Cautiously he entered the open fields, and by the stars he guided a course to the northwest. A rapid walk of a few minutes brought him to the aviation headquarters at Heisenden. He circled and came up to the rear of the building.

It was a one-story sheet-iron structure with two windows, one on the east side, the other facing west. He could hear the footsteps of the guard on the roadway. Stealing around the corner of the house he peered into the room. Two German officers were seated by a long table littered with papers and a guard stood just inside the door. The room was destitute of other furniture, save a victrola standing in a corner of the room near the door. The officers were talking in German. He could hear them distinctly, and he congratulated himself on having learned a great deal of German from his friend Von Hauf while they were at school. The officers were discussing the proposed armistice. The commandant, a major, was a typical Prussian fire-eater. He was hooting the idea of peace and became so violent that his comrade refused to discuss the question further. Then the conversation turned, to Taylor's delight, to the Gotha super-planes. "With those planes we can level Paris in three hours," remarked the major.

Just then a big military machine came in from the east and drew up before the door. An officer

wearing the uniform of the German aviation corps, with the insignia of a captain, stepped out, entered the building, and saluted.

"Take off your things and sit down a while," said the major. The captain removed his cape and took off his cap. Jack Taylor was startled to recognize in the German flyer his old friend, Reinald Von Hauf. He swore softly under his breath. "But war is war," he reflected, and then listened again. Von Hauf was speaking.

"No, Major," he said; "I cannot stay long. Information has come through that the secret of our planes is known to the enemy, and that an attempt will be made by the French to destroy them tonight. I am going now to the aerdrome to make an inspection. Armistice or no armistice, those planes must be saved to Germany. If peace is declared, they can be taken far into the interior and hidden for future use."

At the order of Major Von Arlen, the guard brought Von Hauf a stein of beer. Jack Taylor, thanking his lucky stars that they were with him, removed his boots and cautiously crept towards the front corner of the house. The guard was passing back and forth on his duty, and as he turned to retrace his steps Taylor stole across the roadway to the rear of the automobile. He found what he expected—the big iron grated box used to carry the officers' supplies. Jack got inside, and waited almost breathlessly until Von Hauf came out and got into the machine.

Twenty minutes later the car had passed the guard and was stopping in front of the aerdrome. Von Hauf got out. The squad on guard reported and then resumed their sentry duty. The chauffeur shifted gears, and the car moved forward. When it had passed the lighted doorway, Jack slipped out of the box and jumped to the side of the roadway. He looked at his watch; the time was one-fifteen on the morning of the 11th of November. Taylor then approached the aerdrome from the side, flattened himself against the front wall, and waited. "I can not kill Von Hauf; yet this place must be destroyed," he reflected, as he took the packages of the explosives from his pockets, and made them ready. "Yes," he said to himself; "if he'd only come out, then I could blow the place up and have my conscience clear." He could hear his old friend walking around inside. Von Hauf then appeared in the doorway, and called for the guard. Then it was that Jack Taylor decided to act. He ran forward, seized Von Hauf, jerked him out of the doorway, threw the explosive through

the open door, and then dragged his friend across the road, before the German could realize the situation. A terrific explosion rent the air. Taylor felt the ground tremble, was vaguely aware that Von Hauf had fallen, and then became unconscious.

When he came to, he found himself a prisoner on a couch inside the aerodrome office. Von Hauf with head bandaged, was standing over him. Taylor, feeling very weak, looked around and then got up. Von Hauf stopped him, put his hand on his shoulder and asked earnestly, "Oh, my friend, why did you do this? Why did it have to be you. You know that I must, if I am a true German, turn you over to be shot. And yet I can not kill my friend. I realize that you waited until you could get me out of danger before you blew the drome, but that will not help you when tried, for you have completely destroyed the giant Gothas, the pride of the German air service."

Taylor said nothing, but sat down. As Von Hauf paced the room, the similarity of this occasion to the day on which Reinald had left Paris forcibly struck Taylor. Neither of the men spoke.

Jack was awakened from his reverie by the sound of an approaching motorcycle. A moment later a messenger burst into the room, saluted, and handed Von Hauf a message. As the German officer read the message a smile broke over his face. He walked over to Jack, put his arm around him, and the two of them read, "Report at once. Armistice signed".

"This settles matters for me," said Reinald joyfully; "now I can take you to headquarters without fear of your being shot".

When the two of them reached Heisenden, they found Von Arlen in a towering rage. The major fumed and raged at Von Hauf as if he had signed the armistice. When he had cooled down somewhat, he noticed Taylor for the first time. "Who is that man?" he demanded.

"My friend, Lieutenant Jack Taylor, an American, serving in the French Flying Corps."

"What's he doing here?" snapped the Major.

Then for the first time since the message had reached him at the drome, did Von Hauf think of the wrecked Gothas. The Major was obviously in no mood to hear of the destruction of the machines.

"Hurry up! what is he doing here, within the German lines within half an hour after the signing of the armistice?"

Von Hauf related how the machines had been destroyed, and how Jack had waited until he could save his life before destroying the drome. At this news the major turned white with anger. Running up to Jack he shouted in his face, "You shall pay for this! You shall pay for those planes with your life."

"But," protested Reinald, "the war is over."

"Peace has not been declared," shrieked the major. Then his face took on the expression of revenge. Turning to the guard he ordered him to bring Taylor something to eat.

"I don't believe I care for anything," said Jack.

"You'll eat now, because it's the last chance you'll ever have, and I don't want you to fall down in front of the firing squad." The guard brought the lunch. Von Hauf, pacing the room, suddenly stopped at the last speech of the major, made a movement toward him, and then restrained himself.

As Taylor was finishing his meal, a new idea seemed to strike the major. He ordered away the firing squad, and placed instead an armed guard leaning through the west window, with his rifle levelled at Taylor's head. Turning to Jack: "In a few minutes you will be dead. Your life is forfeit for the planes you destroyed. I am going to play on the victrola for you the only English record we have here. When the last strains of that are ended, the guard will shoot you."

Reinald paced up and down the room, his hands twitching nervously. The major turned, placed a record on the victrola, turned the lever, and faced Taylor and Von Hauf. At the first strains of the melody, a shadow passed over Von Hauf's face. Suddenly he turned, jerked out his revolver, shot the leering guard through the head, then turned and emptied the gun into Von Arlen, who crumpled up and fell. The weapon dropped from Von Hauf's hand as he leaned on the window sill, his head buried in his arms, crying.

For a moment Taylor was dazed by this swift turn of events; then jumping to his feet, he strode over to Von Hauf, placing his hand on his friend's shoulder. Reinald turned, and the two men were looking straight into each other's eyes, as the forgotten voice on the victrola sang:

Oh East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet,
Till two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.

Varsity Verse.

MY GIFT.

A fetish carved in speckled jade,
I wonder why such things are made?
You say for luck; perhaps a boon?
With longing hopes she'll write me soon.

PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

TOM HOOD UP TO DATE.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.
You'd hardly know the old place now,
For dad is up to date,
And the farm is scientific,
From the back lot to the gate.
The house and barn are lighted
With bright acetylene,
The engine in the laundry
Is run by gasoline.
We have silos, we have autos,
We have dynamos and things,
A telephone for gossip
And a phonograph that sings.
The hired man has left us;
We miss his homely face.
A lot of skilful toilers
Are working in his place.
There's an engineer and fireman,
A chauffeur and a vet;
Electrician and mechanic,
Oh, the farm's run right, you bet.
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn
Now brightens up a bathroom
That cost a car of corn.
Our milkmaid, is pneumatic,
And she's sanitary, too;
But dad gets 15 cents a quart
For milk that once brought two.
Our cattle came from Jersey
And the hogs are all Duroc;
The sheep are Southdown beauties,
And the chickens Plymouth Rock.
To have the best of everything,
That is our aim and plan;
For dad not only farms it,
But he's a business man.

A STUDENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS.

Tyranny overthrows tyranny.
Only the just should administer justice.
Now is the time for Emmet's epitaph to be written.
Speaking of a universal flag, how about the Red Cross?
Will the dove of peace conquer the eagle of supremacy?
The Mistress of the Seas would fain become their owner.
The Irish and the dead are at Versailles, but only in spirit.
A peace conference is an ideal place in which to start a war.
America is still batting about .999 in the League of Nations.
Remember, Nations, that Ireland has been "Belgiumized" five times.
England seems to have conveniently forgotten the fact that Ireland exists.
Britain is playing well her role as Bolshevik in the brotherhood of nations.
Though only the few can be Irish in blood, all can at least be Irish in spirit.
English freedom is only a euphemism for tyranny so long as Ireland is enslaved.
If right makes might, the small nations should be the most powerful at the peace table.
To remove the tusks of the American war-dog is to leave him at the mercy of the yellow cur.
A drowning maid, whose friends are not strong enough to cast her the life line—is Erin.
Raids in the I. W. W. sector on the western front are the latest developments in the world war.
The latest anomaly: A peace conference with the representative of the Prince of Peace uninvited.
Peace is like an aeroplane ride through soft, billowy clouds after coasting down the Alps in a Ford.
Is England consistent in her demand for permanent peace and for permanent subjection of Ireland?
If we have fought to disprove that "might is right" our victory is incomplete so long as England's heel is upon Ireland.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITVRVS

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

VOL. LII. MARCH 1, 1919. NO. 18.

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The need of missionary activity and interest is ever urging itself upon us. Missionaries are confident that if we knew but faintly the needs

The Mission Crusade. if we but knew how little we are doing and how much there is to be done, we should gladly proffer any reasonable aid. To lessen this general dearth of knowledge of actual conditions in missionary countries is the aim of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. From the very inception of the Crusade, scarcely a year ago, its founders have been actuated by wise and unselfish motives. They have disregarded the imperative needs of the moment and of any particular mission, and have laid the foundations necessary for a nation-wide and permanent organization. It is to include every Catholic college in the country. Such a cause should enlist general interest. In many ways all of us are deeply indebted to the zeal of missionary men. Our own University, not long ago an outpost of religion and of civilization, is but a monument to truest missionary endeavors. A study of the founders of this and other schools, of the spirit and the indomitable courage which overcame every difficulty, can not fail to result in a sympathetic and lasting interest in the missions.—L. R. W.

During the war it was the endeavor of the welfare organizations to develop the morale of

the soldiers. Now, in the reconstruction period there devolves upon them the **Peace Morale.** more difficult task of developing a peace morale. Their work is not finished until the boys who gave themselves to the cause are restored to peacetime occupations and until everything possible is done to rehabilitate the wounded and make them self-supporting. The National Catholic War Council with the cooperation of the Knights of Columbus is making an effort to interest all American Catholics in the important work of securing positions for the demobilized soldiers, since nothing is so destructive of morale as a long period of idleness. The Knights of Columbus are working thru their city and state councils for the furtherance of these plans. Hospital Service Bureaus are being established in all large cities for the care of the wounded men. Some are already in operation and many others are being made ready as quickly as possible. It is hoped to make the movement nation-wide. The bureaus will consist of a standardized hospital clinic in all departments, so that all the wounded may receive the most up-to-date treatment. There will also be hospital workers to attend to men in their homes where it is necessary. It is the hope of the welfare organizations to obtain in this way as efficient and sturdy a morale among the veterans as they effected in the war period. Needless to say, their success will depend largely upon the support given them by the citizens of the country who appreciate rightly the service of the soldier and the invaluable work of the welfare organizations.—F. P. G.

In the days of Roman rule a vanquished gladiator lost not only the favor of the multitude but often his life as well. Though a more humane standard generally prevails to-day, sometimes a "pollice verso" group arises and manifests a disposition closely akin to that of the ancients. When a university team loses a few games in succession it does not infallibly follow that the players merit nothing but criticism. It may merely indicate that the opposing teams happen to be somewhat superior in strength and skill, and the real sportsman is not heart-broken when the issue is not with his own team. No one who has witnessed the basketball contests at Notre Dame this season can honestly say

that any team has surpassed the present one in pluck. Why then should some spectators be so disgruntled over recent defeats as to declare piteously that the team is not up to standard? They forget, among other facts, that the men who constitute this year's team were out establishing the Gold and Blue supremacy on the gridiron when the quintets of other schools were diligently practising basket-ringing, passing, and floor-work. They forget too that a university exists primarily not for winning athletic triumphs but for making men. Finally, if our chronic carpers are so dispirited by a few defeats for the Gold and Blue, what would happen to their equanimity in most other schools—where victories are certainly much rarer than at Notre Dame.—w. c. h.

It is of interest to note some of the provisions of the new Russian Constitution and the Declaration of Rights drawn up by the leaders of the Bolshevik party. Private ownership of land has been done away with without compensation; all loans contracted by the Czar's government or by landowners and business men have been indiscriminately repudiated; all movable and immovable property is to be turned over to the state at the death of its present owner; the marriage contract can be annulled on the petition of one or both of the parties; "dictatorship" and universal military training are to continue until the last trace of capitalism has been utterly wiped out; and no citizen is permitted to teach religion publicly. These are some of the most important provisions of Bolshevism, by which Lenine and his 200,000 followers are trying to dominate 130,000,000 of the Russian people. These principles involve the very negation of government; they lack utterly consideration for the general welfare; they fail to respect the existence of any higher law; they recognize no individual rights. Truly is this latest state of Russia worst than the former.—C. R. P.

Anent the surrender of the German fleet, but without venturing any opinion as to whether that act was prompted by humanitarian principle or by lack of backbone, it is submitted that to fight merely as a demonstration of gameness is wrong. Rashness is as far removed from real bravery as is cowardice.—c. j. l.

Vaudeville for K. C. Fund.

Coach Rockne on last Wednesday night gave another demonstration of his versatility. In a benefit performance staged for the building fund of the Knights of Columbus, he displayed a galaxy of Thespians not a bit less brilliant than his champions of the gridiron and the cinder path. The performance included only the best features of his extensive repertoire and attained the *ultima thule* in satisfaction given, if not in point of dramatic art. Any deficiency apparent in the presentation of the vaudeville seemed attributable to the system of scene-shifting that prevails in Washington Hall rather than to Coach Rockne's plans. The continuous cachination of the audience was evidence, at any rate, that the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed once it held the stage.

The first of the nine acts was a thaumaturgical feat entitled "Resisto," under the direction of that master of legerdemain, Toreador Taurus Rademacher. Van Wouterghen in the title rôle responded nobly to every "weighty" demand made upon him. Señor Corona next sang several beautiful tenor solos, which were received with delight. Ed Gottry followed with what might be appropriately called a pianolog, in which he made the ivories speak most eloquently of Tschaikowsky and Chopin. The fourth bill was a skit featuring our local Belasco as "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and listing in its dramatis personæ such celebrities as "Wop" Berra and "Lefty" Welch, ladies unusual, and "Tex" Allison the Trooper. The happy cast made the sketch a most successful mirth-maker. Joe McGinnis and Dudley in their singing act worked a novelty that went as "real stuff" with most of the audience, and Charlie McCauley re-affirmed his gift of ragtime. "The Recruit," with Sergeant Owens as "examiner" in an enlistment office, made a hit with everyone, as did Charlie Davis with his *Jazzews par Excellence*. It was with difficulty that he subdued the applause with which his musicians were repeatedly drowned. As the concluding and somewhat anti-climactic number, the New England Club offered a scene built on the fragile framework of a negro wench's rather umbrageous "confession." The piece was more to be commended for the good intention that prompted the effort than for the mistaken humor in which local personages were made to play the plot.—r. j. b.

Local News.

—The Notre Dame musicians will give a concert at the Presbyterian Church, South Bend, tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock.

—A speech on "The Mystery of Lincoln" delivered by Father Cavanaugh at the Metropolitan Club of Chicago on the Centennial of Lincoln's birth appears for the first time in print in the *Bulletin* of the Fire Insurance Club, for January, 1919. The address treats, as the title suggests, of a new phase of Lincoln and is a real contribution to the literature on the Great Emancipator.

—The committee selected by the Seniors to arrange for their annual ball is composed of George Haller, Everett Blackman, Charles McCauley, Emmett Kelly, Bernard McGarry, Louis Finske, Columbus Conboy, Louis Doyle, August VanWongerghen, and Paul Fenlon. Although a definite date for this big event of the year has not been set, it will probably be immediately after Easter, most likely Monday, the 28th of April.

—Monday evening the Teenie Weenies of Carroll were defeated in a basketball game by the Junior Buddies of Holy Cross, 12 to 1. Oberwinder, an ex-Weenie, played a star game for the Buddies by holding the fast Weenie, Allen, to a basketless game. Much track ability was manifest when either side secured the ball, and the knack of falling on the ball shown by both teams promises well for the coming football season.

—At an enthusiastic meeting of the Alpha Alpha Delta Club, Edward D. DeCoursey, of Rochelle, Illinois, was elected president, George E. Meyers, of Wellsville, Missouri, vice-president, and William M. White, of Ottowa, Illinois, secretary and treasurer. It was decided that the club would give a banquet in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel on Monday, March 3rd. Each member is allowed to bring two guests. Fathers Schumacher, Joseph Burke, Irving, Brother Leo, and Mr. J. D. Oliver, of the Oliver Chilled Plow Works, are on the program of speakers.

—The semi-annual elections of officers of the Holy Cross Literary society was held on February 9th, resulting as follows: William C. Havey, president; Francis Nowakowski, vice-president; Leo Ward, secretary; Casimir

Witucki, treasurer; Arthur B. Hope, critic; Thomas Brennan, reporter; Edward Kelly, chairman; and Michael Mangan and Thomas Duffy, executive committee. At the next regular meeting the new officers were duly installed. Before the ceremony a short program was presented, consisting of a talk on Sinn Feinism by Thomas Healy, a story by John Roche, and the reading of original and facetious verse by Donald MacGregor.

—The personnel of the Glee Club, as selected by Dean Becker, was announced last week: First tenors: T. F. Mudd, W. B. Rochford, R. P. Devine, E. M. Moore, J. R. Jolly, C. A. Crowley, G. Fischer, José Corona, G. Murphy, and S. E. Steinle; second tenors: J. D. Rosenthal, Ed. Harrington, T. J. Tobin, A. J. Moore, M. J. Carroll, J. L. Musmaker, G. Scott, P. Gessler, and W. A. Castellini; first bass: J. W. Connerton, W. E. Rice, J. L. Callen, J. C. McGinnis, J. Stewart, J. F. Clancy, T. H. Beacom, J. E. Kenney, and W. L. Douglas; second bass: A. W. Weinrich, P. F. Nagle, E. A. Fredrickson, H. F. Breen, D. C. Roberts, F. L. Hayes, J. R. Maag, and P. G. Powers.

—The convention of the Indiana Library Association opened last Wednesday morning in the University Library. Reverend Paul Foik, C. S. C., delivered the address of welcome to the fifty members attending and turned over the library keys to the visitors. Interesting lectures were given by Mrs. Florence Newcomb, of Indianapolis, and Miss Grace Stingley, of Rochester, Indiana. Miss Nita Barnett, of Kewanee, led an interesting discussion. Father Foik conducted a tour of the Library, showing the system and methods employed in the library work. The delegates expressed high appreciation of the very fine collection of Italian art which the Library possesses.

—The freshman section of the Chamber of Commerce is presenting the following program of reports in its weekly meetings in the library: January 21, D. W. Duffy, on "The Great Lakes Traffic and Trade;" January 28, Morgan Sheedy, "The Effects of War Insurance on Old Line Companies;" January 28, M. Schwarz, "War Department Packing;" February 18, George Kerver, "Some Aspects of Advertising;" February 25, J. F. Halloran, "The Canadian Banking System and the Federal Reserve Act;" February 25, F. Bloemer, "The Free

Port;" February 25, G. D. Spitler, "The Inter-urban Motor Transport;" March 4, Gilbert Geary, "Reconstruction—Marketing Problems;" March 4, Cletus Lynch, "Labor Readjustment in the Plated Ware Industry;" March 11, Leo D. Kelley, "Report of the Fuel Administrator;" March 11, J. Paul Cullen, "Government Road Building;" March 18, Edwin J. Byrne, "Port Development in the South;" March 18, William E. Miller, "The Trade Mark Laws of the World;" March 25, Rollin M. Hickey, "The Russian Advance;" March 25, Ardo Reichert, "The Federal Farm Loan Law;" April 1, George L. Kinney, "Reconstruction—Steel Furniture;" April 1, R. W. McCarthy, "The Railroad Problem;" April 8, Wilfred Riley, "The British Embargo;" April 8, J. P. Schaefer, "The Apple Belt of the Mason-Dixon Line;" April 8, H. P. Schnettlet, "The Michigan Fruit Belt;" April 15, J. R. Stewart, "Salesmanship in South America."

—It should be a source of gratification to Catholics of the Old Northwest, and especially to those interested in the history of her early missionaries, to know that the memory of one of those resolute members of the Society of Jesus, which made such efficient warfare against the spiritual darkness of the American Indian in the 17th and 18th centuries, is about to be honored in a signal manner. Father Claude Jean Allouez, often called the "Xavier of America," lies somewhere along the banks of the St. Joseph between South Bend and Niles. The exact location of his grave has been for years a matter of much speculation. One of the probable sites has been marked for many generations by a rude cross, which has lately fallen into decay. Some time ago many citizens of Niles became interested in the project of erecting a substantial monument to perpetuate the memory of Father Allouez. After a year of labor the committee delegated to collect funds for the purpose has gathered seven hundred dollars, of which one hundred has been donated by Father Cavanaugh, President of the University. The donors have decided to purchase a granite cross in the Latin style to replace the wooden one. The monument is to be eleven feet high with three bases, on one of which is to be placed a bronze tablet, bearing an inscription, written by Father Cavanaugh, in appreciation of the labor and sacrifice of this intrepid missionary.

—PAUL SCOFIELD,

Personals.

—Charles P. Mooney (student, 1917), of Memphis, Tennessee, is in France with Battalion E, 115th Field Artillery.

—Captain John J. Kennedy (A. B., '09), of the 110th Infantry, is now stationed in Lorraine, about ten miles west of Metz, as part of the Army of Occupation.

—Sergeant George W. Sands, LL. B. '10, has resumed his practice of law in South Bend after returning from Camp Taylor, where he has been doing reconstruction work.

—A brief history of Notre Dame written by Alexander A. Szczepanik appeared in a four-column article in the Booster Section of the South Bend *News-Times* last Sunday. The article was illustrated with campus views.

—The following pleasant announcement came in this morning's mail, addressed to the Reverend John Cavanaugh and Faculty: "Mrs. Ella R. Grange announces the marriage of Esther Ann to Albert A. Kuhle on Saturday, February 15th, 1919, at Long Beach, California." Mr. Kuhle was a graduate of the class of 1915. Heartiest congratulations!

—Edward "Slip" Madigan, 1917 'Varsity football star, expects to receive his commission as an esign in April. At present "Slip" is out on a cruise in the Atlantic but when stationed on shore is at Pelham Bay. "Slip" became famous as a football player when he was called to resume the position of Rydzewski at center during the W. and J. game.

—Sergeant Charles W. Duffin, U. S. A., (student '84-'87), now stationed at Camp Custer, Michigan, visited the University recently. He was originally from Columbus, Ohio. After leaving the University he went south to take charge of his father's interests, and in 1899 joined the Army to take part against the Philippine insurrection in the Islands. After serving with distinction he resigned. He re-enlisted in November, 1917 and was shortly afterwards promoted to a sergeantcy.

—William F. Montavon (A. B., 1898) is now head of the International Petroleum Company, with headquarters at Lima, Peru. His record of the past twenty-one years is one of remarkable achievement. While engaged in diligent study as an instructor in the government schools of the Philippines, he received the

appointment of American commercial attaché to Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, South America. His incomparable knowledge of trade conditions in these and adjoining countries has won for him a great distinction in the commercial world. "He is succeeding," to quote the *Portsmouth News Times*, "because he deserves to succeed, because he always did a little more than was expected of him, and all the time was preparing himself for bigger and better things."

—C. PALMER.

Athletic Notes.

I. A. C. MEET.

In the annual handicap meet staged by the Illinois Athletic Club, of Chicago; at the Northwestern University gymnasium last Friday evening the Gold-and-Blue trackmen scored a total of 26 points for second place, ahead of teams representing Chicago, Illinois, and Northwestern universities. The meet was won by the athletes of the I. A. C., who with their liberal handicaps coralled 65 points.

Earl Gilfillan, the mainstay of the Notre Dame squad, scored three firsts and a second, and was easily the star of the occasion. His first victory came in the 50-yard high hurdles, and another in the 50-yard low hurdles, in which he crossed the tape in 6 and 3-5 seconds. He scored seventeen of the points made by the N. D. team. Competing against heavy odds, the Joliet wonder heaved the sixteen-pound weight for a distance of 43 feet, 7½ inches for first place, despite the fact that Thompson of the victors, who finished second, had a handicap of 5 feet, 9 inches. In the 56-pound weight, in which he was given his only handicap—of nine inches—he took third place. Shanahan, of the tri-color aggregation, took the event by hurling the bulky weight 30 feet, 2½ inches.

Hayes of Notre Dame came second in the 50-yard dash in opposition to a number of worthy foes in this event who had from 5 to 7 feet handicap. Mulligan, the other scratch man, qualified for the semi-final but was nosed out by some inches in the final. Burke in the half-mile run finished fourth. It was impossible for him to win, as an array of more experienced runners were given a larger handicap than he.

"Red" Douglass entered the high jump event with a 3-inch handicap. He tied for second with Osborne of Illinois, at 5 feet and 10 inches.

In a toss up to decide to whom the silver medal should go Douglass lost out, but received a bronze souvenir. In his first important experience, Gerald Hoar, a sophomore, finished fourth in the 50-yard low hurdles.

Sweeney and Captain Rademacher competed in the mile run and the pole vault respectively. Neither one placed, although Captain Rademacher had no difficulty in going over the horizontal bar after the event was finished. "Joie" Ray, the sensational I. A. C. runner, won the mile in good time. With a burst of speed in the few last laps, he had no difficulty in making the event in 4.23.3-5. Sweeney competed against a veteran who is considered the best in the West, if not in the country. The varsity one-mile relay team finished third. In this event Coach Rockne entered three youngsters for the first time, Scallan, Burke, and Meredith. They lacked the experience and were unaccustomed to the cinder path, on which the Chicago men have been pacing for years. With more coaching and experience this team should make things lively for opponents in the coming meets.

This afternoon the Gold and Blue meets Michigan at Ann Arbor in a dual contest. Only fourteen men left for Ann Arbor this morning, which means that some of our athletes will have to double up in several events. Edward Meehan accompanied the team and may run in the half-mile.

KALAMAZOO AND LANSING GAMES.

The Notre Dame basketball team lost its second game to Western State Normal at Kalamazoo last Friday evening. The peculiar arrangement of one of the baskets and the wooden floor proved too much of a problem for the Varsity men, who lost the contest by a 29-to-9 score. They could not get a good range in throwing for the basket placed at a right angle, and consequently many attempts netted nothing.

The next evening at Lansing Captain Bahan led his teammates to a well-earned victory by one point over the Wolverine Farmers. Notre Dame took an early lead and kept it to the finish. In the last part of the game the losers made a big rally and all but tied the score. Captain Bahan, who was shifted from forward to guard, did most of the scoring for the Gold and Blue, and his offensive work prevented the Aggies from making points at times when their points were needed most.

ALEXANDER A. SZCZEPANIK.

Letters from Soldiers.

Shreveport, Louisiana,
January 6, 1919.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

As the only other Notre Dame man of Marshall, I have been asked by members of the family—knowing that you desired such information for the SCHOLASTIC—to inform you of the death in France of Lieut. George J. Ryan, of Marshall, Texas. He was wounded in action on the French front on October 6th, and died the next day.

Lieutenant Ryan was a student in the law department at Notre Dame for several years. He was then admitted to the bar in Texas and enjoyed a lucrative practice in Marshall for several years, but removed to California in 1915, where he was associated with the Honorable Joseph Scott. At the outbreak of the war he entered a California training camp, graduated with a lieutenant's commission, and was immediately sent overseas. He had been in active service over a year at the time of his death.

Wishing you and the school the best of success for the coming year and trusting that I may be with you again in September, I am

Sincerely yours,
Michael Freeman Scully.

American E. F., France,
January 8, 1919.

Reverend Michael McCabe,
Providence, Rhode Island.

Dear Father:

It has taken me a long time to get around to these few lines and I am afraid they won't be very interesting at this late day. The past two months have brought a great lull, and many of us were caught out in the hills along the Meuse and the Argonne sector. We seemed to be forgotten by everybody, while the victorious Third Army moved to the rear. Our division was in the Second Army and was left right along the front for several months with nothing to do but bury the dead and salvage the guns, ammunition, and other material left by the Germans in their mad rush to Berlin. During these weeks we lived in dugouts, in ravines, and on hillsides. All around was devastation and death. I have never imagined in my wildest ramblings such destruction. From one hill I looked upon seven towns which had been so shot to pieces that not a house was left standing. Even the graveyards of these villages had been overturned by the horrible artillery fire that was poured into them for days before hostilities ceased. But enough of this. Some day I shall tell you all about it if others don't tire you with these horrors before I see you.

One sight that would have brought joy to your heart was my Mass on Christmas morning in the ruined cathedral at Verdun. I don't believe there was a more touching celebration along the entire front. The debris was still piled in the centre of the cathedral when the soldiers poured into the church—no windows, the roof half gone, gaping holes in the walls, altars shot to pieces, and a look of ruin about the whole place! The French contributed a band of fifty pieces

and a choir of about the same number. A Notre Dame officer, a student of mine last year, stepped forward as I was preparing for Mass and offered to serve. About fifteen hundred crowded around. They sat on broken stone, upturned benches, and even on the floor. I could not resist the temptation to tell the American boys what a wonderful crowd they were, and so my Christmas sermon was in the nature of a eulogy. This was my fourth service on that day—midnight Mass near our headquarters, eight-o'clock Mass in another town about five miles away, then a service for Protestants, and finally the Verdun Mass. Aside from the joy I derived from this work, my Christmas was rather dismal.

I am now taking a short rest in the rear. For several weeks I have felt the need of getting away from the routine of these times and have finally succeeded in getting a few days off. I hope you are well. Perhaps some day within the next few months I shall give myself the pleasure of calling on you. Best wishes for a new year filled with God's best blessings.

Sincerely,
(Lieut.) John C. McGinn, C. S. C.

Aix Les Bains, France,
November 13, 1918.

Dear Professor Maurus:

At last I am enjoying my "vacation" here at Aix, where I arrived last Saturday. I am alone, as my two "pals" who started out with me stayed on the train, saying they were going to Nice. The trip down there did not "look good" to me after I had stood up all night on the train, and so I got off here. This is a very beautiful place, but it is not so attractive now as it would be in the summer when the flowers are all in bloom and the trees, grass, and shrubbery are green.

When the soldiers arrive here they register at the station and are then assigned to one of the many hotels which are being used by the American E. F. The government furnishes the transportation here and rooms and board for the men at the hotels. I have a very good room in the "Hotel de l'Europe." It seems like "highbrow stuff," after living in wooden barracks, "pup" tents, and the like. The meals we get in the hotel are fine and I am afraid the army chow will not look too inviting after this.

The Y. M. C. A. building is the principal place of amusement for the men, and they certainly have a fine place here, the best I have seen in France. The building was formerly a Casino and was taken over by the organization for their work. There are large reading rooms, billiard and pool rooms, lunch counter, canteen, an assembly room in which dances are held, and a large theatre where vaudeville performances are given every night. There is a band concert every afternoon and something is going on at all times for the entertainment of the soldiers.

The surrounding country is very mountainous and the scenery is splendid. There is a lake close by and boating is very popular. Very little is lacking in the way of opportunity for sport—with baseball diamonds, tennis courts, and such on every side. Bicycling is another popular sport. Mounts can be rented at reasonable rates from the many garages. One can cover

considerable ground and see much of the country on one of these steeds, but it is generally a one-way game on account of the grades. I took a ride for a couple of hours yesterday to get a little exercise and my legs are somewhat stiff today as a result. I think I shall join the "let's-not-and-say-we-did" club before I take another ride.

There certainly was wild enthusiasm here when the news came that the armistice had been signed. Every building in town was literally covered with flags, they had a big parade of soldiers and city officials, led by an American band. The celebrating continued all through that night, I believe, from the noises I heard. Well, it is certainly worth celebrating, as it looks as if "la guerre est fini." The headline of the New York *Herald* says that "The War is Won." I can imagine what sort of demonstrations are taking place in the United States about now.

Hoping I may hear from you soon, I am as ever,
Sincerely your friend,

Leon T. Russell.

Meteorological Section, U. S. Signal Corps,
American E. F., A. P. O. 731-A.

Near Bordeaux, France,
October 24, 1918.

Dear Father Maguire:

At last I have an opportunity to make good my many promises made to myself. Many times I have wanted to write to you and let you know what has become of me. Just now there is a lull in the work and I am taking advantage of it to even up in my correspondence. I am in the Chemical Warfare Service, but since landing over here nearly four months ago my sole occupation has been manual labor, with chemistry as much of a mere abstraction as victory for the Germans. I have just been "hitting the ball" in a way that would do credit to a professional stevedore. I would relish getting a few actual wallops at Heine, but there does not seem to be any chance; so I am satisfied to remain here and do what I can. The boys up at the front have been doing wonderful work, and it gives us a world of "pep" to know that they have shown the world what the men from God's Country can do when they get started. It is a great satisfaction to know that one is at least a little cog in the wonderful machine which Uncle Sam has assembled since he decided to help put Prussianism out of business.

When we work back here we work, but it seems to agree with me. I have taken on a little weight and never felt better in my life. Uncle Sam seems to think that nothing is too good for the boys, for we enjoy every comfort possible. We have plenty of good food, splendid quarters, and most of the time enough entertainment to break the monotony. The men in our outfit are all regular fellows; and so nothing more can be desired. We have Mass every Sunday at the Y. M. C. A. I attend and receive Holy Communion whenever work does not prevent me.

I have not seen a Notre Dame man since I landed, and the only one from whom I have heard is Stuart Carroll. I presume he is a busy man, as he has owed me a letter for some time. A good chat with some of the boys would set the whole world right.

I have had very little opportunity to see much of

the surrounding country, but what I have seen is beautiful. It is very rolling in places, and on the whole it resembles a great natural park. If the people would only learn to do things in our way, it would be wonderful, but they seem satisfied to go along doing things which seem to us very primitive. The grape crop has just been gathered; the presses have been busy, and soon there will be "*beaucoup vin*." My knowledge of French is very limited, my vocabulary consisting at present of about a dozen words. If Father Doremus knew this, his conscience might bother him a bit, but I can assure him that it is no fault of his. I just did not know that there was going to be a war over here. That is the only excuse I have to offer. Thus far I have been pretty successful in making myself understood by using my hands. When the war is over I shall be able to qualify as a clothing salesman, if for nothing else.

From the information Mother has given me I can imagine that Notre Dame now resembles a great training camp. I am eagerly awaiting the coming of the SCHOLASTIC—just to know what is going on back there where I spent such happy days. Believe me, Father, I would give a great deal to spend just one day there now. The Notre Dame boys are all doing their part in this great war, and I often try to picture the re-union which will take place when the trouble is over and we can all go back to compare notes. The news from the front becomes more encouraging every day and we are all hoping and praying that we can soon be back in the good old States.

Kindly remember me to Sister Innocenza, Father Nieuwland, Father Joseph Burke, and to all my other friends at Notre Dame, and Father, please, do not forget me in your prayers.

Your sincere friend,

George W. Shanahan.

Chemical Warfare Service,

Base Depot No. 2, A. P. O. 705.

Lourdes (Hautes-Pyrennees), France,
December 8, 1918.

My dear Father Connor:

Just a line to let you know of my great privilege in being here at Lourdes for the patronal feast. Surely Our Lady has been queenly to me. I arrived in Lartès Saturday night and got an early train to Lourdes the next morning. I said Mass in one of the chapels of the great basilica, prayed in the Grotto and offered a votive candle for all at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, kissed the stone on which Our Lady stood so often, and drank of the water you have so long distributed to Mary's children.

Lourdes is wonderful, beautiful, completely satisfying. One could not wish that this or that was otherwise. It seems truly appropriate for the foot-stool of God's Mother. The towering hills, carpeted with moss of every hue, the foliage and flora, the sweet, even Gave, so clear and green, so silently but swiftly flowing by, hushed in nature's reverence for the place, quick in its flow, as if unworthy to pause!

It is a day most precious in my priestly life, and one I shall never forget. Mary seems so near me to-night, so much a mother. There is no tinsel or loudness in devotion at Lourdes. It is a perfect order, perfect

architecture, perfect nature—as it should be, since She who was so perfect deigned to be here.

With all good wishes to you and the Novices, I am.

Sincerely in Christ,

Edward F. Finnegan, C. S. C.,

Chaplain, 60th Infantry, U. S. A.,
American E. F., France.

Nantes, France,
December 8, 1918.

Mr. Paul Fenlon,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Paul:

Earl O'Connor forwarded your very welcome letter to me in Paris and it certainly was good of you to tell us all the news of the old school. It had been nearly six weeks since I had received any mail, because my transfer necessitated its being forwarded, and there is always much delay in such case.

Now for a little news concerning Earl and me, mostly me, since I left him and the Fifth-eighth on November 11th, the day the armistice was signed. My notice to report came on November 8th, but as we were preparing at the time for another visit to the front, I did not consider leaving them. On November 11th the entire regiment was on the march to the front when the word came that the armistice had been signed. I had given up the idea of going to Paris, but as we were sitting along the road trying to comprehend that it was all over several men and officers urged me to go. They considered me a lucky man in having in my pocket necessary authorization and transportation to get to Paris, and they said I would be a fool not to avail myself of the opportunity to see the city. They urged me to go up and see the place and then to report back to the Fifty-eighth if I did not like it. Finally I decided to take their advice, and after hiking along beside Earl for an hour, I fell out of the column and caught a ride into Toul.

Toul was celebrating wildly, of course, that night when I pulled out for Paris, where I arrived in the afternoon on the 12th of November. I wish that I could describe to you the scenes there, but it is beyond me. The people were figuratively and literally wild with joy. I consider myself very fortunate in having been in Paris when that great city was celebrating the end of a four years' war. There was no traffic, except in the subways, for every street was packed with half-delirious people. As I had my pack on my back and was carrying side-arms, they took it for granted that I had just arrived from the front and I received considerable attention. In fact every American was hugged by men, women, and children. The first time a beautiful girl threw her arms around me and kissed me, I nearly fainted, but I soon got used to it. I shall never forget how an old grey-haired man clung to my arm and with tears in his eyes cried, "*Vive l'Americain*" and "*Vive le President Wilson*." Of course I had to doff my cap and cry, "*Vive la France*." The celebration lasted for almost a week, for there were new arrivals in Paris every day and the Parisians were not loath to join them in whatever form of rejoicing they wished to indulge.

I reported, of course, to the *Stars and Stripes* and

found "Stew" Carroll "quite the whole thing" in the circulation department. Eddie Beckman also was there; so I had two good guides to show me the places really worth while. Versailles Palace, la Place de la Concorde, Notre Dame, and the Latin Quarter, were a few of the places we saw, and since then I have visited many more.

After ten days spent in learning some of the ways, I was sent to Bark-Duc, from which I had the pleasure (?) of driving a Ford car through Verdun, and into Luxemburg, the most beautiful country you could imagine. I ate my Thanksgiving dinner in the city of Luxemburg, and left soon after for Mersch, about thirty "kilos" nearer the Rhine. Luxemburg was in gala attire for the Americans. Flags hung from nearly every window. The town had erected two arches on which were inscribed "Honor to the Victors," "Honor to Our Deliverers." It is really a beautiful city, more like those at home than any other I have yet seen. The people speak both French and German, and the majority, I believe, speaks English too. This is no doubt due to the fact that Luxemburg is such a favorite section for tourists.

After about ten days in that country I returned to Verdun, where I learned that the 4th Division was in the town of Esch, between Luxemburg and Verdun. There are two main roads from Verdun to the city of Luxemburg, and with my usual luck I took the road that did not pass through Esch; and so I missed my old companions.

From Verdun I returned to Paris and found "Lynn," "Stew's" brother, who had come up from Marseilles for Thanksgiving day. He, "Stew," "Beck," and I spent a pleasant Sunday afternoon together. The next day Beckman and I went out to see the town. We called up Father Walsh who met us out in the Latin Quarter for dinner. That meal will live long in my memory. We talked of every N. D. man we knew to be in the Army, and Father Walsh surely knows of a whole division of them. He told me to write "Stretch" that upon looking over his records he finds that O'Connor still owes a 600-word paper in history 4 and that he can not get his final mark until that paper is in. When we came out of the restaurant we met Professor Grasso, who used to live in Walsh Hall, I believe. He is a K. C. man over here. The next day as Beckman and I were preparing to leave for the city, we saw DeWald M. Donald in the Y. M. C. A. He was just returning from an artillery school, where he was cheated out of his commission by the signing of the armistice.

Captain Eddie McOsker and First Lieutenant "Louis" Keifer reached Paris a few days after the armistice was signed, but Beck and I missed them. Father Walsh said Breen McDonald and "Scotty" had landed, but too late for the big show.

Beckman and I now are in Nantes, one of the biggest and oldest towns in France. To-day we went to Mass in a grand old cathedral of the fourteenth century, beautiful inside, but crumbling away on the exterior. There is also a famous chateau of Queen Ann of Brittany, but so far we have not had time to see it.

Well, Paul, I have rambled along at considerable length on matters concerning myself, for which I

hope you will pardon me. I hope to get back with Earl again, for I miss him more than I can tell. No doubt he has written to you, too, before this. Next time, I'll try to write a better letter, and in the meantime I shall hope for one from you.

Give my best to Father Doremus and the other priests and to all the fellows,

Yours,

Dick Daley.

Address: *Stars and Stripes*,
1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

Camp Jackson, South Carolina,
December 10, 1918.

Dear Father Carrico:

Now that the intense speed of Uncle Sam's vast War Machine is slackening and the reverse gear is being put on, I think it time to give an account of myself since last I saw you at Notre Dame. The eight months that have intervened have been charged with meaning and with history for us all. Mine, however, has not been so spectacular as I would have had it.

My last trip to Notre Dame was made for the purpose of saying farewell to the scenes and haunts that I had learned to love so well during my years at the University. The next week found me on my way to Camp Jackson, South Carolina, whence I felt we should be immediately sent to France. But it so happened that the day I arrived here officers were needed for the headquarters of the embryonic Field Artillery Replacement Depot, and so there I was assigned and there served through the months that followed.

In the early fall I was promoted to a first lieutenantcy and for a month before the armistice was signed was under orders to go across. We were to have left by the 1st of November, but when the time came our movement was postponed until we began to suspect that there was some kind of a "nigger in the wood-pile". The "nigger" disclosed himself on November 11th. After having been in the service for so many months it was a real disappointment not to have been nearer the big show. But our mission was vital—so why worry about taking another "poke at a guy who was scared to death."

Many men from Notre Dame have lent comradeship to my stay here at Camp Jackson. Among them were Lieuts. Sam Newning, Joseph Scott, Fred Gilbough, and Ray Eichenlaub. Joe and "Eich" were also on their way when peace came. Some one suggested that probably the Huns were afraid the mighty "Eich" would make one of his famous plunges at their line.

I was deeply grieved to hear of the death of Captain Campbell. The "Sergeant" was always my ideal of a soldier. I believe that he would have asked just such a finale to his long military career. A soldier he had lived and like a soldier fell. Indeed the losses among Notre Dame men have been severe. It is hard to think of the loss of such men as Art Hayes, Gerald Clements, and Clovis Smith. Since the death of Smith I have often thought of the time when he, John Hines, and I declaimed on "Universal Peace" in Washington Hall. You remember, I argued that the balance of power in Europe prevented the nations from going to

war, and that telegraphy, railroads, and such made the whole world kin. Apparently I was forgetting that for all that human nature would continue to be human just the same. Clovis argued that in order to effect a permanent peace it was necessary to inaugurate a kind of peace propaganda in the schools, newspapers, and the like. But I think you hit the keynote one day when you told us that even in the piping times of peace war lurked just beneath the surface of things, that the peace the Savior came to bring was spiritual, not necessarily physical. Lately I have begun to wonder what—if it be possible to eliminate conflict—competition and struggle could be given the world in their stead. All of which simmers down, I suppose, to the proposition that this is the best possible world, being perfectly imperfect.

I was recently given a ten-day leave and made a visit to our part of Kentucky, which was never in a more prosperous condition. With best regards to my friends of the Faculty and among the students, I am ever,

Yours respectfully,

(1st Lieut.) Walter Clements.

Safety Valve.

"Where are you going, my little man?"

Why into the village as fast as I can.

I came here to school

To learn Kelly pool,

And I find that it's under a ban.

**

IT HAPPENS.

TENANT (*with six generations of contemptible looks on her face as she stands before the landlord who is a veritable jellyroll*). I came to inform you, sir, that our bathtub is stuffed up.

LANDLORD (*Jovially*). Why breathe your family troubles to me, sweetheart, who am only a simple landlord. Why don't you get a bath tub expert. In case he can not locate the trouble he will call in a couple of goose neck specialists and they will hold a consultation. During all my college days I never took a course in bath tubs and could be of no assistance to you.

TENANT (*Throwing her collar bone out of joint*). I believe I rented this flat from you, you poor galvanized funnel head. And it is to you I intend to come for repairs. Once more I repeat to you "Our bath tub is stuffed up."

LANDLORD (*rubbing his left ear*). Once more I reply, darling, that I never stuffed your bath tub. I couldn't even stuff a turkey. Why don't you get the person who stuffed it up to come back and knock the stuffing out of it. Why should you come to a peaceable man like me who never saw a bath tub.

TENANT (*filling the atmosphere with frowns*). If that bath tub is not fixed by noon, I'll notify the health department. Do you hear me?

LANDLORD. The health department? Why not call in a trained nurse and a doctor—or you might take tubby to the hospital to have his appendix removed.

HUSBAND OF TENANT (*from below*). It's all right Emily, I fixed it. There was a lump of coal in the pipe.

Quick Curtain.