

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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No. 19.

## The Road.

THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

BEYOND the town there is a hill  
And over the hill a road,  
A long, white road a-winding still,  
Its dust old winds have blowed.

It goes straight to the end of the earth  
True toward the setting sun;  
And by it the nightingale sings with mirth  
After the day is done.

And there are crooked lanes and ways  
Where quaint homesteads lie;  
And where with length of Summer days  
The berries bend and die.

And there's a tavern now and then  
Among the sleeping trees,  
For him who loves to rest again  
From passing by the leas.

And there are hayricks in each field  
And scent of mignonette;  
And then, I know, in every weald  
The dew hangs heavy yet.

And I will walk that road again,  
Though many miles it be;  
And run before the wind and rain  
Down to a sapphire sea.

For having trod the road enow  
I'll hunger all the more  
For the lip-lap of the wavelets low  
Upon a lonely shore.

And pouring dreams upon the lee,  
Over the waters clear,  
Their song shall seem more kind to me  
And all the stars more dear.

## The League of Nations.

BY THOMAS H. BEACON, '20.

Growing out of the united action taken by the great world powers in the recent conflict with Germany, there has developed a new union, which President Wilson tells us is "irresistible." It is a humane and practical thing, he declares, which will guarantee the peace of the world by binding in a "union of will" the great powers of the world who are disposed to preserve peace and to prevent the spoliation and exploitation of helpless races. Fourteen nations have subscribed to the principles of the league already, and provisions are made for the admission of such other self-governing peoples as may later desire to affiliate themselves with the nations now standing together. Foremost in getting the plan adopted were the United States, and the four allied powers, France, England, Italy, and Japan.

The covenant adopted by the league consists of twenty-six articles, broad, comprehensive, elastic, and capable of easy adjustment to future conditions. An executive council is provided, and equipped with extensive powers to enable it to act as the administrative agent of all the united nations. It is also specified that the first meeting of the associated governments shall be called by the President of the United States. Thereafter the council shall meet at least once a year at whatever place may be designated. The representatives of the various nations are to be not more than three for each and the three are to have only one vote in the proceedings. They are to enjoy diplomatic privileges, that is, to enjoy ambassadorial immunity and extra-territorial benefits and privileges. Upon agreement of two-thirds of the nations represented in the body of delegates, a nation not signatory to the original pact may be admitted to the league,

provided its people are self-governing. Furthermore, effective guarantees must be given by all the states in the matter of international obligations and in the matter of conformity to the league's plan of disarmament. The executive council is to be vested with authority to require compliance with the constitution of the world, and inasmuch as it is to be made up of the delegates from nine powers dominating the greater part of the world, it should have no difficulty in enforcing its rulings. A permanent secretariat will be established under the direction of a secretary-general, who is to appoint the other members. From this outline it can easily be seen how the league proposes to function.

Just what are the ends to be gained by acceptance of these means? According to accounts that have reached us from Paris, the league is a repository for world peace and an effectual guarantee that no nation shall, in the future, jeopardize the welfare of any smaller country. It provides that secret treaties must go the way of all things evil, and that hereafter public account must be kept by agents of the league to show exactly the status of each member in regard to production of munitions. In any disagreement between the nations the dispute is to be submitted to the executive council, or to a board of arbitration appointed in the league, and no action is to be taken until at least three months after a decision is given by the council or board. Even then if one of the disputants accepts the award of the arbitrators or the recommendation of the council, the other member will not be allowed to make war. It is always incumbent upon the nations in the league to submit any matter incapable of settlement by diplomacy to the award of an arbitration board, and it devolves upon the executive council to fix the action to be taken against any recalcitrant member, once a decision is given. Plans are also to be made by the executive council looking to the establishment of a court of world justice to "hear and determine any matter which the disputing parties recognize as suitable for submission to arbitration." It is specified, too, that no nation can disregard others in the league, but must always make public any discussion, difficulty, or disagreement, and have its case settled by the other powers. Failure to do this means concerted action on the part of all others against the dissenting people, and an organized effort to sever the trade, financial, and

personal relations of the belligerent nations with all other lands in the world.

To point out at this stage of the movement just what the faults of the league may be is a task wholly beyond the ordinary man. The consensus of opinion seems to be that Russia offers the biggest problem. Is she to be admitted while Bolshevism reigns? If not, what steps are to be taken by the league of nations in establishing peace within her borders? Germany, it is generally believed, will ultimately be admitted to the union. She is still a powerful force to be reckoned with, and if she is willing to sign the covenant without reservation, she would be enabled to begin rehabilitation of her resources and the payment of her overwhelming debt to the world. Japan, in her pretests against racial discriminations, promised for a time to hold up the plans unless she gained her point, but suddenly relinquished her claims and allowed the constitution to stand as adopted, without her proposed amendment. It is not known just what motive prompted the Mikado's empire to withdraw its plea for race acknowledgment, but there is grave concern among some people in America lest the judicial machinery to be established by the new league should remove the barriers we have set up against the yellow race, and thus ultimately gain for the Japanese what they now are denied.

One point in the new league that needs clarifying before it will receive universal acclaim in this country is the matter of our rights under the Monroe Doctrine. Apparently we are agreeing to contribute armies and warships to settle disputes in European countries and at the same time acknowledging the rights of foreign powers to interfere in our hemisphere. There seems to be, on the surface, an indication that the United States is losing certain very important and valuable privileges guaranteed by the provisions of the doctrine which Monroe advocated. However, we must remember that our recent entrance into the affairs of Europe has established a precedent which might be used to justify some future foreign aggression, and it would always act as a boomerang if we tried to assert it as a sacred heritage of right. It is possible that the Senate, before ratifying the plan, will insist that America be given the tutelage of the Western hemisphere, to the exclusion of the European and Asiatic races, while the Eastern hemisphere shall in turn be considered inviolate by the United States.

Before we endorse the league of nations we shall certainly want an answer to the two questions, Is the Monroe Doctrine abrogated by the new treaty? And if so, have we greater security in the new arrangement than we should have if we still insisted upon maintaining our position as unquestioned mistress of the American continent?

### Pitiless Publicity.

(A quarrel.)

"Alec's a cuckoo when it comes to writing, hey Zipper?"

"I am, am I? Where do you get that stuff, guy? What did I did to you? Think I'm gonna waste my time on you bush-leaguers?"

"Bush-leaguers! How do you get that way? They yanked you out of the Buffalo brush. Now you're running around with an old coon in your face, pretending you're intelligent."

"Aw, can that, guy; can that!"

"It's true; you know it!"

"Naw, it ain't true. Why, man, I put you on the sporting map at Notre Dame."

"Yes, you did! Swell chance a guy from the Podunk Weekly Willow has to put anybody on the map."

"Willow! What do you think I was—a small town reporter? Why, guy, before I came here I rattled off stuff for 'Kinky' Sonners. I was press agent for the *Bohemian Life* in New York City, and I was city-editor for a year on the *Daily Ptzetnyabski* in Buffalo."

"What's that got to do with the fact that you're a poor excuse for a cub here?"

"Hann—h?"

"You write sports about as plain as a Saturday night 'souse' talks."

"Yeh? Well, I get by with it, don't I? I know you're game. You want a lot of cheap publicity."

"Like Kelly I do,—not in your stuff anyway."

"You'd take it though if you got it. You want somebody to write you up about being another Bachman as athletic director for some school,"

"Well it wouldn't do any harm to get a little stuff like that once in a while."

"Then if you want publicity, why don't you dig down in your jeans for a few bucks and pay for it?"

"Say, Alec, what kind of cigars do you smoke?"

"Aw, I ain't particular."—C. A. G.

### Varsity Verse.

TO BELGIUM,—August 2, 1914.

When you stood in Gethsemane,  
Alone before the foe,  
You woke the sleeping nations with  
Your sacred, flaming, "No!"

FRANK MASTERSON.

### THE WATCH ON RYAN.

Young Patrick Ryan (you know Pat—  
The boy who married Kate)  
Has not been seen for many moons.  
This story tells his fate.

A year ago, Pat was a youth,  
So bright and young and tall,  
But now he's bent and dark and gray,  
A watch has caused it all.

Pat used to own this watch himself,  
'Till one dark night last May,  
A culprit stole it while he slept,  
And has it 'till this day.

Yet, Pat knows who the culprit is,  
Which makes the case seem queer.  
The outlaw passes him each day  
Without a sign of fear.

Pat slinks around the town as if  
Some sleuth were on his trail.  
You'd think he'd just done twenty years,  
In some dark, filthy jail.

He's always in at ten at night,  
And creeps up to his bed.  
While all his pals of single life,  
Are mourning him as dead.

Sometimes I wonder how poor Kate  
Can live with such a thing,  
(You know she was the friv'lous kind,  
Before Pat bought the ring).

But really, she's the cause of all,  
For she controls Pat's fate.  
For listen, here's the inside dope—  
The watch is kept by Kate.

PAUL GESSLER.

### PARTING.

To East went he, to West went I;  
I saw his face no more:  
A stepping through the leaves, a sigh—  
And ghostly night crept o'er.

LEO R. WARD

### Did You Ever?

Did you ever long for riches,  
For wealth in gems untold,  
For mountains made of niches  
Inlaid with precious gold?

Did you ever pray for pleasure  
To fill your nights and days  
With an overflowing measure  
Of delights with no delays?

Did you ever sigh in sorrow  
For friends you could not make,  
And deplore that each to-morrow  
Might find them at your wake?

Did you ever wish for glory,  
For freedom nobly won,  
Or for grandeur told in story  
That's gained by sword or gun?

Did you ever quit your sighing  
For worldly goods not given,  
To discover at your dying  
They are only found in heaven?

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

### The Obsolete Gentleman.

BY PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

An urgent call from a branch office some five hundred miles away demanded my immediate presence, and as it was an unusually fair day I chose the Aero Passenger Service in preference to the murky Tube System. Alighting from the crowded lift, which had shot me up thirty stories to the sky, I thankfully inhaled the sedative breeze stirring about the landing stage. In the aerial bus which soon appeared and parked at the landing, I was fortunate in securing a seat at some distance from the noisy engines and I composed myself for a few hours of slumber, knowing that the high altitudes would woo me as Morpheus never could.

Scarcely had we left the landing stage when the man on my right leaned towards me and asked somewhat timorously: "Do you know anything about ancient history, or, specifically speaking, anything concerning the habits and customs of our progenitors?"

This strange inquiry made me consider my companion more closely, and, observing the peculiar shape of his skull, I promptly recognized him as one of the Thinkers, a race now practically extinct. As I had for a limited period held the chair of ancient history in one of our leading

colleges, I felt safe in assuring the scholarly looking man that I was not entirely apathetic on the subject of our archaic forefathers. This seemed to please the little man and his eyes beamed a compliment.

"Ah! then perhaps you know what a Gentleman is?" he queried.

But I had never heard the word before, and, hoping to learn something on this subject, I frankly admitted my ignorance.

"What a shame!" commented my companion, with a mournful shake of his head. "It is a wonderful theme, and I have been very fortunate in discovering it. I have always had an interest in ancient manuscripts and derive not a little pleasure from the peculiar literary productions of the ancients. Several years ago I unearthed a rather dilapidated thesaurus and found therein the word 'gentleman,' with reference to one Chesterfield. This was the beginning of my search, which was consummated a few days ago in the archives of the Bostonians. There I found the volume of Chesterfield referred to, a remarkable document indeed, though highly incredible. It seems that the 'gentleman' of the ancients was a peculiar male type who placed the comforts of others before his own personal cares. You can readily see how improbable, even impossible, that would be in our age where one is almost forced to carry a club for protection. This 'gentleman' too would indulge in such delightfully idiotic practices as tipping his hat to a woman or giving her his seat on the obsolete street-car. From this I am inclined to infer that it must have been the 'gentleman' who placed women in the position they occupy today, where instead of tipping our hats to them we must hurry away in self-defense. There is no question now of our yielding a seat to them; they simply remove us forcibly."

"The description of a meal, as said 'gentleman' was wont to eat it, was very amusing. Instead of eating with his fingers and reaching for whatever he wanted this anserous individual would employ antique implements, known as the knife and fork, and would wait until food was passed to him. Fortunately for him he does not exist today; he would starve to death, I know.

"The customs also observed by the 'gentleman' in calling upon a woman were ludicrous. Imagine you or me making a call! Why, we wouldn't get away alive. Yet this fellow would endanger his life by visiting the igneous creatures and treat them not only with respect but with

courtesy as well. It is no wonder that we now have a race of superwomen who run the world. Whenever I walk the streets alone I shudder in terror lest some woman cross my path and either decide to rob me or make me her husband and her slave for life. I have almost decided to write a treatise on the absurdity of Chesterfield's 'gentleman' and expose the author, and his deceit. Would you advise me to do so?"

I assured him that in view of the utter absurdity of such a fiction, even if it was only a matter of ancient history, I thought it would be a Thinker's bounden duty to expose such a fraud.

"I have thought as much myself," continued the Thinker. "In fact, I have here with me a small, excellently bound volume on the subject. I will sacrifice this remarkable—"

"Ye Gods! taken in by a bookseller," I exclaimed to myself. I glanced first at the pest before me and then over the side of the bus. Far below was the glistening ruffled water of the sea. With the Thinker's noxious words grating on my ears, I rose from my seat, clambered over the side, and cast my hapless self into space. As I hurtled downward a clamorous ringing broke rudely upon my ears, and subconsciously I recognized it as the familiar clatter of my alarm clock, voicing its daily reveille.

### The Peace Conference.

The game we were playing is over,  
The joys of it all put away.  
The time, so it seems, of monarchial dreams  
Is merged in the poor man's day:  
The heads of the five great powers  
Sit in the court of Versailles  
Plotting the fall of empires all  
By the power of poor men's flails.

Oh, this is the day we have waited  
A thousand years to see,  
When the wrongs age-old of the class of gold  
Be given to equity.  
But why are the forces of right so slow?  
Men starve from the Ural Slope  
To far Archangel's ice-ribbed range,  
Only alive in hope.

They dabble and dabble of plan and place  
And rights and wrongs galore;  
But we starve while they with their courtly play  
Waste time that can be no more.  
Can they not see in the far off wastes  
The shadowy forming grave?  
We shall have died ere the plan be tried.  
Oh, save while there is to save. A. L. M.

### The German Naval Surrender.

(Last words.)

We are squelched. But it has taken practically two thousand words to destroy the thesis the statement of which admittedly "required three and a half lines" only. However, we shall be fair with our critic and acknowledge that very few of those two thousand words were devoted to criticism of the hypothesis. Most of them were given over to eulogizing the British fleet—which is a "more American" practice than praising an enemy, holds the Anglophile. Seemingly the merits of the two objects have no relation to the distribution of encomiums: just praise your associate-in-arms (not ally, Mr. Critic) and damn your enemy, regard'less.

The critic accuses the author of setting a "trap to form the basis of another argument," when, as a matter of fact, the present argument was forced on the author, much to his distaste. The critic remarks, "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." But he forgets there was no debate. The perfectly innocent original article was subjected to an attack which revealed a misunderstanding which the author tried to clear up in a second article, only to be again attacked in a way which recalled a quotation from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, written as long ago as 1652: "Out of an itching humor which every man hath to show himself,—desirous of fame and honor, he will write no matter what, and scrape it together it boots not whence."—G. D. HALLER.

### Thoughts.

BY SENIORS.

A switch in time saves nine.  
Time must either creep or fly.  
Suspicion is the seed of enmity.  
A soldier of fortune is a poor hero.  
True love seeks no reward but love.  
An open enemy is less hated than a sneak.  
The graduate is the testimonial to his college.  
If boys could but know and old men could but do.  
The distillers remind one of an old maid who has lost her last hope.

He who is different from yourself has peculiarities.

Now that the war is over let us have less soldiering.

The British seem to have fallen in love with the German fleet.

It looks as if the Dove of Peace cannot find whereon to rest its feet.

Democracy is the happy medium between Bolshevism and Kaiserism.

A prophet is usually unpopular because he foretells unpleasant things.

There is a void in every heart which sympathy will make more endurable.

We wonder if the Bolsheviki after eating our bread will demand cake.

What is all this talk about freeing the Irish? "Sure" they run the world now.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but crowns have become scarce.

What a deal of inhumanity in recent years might be labelled "made in Germany."

Many forget that their thoughts are not of less consequence than their conduct.

The Russians seem to be sick of both war and peace. They just want to be Bolsheviki.

Ireland may be a small island but her grievance is more grievous than that of the empires.

We seldom realize the heinousness of our faults till we see the same faults in others.

The romanticist sooner or later discovers that the rain lasts longer than the rainbow.

We wonder if the Kaiser's plea will be *non compos mentis* when he is finally arraigned in court.

Just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so a nation is no safer than its weakest sister.

When prohibition goes into effect "The Old Oaken Bucket" should become our favorite drinking song.

Whatever be the ultimate fate of the German fleet, the sons of the Rhine will never again polish its guns.

Saint Patrick drove the snakes into the sea, but it remained for the Allies to subdue the submarine serpent.

To expect standing armies, forts, and battle-ships to maintain peace is as absurd as to expect the vulture to foster the dove.

Distinguish sharply between courage and rashness.

Don't attempt to explain what you do not understand.

That joy is most precious which is purchased with tears.

True friendship must be based upon frankness, not flattery.

The laughter of innocence is almost as sacred as its tears.

In writing, your manner of imitation at least should be original.

Far-sightedness often seems imbecility to the narrow-minded.

Although peace has come, many a married man is still at strife.

Health is like money, in that we value it most when we have it not.

Life is like a novel, but we can not look ahead to see how it will end.

Art is a safety valve which allows us to express our idiosyncrasies.

The difference between a civilized man and a savage is self-restraint.

The easiest thing in the world is to give advice, the hardest to take it.

The use of slang indicates a lack both of self-respect and of respect for others.

Some would have the soul go "fifty-fifty" with the body in its sleep of the grave.

Humor is a gift properly employed and duly appreciated only by persons of refinement.

The freedom of which our country boasts is badly misinterpreted by some as freedom without restraint.

If you think the little things in life don't count, consult the fellow that gets sixty-nine in an examination.

Though the army was the closer, it was the navy that took them over and the navy that must bring them back.

Though the primary purpose of language is to communicate thought, one would not guess so much from the common practice.

The value of your education lies not in the amount of knowledge you have accumulated, but in the amount you can impart.

It was well that the proof-reader changed, "He embarked upon his last journey along the River of Doubt" to "... up the River of Mystery."



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It is no matter of wonder now that all Frenchmen rallied in the early days of the war to their country's cause. It could not be otherwise, if

France was to survive, and the France and Her Frenchman's love for La Belle Soldier-Priests. France wrought miracles of devotion. It was a departure

surely that a state should call upon her clergymen to serve, not as chaplains, but as soldiers. To that call twenty-five thousand French priests answered. Not only France, but America, Alaska, and every land in which French missionaries were engaged in teaching and evangelizing, sent their quota of soldier-priests. Not a few found it hard to understand how the exiled French priests could at the call of the godless government which had so ruthlessly expatriated them hurry back and into the death trenches as common soldiers. Thousands of them died upon the field of battle; more than two hundred fell at Verdun alone; and some four thousand have been cited for bravery. What will be the reward of such unprecedented and whole-hearted devotion? Will it disarm criticism of the Church and her ministers for all time, or will pre-war prejudice now be as rampant as ever? Though the conduct and service of French Catholics failed throughout the last century to establish their true position and secure their rights, the fact that these men have stood by their country and fought and died as nobly and as gladly as any of her sons should surely be effective. It is a consummate refutation of all that has been so slanderously said against them; it is a thoroughgoing vindication of all that they have ever

claimed for themselves. All grant that the French priest has fought as a true Frenchman, and what more needs be urged in proof of his loyalty and valor? In return he ought to receive now every right of a Frenchman, he ought to enjoy the fruits of that deliverance from oppression for which he has fought. Otherwise France will have proved herself most unworthy of the triumph she has achieved and most despicably, damnably, disloyal to her patriot priests, many of whom she in her hour of peril called back from exile to help save her from annihilation.—L. R. W.

## Presentation of Laetare Medal.

From the Los Angeles *Examiner* for Friday, February 21st, we quote the following account of the Conferring of the Laetare Medal on Mr. Joseph Scott—under the headings, "Notre Dame Pays Honor to Angeleno—Famous Catholic University Awards Laetare Medal to Joseph Scott at Exercises in Shrine Hall—Distinguished Gathering of Clergy and Laity at Ceremony."

Before thousands of his fellow citizens last night in Shrine Auditorium Joseph Scott, advocate, citizen and churchman, was decorated with the Laetare Medal, the annual distinction conferred by the University of Notre Dame upon one person in the United States for distinguished service to the Church or State.

The whole event constituted a remarkable tribute to Mr. Scott's personality—an extraordinary testimonial of the high regard in which he is held in the community. It was a magnificent legion of Mr. Scott's friends and admirers—three thousand strong—who united with the desire to attest their admiration the wish to show publicly by this gathering their resentment of the violent attacks that have been made against Mr. Scott and his associates by the Los Angeles *Times*, which, it is understood, even tried to prevent the issuance of a passport to Mr. Scott when he went to the battlefield some months ago, representing the Knights of Columbus.

To the vast audience which greeted the guest of honor and the distinguished members of the Catholic Church who journeyed across the continent to be present, it was an event of great significance. It brought the greatest honor of the Indiana educational institution to a citizen of Los Angeles—the second time it has come to the West, the first time being when the medal was conferred upon General William S. Rosecrans, the hero of the army of the Cumberland, a resident of the city.

Bishop John J. Cantwell presided at the ceremony and the very Rev. John Cavanaugh, president of the University of Notre Dame, a noted orator, churchman, and educator, delivered the speech of presentation, and the honored Los Angeles lawyer in reponse reached a lofty plane of oratory.

W. J. Ford was the first speaker and he introduced

the chairman of the evening, Bishop Cantwell, who paid a glowing tribute to "Joe" Scott, saying all had gathered to extend their hearts to the distinguished citizen about to be so signally honored. He declared Mr. Scott never had forgotten his people, nor the blood from which he came, but above all he was an American and always for his own country first. The head of the Catholic church in Southern California spoke only a few minutes, and then presented James A. Flaherty, of Philadelphia, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, who thrilled his auditors with a stirring address. He told of the work of the Knights, of the work of Joseph Scott and of the great debt both the Church and the citizens owed to the man who was to be honored.

Bishop Cantwell next presented the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh, who was greeted by a standing audience. Bishop Cantwell had referred in his speech of introduction to the "Wise Men of the East," but the speaker declared amid laughter that he had discovered the "Wise Men of the East" were those who had come West.

Then with Bishop Cantwell standing at his side he clasped the medal upon Mr. Scott's breast. The great audience rose in cheers as the well-known lawyer stepped to the front of the platform adorned with the medal, silent, as if in deep thought, for a moment.

Then Mr. Scott turned and paid his own tribute to the womanhood of the land, speaking in terms of great affection for his wife, as he said the day marked their greatest sorrow and possibly on this occasion her greatest happiness. The day marked the anniversary of the death of their son, Joseph Scott, Jr. Time after time as he spoke he was interrupted by cheers in what was probably his greatest speech.

Several musical selections were rendered by Charles Wakefield Cadman, noted composer, and Joseph Conlin, the well known tenor, which were received with great enthusiasm by the audience. Among others on the platform were Judge Paul McCormick, Father E. P. Murphy, of Portland, Ore., Father Joseph P. McQuade, of San Francisco, and Mayor Frederick T. Woodman.

The folder program for the occasion presented on the front a perfect picture of Mr. Scott, on the first page inside a large clear cut of the medal, and on the second page the following numbers for the evening:

1. Selections by Orchestra
2. Vocal Solo—"The Young Warrior"—Burleigh  
Joseph Conlin, tenor (Pupil of Maestro Lombardi, Florence, Italy);  
Charles Wakefield Cadman at the piano.
3. Introduction of Chairman by W. J. Ford, Grand Knight, Los Angeles Council No. 621, Knights of Columbus.
4. Address by Chairman, Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.
5. Address by James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight, Knights of Columbus.
6. Presentation of Medal by Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President Notre Dame University.
7. Reply, Honorable Joseph Scott, Laetare Medalist.
8. Vocal Solo—"The Star-Spangled Banner"—  
Joseph Conlin, tenor;  
Charles Wakefield Cadman at the piano.

The back of the program furnished these paragraphs on the history and purpose of the Laetare Medal:

The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, thirty-two years ago, resolved to select annually from among the Catholic laity some distinguished man or woman on whom it would confer what has since become famous as the Laetare Medal.

The title of this distinction was derived from Laetare Sunday, being the mid-Sunday of Lent in each year, which is the date upon which the University makes its announcement of the person designated for the honor. The official organ of the University says: "It is the purpose of Notre Dame in conferring the Laetare Medal to recognize signally the Catholic laymen and laywomen whose labors have raised them above their fellows and reflected credit upon the name of Catholic."

Among those who have received this distinction and who are more familiar to the general public of the United States may be mentioned: John Gilmary Shea, historian; Daniel Dougherty, orator; General William Rosecrans; Anna T. Sadlier, author; Dr. Thomas A. Emmett; John Creighton, philanthropist; W. Bourke Cockran; Dr. John B. Murphy; Charles J. Bonaparte, former attorney general; Katherine E. Conway, author; Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice Supreme Court of the United States; Dr. James J. Walsh, scientist and author; and Admiral W. S. Benson, ranking officer of the United States Navy.

The reasons assigned for conferring the degree on Mr. Scott, among others, are: "Because he has done more than any other single Catholic to exorcise bigotry from the public mind; because he has looked into the face of adversity, dauntless, and meeting it upon its own ground, entered the lists with the love of God and Church as his heart's shield and emerged the victor; because he is a soldier of country and a lover of humanity; and finally because he is, in the broadest and best sense of the word, a man."

The Committee on Arrangements was composed of: Thomas P. White, Chairman, District Deputy, Knights of Columbus; Charles Lenz, State Secretary, Knights of Columbus; John F. Powers, representing Alumni of Notre Dame University; John P. Burke, Past Grand Knight, Knights of Columbus; Paul J. McCormick, Past State Deputy, Knights of Columbus; W. J. Ford, Grand Knight, Los Angeles Council No. 621, Knights of Columbus.

#### Obituary.

The sympathy of the faculty and students of the University is extended to Charles Hirschbuhl, of Badin Hall, in the loss of his mother, who died at her home in Portland, Oregon. A mass was celebrated in Badin Hall for the repose of her soul, at which the students of Badin received Holy Communion.



## Local News.

—Brother Alphonsus reported the first robin and bluebirds on the last day of February.

—With the opening of the Lenten season many students have brought out their house slippers and dusted off their books. This intellectual revival along with the spiritual observance forebodes a poor "dinky" list.

—Father Cornelius Hagerty and Brother Aidan, officers in the Notre Dame branch of the Friends of Irish Freedom, spoke on Monday evening before the Mishawaka Council of the Knights of Columbus on Ireland's right to self-determination.

—The Knights of Columbus have completed arrangements for a benefit dansant to be given at the Oliver Hotel in the afternoon of March 17th. The proceeds will go towards the K. of C. building fund, and it is expected that the fund will receive material expansion from the occasion.

—Students wishing to submit manuscripts for the fourth annual volume of the College Anthology of Poetry and for the second collection of the Best College Short Stories are requested to send their work not later than May 1st, 1919, to Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph. D., in care of the Stratford Company, 32 Oliver Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

—"The Widow's Might," featuring Julian Eltinge, was the attraction of Wednesday night in Washington Hall. Although it was palpably a made-to-order medium for the display of Eltinge's charms as a female impersonator and embodied numerous far-fetched situations, it at least had the saving grace of originality and humor. The criticism so generously awarded most of the screen productions presented to the students was noticeably forgotten in the general enjoyment of this picture.

—Joseph "Chief" Meyers, a former ball player with the Chicago Americans and the premier slugger of the Varsity in 1916 and 1917, has been appointed assistant director in athletics, to develop our interhall, freshman, and "prep" material. Chief returned to Notre Dame from the Navy, and he should prove a very valuable man in teaching the tyros the fine points of the national pastime. At the Municipal Pier, in Chicago, he was in charge of the baseball and football teams, and established for himself an enviable record as manager.

—Delmar Edmondson, well known about the campus as the president of the class of 1918, associate editor of the SCHOLASTIC, and editor-in-chief of last year's *Dome*, has returned to Notre Dame to take up law. "Del" has spent the last few months as a scribe on the staff of the New York Evening *Post*, in which position he has acquired a great deal of valuable journalistic experience, but at the same time an antipathy for the rigors of the profession. He contemplates entering Harvard next year, after completing this semester and the summer session at Notre Dame.

—The premier appearance of the 1919 Glee Club at the First Presbyterian Church in South Bend last Sunday was highly successful. Two songs by the club, "The Viking" and "Land-Sighting," merited appreciation that augurs well for the coming season. An ambitious concert tour has been planned which will, no doubt, in addition to other purposes afford Notre Dame some good advertising in the larger cities of the East. Joe McGinnis, the president of the organization, rendered a baritone solo, "Pal o' Mine," which elicited from his auditors an enthusiastic encore.

—The "Friends of Irish Freedom" will hold a meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 in Washington Hall. The Notre Dame orchestra will be there and the famous "Jazz Band." There are also on the program some Irish jigs, for which an out-of-town entertainer has been secured. Orator Thomas J. Tobin will give a report of the recent Irish Convention in Philadelphia, which he attended as delegate from the Notre Dame Branch. There will be some other speeches, and several song solos. This will be the last meeting, which the whole University is invited to attend. Hereafter, all gatherings will be held in private council chambers, to which only regular members will be admitted.

—Alpha Alpha Delta, the newly organized agricultural club, held its first annual banquet Monday night, March 3rd, at the Oliver Hotel. Sixty plates were set for the members and their guests, and printed menus served to guide the banqueters along the convivial highway. Mr. Edward DeCoursey acted as toastmaster, calling for speeches from Father Joseph Burke, Father Irving, Father O'Hara, Brother Leo, Richard P. Devine, Professor Johns, and Mr. Wishardt, local representative for the International Har-

vester Company. Joe McGinnis entertained the assembly with several original parodies, and the University Concert Trio furnished the music.

—In justice to Brother Cyprian and his stage force we wish to explain that the criticism of the scene-shifting in the account of Mr. Rockne's vaudeville was made without full knowledge of the facts. We are informed that two of the best stage hands were taking part in the play and so were unable to aid in the stage work.

—At the first regular meeting of the Cub Club, composed of freshman journalists, held in the Library Wednesday, February 26, Harry Mehre, of Corby Hall, was made president; A. Clare Morgan, of Badin Hall, vice-president; George G. Kerver, of Walsh Hall, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Morgan will speak at the next meeting on "Some of Our Great Men Who Have Been Journalists."

—A fine address on "Ignace Paderewski" was delivered before the Warsaw Club of South Bend on February 28th by Casimir Witucki, student of the University. The speech was woven about the heroic services of the great musician in the interest of Polish freedom, and dealt at length with the subject of the new nation which Paderewski is building in Poland. Mr. Witucki, who has for some time been acting as treasurer of the Warsaw Club, was recently re-elected president of the Polish Literary Society at Notre Dame.

—Professor Farrell, of the history department, is conducting in his freshman and sophomore classes some interesting psychological tests required by the United States government. The experiments were originally devised to give some idea of the aptitude, capabilities, quickness, concentration, and alertness of the college men that were being trained in the S. A. T. C., but the armistice was signed and the students' corps demobilized before the tests could be given. The War Department then decided to carry out the original intention as a matter of record and information, and so arranged for the conduct of the experiment with the various universities of the country.

—An event of more than passing local interest was noted in the columns of the *Los Angeles Examiner* under date of March 1st. At a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce of that city Notre Dame's distinguished president, Father Cavanaugh, shared the honors of oratory

with Myron T. Herrick, ex-governor of Ohio and former Ambassador to France. The spirit of patriotism which has animated Americans during the war was pictured as the soul of reconstruction that must guide our activities now that peace has come. Father Cavanaugh spoke on "The War and Its Aftermath," prefacing his remarks with expressions of admiration for the beauties of California, which promptly won the interest of the Los Angeles men listening to him. He dwelt at some length on the great necessity for a thorough Americanization of the foreign elements, which the United States has allowed to exist in our country almost wholly independent of the ideals of Americanism. He declared that there must be no temporizing with the Bolshevik and anarchistic elements, and that in this new era of reconstruction which opens before this country a paramount duty is the teaching of a thorough Americanism to all people who come to accept its protection and the establishment of a morale that is founded upon equal and exact justice to all people, with the Golden Rule as the constant precept.—T. H. BEACOM.

### Personals.

Thomas Moore, former student of Walsh Hall, will resume his studies at the University as soon as he can secure a release from the Aviation Service in France.

Lieutenant "Jim" Dooley, who was an officer of the New England Club and fullback on last year's Freshman football team, has sent word that he expects to answer the roll-call next September.

Charlie Bachman, now football coach at Northwestern University, watched the Gold-and-Blue men in the recent I. A. C. handicap meet at Chicago in which the Notre Dame team took second honors.

—A card from William C. Henry (LL. B., '15) gives the information that he is now in Brussels, "a beautiful city but about the wildest on earth." Speaking of wild places, "Bill" can hardly have forgotten South Bend.

—Charles W. Call, Ph. B. in Journalism, '18, our former associate editor and crack half-miler on the varsity track team, is now stationed at Pelham Bay with a number of Notre Dame men, who are commanded by two Notre Dame

officers, Ensigns Andrews and Philbin. In the same company are Richard Leslie, Edward Madigan, Francis McGrain, John Lemmer, Alfred Slaggert, and others.

—Lieutenant "Jack" Young (B. S. in Biol., 1917), who was a member of the Notre Dame Rifle team, has returned from France and according to reports is waiting for the "Wedding Bells" to ring. "Jack" visited the University recently.

—James Gordon Wallace, Ph. B. in Commerce '18, has accepted a good position with the Lyden and Hanford Advertising Agency in Rochester, New York. Before taking up his duties, Mr. Wallace was attached as a second lieutenant, to a machine gun battalion at Camp Hancock.

—Leo Berner, Ph. B. in Journalism, '17, has returned to the activities of the Fourth Estate in South Bend and was recently appointed sporting editor of the South Bend *Tribune*. Before leaving for Camp Taylor last summer, Mr. Berner was the state editor of that paper.

Morris Starret, a student in journalism before our entrance in the war, stopped at the University last week for a short visit. The two submarine attacks which he witnessed have added an element of interesting adventure to his naval experiences. Starret was a hurller while in college and promises to be with us again before the year is over.

—Clarence Wilhelmi, of Joliet, Illinois, a student of agriculture here in '17 and '18, has recently been appointed head of the swine department for the city of Cleveland Farms at Warrensville, Ohio, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. The farm comprises twenty-two-hundred acres and is considered to be one of the banner farms of Ohio.

—Charles N. Girsch, '88-'97, better known to old timers as "Red Head," accompanied by his son Joseph, was a welcome visitor at Notre Dame last Sunday. Charlie holds the position of Secretary and Auditor of the South Shore Country Club, Chicago. After spending a day in the old haunts of his dad, Joseph seemed to think St. Edward's Hall about the best place in the world for a boy, and he promises to be down again about Easter.

—The photograph of Thomas Glynn graces the first page of a recent issue of the *Terre Haute Tribune*. "Tommy" was a Brownson haller for several years and is now with the Army

of Occupation beyond the Rhine. "He was in the thickest of the fighting in the Argonne Forest," runs the newspaper account, "and was hiding in a shell hole when a German shell burst within a few feet of him. His companion was instantly killed. Glynn was hurled twenty feet and stunned, but writes that in an hour he was 'as good as new.'"

—A few years ago John I. Mullen (C. E., 1901), an old Notre Dame football captain and now "the world's keenest expert in uranium, vanadium, carnotite and radium," was sent, by the president of the Standard Chemical Company of Pittsburg to develop the carnotite-radium fields in the desert land of western Colorado. The difficulties encountered and the remarkable feats accomplished in performing his duty would furnish material worthy of the pen of Bret Harte. The radium industry of the West is today a fitting tribute to his physical endurance, mental efficiency and inventive genius. Imbued with the spirit of Notre Dame to do and to dare, he has carried the ball across the goal line of success.

### Athletic Notes

#### BASKETBALL GAMES.

The DePauw basketball team showed slight regard for Notre Dame Thursday evening at Greencastle when it scored a 41-to-20 victory over the Gold-and-Blue squad. The game was just a question of more or fewer points for the opponents as our players never got within six points of the state champions. Notre Dame kept in the scoring, however, on the long shots of Captain Bahan, who put five long-range deliveries through the draperies. The Gold and Blue seemed unable to break up the combination which the Tigers formed and which worked so successfully in DePauw's victory over Notre Dame early last month. The line-up and summary:

DEPAUW (41)		NOTRE DAME (20)
Carlisle	Forward	Brandy
Cannon	Forward	Bader
Miller	Center	Bahan
Billingsley	Guard	Pearson
Smith	Guard	Stine

Field goals—Cannon, 6; Carlisle, 4; Billingsley, 4; Miller, 2; Bahan, 5; Brandy, 2; Bader, 2; Stine, 1. Free throws—Billingsley, 8; Curtis. Substitutions—Curtis for Miller, Moffett for Billingsley, Gipson for Cannon, Simison for Carlisle, Ward for Brandy, Vohs for Bader, Smith for Pearson. Referee—Craigle.

Notre Dame was swamped again, 45 to 15, the next day by the fast team of Wabash. The whole contest was one-sided, the first half ending 32 to 12. The "Little Giants" were in trim condition and had it all their way. The injuries which the Gold and Blue players had sustained in previous games and the playing on a small wooden court spelled a disastrous defeat. Brandy did most of the scoring for Notre Dame. The line-up and summary:

WABASH (45).		NOTRE DAME (15)
Grimes	Forward	Pearson
Spencer	Forward	Brandy
Nabor	Center	Bahan
Hunt	Guard	Smith
Burns	Guard	Stine

Substitutions—Beck for Hunt, Burnell for Grimes, Kerr for Spencer, Bartlett for Nabor. Field goals—Nabor, 5; Hunt, 5; Burns, 5; Brandy, 4; Spencer, Grimes, Smith. Foul goals—Grimes, 9 out of 10; Brandy, 3. Burnell, 2. Referee—Benny Evans (Indianapolis).

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Coach Dorais' crippled basketball combination ended its disastrous trip downstate, Monday evening in losing to Indiana, of the Western Conference, in a listless game, 29 to 11. The Hoosiers took an early lead, scoring three free throws, and in a few minutes Captain Phillips had made the first ringer. In the first half Dean scored two baskets from the field and five points on foul throws. Pearson and Brandy made a basket for Notre Dame and Brandy counted twice on free throws. The first half ended with Indiana leading, 15 to 6.

Indiana made a number of points in the ten minutes of play in the second half before Brandy succeeded in caging one from the floor. The Gold and Blue made only one basket in this half, and Brandy counted two points on fouls. The line-up and summary:

INDIANA (29)		NOTRE DAME (11)
Zeller	Forward	Brandy
Jeffries	Forward	Bader
Dean	Center	Pearson
Phillips	Guard	Bahan
Byrum	Guard	Stine

Field goals—Phillips, 2; Dean, 4; Zeller, 4; Byrum, Pearson, Bahan, Brandy. Foul goals—Dean, 7; Brandy, 5; Substitutions—Smith for Bader, Buckner for Jeffries. Referee—Maloney (Notre Dame).

#### NOTRE DAME-MICHIGAN MEET.

Coach Rockne's inexperienced trackmen succumbed before the mighty combination of Michigan University in a dual meet at Ann Arbor last Saturday afternoon. Johnson, the star in

the annual event, scored four first places for a total of 20 points out of the 63 which the Michiganders collected, leaving 23 for Notre Dame.

Notre Dame met a strong opponent in Michigan, a team which looms up as undisputed champion in the track season of the "Big-Ten" organization. Notre Dame succeeded in taking one first place when Gilfillan threw the shot for a distance of 40 feet and one half inch. In the hurdles Gilfillan did not exert himself, fearing that he might hurt his injured knee on the wooden floor. Johnson won first place in both hurdles, with Gilfillan a close second and Gerald Hoar third.

When the Gold and Blue short-dash runners failed to land a place, Michigan took the lead and held it until the meet was over. Mulligan led the race in the 50-yard dash but was nosed out in the finish. Veteran Sedgwick won the one-mile race in good time. Walter Sweeney took second place. In the 880-yard dash Michigan scored eight points, taking a first and a second. Meredith finished third. In the 440-yard dash the victors had their way, neither Colgan nor Barry placing; the only point that Notre Dame scored here was a third by Scallan.

Cross and Westbrook divided honors in the pole vault, while Captain Rademacher was forced to take one point. Johnson defeated both Douglas and Hoar in the high jump, clearing the horizontal bar at 5 feet 10 inches. After having a good lead in the relay race, Notre Dame was nosed out in the finish.

This afternoon the track team will endeavor to redeem itself when it meets the Badgers of Wisconsin University at Madison. Notre Dame defeated Wisconsin in a dual meet in 1917 and hopes to repeat it today.

#### Information For Discharged Soldiers and Sailors.

The following points of information supplied by Captain Murray will be of interest to students who have been discharged from the army or navy:

Discharged officers who were not given discharge certificates at the time of discharge may apply for certificates to the Adjutant General of Washington, D. C.

Upon discharge or separation from active service officers will prepare the following certificate and mail it to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.: "I certify that all premiums due and payable to date for any war risk insur-

ance granted me have been duly paid either directly to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance or by deduction made by me on my pay-vouchers during the period of my military service." Sign with full name, and give your rank and home address.

Present law authorizes a discharged officer or soldier to wear his uniform from the place of his discharge to his home, within three months of the date of his discharge from the service. Thereafter the officer or soldier may wear his uniform only upon occasions of ceremony. By a recent act of Congress discharged soldiers are permitted to keep their uniform and wear that particular uniform, provided some distinctive mark or insignia determined by the War Department be worn with it. A discharged soldier is not permitted to wear uniforms made by civilian or other tailors, but only the particular uniform which they have been permitted to retain.

In order that Section 1406 of the Revenue Act of 1918, approved February 24, 1919, may be put into immediate effect, discharged soldiers are informed as follows:

"That all persons serving in the military or naval forces of the United States during the present War who have since April 6, 1917, resigned or been discharged under honorable conditions (or in the case of Reservists, been placed on inactive duty), or who at any time hereafter (but not later than the termination of current enlistment or term of service in the case of the enlisted personnel or within one year after the termination of the present War in the case of officers, may resign or be discharged under honorable conditions (or in the case of Reservists, be placed on inactive duty) shall be paid, in addition to all other amounts due them in pursuance of law, \$60.00 each.

This amount shall *not* be paid: (1) To any person who, though appointed or inducted into the military or naval forces on or prior to November 11th, 1918, had not reported for duty at his station on or prior to such date; (2) To any person who has already received one month's pay under the provisions of Section 9 of the Act entitled "An act to authorize the president to increase temporarily the military establishment of the United States" approved May 18th, 1917; (3) To any person who is entitled to retired pay; (4) To the heirs or legal representatives of any person entitled to any payment under this section who has died or may die before receiving such payment.

In case of any person who subsequent to separation from the service as above specified has been appointed or inducted into the military or naval forces of the United States and has been or is again separated from the service as above specified only one payment of \$60.00 shall be made.

The amount herein provided for shall be paid by such disbursing officers as may be designated by the Secretary of the Navy or the Secretary of War.

All persons separated from active military service

from April 6, 1917 to date of receipt of these instructions who are entitled to the \$60.00 bonus in reference, and who have received their final pay, will forward claim for such bonus direct to The Zone Finance Officer, Lemon Building, Washington, D. C., who is hereby designated to settle such claims. Such applications must contain (a) the discharge certificate or order for discharge or release, if no certificate was issued, but both certificate and order if both were issued, the paper bearing indorsement of final payment being required; (b) a statement of all military service since April 6, 1917, showing place and date of reporting at first military station; (c) address to which check is to be sent.

When settlement is made all personal papers will be returned to applicant with check. No further correspondence is necessary, except to advise of change in address of applicant. No other disbursing officers are authorized to pay claims covered by this paragraph.

### Letters from Soldiers.

Dorf, Germany,  
January 15, 1919.

Rev. J. L. Carrico, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Brother:

Indirectly I have received word that you wrote to me some time ago, but either you dropped that letter into the fire-alarm box or else a German "sub" seen one report concerning the registration this year must have sunk it on the way overseas. I have at Notre Dame, a statement that the University had experienced an enrollment which surpassed all records for one day's registration. How does the final number compare with those of previous years?

I shall try to indicate for you a few of the foot-prints on the long road I have travelled since becoming a soldier for Uncle Sam. We left New York July 22, 1918, landed at Liverpool on August 3, crossed over England and the English Channel, and disembarked at Le Havre, France, on the August 7. On the morning of August 10th we found ourselves quartered in a beautiful French village, Fontenay, in the Department of Cher, about the center of France. Here we spent a month at infantry drill, and then came orders for the 310th Engineers and the 310th Engineer Train to move forward and take part of the stage at the front. On Friday, the 13th of September, we drew up in the lines on the St. Mihiel Front. At 2:00 P. M. on September 16, we received orders to move out and draw up on the Argonne Front, about fifteen miles due west of the city of Verdun. Here started the drive of September 25, which advanced our lines past Montfaucon. Another on October 27, the last and slaughtering blow, caught the enemy on the point of the chin, resulting in a decision for the Allies in form of the armistice, on the 11th of November.

Almost immediately the Third Army of Occupation was created to take up its stand on enemy soil for the purpose of enforcing the terms of the armistice. The 310th Engineer Train was honored by being made a part of that new army, being placed in the Seventh Corps. During the fighting period of the war we were of the Fifth Corps in the First Army. The American forces



are now occupying the Coblenz sector, and the 310th Engineer Train is stationed at Dorf, Germany, about eighty miles southwest of Coblenz and near the city of Treves, or Trier.

I have no idea how long we shall be required to remain over here. The 22d of this month ends our first six-months period and we shall then be permitted to wear a war-service chevron. I hope that we may get home before summer anyway, as I am anxious to get back into the harness for a new start at life. I am, however very, very well and am making a successful effort at being cheerful and happy.

.... With my very best wishes, I am, always,

Your loving brother,

Private W. Elbert Carrico.

310th Engineer Train,  
American E. F., Germany.

Charleston, South Carolina,  
October 2nd, 1918.

Mr. Frank P. Goodall,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Sir and Brother:

I am, I know, very tardy in my sending to you my K.C. dues. However, I can say in all truth that I have been so busy of late that many matters simply had to wait their chances for attention. Just now I have a little breathing spell, of which I am trying to make the most.

It may interest my brother Knights at Notre Dame to know that since my ordination last May, I have said Mass in church on Sunday only five times. During my vacation at home I was glad to help out the chaplains at the Great Lakes Naval Station, and there I said Mass every Sunday in the open and a second one in the main hall. After I came to South Carolina I said the Sunday Mass in church on my first Sunday here and for the second time I said Mass in church last Sunday. On all other Sundays I have been attending one or another of the many training camps in our state. I have been at the Navy Yard, Charleston, the great camp at Columbus, and at the Marine Barracks, Paris Island.

Before the present war Catholics in South Carolina numbered only about nine thousand souls and the priests, I think, never numbered more than thirty, if that many. Since the war began it seems that a large part of all of the Catholic men-in-arms from all over our country are coming into South Carolina for training. They are attended by some regimental Catholic chaplains, but there are not nearly enough. The result is that the few diocesan priests here are doing their utmost to render to the men the needed services. My own case is simply that of nearly every priest in the diocese—regular parish duties which used to require seven days of attention now get only five days and the two days of the week-end are given to chaplain's duties.

Needless to say, the Order is nobly and admirably measuring up to the demands made upon it in the state. In nearly every camp I have visited I have been housed and fed by K. of C. men and I meet Notre Dame men or Notre Dame friends everywhere. At Great Lakes I met Leo Condon, a great K. of C. man at Notre Dame. I had the pleasure, too, of seeing Del

Smith there, big and handsome, quite the man he promised to be when I had him in camp at Bankson Lake, Lawton, Michigan, some years ago. If Del is not a knight yet, he soon will be. His expectations were for an early initiation.

It might interest you, too, to know that I have Major Stogsdall as a fellow resident here in Charleston. He is here in charge of all student soldiers. We enjoy an occasional chat, and of course Notre Dame is a topic every time. We hope to get the Major in charge of drilling the boys in our Catholic high school. I hope we succeed, for I know how well he managed the military at Notre Dame.

God bless you and all my K. of C. brothers at Notre Dame, and all of you kindly say an occasional prayer for all N. D. Council men who are away from Notre Dame serving God and country.

Devotedly in Our Lady,

Thomas J. Mackin.

American E. F., France,  
November 28th, 1918.

Dear Father and Mother:

.... We left New York on Sunday, October 13th, and pulled out in the harbor past the Statue of Liberty, where we anchored to wait for the other ships, which were going with us. There were seventeen in our convoy, among them one battleship and two destroyers. On the last two days out we were accompanied by twenty destroyers that had come to meet us, and on the last day had observation balloons and hydroplanes—I don't know in what number. There was not a great deal of excitement at any time, though we were attacked three times by submarines, and the destroyers put one mine off the Irish coast out of condition. It jarred things a little when it exploded. Some of the men were excited for a while, especially the colored ones in the aft part of the boat. We reached Liverpool, England, about three o'clock in the afternoon and were mighty glad to get on solid soil again. We could have landed the next morning, but we ran into a big fog, and it was impossible to go in; so we had to anchor out about two miles. In the meantime another big liner came sneaking along and rammed us, tearing a hole in our boat four feet square. It was above the water line, however, and it did not make much difference, though it caused considerable excitement on the ship for a minute or so.

After a few hours in Liverpool, we took the train to Codford, England, to an English camp where we stayed three days. We got our clothes washed and had a good bath or two, and then left for Southampton, where we went aboard the *Charles*, and across the English Channel to Havre, France. By the way, the boat we crossed the Atlantic in was the *Talithybius*. It was a freighter, 650 feet long and 63 feet wide, with three decks. We had about 2,500 aboard. We reached Havre the next morning and started on the march for another English camp not far from the town. It was only ten miles, but all up hill. It was the worst march we have ever had. Since then we haven't done anything but march from one town or camp to another, with our packs, which weigh only 90 pounds. I have made all the marches so far, but a great many have had to fall out on account of weak hearts, or something of the kind. Lately a



great many have broken arches, and they fall out on all sides.

Well, we landed at this camp about noon, and were assigned twelve to a tent. There were no such things as beds; we just rolled up in our blankets on the ground. As the tents were small it was very crowded, but it was quite cold and hence we did not mind huddling up a little. We spent two days there, and then left for Le Mans. I have seen enough, or at least all I cared to see, and it has not been all sunshine, though I am thankful that I am well and have stood it much better than a great many men stronger than I. Since the armistice was signed we have had an easy time of it, and have been fairly well housed, though not with any comforts to speak of . . . .

Your devoted son,  
Bernard Mulligan.

Sanitation Department,  
3rd Prov. Tr. Regiment.

Aignay le Duc, France,  
January 26, 1919.

Professor F. X. Ackermann,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.  
My dear Cousin:

I can get a pass to Paris for three days, provided I can raise sufficient francs. It seems that a soldier and his francs are soon parted. I have just returned from a short trip to Dijon. I went down in a side-car, about thirty-seven miles. It is a historical city, though I did not delve very deep into the historical phase. All the cities here are a conglomeration of medieval art, medieval inconveniences, present-day cabarets, New York cafés, and Hill Street cars manned by "motor-ettes" and "conductorettes" in wooden shoes.

I do not remember whether or not I have given you a resumé of my last six months. From New York we went to Halifax where we stayed one day. After a few days out we stood to the boats one evening at dusk and watched an American tanker in our convoy take fourteen quick shots at what was reported a "sub." No torpedoes were launched, however. We landed at Havre and proceeded to the training area near Chateau Villain, in the Haute Marne Department. Our first hitch in the line was in the Vosges Mountains, in the Gurardimer sector. It certainly was beautiful there, with the lakes, mountain streams, fine roads, wonderful forests, and pretty towns down in the valleys. The activities there were chiefly confined to raids, sniping, spasmodic artillery action, and occasional air battles. We stayed forty-two days. Then we "sidedoor pullmaned" up to St. Menehold in frog rattlers marked "Chevaux 8—Hommes 40". From Menehold we tracked our way after the fleeing Boche through Camp Mahaut, the Argonne Forest, Grand Pré, Anthe, and Stonne. We got a beautiful bombing at Grand Pré. A whole troupe of flying Huns sailed over one night, opened the tail gates, and let out a flock of G. I. cans that certainly sent the boys to the tall untrimmed foliage. You never saw more action at a Holy Roller convention. Men in hip-boots outran lads in Ruth St. Denis attire. We returned via Verdun, kicked up skeletons on the old battlefields, and burrowed in the underground works. We are now in the fourteenth training

area, cooling our heels. I guess it will be commencement time before I see the States. Probably I shall be able to take in the commencement at Notre Dame. Remember me to all my friends.

As ever,  
Ted Wagner.

Company C 6th F. Sig. Bn.,  
American E. F., France, A. P. O. 777.

Diekirch, Luxemburg,  
January 7, 1919.

Dear Father Moloney:

You will probably be very much surprised to hear from me, and it may be that you will not even remember me, but I have often wanted to write back to tell the people at Notre Dame which of our men I have seen over here. A few days ago I came through Paris on my way from the hospital to rejoin my outfit, and there in a little restaurant I met Father Walsh. I knew that I should meet some of you over here; so it was only an expectation fulfilled. He looks fine. He told me he had been chaplain to the 30th Infantry and that he is now attached to Headquarters in Paris, Army Post Office 702.

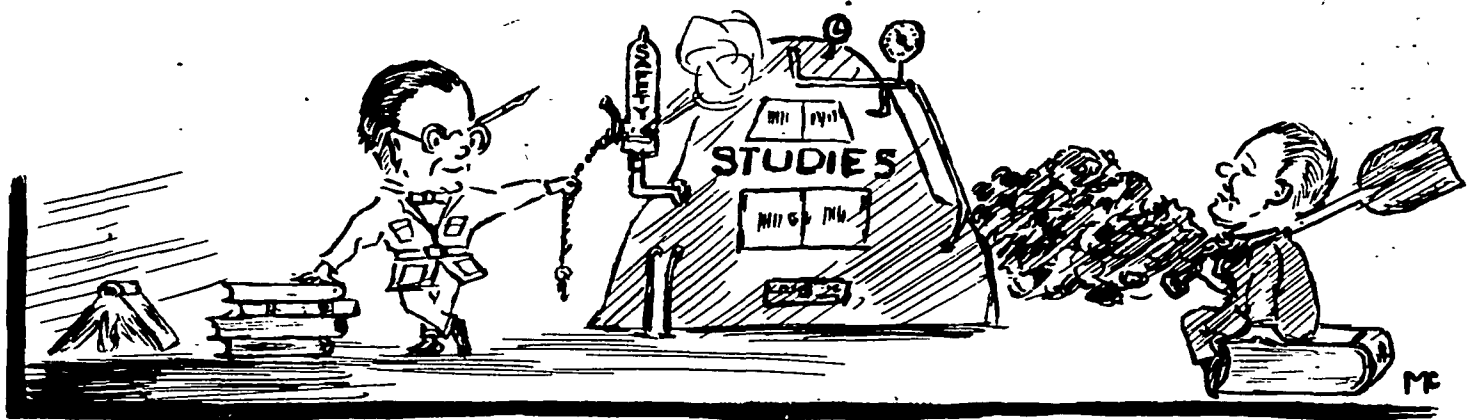
About seven months ago I met George Lynch, now a major. He has been training in the army school at Langres, A. P. O. 714. I do not know whether he is still there or not. Cecil Curran I met some time ago; he is an observer in the air service. Other Notre Dame men I have heard of, but have not met them. Forrest Fletcher came over with an Ambulance unit and I think he got into a great deal of the action. There was a Fletcher here some time ago who was awarded the D. S. C. for evacuating wounded under terrific shell fire. I do not know whether it was our Fletcher or not, but anyway it sounds like him.

I went into the service early in May of 1917 and came over as a lieutenant with the 319th Infantry, 80th Division, early in May of 1918. For three months I was up in the British sector. My first big action was before Verdun in September and across the Meuse River in the Meuse offensive. We "went over" on September 26, remained continually on the offensive, and we were still in the line when the armistice was signed. On the 18th of November I was sent to a base hospital, tired out and "all in" and suffering a little from gas.

My outfit is now in the Army of Occupation, and at present there are of course no signs of our returning to the States. I am looking forward to the next reunion at Notre Dame. It will probably not be this June for me, but at any rate it shall be June of 1920. I have often thought that I should like to receive an occasional copy of the SCHOLASTIC. Can you put me on its mailing list and send the bill to me for the same? Also I should like to be remembered to all my old friends, especially to Fathers Kirsch, Nieuwland, Maguire, Farley, Schumacher, and Brother Alphonsus, and also to Knute Rockne.

With kind regards I am,  
Sincerely,

(First Lieut.) Robert J. Fischer.  
Infantry Headquarters, 33rd Division,  
American E. F., Luxemburg.



## NE PLUS ULTRA.

If you should tell most any man  
You had a case of "flu,"  
Or that you just got over gripe  
He sure would pity you,  
But though I'm lame and feel quite bad,  
My friends all fill with glee,  
When I in plaintive tones proclaim  
"I've got a house maids knee."

The mention of pneumonia  
Will fill most men with tears,  
And scarlatina seems to wake  
The strangest kind of fears;  
But everywhere I chance to go  
My friends all laugh at me,  
Because I moan and say to them  
"I've got a house maids knee."

I used to wish my enemies  
Would get appendicitis,  
Or else become afflicted with  
A bad case of neuritis;  
But now I've come to understand  
How futile that would be  
Since folks would pity them—and so  
I'll wish them house maids knee.

\*\*

## FAME.

I used to be a common girl  
And though my friends were kind,  
No beauteous or stunning charms  
In me they seemed to find;  
But now I sit upon a throne  
With awe-struck friends about,  
The change has happened just because  
I've had my tonsils out.

A girl with just a winning smile  
Can't hope to be adored,  
And though her cheeks with roses bloom  
Her friends will soon be bored;  
But that a maiden is quite swell  
No man will dare to doubt,  
If she can tell him—just like that—  
"I've had my tonsils out."

\*\*

## ACCEPTED.

"Dearest," she said, with a smile breaking all over  
her face like measles, "I have something to say to you."

"But I haven't any money," he protested as he  
unfolded a clean handkerchief that was full of holes  
and vigorously mopped his brow, "I really—

"You don't need money," she replied, "all that will  
be necessary will be—"

"Please don't," he sighed, his face firing up like the  
setting sun, "I really can't,—"

"But you can and you ought," she chirped, "what  
will people think? what will your friends—"

"Stop, right there," he demanded. "You are trying  
to force me, you are trumping up reasons that do not  
exist, you know well enough that there is no necessity  
in the wide, wide world—"

"All right," she moaned, "if you insist on not  
brushing your teeth I suppose no one can make you  
and I shall not try further, but they sure look a fright."

"Oh," he groaned, "this is so sudden."

\*\*

## MODERN BEAUTY.

I had a girl whose soul was white  
As a pure flake of snow,  
And had her meanest thoughts been sown  
White lilies they would grow,  
She loved me with a tender love  
Her heart swift might I win,  
But I have left her, for she had  
A birth mark on her chin.

And now I have a pretty lass  
With head void as a drum,  
She uses slang knows how to cuss  
Can whistle and chew gum,  
She never had a clever thought  
But always wears a grin,  
I'll marry her, because she has  
No birth mark on her chin.

\*\*

Have you heard Joseph Holleran in Walsh Hall?  
Yes, and we know Cyril Fites in Badin.

\*\*

## DID SHE OBJECT.

"We saw Harry Grabbner at the last dance?"

\*\*

## CHANGED.

Oh, her eyes were like the dawning in a placid summer  
sky,  
And her little cheeks were hectic as the West is.  
And her lips like two ripe berries seemed to feed his  
very soul  
As against her little mouth he tightly pressed his.

He could talk of her from morning till the waning  
of the day.

He could kiss the ground she trod in days of yore, Bob,  
But he doesn't give a continental penny for her now,  
For she has an adam's apple like a door knob.