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No. 23.

A Church Cross in the Starlight.

ETERNAL Sign,
Hope of mine,
You seem a part of Heaven there
In the mild starlight
Of the holy, peaceful night,
Kissed by star-lit breezes in the holy air.

LEO L. WARD.

Bulldozing the Bolsheviki.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

REVOLUTIONARIES have burst upon a turmoiled world with a new set of radical ideas, insisting upon putting them into practice, and having accomplished that, they are further resolved to propagate them everywhere. The forces of conservatism, now as in past ages opposed to any dangerous innovations, are determined to crush this pernicious propagandism and its source. Eighteen centuries ago it was the Christians whose radicalism threatened the imperial conservatism of that day, and Rome, the seat of the aristogogues, passed out of existence in the throes of the persecutions which were to save it. In the Middle Ages the first stirring of the people seeking their rights gave rise to those radical ideas whose force, personified in Stephen Langton and the barons, wrested from King John at Runnymede the Magna Charta. A century and a quarter ago, another epoch in the advance of the people to their greatest right, self-government, saw the rise of the French revolutionaries. Against these madmen, these demagogues, whose pillorying and defamation is only excelled by the abuse poured out on the Bolsheviki, were concentrated all the conservatives of the time, the kings and emperors of Europe, the Holy Alliance. (Today all lovers of liberty, all liberals, must take care lest the League of Nations be made another Holy Alliance.)

Today it is the Bolsheviki who have taken the next step forward. Again the forces of reaction, of conservatism, are aligned in the road of progress. Today the tyrants who seem never to know when their day is done, are again striving to put out the light of advancement, to put down the new rebellion. If only conservatism could unbend, if radicalism were not so impatient. For the conservatives, now as before, refuse to take what is best out of the new movement, and so take the wind out of its sails. Had the monarchists, the "divine-righters," a century ago, assimilated into their systems all that was good in the new democracy which was eventually forced on them, they might have survived, even though denatured and devitalized, as the British monarchy. The money-monarchies of today might learn therein a lesson.

Before America passes condemnation on the Bolsheviki and all their works, it might examine the evidence. Bolshevism may be a "fundamental menace" to our civilization, but is our civilization the best possible,—sacrosanct, beyond betterment? The Bolsheviki are a Russian political party. At present they control the soviet government. The soviet government is a government by the executive committees of trade and labor unions. The Bolsheviki advocate communism; wishing to abolish capitalism and private property as far as practicable, and to give the people control of government and industry.

Any government, which while torn by internal dissensions, wracked by the enormous problems of reconstruction which are greater in Russia than anywhere on earth, and troubled by foreign invasions, can yet find the time and spirit to publish great sets of the classics of all literatures in cheap editions so that all the people may be possessed of them, to encourage artists and subsidize the theatre, the ballet and the opera, and in addition organize an extensive program for universal education, cultural as well as vocational (every child in soviet Russia goes to school) and also to make such progressive laws

as the one providing free care for sixteen weeks for all women before, during, and after childbirth, and an additional month for working women during which they need work only four hours a day;—such a government deserves at least an impartial hearing before the bar of public opinion. And in its handling of the problems of reconstruction it has shown not only a grasp of the far-reaching principles involved but also an efficiency and a thoroughness in application of these principles, an efficiency that would amaze the outside world which has been cleverly led to believe that Russia is but a chaos. To be left with but the broken tools of a discredited revolution, Kerensky's; with opposition within and without, with ten million demobilized soldiers demanding work when all the industries had been closed down by the owners thereof, who feared the Bolsheviki and wished to destroy confidence in them; with famine and wholesale starvation imminent as a result of the lack of crops—this was the situation in which these enthusiastic radicals began. Yet in the face of these insuperable obstacles they organized an efficient working government, re-opened mines and factories, re-established industry, gave the soldier work, the farmer land and equipment, the people food—and so all the dire predictions of famine, pestilence and other chaotic disasters, have still to be verified, and the prophecies of the speedy downfall of the Bolsheviki are also awaiting fulfillment.

It has been said that the Bolsheviki do not represent the people and only maintain themselves in power by treachery and force, but that seems absurd. If the people could overthrow the Czar's government, when it was so well pillared by customs, traditions, religion, the police, the military and the political machine, surely they could rid themselves, *if so they desired*, of the handful of enthusiasts who with no backing but their supreme confidence, with no force but the inspirations of their ideals, have established government upon the embers of an empire and the refuse of a revolution. The fact that allied and American intervention has been a miserable fiasco, seems to indicate that the Bolsheviki have support of the majority of the Russian people. We have seen enough of the inglorious spectacle of allied and American troops, with democracy for battle-cry, thrusting reaction into the heart of the Russian people at the point of a bayonet.

No allied or American statesman has yet

explained satisfactorily why intervention was undertaken. Either it was to prevent the Germans from seizing stores of war-munitions, or to succor some persecuted mass of people like the Ukrainians, who were supposed to be suffering from Bolsheviki tyranny. But the deeper reasons were not so necessary to the winning of the war or so altruistic. France was interested in destroying the Bolshevik government which had repudiated the foreign debt which was mainly held by Frenchmen. Japan had long cast covetous eyes on the unpopulated area stretching indefinitely away from Corea and Manchuria.

Whatever excuse existed at the time for American intervention, it does not exist now, and the order withdrawing the American troops in the coming spring, does not explain the graves where will lie brave boys, beyond all withdrawal. And the irony of those graves is their epitaph—“These soldiers who lie here are Americans, the legionaries of a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal who nevertheless died in a vain and misguided attempt to frustrate the will of the Russian people by external coercion.”

Bolshevism has been called by Colonel Robins, chairman of the Progressive Convention which nominated Roosevelt in 1912, and head of the Red Cross Mission to Russia, “a fundamental menace” to our civilization. And indeed it is nothing more or less than Marxian Socialism applied. It stands for communism in property, secularization in education, denial of moral or religious sanction in marriage, and many other things which are utterly incompatible with decent society and right ideals of human life. But it also stands for the emancipation of the proletariat, for the amelioration of the living conditions of the workers, for the further democratization of government, and other things devoutly to be wished for. Hence it is neither wise nor prudent to condemn it summarily and then ignore it. The better course is to take over the wheat, and the chaff will blow away in a whirlwind of its own making.

At Communion.

On troubled waters of my heart
Meek comes the Christ of Galilee
In humble grandeur—God's sweet art—
And brings a calm Eternity.

LEO L. WARD '20.

A Cause for War.

BY JOHN S. ROCHE, '19.

Somewhere in the great Pacific, directly west of Mexico and south of California lies the little island of Revillagigedo. If war is ever declared by the inhabitants of Revillagigedo on the island of saints and scholars, there will at least be found a definite cause for the disturbance, as the following facts will testify.

If perchance you should visit Revillagigedo you will doubtless observe as you come in sight of the land a few natives lying leisurely on the beach, and you will wonder at the squeaky and continuous chattering they maintain. When you inquire, one of the sailors or perhaps even the captain himself will tell you that the chatter comes not from the natives, but from the crows on the island. You will look up towards the tops of the tall pines, but to your surprise you can see only a half dozen of the birds. The sailor then points at the ground under the trees. There you perceive in a black, moving mass thousands of crows. And as you draw closer you gaze upon the most ill-shaped birds imaginable. They seem to be all afflicted at once with rheumatism, gout, and the whooping-cough. It is a strange sight. If you be not an ornithologist, you may rashly conclude that the climate does not agree with these birds.

On landing you are quickly surrounded by some armed natives. They scrutinize you thoroughly and then ask you your name. If it happens that you are afflicted, as not a few are, with the appellation "Casey," your last will and testament,—but let us first begin at the beginning.

Casey owns the "Jackdaw" down in the southeast end. He has steadily risen in rank from policeman to bartender. The "Jackdaw" is a neat, high-class hangout—if any such refreshment parlor can be so described. The first thing you behold as you enter is what appears to be the outline of a bird. If you be a stranger in the place Casey promptly satisfies your curiosity by informing you that it is the stuffed remnant of a jackdaw which he himself once owned. And if he thought he could trust you, he would fain tell you the tale that hangs thereby.

Six years ago when work was scarce Casey

heard from an old salt that an Irish policeman was wanted in Revillagigedo to quell a revolution. Now as it is not the nature of Irish blood to coagulate when there is a chance for excitement, Casey sailed three days later as a deckhand aboard the "Pegleg," bound for Revillagigedo and other parts further south. He had his properties packed in a well-nailed box, all except his favorite pet, a jackdaw, for which he had procured a cage.

In something more than a month the prospective police force arrived at its destination—rigged out in a novel uniform, consisting of red trousers, a yellow sweater, and a gridiron helmet. On the sweater was sewn in large black letters the word "Police," by which Casey meant to make on the natives his first and slightest impression. Evidently he succeeded. Business ceased and the big chief of the place, President Gurtrez, invited him to supper. Casey accepted and took occasion to learn just what was expected of him.

The president spoke plainly. The substance of the trouble was that the natives were robbing each other promiscuously. Everything movable was being moved, often changing as many as three and four hands and then being parloined back by the original owner. Casey understood that this must have been what they meant by revolution. At any rate, it was his duty to rid the island of this plague. He was thoroughly convinced that there was a huge task before him, but why should he allow business to trouble his mind any longer than necessary. A good night's sleep would fortify him for his work and enable him to view it optimistically.

When he awoke early the next morning, the only thing that met his eye was his pet jackdaw. The natives had been busy during the night, and had relieved him of all his possessions except the bird. Nothing else was left him but his anger. He emphatically wished all the inhabitants of the island to the lower regions, and resolved to take revenge on the whole republic.

But how could he alone get even with so many? Moreover he was an officer of the peace and was not supposed to be vindictive or to break any of the laws, especially the one concerning manslaughter, or nation-slaughter, such as he contemplated.

During the next week Casey was busy. The housebreakers that submitted without resis-

tance were put in jail; those that made trouble were put into the hospital, and he it said that the hospital was none too large. But presently midnight robbery ceased to some extent, and the President rejoiced. Casey, however, was not satisfied. He wanted his clothes and valuables which the natives had taken, and still more he wanted his vengeance.

Then one day the president sent for Casey. The big chief was raving. One of the favorite ear-rings of his favorite wife had been stolen while she was taking her wonted nap at mid-day. Here certainly was a mystery worthy of Casey's genius. Both ornaments had been lying together on a side-table, but only one had been taken. The officer asked to be shown the apartment. The other ear-ring was gone now; and Casey scratched his head. If Sherlock Holmes or Sexton Blake were there they also would in all probability have scratched their heads. This plainly was not an ordinary case for an ordinary man.

He asked that he be allowed to examine the room alone. Having locked the door he investigated the apartment carefully, then sat down to think. He made up his mind to leave the island as speedily as the next boat would take him. It was bad enough for himself to be robbed during the night, but when the President's house was invaded twice in broad daylight it was obviously no place for a civilized, law-loving Irishman.

Casey went home intending to wait around only until the next vessel would come in. There in his shack a second surprise awaited him. On his bed were trinkets of all sorts, and amongst them the precious ear-rings. He tried to think of some manner and motive of their getting there, when his jackdaw flew in and dropped another ring into the collection. Then Casey got his big idea. He knew that the jackdaw was the culprit. To prevent further mischief and incrimination perhaps, he tied the bird to the leg of his bed and sat down to develop his idea.

Casey put the situation plainly before President Gurtrez, and the executive was much interested. Here indeed was a novel way of innocently getting your neighbor's valuables. The President was not a saint in regard to honesty, and so he proposed to buy the jackdaw at once. But Casey could not part with his pet; it had been given to him as his portion of a grand-

father's will. However, he knew where he could get any number of the birds, which could be easily trained to the purpose in a short time. Of course jackdaws were dear in other lands, but still the slight matter of ten dollars for each would cover expenses. The president promptly put in an order for twenty jackdaws, and gave Casey a magnificent dinner.

During the next week Casey had a peaceful time of it. No one was put into jail or into the hospital, but the secret order for jackdaws was raised from twenty to five hundred. Whenever Casey laid his hands on a robber he immediately poured a secret into the astonished culprit's ear. Thus jackdaws were ordered in bunches of threes, fours, and half-dozens, since they were such extremely profitable birds. Then thanking the gods that he should no longer be running a risk in appropriating the goods of others each criminal went home with a wonderful secret.

Four weeks later the birds came. It took Casey a week to distribute them—secretly of course—with instructions as to their training. By the eighth day he had a neat fortune safely stored away in his strong box, and on the ninth Casey, with his money and his jackdaw, was on the way back to civilization. On the island they were forgotten—for a while. A month passed and another, but no amount of training would engender in these jackdaws anything of the instinct of Casey's bird. Then somehow the secret got out. The President discovered that he was not, as he had thought, the only one that possessed these rare birds, and further investigation satisfied him that his twenty jackdaws were just twenty common crows. He was furious, and the natives were furious, and, as Casey was not to be found, vengeance was wreaked on the innocent birds themselves. Next morning five hundred crows, ill-shaped, wingless, and almost cawless were shamefully hiding under the tall pines near the beach, and so the weird welcome with which you are greeted as you approach the island on your ship. Hence the grave danger of a war between Revillagigedo and Erin; hence a certain Casey is living so magnificently down in the south-east end, and hence the three or four natives on the beach at Revillagigedo are always on the lookout for Casey's return. Perhaps the three or four crows perched on the tops of the pines are also on the lookout for the cause of their woe. Hence if you are a Casey stay away from that island.

Varsity Verse.

SUCCESS TOWN.

The people that live in the Town Success
Rush hurriedly to and fro,
To barter their souls for a silver coin,
And miss Life as they go.

For he, who, dazzled by golden gleams,
Would shut the sunshine out,
And bent o'er a ledger, reams on reams,
Life's little joys would flout—

Oh, he may sit high in Success Town
On the Board of Prosperity be,
But I would not trade my sunny seat
On the Board of Poverty.

There's an aimless town on a lazy down
Where the dreamers all are free
And life is a song, a lover's plea,
And a soft wind from a summer sea.

G. D. H.

YOUR LETTERS.

A thousand thanks to you, True Friend,
For all the joy and news you send.
The thoughts your laughing heart must say
Have made my life worth living each day.

Your cheerful voice by ready pen
Transcribed has often called me when
I fain would shirk or yield the task
I've been assigned in Life's vain masque.

PAUL SCOFIELD '20.

WORD-PEOPLE.

The singing words the poet knows,
The winging words of prose,
They make a life complete, apart,
An empire of the heart.

An empire from whose shores there sail
Along a silver trail,
Peaceful dreams of a Might-be-Day
When Now is Faraway.

Word-People lead a life apart;
Yet strangely in our heart
Unreal becomes most really true
In all Word-People do.

They live, they love; suffer and die,
Swear a wee bit, and cry,
Forget the morrow, laugh and play,
And live for all and aye.

Reach out, Word-People, from your place
And halt our bootless race,
That we may weep and smile a bit
And better be for it.

G. D. H.

Americanism.

Ethnologically speaking, the number of 100 per cent Americans is very small. They inhabit certain reservations of the government land in the West and the Southeast; they have red skin which is fast losing its color; and though they are a lively set, they did not win the war; they bought few thrift stamps and still fewer Liberty Bonds. A small band of them did valiant service on the western front, but their number was small. The fact is that this country never enjoyed a larger population of 100 per cent Americans than it did before Columbus discovered it.

It is a very incontestable fact that we are retrograding. But there is such a person as the 100 per cent American. His skin is not necessarily of bronze: it is not the color of his flesh or the outline of his features that marks him an American. He is a man whose heart is in the soil; for whom the swift New England rivers and the low Virginia hills are more than water or rocks. He is from the misty shores of Oregon; his face is keen with the mellow glow of California sunshine; he has loved to see the long sweep of the lariat and to level his eyes on far horizons of the Texan plain or the Montana ranch; his voice is soft with southern accent; his manner gay and refined with the spirit of southern hospitality. In his blood is the spirit of the plain country and the vast camps of grassy prairies calling. He has always loved freedom, the deep and elemental voice of nature has put that word upon his heart. Left to pursue his own happiness in the fear of God and the honor of men, he is at peace with all the world. He is young and unafraid. He can see no child of God suffer at the hand of merciless injustice; and when in his righteous wrath he girds his loins and sets out to defend the weak and vindicate the right, he strikes with the strength of ten. Have you every seen him, this 100 per cent American? He is in almost every home that flies a service flag; the French valleys are fertile with his blood; the German hordes will testify to his valor; his associates in war admit his strength. He is a man and is content to stand upon his own feet. He does not feel himself called to adore England because he fought at her side, though he does respect her; nor does he feel it right to continue to beat his enemy after he has that enemy down; he loves France and her people

for their kindness and for the valor of her youth. He loves the little nations, remembering that his own nation was once weak and oppressed. Toward all men and all nations he extends his hand and his charity; to his own land, and to that alone, as to his parents, he gives his consummate loyalty and devotion.

J. H. McDONALD.

Tickets, Please: A Tragedy.

Time: As you like it. Place: Gym, Nasium.

ROMAN GLADIATOR (*emerging from his shower bath*):

"Well, not such a bad day's work; I'll put five more notches in my shillalah. Where is my towel? Alexander! Haste ye here with all speed!"

ALEXANDER (*an attendant to the bath approaches*)

"Now what do you want?"

"A towel with which to dry myself. Would you see me stand here and freeze to death?"

"That's all right; go ahead and freeze; I won't look."

"What! Wouldst thou jest with me? Fetch me a towel at once, else I separate thy prating head from thy shoulders."

"Aw, can that stuff; you ain't tough!"

(*Whereat the Gladiator leaps savagely at the attendant, but the latter eludes him and exits smilingly.*)

GLADIATOR—"This exposure will be the death of me, for even now I can feel the ominous hand of the flu clutching me. Alexander! Will you hurry?"

ALEX (*re-entering without the towel, grinning sardonically*)—"A thousands pardons, sire, but I forgot to get your towel ticket and I can't give you a towel without it."

"Imbecile! My ticket is in my clothes. I'll give it to you after I dress."

"Aw that game's old. You can't get by with that stuff here."

"On my honor as a Roman I will give you the ticket. Now hurry and fetch a towel."

"Yeh! A roamin' Roman you are. I got beat out of twenty cents at the cafeteria last year by a Roman."

"Can nothing move you? I'll give you a good Frater Leepo cigar as well as the towel ticket."

"Now you're talking business. Why didn't you say that long ago?"

(*Exit Alex. Roman Gladiator shivers and curses Alex between chattering teeth. Alex returns*)

ALEX—"Say, you big bum, I went over to the main building and looked up your record; you owe me for a towel I gave you a year ago, after the last Olympic games at the Cartierium."

"Would you hold that against me now when I stand here trembling in the throes of an internecine ague?"

"What kind of an egg?"

"Ye gods on high, I pray thee give this man reason! Have you nothing with which I can dry myself?"

"Well, I might give you some of the hot air I keep in the locker room."

(*At this the Gladiator gives up, falling dead at the feet of Alexander. The latter smilingly soliloquizes.*) "Ah! That's the system. Knock 'em dead and save expenses." P. S.

ASBESTOS CURTAIN

A Reward of Faith.

There is nothing that so effectually wakens dormant ambition in a man, nothing that is so genuinely pathetic, yet so gloriously inspiring as the history of the Emerald Isle. For one who has the time there is no greater privilege than to go back over the entire field of the history of the Irish people and live over with them in fancy the pleasures and sorrows of their national existence. The lifelong prayer of the immutable Parnell for the liberties of his people stands as the beacon light of freedom through the years of Irish oppression. Then there is the magnificent and inspiring action of the Protestant Charles Phillips, who with unbridled fury hurled the taunt of bigotry across the Irish Sea to the self-appointed watch-dog of his home. And emblazoned on the pages of Ireland's past are the illustrious words uttered by that young political martyr, Robert Emmett, just before he yielded his rich young life for the cause of Irish independence—"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then let my epitaph be written." Always in living through the days of her immortal history may be found the inspiration of the hope that has burned with undying fire in the hearts of the Irish people during every persecution.

That hope of freedom has been cherished through the years with the same spirit that has fostered the Faith of the parent Christian religion. Of humble faith and virtue, Ireland has given to the world an example that is not

approached by any other nation, not even the Polish people. When England, after the fashion of the crafty, atheistic French government, first removed God from the churches and monasteries and then from the schools, the Irish people turned with renewed fervor to the encouragement of Faith within the home. Irish fathers, staunch and firm in the hope that Erin would one day be free, inculcated that Faith in their children; Irish mothers, pure and true to the ideals of Mother Church, taught to the children kneeling at their feet the Faith that was to keep them whole. That trust in God, that sublime and eternal faith in His mercy, has been Ireland's greatest bulwark against the oppression of the English, against the cruel onslaughts of the British parliament which wielded the sword of excessive taxation in their midst.

And surely that Faith is not to go forever unrewarded. The admirable devotion which has enabled the Irish people to preserve their national honor while their nation was trampled in the dust of injustice has now its time of vindication. The religious integrity of this suffering people will find its reward now, if the doctrine of self-determination for small nations is only applied. If the ideals for which America fought and bled are to stand for anything now, it must be for the political freedom of Ireland. We, in vindication of our own honor, should insist that such rights be accorded the people of the Emerald Isle. We should make our voice heard in the universal demand for justice, and show to the members of the peace conference that we believe in the rights of Ireland.

T. H. B.

Remembrance.

That poet's life was one sweet song,
Which gladdened ev'ry heavy heart;
For well worked he with pen in hand,
A master of a heav'nly art.

His soul was borne on wings of thought,
And oft God's gifts to nature praised;
While to the Keeper of life's breath,
His voice for inspiration raised.

The music of that spirit's song,
Still lingers on the memory;
But lo! that soul will sing to God,
His praise for all eternity.

BROTHER JUSTIN, C. S. C., '21.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

Be not rash, but rational.

You can not live forever in luxury.

Truth sometimes hurts, but so does falsehood.

Be a prophet if you must, but in no event a profiteer.

Some men are vertebrates only in the scientific sense.

The basis of a true friendship must be moral and spiritual.

In counting the fools do not let your humility overlook yourself.

The hands of the clock are God's hands counting out our hours.

Every thought a man thinks makes its impression upon his character.

If you would seek help in your need, seek it of one who has needed.

Who but Socialists would dare wave another flag in defiance of Old Glory?

"There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"; also betwixt January and the sheepskin.

You can't judge surely a student's mentality by the number of books he carries under his arm.

Love led aright produces felicity; led awry, it wrecks homes, breaks hearts, and breeds turmoil.

In the examination of conscience, it is important that the right man's conscience be examined.

The fact that they now call it the "peace table" is no guarantee that it will not be re-named.

If we really learn, as it is said, by our mistakes, it would seem that most of us make few mistakes.

If you have enemies, do not be discouraged; even Christ, the all-perfect God-man, had few friends.

How much darker is the blindness of the skeptic than that of the sightless beggar on the street corner.

If we compare ourselves with the good and not with the bad, we shall see more room for improvement.

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THOMAS F. HEALY, '19

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Anglomaniacs grow delirious over "Hands Across the Sea"—forgetting how often those British hands have snatched at the liberty of Americans and the secur-

"Hands Across the Sea." Most of the history of Anglo-

American relations has been a record of England's freebooting, until we grew too powerful to be any longer intimidated. The grass had hardly grown over the grave of Washington before the ruthless British were burning and sacking the city that bears his name, in their pillage campaigns of 1812. England has always used her supremacy upon the waters to injure and oppress us. The violation of our national honor and the wrongs done our citizens by the British impressment, the seizing of Americans to man English fleets against their will, is still too vivid a memory to be hid by the mists of time.

The fisheries dispute, the Alaskan boundary quarrel, the squabble over the Maine boundaries, the conflict over the Venezuelan affair,—all down our history, the brutal British disregard of our rights, her imperious disdain of our honor and integrity, is ever outstanding. The open assistance given to the South, 1860-65, in an effort to divide and weaken our nation despite all the laws of neutrality; the unseemly haste to recognize the belligerent states of the Confederacy; the winking and conniving at the use of British ports and ship-yards in the outfitting of privateers to prey upon Yankee commerce—all this shows the enduring animosity of England toward America.

Even today, after we have gone to England's aid in her extremity, after we rescued the British troops who had their "backs to the wall," after we helped to destroy the U-boat menace and with the aid and the food-stuffs of our country averted the imminent starvation of England, she brazenly musters all her resources to crush us commercially, industrially, and economically.

She withdraws her fleet from the service of transporting our troops home, so that they may the sooner start to monopolize sea-commerce; and she charges us one hundred and fifty dollars for every American soldier that she took to Europe to save herself; she taunts us with the fact that when our ships are at last free from the transport service they will have no cargoes to carry, while her ships are signed up for months in advance; she says we may build all the ships we wish since they will never be allowed docking facilities in England, and she hurries to pass discriminatory legislation tending to cripple and kill our exports to her. Such is the quality of English gratitude.—G. D. H.

President Wilson states that America will reluctantly assume the guardianship of Armenia. She should not assume it at all. The entire proceedings of the Peace Congress are leading towards the entanglement of America in European affairs. The regulation of the nations of Europe is Europe's problem, not the United States'. At first the European powers desired that we take control of the Dardanelles, and now they want to throw upon the hands of the American people a whole nation to be kept in peace and order. Constantinople was the first bait, and the latest offer is Armenia. Our business is to preserve peace and unity on this side of the world. We crossed the seas to fight a war, and finally ended it. The safety of the world was then at stake; now nothing is at stake save the ordering of Europe and that belongs to Europe. There may be some romance about a "far-flung battle line," but America wants none of it. It may furnish an attractive theme for the novelist—to portray the English adventurers that have wandered by the Congo and have thirsted in the Great Sahara, but today the bones of those men are bleached by an African sun. The manhood of America is for America, and not to be squandered on a foreign shore for a foreign cause.—J. S. M.

Farmers throughout the country are making a concerted complaint against the new time schedule. Their contention is that, while city people may set their clocks ahead an hour or two and not know the difference, any tampering with the time-piece on the farm throws everything out of gear. Conditions are such that the husbandman's day is made by the sun and not by the clock. The cows, for example, insist upon remaining out in pasture until sunset, and the modern hired man naturally does not like to get up in the morning long before dawn. Any one who has lived in the country can sympathize with the college boy who, having secured a position as a farm hand, was awakened by his employer the first morning with a gruff, "Come on, get up, sonny! we're going out to gather punkins." "Great Scott!" exclaimed the youth, "you don't have to sneak up on the blamed things in the dark, do you?" The farmer's work day begins and ends on the old time and hence his relationship with the rest of the world is thrown out of adjustment by the change, and as a result he suffers considerable inconvenience and annoyance. "Just turn your clocks one hour ahead," advised the authorities; "then go to sleep and *forget it*,"—the very thing which the farmer with not a little plausibility declares he cannot do.—J. W. H.

Summary of the Federal Government's Intelligence Tests.

A general summary of the recent Psychological Tests are given below. These tests were eight in number and conducted with exact time allowances for each. The diversity of the examination is illustrated by the general content of each test. The subjects were as follows:

- Test 1.—Power of Attention, Memory, and Execution of Directions.
- Test 2.—Arithmetical Problems.
- Test 3.—Practical Judgment.
- Test 4.—Synonym and Antonym.
- Test 5.—Disarranged Sentences.
- Test 6.—Number Series Completion.
- Test 7.—Analogies.
- Test 8.—General Information.

Both the last two tests cover knowledge acquired by experience and observation, as well as by study.

The fairness of the examination is apparent from these facts: that there was no opportunity

for special preparation; that the scope of the examination was so varied; and that a reasonably wide latitude was given for listing in the different classes. In all there were 212 questions. No one was expected to answer all of them in the time allowed. That one student may have attained a mark a few points above or below another does not necessarily fix a definite mental relation between them. Mere chance observation or experience might aid a student in a few instances. Within the range of the respective classes, however, a marking fixes, with a fair degree of accuracy, the general mental rating, and a reasonably wide difference in markings unquestionably indicates a clear superiority or inferiority of intelligence.

The range of markings and classes follow:

RATING	SCORE
Class A Very Superior Intelligence.....	135-212
Class B Superior Intelligence.....	105-134
Class C+ High Average Intelligence.....	75-104
Class C Average Intelligence.....	45-74
Class C- Low Average Intelligence.....	25-44
Class D Inferior Intelligence.....	55-24
Class D- Very Inferior Intelligence.....	0-23

There were in all 321 Notre Dame students taking the tests. Of these there were 222 freshmen, 93 sophomores and 6 juniors, arranged in these classes:

	FRESHMEN	SOPHOMORES	JUNIORS
Class A	129	39	4
Class B	54	39	1
Class C+	32	14	1
Class C	7	1	

The highest mark was attained by Bernard Carney (191). Joseph Tierney and Marcus Foote stood second (187). Individual marks have been read in class or posted in the Library. They are on file with the examiner.

WILLIAM FARRELL, Examiner.

University Bulletin.

The examinations for the third quarter will be held as follows: April 14.—Classes taught at 1:15 P. M. and 3:05 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. respectively.

April 15.—Classes taught at 8:05 A. M. and 10:00 A. M. will be examined at 8:05 A. M. and 10:00 A. M. respectively. Classes taught at 2:10 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M.

April 16.—Classes taught at 9:00 A. M. and 10:55 A. M. will be examined at 8:05 A. M. and 10:00 A. M. respectively

Easter vacation will begin at 12 o'clock noon April 16; Classes will resume 1:15 P. M. April 23.

Mr. Paulding's Lectures.

"The Stronger" and "When the Leaves Fall," two plays by Guiseppe Giacosa, were the subject of Mr. Frederick Paulding's lecture last Saturday night. Although the first of these plays was written in 1900 and the other in 1905, the second has not yet been translated into English, and the first, which was translated last fall, has never yet been presented on an American stage. After a discussion of the two plays and their author, Mr. Paulding proceeded to read the most important scenes of "The Stronger." The play is truly dramatic and is masterful in its delineation of character, and although the story is not strikingly new, it is beyond doubt a masterpiece. If any criticism of the work could be offered, it would be that the hero is rather too effeminate. His characterization does not fit his conduct or his words any too well. It is, of course, possible that with a more careful translation this fault would not appear; but in this version of the play at least it is an obstacle to complete success.

Wednesday evening, Mr. Paulding varied his subject in turning from his consideration of the drama to an analysis of the short-story. He expressed his disgust at the average short story but high admiration for those produced by such men as Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry. He deplored the modern taste which has put De Maupassant upon a pedestal, and has so far forgotten Van Bibber that a college girl wonders what he *wrote*! He selected "Eleanor Kuyler" to illustrate Mr. Davis' work. The *mild* adventure of Van Bibber in giving the gangsters a satiety of their longed-for fight while Miss Kuyler rapped for the police by using the fire-department's signal code made most enjoyable entertainment. The reading of "The Count and the Wedding-guest," O. Henry's story, brought the entertainment to a close. It is not very often that a Notre Dame audience fails to get up with alacrity as soon as they may, but it is certain that Mr. Paulding's hearers were not ready to go when he had finished. We hope that there will be a better audience to hear the next of these lectures, on "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Paulding's reading of the pieces leaves nothing to be desired. The entertainment was far above the average and the present series is being attended much better than the usual Lenten entertainment.

R. O'HARA.

Obituary.

The many friends of Wallace Coker, a student at Notre Dame for six years, will be grieved to learn of his death, which occurred on March 16th in the City Hospital of Akron, Ohio. Wallace had been in the naval aviation service for the past year and at first it was believed that his death was caused by a cerebral injury received several months ago in a wrestling match with a fellow-student at the training school. This hypothesis was later disproved by an autopsy which established conclusively that his death was attributable to bronchial-pneumonia. The coma and total paralysis with which he was afflicted for the several weeks preceding his death are still inexplicable to the physicians and brain-specialists who attended his case. A member of the SCHOLASTIC Board who visited Wallace in his illness writes that, although not a Catholic, the deceased had been very appreciative of the little services tendered by former college companions. Notre Dame will remember carefully this youth whose loss she feels keenly and extends to his mother and other relatives heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Local News.

—There will be no issue of the SCHOLASTIC next Saturday, but the double number for Easter will make its appearance early in Holy Week and will be available before the students leave for the Easter vacation.

—In the annual election of captain and manager for the Seminary baseball team held last Saturday, Michael Mangan, the acrobatic third baseman of the Holy Cross nine for the last two seasons, was elected to lead the team and James Fogarty was charged with its management. Father John Devers was unanimously chosen as coach.

—The Knights of Columbus should note with not a little pride the opening of old Chemistry Hall, since it was through their efforts that the building has been re-constructed. Several law classes are now being taught there and the law library will be moved into the building after the Easter vacation. The large number of windows in the building gives the class rooms a very pleasing aspect.

—Tuesday evening the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, entertained a number

of prominent members of the South Bend Council. Senator Charles A. Hagerty delivered the principal address of the evening, depicting eloquently the welfare and progress of the Knights of Columbus. Other speakers were Dr. J. B. Bertling, Dr. John Stoeckly, and Mr. D. J. McNamara, Past Grand Knight of the South Bend Council. The visitors were welcomed by Frank Goodall, supreme officer of the local council.

—The Smith-Hughes bill, which is attracting such widespread interest among American educators and especially among Catholic educators, was the subject of an informational talk by James W. Connerton at a special meeting of the Brownson Literary Society last Friday evening. The speaker pictured vividly the danger to Catholic education which lurks in the present movement for the nationalization of schools. The annual debate between the Brownson society and Holy Cross has been cancelled because of the pressure of this year's class-work.

—The graduates' part of the program for commencement on June 9 has been announced. The subject of the bachelors' trilogy is to be "Three Great Catholics of the War." Louis Finske, who will be graduated in law, will speak on "General Ferdinand Foch"; Francis T. Butler, graduate in the classical course, whose graduation marks the successful completion of eight years at Notre Dame, will eulogize the beloved Cardinal Mercier, the apostle of Belgium, and James H. McDonald, classics, will conclude with an oration on "Pope Benedict XV." The commencement ode will be read by Thomas F. Healy, classics. George D. Haller, of the journalism course, president of the graduating class, will deliver the valedictory address, bringing to a fitting close the eight eminently successful years he has spent at Notre Dame.

—The following paragraph of a letter from the George H. Doran Company, 224 Madison Avenue, New York City, publishers of the *Bookman* magazine, may be of interest to some of the advanced students: "The *Bookman* is drawing much of its newer material from college and university sources, and for this reason we are especially interested in making friends with the departments of English and the students of English everywhere. We think the *Bookman* has a unique and special claim on the attention of all lovers of English literature, and it is our

hope that we may work out some plan by which we can offer a section of the magazine two or three times a year to the publication of choice material from university students. We believe there is good work being done by under-graduate and graduate students in many of the institutions of the country, and it would be a genuine service to the cause of English writing to give this work some public recognition. We hope it may be possible for your students to keep in touch with us, and it will be no small satisfaction to the editors of the magazine to know that the *Bookman* has been a means of contact with the newer currents in the world's literature of today." —PAUL SCOFIELD.

Personals.

—Private Marcellus Cremer, whose address is 84th Company, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines, American-Ex. Forces, writes: "Met 'Si' DeGree in Neuwied. He is at Withgart with the 322nd F. A., and is as big as ever. He is a Corporal, too."

—Richard D. Daley, graduate in journalism, has severed his connection with the *Stars and Stripes*, the newspaper of the Army. "Dick" will arrive home in a short time and some newspaper will have another cause for rejoicing that the war is over.

—A copy of the forty-page Sunday edition of the *Shreveport Times*, of Shreveport, Louisiana, was received this week in the department of Journalism. Freeman Scully, a sophomore journalist at the time of the disbanding of the S. A. T. C., and president of his class organization, is now assistant city editor.

—The latest information from our vice-president, Father Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., is that he has been designated dean of theology at the University of Beaune, in France. His address is Chaplain Matthew J. Walsh, A. E. F., University, Beaune, A. P. O. 909, France.

—Rev. V. G. Toole, Chaplain 324th Field Artillery, is now stationed with his regiment on this side of the Rhine where they are doing outpost duty. He reports that his men have all had their fill of war and are anxious to get home. Father Toole was a student here in 1909.

—Lieutenant Frederic T. McKeon, C. S. C. (A. B. 1902) Chaplain, 375th Infantry, stationed in Porto Rico, has written to Father Cavanaugh

on the eve of his discharge from the Army. Father McKeon's letter contains a beautiful account of most interesting experiences in the Army. Attached to a native regiment at Camp Las Casas, he had a wonderful opportunity for good, and of course he made the most of it. Local Spanish papers commented most favorably upon the work of Father McKeon in directing the instruction of illiterates. Through his efforts, thousands were taught to read and write Spanish, and were sent back to their homes abler citizens and more efficient workers. Father McKeon promises himself a month's rest in the beautiful island after his discharge from his strenuous duties with the Army.

The Farewell letter of his Commanding Officer, Colonel Frank C. Wood, should be made a matter of record. After expressing personal regret at the termination of his relations with Father McKeon, Colonel Wood states:

Your consistent devotion to all the duties pertaining to a chaplain of a regiment of Infantry of four thousand officers and men, and the manner in which they were performed, were most gratifying. Your work with our regimental night school for illiterates was most praiseworthy, and was carried through to completion in a most excellent manner and with most gratifying results. Through your efforts the subscriptions of the regiment to the Fourth Liberty Loan exceeded that of other regiments in this camp, and was most favorably commented upon by many officers. It is hoped that you will decide to remain in the Army, for your departure will be a distinct loss to the service.

—David I. Walsh, senator-elect of Massachusetts, in an article which appeared in the *Boston Sunday Post* for January 5, 1919, gives an interesting and instructive account of his early experiences with judges. The senator deals at length with the first three years of his life as a lawyer, years that were spent in unceasing labor but with such keen interest that they became the most pleasant of his life. In this article special emphasis is given to the behavior of judges in the conduct of courts, and the experience of Senator Walsh in this regard should be of value to many and especially to young lawyers. William P. Breen (A. B., '77; A. M., '80; LL. D., '02), the donor of the Breen Oratorical Medal, in a letter to Father Cavanaugh says: "The Judge Gallagher to whom the writer refers, graduated from Notre Dame in 1876 (A. B.), has been and is now a very reputable lawyer in Fitchburg, Massachusetts." The following excerpt is a characterization of two contrasting types of judges:

I owe a great deal of my development in those days to the judge who then and still presides over the Police Court at Fitchburg, Judge Gallagher. He had been appointed by Governor Russel, and when I began to practise he had been on the bench five years. He was a good lawyer and to his credit it is that he insisted on running his court with the precision and directness of a higher court. The rules of evidence were strictly adhered to, and when a question of law was raised it was given the utmost consideration. You had to prove your case. I remember him as a just judge, not inclined to err through lenience, but with a strong sense of the dignity of the law.

In marked contrast to Judge Gallagher was Judge Stone, who, a foundry owner, had never been admitted to the bar but had become a judge in the early '80's when it was still the custom for business men sometimes to get such appointments. Judge Stone did not always uphold the rules of evidence, and had not a great deal of patience with lawyers who did. If you set up the statute of limitations you almost risked being thrown out of court—at the very least you would be told you were quibbling. But he was kind, sympathetic and just, and his direct method of arriving at justice was very effective. It was his aim always to find the truth, and if the rules of evidence stood in his way, so much the worse for the rules of evidence.

I cannot imagine two more different types of the judiciary than Judges Stone and Gallagher.

—C. R. PALMER.

The Summer Session, 1919.

The Second Summer Session of the University of Notre Dame will begin on June 30 and close on August 9. The courses will be open to women and men. The remarkable success attending the first session has led to an increase in the faculty and to an extension in the courses of instruction.

Special facilities are offered to teachers to pursue advanced work. All the equipment of the University is accessible to them. A very important feature of a summer school for a tired teacher is the environment, and in this Notre Dame has advantages over most summer schools. The surroundings are attractive naturally. Sixteen hundred acres of parkland, wooded groves and lakes give opportunities for needed rest and recreation.

The courses to be given are: Accounting, Elementary and Advanced; Agriculture, General and Landscape Gardening; Architecture, History of, Designing; Art, Freehand Drawing, Pencil Drawing, Modelling, and Oil Painting; Assaying; Astronomy, Descriptive; Biology, Plant and Animal; Botany, Elementary and Advanced; Chemistry, General, Advanced, General, Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis,

and Elementary Organic; Education, Philosophy of, and History of; English, Composition, Description, Narration, Exposition, Argumentation, The Drama; Elocution; Geology, Principles of; German, Elementary and Advanced; Greek, Elementary and Advanced; History, Grecian, Roman, Medieval, Modern, American and South American; Journalism, Short Courses in, Advertising, and Magazine Writing; Latin, Elementary and Advanced; Mathematics, Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry, Calculus, Review Courses in Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, Advanced Courses; Music, Elementary and Advanced Classes in Piano and Violin, Courses in Theory, Harmony, Counterpoint, Composition, and Church Music; Penmanship; Philosophy, Logic, Experimental and Rational Psychology; Physiology, Elementary and Advanced; Physics, Elementary and Advanced; Physical Education, Playground work, and Coaching; Religion, Apologetics, Methods of Teaching Religion; Romance Languages, French, Elementary and Advanced, Spanish, Elementary and Advanced; Social Sciences; Economics, Principles of, Distribution of Wealth, Commercial Geography, Business Law, Politics, Principles of, American Government and Politics; Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Projection Drawing, Machine Drawing, Descriptive Geometry, Analytic Mechanics, Mechanics of Materials, Kinematics, Electrical Engineering, Direct Currents, Alternating Currents, Radio. Shop Work, Wood Shop, Elementary and Advanced, Machine Shop, Elementary and Advanced, Foundry Practice; Law, Contracts, Corporations, Criminal Law, Business Law, Evidence, Real Property, International Law, Constitutional Law; Library Science, Cataloging, Classification, Library Methods; Open Forum, Reconstruction Problems.

The faculty for the summer session at present announcement numbers seventy-three members. Should a request be made for courses of study other than those named above, additional instructors will be secured. Nearly all the Faculty for the summer session are regular professors of the University, and are carefully picked men, prepared by long study and tempered and reinforced by wide experience.

The expenses are as follows: Matriculation fee (payable first year only) \$10.00; Tuition for any number of major or minor courses, (except Music and Painting) \$25.00; Tuition

for Music and Painting, \$50.00; Board and room may be secured on the University campus or in South Bend. Rooms at the University \$2.00 to \$2.50 per week; Board in the restaurant at current prices. Additional information will be furnished by the registrar.

Athletic Notes.

After the few weeks of preliminary training Coach Dorais will next Sunday afternoon lead a new and undeveloped baseball team against an "all-star" aggregation managed by Mr. Anderson, the popular cigar merchant of South Bend. The game scheduled for Cartier Field will be the first of the series to be played between Notre Dame and South Bend. The visitors will have in their line-up players who have had years of experience with major or minor leagues; several of our players will be wearing the gold and blue for the first time. Nevertheless, it is a fighting team that is to face the leaguers to-morrow.

It will be the second meeting of the two teams. Last season with our mainstay Murray on the mound, Notre Dame triumphed over South Bend after eleven innings of hard battle. It was a well-earned victory, in which the home team turned what seemed sure defeat into a triumph. Coach Dorais will introduce a number of former interball products who have been faithfully training ever since practice began. Bahan will most likely occupy the first sack. He played right field last spring and was a consistent hitter. An accident in the Notre Dame-Indiana game played on Cartier Field on May 3 compelled him to give up baseball for the remainder of the season.

Capt. Ralph Sjoberg, the peerless keystone sacker, convinced the new baseball tutor of his ability to hold down his regular position. The short stop station will most likely be guarded by Myles, although Moore may be called upon. At third base it will be either Mohardt, Sullivan or Scanlon. This position has set a problem for Coach Dorais, and several weeks may elapse before any one of the three candidates will be finally assigned. The catching will be attended to by either Robert McGuire or Halloran. In the outfield garden, Bader will play centre, Barry, left, and for the right field a selection will be made among Connors, Scofield, Kelley and Donovan.—A. A. S.

Letters from Soldiers.

Winchester, England,
December 18, 1918.

Dear Professor Cooney:

I have before me a part of a letter which I began to write to you more than a month ago but which for some reason was never finished. In these days a letter a month old is ancient history; so I shall re-write, with better success, I hope.

I am well and am finding my stay in England not unpleasant. I am of course rejoicing with all the world that peace has come. Most of the American soldiers in England have already returned home, but the indications are that our outfit will remain here for at least several more months.

Meanwhile, I am making an effort to secure permission to enter Oxford or some other university over here, while I am waiting to go home. Would you kindly help me in this by sending me a recommendation stating my scholastic qualifications and the like. Of course I need not tell you how valuable the work in a university over here will be for me. And I hope in this way to be enabled to see a little more of Europe, which it seems I shall be unable to do under any other circumstances.

I have been utilizing to the utmost since my arrival here the small opportunity I have had to see something of England, and I believe that I know the history of this part of England as even few Englishmen know it. There is hardly a point of interest in this section that I have not visited once or a number of times.

About two months ago I was transferred from Salisbury Court, whence I last wrote to you, to a camp hospital near Winchester, where I am at present. Winchester, which was for several centuries the capital of England, is one of the oldest and most interesting cities of Northern Europe. It was the *Caer Gwent* of the early Britons, the *Venta Bergarum* of the Romans, the *Camelot* of King Arthur, and finally the *Winecaester* of the Saxons. As the city of Arthur and Alfred the Great it played an important part in early English history and legend. It is now only a slow, little, old provincial town, but with traces of its former greatness in its old cathedral, castle, ancient names and houses, and its interesting ruins.

I made recently a trip to London and saw most of the sights, including Westminster, St. Paul's, the Tower, the British Museum, the National Art Gallery, and the House of Parliament, where I was present at the last meeting of the most historic parliament in English history. Among the other points of interest I have visited in England are Oxford, Southampton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, the New Forest, Salisbury cathedral, the most beautiful perhaps in England, and Stonehenge. I am now permitted to tell you that our convoy landed at Glasgow and that I passed right through the heart of Scotland and England during the first two days I was here. So you see I have seen something of England.

I received a letter from James Higdon two weeks ago and a short time before that a letter from Gerald Clements, poor fellow, who I heard the next day is dead. I have also heard of several casualties among

Notre Dame men in France, but you probably know of all of them.

I hear regularly from Ed Beckman. He seems to be enjoying himself in France. He is now with the *Stars and Stripes*, with which paper are also Stuart Carroll, his brother Leonard, and Dick Daley. Rather good showing for our School of Journalism, is it not?

I must not forget to bring this long and rambling letter to a close. With the season's best wishes to you and your family, I remain,

Your old friend,
Louis P. Harl.

U. S. Base Hospital 40,
Salisbury Court,
Near Southampton, England.

Merch, Luxemburg,
November 24, 1918.

My dear Father:

I wrote one Christmas letter to you, but that was before I learned that the censorship was off. Now I can write more freely. I sailed the 3rd of June on the "Khyber," an English boat. We went away up north of Ireland, and I saw old Erin and Scotland. We landed in Liverpool after fifteen days on the water. We were rammed in the harbor by a munition boat but no one was hurt. We then went to Southampton by railroad and across the English Channel at night, landing at Le Havre, France—my first moment on French soil. Thence we went in box cars about 300 miles to Remicourt, which is south of Paris. I have not yet been in Paris. We built a large base hospital in Remicourt, for which I helped survey for the buildings and the sewage. We were next sent to Dampière, and it was there that I began to live with the cows and chickens, being billeted in a barn and sleeping in the hay mow. Then the colonel told us we were to move to the front, which was just the noise we all wanted. We got rid of everything except what we could carry on our backs. I was transferred to the mounted section, and so I thought at the time I was to go over the top on a horse. From Dampière we started for the front, for the Chateau Thierry drive. Here I had my first experience under fire, in building bridges over the Vesle river while Jerry poured his shells upon us. We slept in woods and ruined houses. From the Vesle, or Chateau Thierry front, we went to the Verdun front. It was at this point that I became a veteran, "hiking" about twenty-five miles in the dark, through rain and mud that was waist-deep. I lost almost everything I had.

I suppose you have read about the Argonne, Meuse river, Montfaucon, Stenay, Sedan, Dun-Sur-Meuse, Verdun, and the other places. That is the area I was in. At Montzeville we lived in trenches and dug-outs in which the water was ankle-deep, and the rats would eat anything you might leave around loose. Take it from me, Dad—it was real hell. I am glad it is all over. I would not have thought I could stand it, but I never felt better in my life than right now. I was in Dun-Sur-Meuse, about seventeen miles north of Verdun, when the armistice was signed. I soon learned I was to be lucky in being in the Army of Occupation, and at this moment I am on my way to the Rhine.

The day before yesterday I was in France; yesterday I was in Belgium; and today I went to Mass in the Cathedral of Merch, in the province of Luxemburg; to-morrow I shall be in Germany and not far from the banks of the Rhine. Hence I think myself somewhat of a traveller. One day a fellow has to *Parler français* and the next day talk Dutch. To-day I am in a house with a priest. He gave us a room when we pulled into town, amid the cheering of the people. Across the streets are big signs, "For Our Deliverers." The Luxemburgers never liked the Kaiser; so they look upon us as deliverers. The streets are decorated with palm trees and flags, and it certainly looks like Christmas to me. All I want now is to get home. If I tried to tell you everything in this letter it would take a year; so I shall wait until I get back and then I shall tell you all at leisure. This morning I had a drink of "Snaps," the popular drink here; it tastes like gin. This is Boche paper, and it certainly is rotten, like everything else they have.

Well, Dad, here's hoping I may see you all soon. With the wish for a merry, merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year, I am ever, with lots of love,

Your son,

Pvt. Robert J. Ovington.

Headquarters Detachment, 308 Engineers,
American E. F., Germany.

Pruem, Germany,
December 28, 1918.

Dear Brother Casimir:

I am ashamed of myself for not having written sooner, but the fact is that I could not do any better. As soon as we landed over here we began training for the big game. After five weeks of preparation we went into the Line in the St. Mihiel sector, north of Toul—on August 7, 1917. While there we had a great deal of fun in going over every night to see what Fritz was doing. The war was not tough at all at that time; but Mr. Foch or someone else wanted the St. Mihiel salient wiped out; and accordingly, we went "over the top" for that purpose at five in the morning on the 12th of September. That was when the fight became real. After we had finished that job, they put us over in the Argonne forest to drive Fritz out of there. Then they sent us over to the Meuse River front, and that's where the armistice found us on the 11th of November last. On that day we took the town of Stenay. Thence we travelled up here to Pruem. I do not know how long we shall be here, but I imagine it will be a long time, as we belong to the Third Army of Occupation. We were a part of the First Army during the war. You can not imagine, Brother, what it was like, and I shall not try to describe it all to you.

Say a prayer that I may get home by June, so that I can come up and see you and all my friends at Notre Dame before school is out. Kindly give my regards to Brother Alphonsus, Brother Allen, Brother Florian, and tell all the priests, brothers, and boys whom I know that I shall try to have Mr. Pershing send me home soon, so that I can give them all the glad hand.

Yours sincerely,

Thomas Glynn.

353rd Infantry,
American E. F., Germany, A. P. O. 761.

Verdun, Meuse, France,
January 1st, 1919.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

Many times have I thought of Notre Dame since leaving in May, 1917, for a training camp, and memories of Notre Dame always come linked with those of Father Cavanaugh; so I have no excuse for not having written to you, unless it be just plain procrastination, which is nothing more than downright laziness dressed up a bit. Two recent re-unions, however, have made me pledge solemnly that I would write.

In Paris the week before Christmas I met Father Walsh and Father Davis. Just to test the fame of my former history teacher, who, as I had heard, had achieved the envious distinction of having an office in Paris, I asked the first person I met on entering the city where I could find Chaplain Matthew Walsh. Without so much as even a stammer of hesitation the man said, "No. 7, Rue Tilsitt." The taxi-driver stopped at what might be the American embassy, and I was ushered into an imposing office, guarded securely by many pages and other attendants. There in the midst of luxury and importance sat Chaplain Walsh, as unassuming as Lincoln. It was the beginning of a most pleasant visit, which later included Father Davis, who had come to Paris on leave to break the monotony of hospital life at Mesves-Buley. We had several dinners together and then talked into the small hours of the morning about the good old days when 'God was in His heaven and all was right with the world.' After the long, weary French days and nights spent up here in this deserted, barren land, which is now only a skeleton, the fleshless dried bones of what was once a country, that little Notre Dame re-union was to me like food to the starving.

Then to top it all, I met Father McGinn just after alighting from the crawling narrow guage that brought me back to Verdun. He was with the 79th Division, stationed just south of the city. And from him I learned that there was to be a Christmas Mass at the Cathedral. Christmas morning I "hiked" to the city and found that Father McGinn himself was going to say the Mass. He insisted upon my serving, and I did. It was a novel experience, but I was too busy trying to think of what came next to really enjoy it. Here in this centuries-old church, broken and torn by the Hun's constant shelling of four years, Father McGinn, of the department of sociology in Notre Dame University, was saying a Christmas Mass, assisted by my humble self of the class of Seventeen! The place was fairly packed with French and Americans, officers of high and low rank, and thousands of "buck" privates. A large French military band played during Mass and a choir of French soldiers sang. It was not until the last notes of *Adeste Fidelis* resounded through the shattered arches of the old cathedral that I realized what a strange coincidence was this Christmas Mass. Since then Father McGinn's division has moved farther south and I have not seen him lately.

Just this minute the mail orderly brings me a copy of the SCHOLASTIC. It is November 9th, but none the less a treasure for being an old one and not a single word in it will escape me.

Well, Father, tell all my friends I am asking about them, including the Gold Dome, and that I am looking

forward with impatience to June of 1919, when the greatest of all commencements will take place at old Notre Dame.

Sincerely,

(1st Lieut.) Harry E. Scott.

Headquarters, Third Brigade,
801 Pioneer Infantry, A. E. F.

Neuenahr, Germany,
February 3, 1919.

Rev. Joseph Burke,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father,

... We have been in this town for over seven weeks and it looks as if we are to be here another seven. It is a very fine little city, on the Arh river a few miles above where the Arh flows into the Rhine, and is a favorite summer resort for tourists from all over the world. There are many fine hotels and homes here. We are billeted in these places and of course have very good quarters.

I was with Walter McDonald the other night at a K. of C. dinner given here for all members in the various units in the neighborhood. He is in the 49th Field Artillery. He told me all that he knew about the Notre Dame men in the service. It surely made me feel good to see him, and we had a most pleasant time talking it all over.

Please write as often as you can, Father, as letters from over there are greatly appreciated, the more now that time passes so slowly while we are waiting to go home. Also pray for all of us here, for our safety and quick return.

Yours sincerely,

(Sergt.) Daniel E. Kauffman.

Battery F, 150 Field Artillery,
American E. F., A. P. O. 715.

American E. F., France,
March 1, 1919.

Dear Professor Maurus:

I received your letter the other day, and also the weekly bunch of clippings which are always more than welcome. I suppose you will be surprised to hear that I am waiting to go home—not as a member of the 23rd Engineers, but as a casual. I came here to the hospital a few days ago to have a slight operation performed, which has been made necessary by a strain, but upon reaching this place I was informed that they are not doing any more operating, and I was placed in a class to go home and have the operation performed in the States.

I have not any idea just when I shall leave here. I may spend a month or more in this hospital, Base No. 53, at Langres. I would have stayed and waited for the regiment to go home, but I was afraid of hurting myself and had to have the operation; so I thought it best to get it over with, as I would like to be in condition when baseball season comes. I spent the first week of February at Nice and in the southern part of France. I also got into Italy for a day. That sure is a wonderful section and I do not blame the French for fighting for that part of the country. I visited Monte Carlo and was taken through the famous Casino where the noted gamblers hold their sessions. I also visited the palace

of the Prince of Monaco, inspected his standing army of one man, and his navy, consisting of his private yacht. You can walk around the principality of Monaco in an hour.

It is a wonderful trip from Nice to Italy by the street car, a distance of about 30 kilometers. The tracks run along the Mediterranean, about a hundred feet above the level of the sea.

It was something new for me to come out of the hotel and walk through the front fraden picking oranges and lemons from the trees and all kinds of beautiful flowers. I should really like to stay there.

Now that I have seen that part of the country, I am ready to go home. I have coming to me, nine trips to Paris, but I am just as well satisfied to be going home, for I know that the U. S. is better than all the foreign countries, or at least it seems so to me at the present. I have not the least idea what I shall do when I get back to civil life, but I guess it is to work for me.

I see by the clippings that not a few of the old boys are back at Notre Dame and that athletics are booming again. I wish I still had a couple of years to participate in the game. There is not much excitement over here these days but we manage to put in the time in a very pleasant manner. There is plenty of amusement, and the constant dream of going home keeps up our spirits.

Remember me to all my friends and accept my best wishes.

Sincerely your friend,

"Jake" Kline.

Company F, 2nd Battery,
Twenty-third Engineers.

Trasporti Militari Marittimi,
Napoli, Italia, February 28, 1919.

My dear Father Cavanaugh,

I have received your kind letter of December 23rd—forwarded from my father, who lives in Foligni—for which I beg you to accept my heartfelt thanks. I have been writing to you, or rather sending post-cards from most of the places where I have been on official business during the war. In doing so I was obeying a feeling of gratitude to you, to whom I owe in very large part the knowledge of the English language and the experience of the world by which I was qualified for the position given me by the Italian Government, that of royal commissioner aboard the steamers requisitioned by the Government.

Now that the war is over I expect to be soon set free and so to be able to return to America to my old place with the New York Edison Company. In my travels I have had twice the good fortune of meeting Mr. E. J. Kenney, whom I found always very kind to me. He was very much interested in naval affairs, as he has a boy in the American Navy.

I wish to thank you also for your kind expressions concerning the success my country has met with. We all acknowledge, though, that it was the might of America that has saved the world from ruin.

Hoping that I may soon have the pleasure of seeing you again, and sending my very best regards and wishes, I beg you to believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Lieut. B. D. Pasquini.