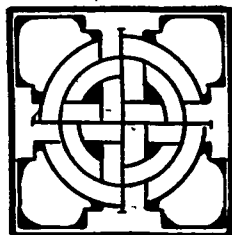




The Notre Dame Scholastic

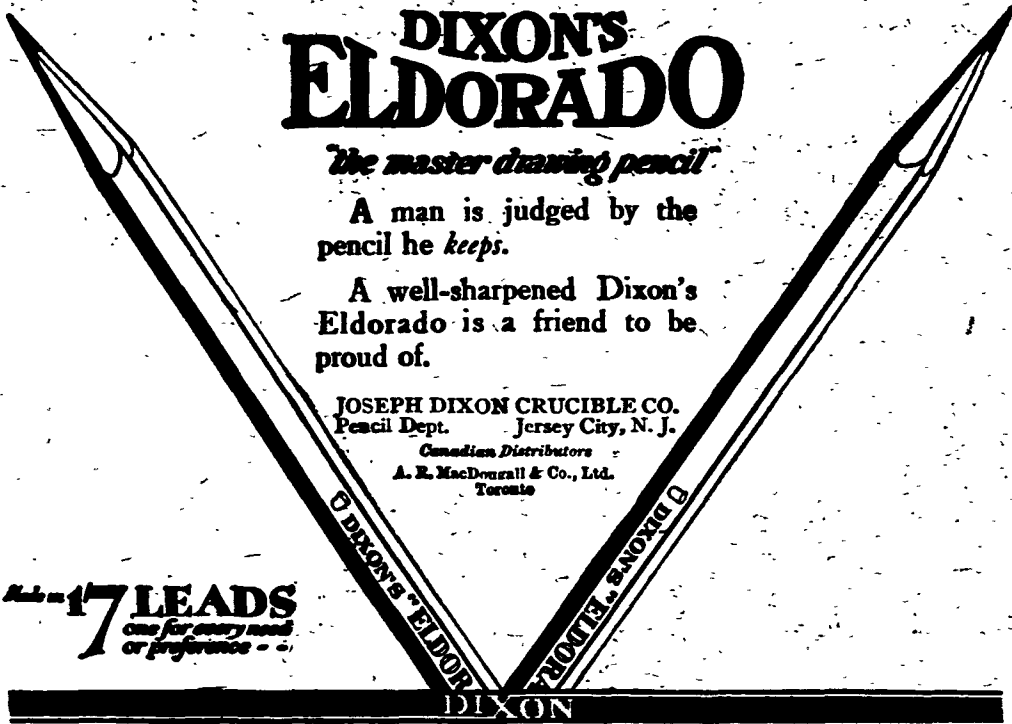


Vol. LIII.

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No. 7

The Notre Dame Scholastic Advertisements



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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 8, 1919.

No. 7.

The Hermit's Song.

BY JOHN H. MOYNIHAN, '23.

SOME find joy in the organ's solemn note;
Some are captured by a harp's refrain;
Some, on murmuring water love to dote,
Or, on the melancholy music of the rain.
Some say there's rapture in a woman's smile,
Or laughter of a child in their delight;
But the melody that charms me all the while,
Is the music of the silence of the night.

Last Thoughts of Kingsley.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

I.

KINGSLEY was my chum. Despite ten years of difference in age, "Ninny" and I were most necessary to each other. When with laggard steps he came out on the porch at almost bed-time, I used to tell him fairy tales, in which I believed more truly than the young cynic for whom they were coined; and when King finally fell into a sleep full of dreams which I was to hear the next morning, I would carry him up to bed. You may judge for yourself how intimate we were; and as his intimate, I feel that I may be allowed to give an impression of his character, which may be done by saying that he was a truly angelic little devil.

We had exciting adventures in those days; the most famous, perhaps, being that in which Kingsley killed a tiger, which tiger was none other than I myself crawling over the floor with a seal-skin rug draped over me. Another notable episode was the one in which Kingsley, having been put into the bath-tub at Kentland's, came bursting—quite naked and still dripping—through the once trim hedge of boxwood which separated our front lawns. On that occasion, I,

fourteen at the time and gallant, attempted to carry him back into the house for his sister. That was about the first time I had ever spoken to Kingsley at close quarters. I saw much more of him after that. But all good times have to end.

One July day, when he was six years old and I was just sixteen, Kingsley came over to tell me some news. He stopped when he came to the back fence, and announced shrilly:

"We're going to go to Pittsburgh, Bob!"

"You are?" I replied. I wondered what the joke was to be this time.

"Uh-huh," he responded; "we're going to go to Pittsburgh, 'n your mother can have our grapes this fall."

"When are you going, young fellow?" Definite questions always procured grandly indefinite answers when "King" was fibbing.

"Next August," he panted, as he essayed valiantly but hopelessly to pull his fat body over the fence. I got out of the lawn swing where I had been sitting, went over, and made that evidently impossible feat unnecessary. After I had lifted him over, we walked in silence towards the swing I had just vacated. The news rather shocked me, for I knew that I would miss Kingsley terribly; and besides, another week would see completed that fleet which I was carving for him out of some poplar wood left over from the repairs on our house. I was making it for his birthday, in the middle of August, and now he would spend that day in Pittsburgh.

When we reached the swing, Kingsley became my host on a trip by special train to Pittsburgh. As we rode he pointed out the scenery in the lordly way in which his father would have done it for a cub of my age.

"Bye the bye, Mr. Kentland," I said to him as the train speeded smoothly, "why are you going off to Pittsburgh, if I may ask the question?"

"Oh, those steel mills there have been continu-

ally wanting me—and this time they made me an offer which was quite irrefusable.”

I knew then what Mr. Kentland senior was going to do in Pittsburgh as well as if that gentleman had told me himself. When Kingsley had apparently had his fill of scenery, he began to be a trifle restless.

“This is only one of my private cars,” he informed me. “There’s a diner on this special, too. Let me show it to you.”

I followed him into the diner, which happened to be our kitchen, where in his most lordly way, he directed me to sit down, and then ordered Charity to fill my pockets with ginger-snaps.

“Loahdy, Chile,” replied that busy person, “yo’all knows as well as Ah does wheah dey is. Yo don’ ’spec’ me to stop mah wuhk to get ’em foah yo’, does yuh? Mistah Bob, doan’ yo’ know no better’n to bring dis chile ’roun’ when Ah’s busy? Heah dey is; now run ’long, ’n’ doan’ bothah me no moah!”

We went into the library, which, as my host informed me while taking the ginger-snaps away from me, was the sleeping coach, and there he finally went to sleep, dreaming of Pittsburgh, and I carried him home.

II.

The first of August was a memorable day. I took King up to our attic, and showed him the navy which I had so laboriously carved for him, and which now seemed destined never to be launched upon the rollicking waves of the bath tub. Then we went down to the kitchen, where Kingsley made his last raid upon the ginger-snaps, submitted rather gracefully to being kissed by Charity, my sisters, and my mother, refused calmly but very firmly the offer of a wash rag, and then went up to the attic again for a last look at the navy. He finally decided upon taking one of the boats along with him, picked it up and gripped it in his chubby fingers as we went down the stairs.

I went home with “King” to say a sad goodbye to the Kentlands. Presently they went outside, to say good-bye to my family,—all except Kingsley and me, who were left in the hall. With everything that had made it a home, even the furniture, gone, the house seemed like a dead body. I knew, however, that the place would never be anyone else’s; to me it would always be Kingsley’s yard, Kingsley’s house, and his hedge.

“S’ long, Bob,” said Kingsley. I lifted him

off the floor and hugged him, until he had quite lost his breath and I was panting, and then I sat down on the steps and cried like a big baby. Loath though he was to show any affection, he wormed his way into my arms and sat on my knee as I sat on the steps of the stairway, until the families had said their good-byes, and were calling for him.

“See you later, Bob,” he said in his most grown-up way, as he squirmed off my knee, “and don’t act like a little baby.” I laughed, picked him up, and rode him on my shoulders.

“You’ve got the right dope, King,” I admitted, “there’s no use crying over spilt milk.”

“Gid-dap!,” was his only reply. I took him out, set him down on the sidewalk, and when a street-car came along my little friend “King” went away. I watched the car till it disappeared, and then went back forlorn. Somehow it seemed that this chum who had been so much to me had gone out of my life for good.

That evening I ate no supper; I hardly closed my eyes that night; and the next morning, I clipped the hedge with a dismal sense that there would be nothing to interfere with its future growth, no more a fat body to make gaps in its shapeliness. Up in the attic the navy still waited to be launched.

III.

Three years passed and I had become a Junior in college, when one day there came in a letter from home with the news that Kingsley had been a victim to the influenza plague. I saw no stars in the sky for nights after; instead there were Kingsley’s eyes, twinkling and laughing, grieving and brooding into mine. Then I went home on a short leave.

I went up to the attic, and there, in the midst of the unlaunched navy, lay a ginger-snap. A large bite was gone out of one corner, and it was as hard as stone. I still have that ginger-snap; the oceanless navy still lies on the floor of the attic. Those two relics are all that I have to remind me of Kingsley, for the gaps in the hedge are grown together. There is a star, too, from which Kingsley always seems to look at me—and then there is one other reminder: out in the garden is a little grass-rimmed stone slab, on which at one time were painted the words:

A KITTEN
WHICH KINGSLEY LOVED
AND WHICH
DIED.

Theodore Roosevelt.

BY EDWARD W. GOULD, '23.

The American people are just now, with characteristic tardiness, beginning to appreciate the late Theodore Roosevelt. Too few of our citizens realized the value of his opinion, but these few saw that he was the pre-ëminent American, the only American who could fully and forcibly express the will of his people. His death was untimely because he was still fighting—he died with his boots on. Most of the details of his long career will be quickly forgotten, but the imprint of his character on American affairs and ideals will last as long as the memory of Washington and Lincoln.

When he succeeded the wise, gentle, and cautious McKinley, he suffered by the comparison. The American people feared that wisdom was to give place to inexperience and rashness, peace to war. They imagined him a war-mad, blood-blinded militarist. Then he reassured them by his willingness to accept counsel and advice. Upon taking the presidential chair he had to overcome the impression the people had of him. They saw him only as the leader of Rough Riders in the bloody combat at San Juan Hill; they imagined him striding to and fro in the East Room in full uniform, the medals on his chest tinkling in tune with the rattle of sword and scabbard. He had created his ideal and had clung to it with amazing tenacity, and because of this his fellow-men immediately misunderstood, shook their heads wisely, and agreed that he was impulsive and hasty, ill-balanced and intractable.

He was called dangerously impetuous, but it would seem that he was thus described simply because he had no regard for governmental red-tape and stupid tradition. An instance of this was his demand for the immediate return of the American soldiers who lay in the trenches before Santiago, threatened with the deadly yellow fever. While in public service he always maintained his independence, no matter what political pressure was brought to bear upon him. He showed his natural quality of leadership when he secured the confidence of the older and more experienced men of his party in the Senate.

For a considerable time after he bolted the Republican convention in 1912, he seemed to have lost his grip on the American people but

retained his prominence by his frequent and masterful contributions to our leading magazines. It was not until the Great War broke out in 1914 that his voice again became the dominant note in American public life. He directed his literary efforts against the German government, and his attacks reached a climax upon the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He then turned his attention to the Administration at home and it was his powerful articles more than the finely phrased orations of Wilson that swung our nation into line with the forces of the Allies. But some of the American people still disregarded his wisdom and foresight, and mistook his solemn warnings and thunderous denunciations for the rumbling of the surf on Oyster Bay.

Not until death had overtaken him, not until he had fought his last battle did he receive the full measure of appreciation that he so richly deserved. The world now joins with America in mourning the loss of a great and just man, the modern Justinian and Belisarius in one.

Routine.

BY FRANK E. DRUMMEY, '21.

Many of us would escape routine. We are abhorrent to it. We have in the choice of our curriculum shunned anything that pertained to monotonous regularity. We delight in nebulous speculation, in romance and sensation. Well we know that a life of thrills and mundane success is not without lure. But often we forget that treasures are stored in an unpainted, unglamoured life of toil.

Not that the man who puts himself in a rut and stays there is to be commended. The man in the rut only slides. He never goes up; always he is in danger of dropping lower. Routine has made the man in the rut a slave. But we are apt—too apt—to delegate worthy men to the rut class. We know that Jones studies much, goes out little, says little, is not brilliant, and is limitedly known, and we are too ready to declare him in a rut. We fail to distinguish between a man in the rut and Jones, the grind. I have infinite admiration for Jones. He has patience. He travels slowly, but he gets somewhere. He is a ceaseless worker rather than a brilliant. We ought to have fewer men in the rut and more grinds.

Yet to many of us the prospective job of

teaching, with its inevitable monotony, is loathsome. The conception of working day after day in a factory is impossible; while the mere thought of a life like that of the section "hand" is not to be entertained. If we, however, in the mad fight to achieve this chimerical freedom from routine, would only stop to think, we would see that routine is inevitable. We would see and know that God in His perfect creation made order and system the law of the universe as well as the road-bed of human progress. His spheres move on schedule. In three hundred sixty-five days the earth circles the sun; twelve times a year the moon's full face is visible. Time itself, that absorbing mystery, is the music by which the world moves. Half of each day is given to darkness and sleep. Winter, spring, summer, autumn pass in unvarying rotation. Everywhere is routine.

Let us inquire into our daily lives. Where can we look without having routine stare back at us? The good farmer gets up, works, and goes to bed with the sun. The young factory worker "rings in" at seven and "out" at six. How long would the prosperous grocer keep prosperous if his hours of business were not regular? How long would a doctor be trusted if he were erratic? How far would a lawyer's nerve take him if he did not plod? What talented singer or popular actress is there that has not the recollection of long strenuous hours of practice? Glance even into the daily life of the President; it runs on a definite schedule. Like work, routine is the law of our lives. To fight it is useless. We ought rather to adopt it and make our lives conform to it. On the framework of routine let us plaster our habits—good habits. America's greatest psychologist said that we should consign the ordinary affairs of our round of existence to habit so that our minds might be free for more intellectual work. In other words, let us accept routine. Let us form habits of regularity. Let us transfer from our conscious to our sub-conscious minds the burden of daily duty. Many of us will remain poor. Many of us will do the plain work of the world that must be done. All of us seek or shall seek that illusive thing—happiness. He who seeks happiness in immunity from the world's routine will some day feel chagrin. He who conquers, with routine his tool, will, after many trials, find real happiness. For happiness comes from within.

Jasbo's Ghost.

BY H. W. FLANNEY, '23.

Jasbo was on his way home in high spirits; he had been the winner at dice that night at Rastus Herrman's Café. The joyful jingle of the money in his pockets, accelerated by Jasbo's fond fingering, was as the lullaby of his "Mammy" in the days of his childhood. Small wonder that Jasbo, with such distraction, gave little attention to where his feet were leading him. Under such circumstances feet often go astray, and this night the pair that belonged to Jasbo wandered into the very center of Coon Hollow Cemetery. The "darkey's" whistle had changed to a low song:

"Stahs ah in de sky,
De boids ah sleepin' in de nests;
Close yo little eyes and
Lay yo haid on Mammy's breast.
Yo Mammy is—"

There was a rustling of the leaves behind; the song, the walk, the jingling, the joy,—all ceased on the instant and a chill ran up Jasbo's back. His eyes opened wide and showed him where he was. Around him on all sides stood the white tombstones and the trees in their gaunt, grotesque forms. Here and there a bush sighed sadly in the wind. But the tombstones were not all tombstones to Jasbo; he saw white-robed figures, some of which stood with extended arms to receive him. There were the shudders of the ghosts, and low whispers, the noises of the leaves and the bushes in the breezes of the night; an owl added its note to the weird concert; and a weasel rustled through the leaves, on its midnight outing.

In fright Jasbo fell upon his face before one of the stones that marked a grave: "Oh, Mistah Ghost," he cried, "mahcy on mah soul! Ah promise you, really ah do, nevah moah will I roll dese babies agin. An' Mistah Ghost, heah am mah winnin's."

In all haste the colored fellow laid out the gains of the night, the gains in which he had taken so much pride and found so much joy. He was still taking the coins from his pockets when there came a loud crash behind and close to him. Whether the wind, now quite strong, had blown down a dead limb, or whether a company of ghosts were opening an attack, Jasbo did not stay to learn. Faster than wind or ghost was his flight homeward.

The Sheep.

BY EDWARD MCENIRY, '23.

THE incessant roaring of it,
 And the deaf'ning clamor of it
 Sickened him.
 All day and night,
 All hours,
 It never ceased,
 And yet, he was in its midst,
 Not on his own account,
 Not that he was willing:
 Only because they called him,
 He went.
 A few men
 Armed with papers
 And pens
 And brass badges
 Drove him to it.

In six short weeks were the trenches,
 And a scrawny boss:
 Not the good old boss,
 The Irishman Burke,
 But a blond little runt
 With a spiked mustache
 And white hands.
 At first
 He did his old work.
 The digging of a trench.
 Not the old trench that he knew,
 But a deep one
 And wide
 With tunnels in the sides
 And many corners.
 But soon
 They put a rifle
 And a wicked-looking piece of steel
 In his hands.

It was at this time
 That his only pal
 Nocolai, the Finn,
 Was removed from beside him,
 Obliterated,
 Strewn to the winds,
 By a loud blinding noise.
 That thought stuck in his mind
 All night
 And he trembled.

One dawn he was roused
 By a thunderous increase
 In the roaring of it
 And the deafening clamor of it.
 He had been in it
 Long enough to know
 That this loud hue
 Meant the return of men;
 Ghastly,
 Groping,
 Crawling,
 Bloody men,
 And he trembled.

There was a whistle and the brown figures
 At his side
 Leapt to the top of the wall,
 Shouting,
 With blood-lust in their cry.
 Not so he.
 Instead, to the darkest recess of a cave
 He crept,
 And crouched,
 And listened,
 And he trembled.

It was there they found him,
 Still trembling.

That afternoon,
 There came down the road
 A group of men:
 He was in their midst
 Thinking that this was only
 More marching—
 That was all it meant to him, anyway.
 Just marching
 And digging.
 Out they trod
 Till they came to a ruin
 Of a little building
 With a blank wall.
 Against this he was faced.
 At this point he began to wonder.
 But before his sluggish thoughts
 Began to group themselves,
 Eight shots rang out as one.

And a beautiful Dawn appeared.

The squad lowered their guns
 To see him lying on the ground,
 A shattered mass of flesh,
 And he trembled,
 And died.

Varsity Verse.

TIME OUT.

My watch has been left at the hockshop,
 To get me nine dollars in dough,
 I'm not sure just when I will see it,
 But here's why I let it go.

I'll see the team whip Indiana,
 It surely will look good to me,
 And when I collect all my bettings,
 My watch will come back to me.—J. E. H.

PHILOSOPHERS.

So near and yet so far,
 Notre Dame and St. Mary's are,
 And the freshman being of course a Jay
 Hears this with great dismay.

The seniors, juniors and sophomores, too,
 Realizing that they cannot undo
 This very mournful situation
 Simply regard it with sober contemplation.—F. E.

Little Rose Arore.

BY LEO L. WARD, '20.

That bright, cool, summer morning the white-haired figure hobbled through the low door of his Kerry mountain cabin with more agility than usual, and his face was radiant with more than the flooding sunshine. He smiled now and then as he sat thoughtfully smoking his great, strange pipe. Finally he awoke from his delightful dream-journey back to the days of youth, and looked down curiously into the valley below. Half way up the mountain, which was on this side a gradual yet rather steep incline, carpeted here and there with the mountain grass, scrambled a little group of children. All of them were clothed in white, and the little group gave an additional touch of tenderness to the morning beauty of the mountain. The old man smiled tenderly and a mist overcast his bright blue eyes. Rising to his feet, he stood watching the little white party struggling toward his cabin. Then he sat down again on the humble bench beside the cabin and wiped a tear from his eye with his big blue handkerchief. As if by force of habit, his withered hand made a slow, reverent sign of the Cross, and he raised his saintly face toward Heaven as he softly murmured, "God bless their sweet young souls."

This venerable saint had lived in the solitude of this mountain home for twenty years. Throughout the valley the old Irish folk loved to tell their children of the goodness of Uncle Dan O'Leary, who lived on the mountain so that he might be nearer to God. He had lived in the valley many years before, but in one of the valley's historic storms he had lost his good wife and his three little children. Since then he had forgotten the world and consecrated himself in prayer and meditation to Him, who, as Uncle Dan himself said, "could care for them iver so much bither thin meself." Hence it was with pious gladness that the good Irish mothers often saw their children clamber up the mountain to spend a few happy hours listening to the old Irish fairy tales and the stories of Saint Patrick told them by Uncle Dan.

Of all the children of the valley Uncle Dan loved best the beautiful little Rose Arore, daughter of Michael Shaughnessy, who was doubly proud of his daughter because of Uncle Dan's fondness for her. It was Rose that always sat on the old man's right knee when he was

telling his magic stories, it was Rose that could stroke most tenderly his long, silken hair, and it was Rose that he kissed first and last when his little visitors came and went. When Uncle Dan had left the valley for Heaven, Father Burke and others often asked, "How would little Rose remain? for she was truly a flower growing daily in the love-gardens of his saintly heart."

Today the old friend of the children, who to them lived at night among the very stars, was more eager and happy than ever to welcome the little white-clad joys of his heart. Yet there was at the same time a strange feebleness in his step as if in his sanctity he had forgotten the earth so completely that he seemed but to be waiting to walk the ways of Heaven. Finally the breathless little group scrambled over the last rock to the feet of Uncle Dan. But his smile soon changed to wonder when he saw the tears in their eyes. "What be the matter, children?" and his kind voice was kinder than ever. Between their sobs he learned that "last night there was another awful storm, and this morning our little Rose is dead." Uncle Dan only sank back against the cabin and smiled a peaceful farewell to his little friends before he started up the paths of Heaven to find his little Rose Arore.

The Heritage of Notre Dame.

BY MARY E. SULLIVAN
(Student in Summer School.)

(Reprinted from the *Grail* for September, 1919, by permission of the editor.)

Now in these reconstruction days as during the world-war, the most momentous of all history, every material thing has special significance and appeal. But what is so significant and so appealing to all humanity as the flag for which the soldier fights, and bleeds and dies? Every nation pays homage to its flag for it is the symbol of patriotism and the ideals of its people. At home, at sea, in foreign lands its citizens hail it as a sacred thing. In time of danger men rally to its defense. At very sight of it hearts thrill with renewed love and reverent awe. After victory in a great cause, a tattered emblem of heroic deeds and loving sacrifice is brought home to be doubly hallowed in the hearts of men.

One of the most interesting of such historic relics is to be seen in the art gallery of Notre Dame, for as in every land and every treasure-house of art, battle-scarred flags are preserved as sacred relics, so here at hallowed Notre Dame. This flag, however, is not our own Red, White, and Blue; it is not the tri-color of France, nor the banner of Old England. It is the same Irish flag rare in fabric, torn by shot and shell, which the color-bearer carries so proudly beside "Old Glory" in Paul Wood's famous picture, "Absolution Under Fire,"

hung in the same gallery. It is the banner under which the gallant boys of the Irish Brigade fought to save the American Union on the historic field of Gettysburg. The picture shows the men massed in columns of regiments, with the wounded and dying lying all about, and in the very whirlwind of the battle, kneeling to be absolved.

We turn from the painting to examine the real flag of the Brigade. A golden harp and many sprays of delicately shaded shamrocks, evidently embroidered by loyal women fifty years and more ago, adorn it. One can easily imagine how intimately patriotism and devotion were woven into the dainty stitches which display, besides the harp and shamrocks, the following memorial,—

“Presented by the citizens of New York to the 63rd New York Volunteer Regiment, Irish Brigade, Brig. Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher commanding, in grateful appreciation of their gallant and brilliant conduct on the Battlefields of Virginia and Maryland in the war to maintain the National Domain and the American Union. November, 1862.”

We learn that the Irish Brigade was composed largely of volunteer recruits from New York City, that it had the greatest number of Catholic chaplains, and that they followed the men into every fight. Again turning our attention to the flag we read “Fredericksburg, Chattanooga, Yorktown, Fair Oakes, Gaines Mill, Allen’s Park, Malvern Hill, Antietam,” important battles fought by the Brigade prior to the presentation of the flag.

The memorial fittingly enclosed in embroidered wreath of laurel recalls to mind the brilliant record left on the pages of American history by Irish patriots. The record testifies that there were six Irishmen among the authors of the Declaration of Independence and eight Irish signers to it, among them the patriotic Charles Carroll of Carrollton. We remember the thrilling stories of the Irish at Bunker Hill; of John Barry, the first commodore and hero of our infant navy; of the martial ardor of Col. Anthony Wayne and Col. Stephen Moylan, aid-de-camp to Washington and leader of the fearless Moylan Dragoons. Thus our thoughts flow on in vivid dreams of real history. In them we see Irish blood flowing in copious streams through all the wars America has waged.

In the Civil War there rode forth the gallant Col. Mulligan and the dashing Gen. Phil Sheridan, “the whirlwind with spurs.” The last officer killed in that deplorable war was an Irishman, the brave Gen. Thomas Smythe. He fell near Appomattox but a few hours before Lee’s surrender.

The courageous Enright was the first American soldier to lose his life in the world-war. He is one of the thousands of boys of Irish ancestry who went “over there” to fight for democracy and freedom. Patriotism and true citizenship have been the keynote for Irish-Americans in the past, and are their inspiration in the present. The same high enthusiasm that impelled brave Irishmen to come to America has thrilled their descendants in the great struggle to conquer autocracy.

America championed the cause of the oppressed and, fired with zeal and steady purpose, her brave sons marched off to prove that no small country, whose sons love her better than their lives, shall ever be hopelessly

vanquished. The sons of Irishmen were among the two million, one hundred thousand American boys carrying the standard of democracy and freedom. They were on and behind the battle-front in Italy and in France. There, true to the traditions of their forefathers, they held precarious positions and rushed into battle with magnificent audacity. They fought to win and they battled desperately to bring our flag safe home to us.

The loyal sons of Notre Dame, students and priests alike, be their ancestry what it may, set an inspiring example of true patriotism. They prove convincingly their belief that love of country comes next to love of God. They are, indeed, the kind of men who, “ere they fight kneel down to pray.” They are men who feel that Belgium’s day and Ireland’s “day of reconstruction dawns”; they are of the sinew and fiber of the great American nation, “the arbiter of the world’s destiny defining the terms of lasting peace and democracy, and the rightful independence of the small nations.”

Accordingly, next to “Old Glory” the tattered Green Flag consecrated with the “Stars and Stripes” at Gettysburg, a symbol of faith in God and of martyrdom in a great cause, is now and ever will be sacredly treasured at Notre Dame. Meanwhile America, mindful of the past, in her companionship of the oppressed will not overlook the just cause of the island across the sea. America must and will demand for her fair play and humanity.

In the present thrilling days when we greet our boys in khaki and in blue returning from the fight “for an honest world in which nations keep their word; for a world in which man is held more precious than the state,” when patriotism is the keynote of our every word and act, we look expectantly among the treasures of Notre Dame for other manifestations of patriotic zeal. Nor are we disappointed in our quest. Entering Administration Building we see a Service Flag containing two hundred and ninety-three stars, many of which have turned to gold.

Surely this great university has contributed its quota of loyal sons who promptly cast aside long-cherished ambitions, and hurried to the front when they heard the urgent call. Priests as well as students responded with good will. Nine Fathers of the Holy Cross, true to the heritage of Notre Dame, left this peaceful scene to serve as army chaplains,—Rev. Matthew Walsh, vice-president of the university, Rev. Ernest Davis (gassed), Rev. Charles O’Donnell (who served in France and Italy), Rev. John McGinn, Rev. Edward Finegan, Rev. George Finnigan, rector of the seminary, Rev. Frederick McKeon (served in Porto Rico), Rev. James O’Brien, Captain (still in the army). Rev. George Sauvage, exiled from France during the period of religious persecution, and for twelve years instructor in Holy Cross Seminary at Washington, D. C., had returned to Europe for the first time and was visiting Switzerland when the war broke out. He entered the French army, did long and valiant service as a soldier, was commissioned an officer, and acted also as a chaplain whenever occasion and circumstances required his services as such.

Eight Notre Dame priests served as chaplains in the Civil War. A monument erected to the memory of one bears witness to his heroism. It is the imposing Corby

statue on the campus in front of Corby Hall, Samuel Murray, sculptor. The striking picture, "Absolution Under Fire," in the Art Gallery, Library Building, portrays the same historic incident.

The statue represents Father William Corby, C. S. C., for four years chaplain of the Irish Brigade, Army of the Potomac, in the Civil War half a century ago. This famous Brigade fought in all the important battles of the East from Fredericksburg to Antietam and at Gettysburg. The bronze figure of Father Corby stands on a rock brought from the field of Gettysburg and is a replica of the statue erected to the soldier-priest on that historic field, Oct. 29, 1910. With uplifted hand, he is seen administering general absolution on the second day of the great battle.

On Friday, Oct. 28, 1910, addresses were delivered in Xavier Hall, Gettysburg, by Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist priest of the field of Gettysburg, and by the Very Rev. Father Cavanaugh, C. S. C., then president of Notre Dame. Father Cavanaugh offered the opening prayer at the unveiling of the statue on the battlefield the next day.

"The replica on the grounds of Notre Dame was unveiled and blessed on Memorial Day, 1911." The address was delivered by the Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, famous chaplain of the ill-fated Maine. It is interesting to note that Father Corby lived until Dec. 28, 1897, and was laid to rest in the little cemetery beyond the lake at Notre Dame.

The painting, "Absolution Under Fire," is the work of Paul Wood, a protégé of Gregori, who lived at Notre Dame for twenty-one years and executed the beautiful mural paintings in the church of the Sacred Heart. Wood was a promising young student greatly admired by Gregori. He was killed in a hotel fire in Chicago before the composition of a picture which, he considered, would be the great achievement of his life. It was to represent Rev. Father DeSeille, C. S. C., partaking of the Holy Viaticum at the altar rail in presence of a tribe of Indians.

Maj. Gen. Clair Mulholland, then a colonel in the Irish Brigade, thus describes the scene depicted in Wood's picture, "Absolution Under Fire,"—

"The scene was more than impressive; it was awe-inspiring. Near-by stood a brilliant throng of officers who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence, and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second Corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Meade and Vincent and Hazlitt were dying, the roar of the battle rose, swelled, and reëchoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle.

"Father Corby stood on a large rock in front of the Brigade. Addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins, urging them to do their duty, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers, and the noble object for which they fought. The Brigade was standing at 'Order Arms!' As he closed his address, every man, Catholic and non-Catholic, fell on his knees with his head bowed down. Then, stretching his

right hand towards the Brigade, Father Corby pronounced the words of absolution.

"I don't think there was a man in the Brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some, it was their last; they knelt in their grave clothes. In less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead." Who can fail to imagine the peace of soul of those gallant gasping boys as they yielded their souls to God? How sweet to them the thought, "I have been absolved."

Naturally, the traditions and records of that great day at Gettysburg have special significance for the men of Notre Dame. With such a heritage of heroism and devotion it is not strange that during the crucial days of the world-war they throbbled with patriotism and marched off eagerly to fight for the freedom of the world.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS.

A pessimist is a man who wears a belt and suspenders at the same time.

If you do not believe in the "grind", consider how the finest flour is made.

A man's character is often reflected by his opinion of the world in general.

One type of pest is the fellow who is never missed because he is always present.

Green students may envy the trees, which lose their verdure so quickly in the fall.

We all hope to be remembered after we are dead, but few of us could say for what.

Would it be worth while to the world if it could have you live your life over?

The last thing a man doubts, whereas it should be the first, is his own judgment.

The drama of life, like other dramas, has its stage hands playing their necessary parts unnoticed.

One who did not know why British soldiers are called red-coats, might find explanation on most any page of Irish history.

Greater happiness is achieved in giving up the things of this world than in getting them.

It is not unexceptionally true that "Where there's a will there's a way", as many Bacchanalian throats will testify.

Of the three hundred "Day-Dodgers" there are not more than two hundred and fifty who claim one of those rooms in the renovated wing of Sorin.

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Secretary of War Newton D. Baker recently announced that the War Department has completed its plans for the re-institution of the Reserve Officers Corps in

**Military Training
in the Schools.**

the colleges and universities of the country. In addressing the undergraduates of

Lehigh University, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Mr. Baker said, "The institution of these units in the colleges of the country will greatly aid in putting America in a position to preserve peace by rendering evident our power to resist aggression." He paid tribute "to the glorious part played by the colleges of the country in the recent struggle." "More than fifty thousand of our Army and Navy officers in this war were drawn from the one hundred and fifty institutions of learning." In conclusion he said: "Discipline will here be taught the young men. What is Discipline? It has been called the habit of quickness and precision in thought and action combined with a regard for authority. And certainly this factor lies at the bottom of all successful team work, for military successes are the result of such teamwork." These units will train the young men of America in the elements of warfare and will render them better men and better citizens. Although many of our youth are, at present, strongly opposed to the project, because of the nearness of the war through which we have just passed, they will doubtless realize before long the necessity of our being prepared for war. There are at least two powerful nations with whom

we may very possibly come into conflict sooner or later, despite the proposed covenant of peace, and now is the time to prepare for such a struggle. The college men will be the ones chosen to lead the American people in future war, if it comes, just as they are to-day the trained leaders of the citizenry. Hence we hope to see these units promptly established in all the colleges of America. The result of training will be a stronger manhood, a better citizenry and a more secure nation. Whether we are to have more war or not, a strong national life is the foundation of national success.—J. S. M.

The assistance of Americans, and especially of American college men, is being asked in behalf of the writers, artists, and scientists of Russia.

Aid for Russia. Revolution and the rise of Bolshevism have wrought great injury upon them.

Many have been driven as fugitives from their homes and deprived of the means of subsistence; not a few have suffered violence and death at the hands of the Soviets. Such conditions should appeal to the charity of everyone who is a friend of the Russian people and of their culture to do what he can for these oppressed ones in their extremity. A society has recently been formed in this country for the purpose of rendering material and moral aid to the Russian men and women of letters and science who are suffering as a result of the chaos and persecution in Russia. The concrete aims of this organization is to bring many of them to America, to find employment for them in our universities and other schools, and finally to promote the publication of their works and secure due protection of the authors' rights. Any American who has studied the history of the Russian people of the last few decades cannot but feel a sympathy for their present lot and be impressed by the lofty motives of their true leaders in thought, men and women who have devoted their lives and made untold sacrifices to free the great mass of Russian peasants from the yoke of tyranny. These leaders have a fervent conviction that by educating the people of Russia, there can be established a sound social, political, and economic order. Our sympathy with these lofty motives should prompt us to contribute what we can to the support of these writers, artists, and scientists, to the end that what is best in Russia may be saved.—C.R.P.

The Indianapolis Trip.

The Notre Dame spirit came to life and became very healthy last Saturday at the Notre Dame-Indiana football game in Indianapolis. The winning of the game was rather to be expected, but that we could out-yell the Indiana crowd was something which we had hardly anticipated. Our cheer-leaders out-classed theirs and our rooters, though outnumbered two to one, showed that they had a vocal power second to none in the State.

Our Varsity Band was by no means so large and impressive as we would like to have had it, but that was a very minor deficiency. "Where's your band?" inquired a Crimson enthusiast in the press stand. "Where's your football team?" retorted John W. Head, sport editor of the *Indianapolis Star*. We might add that the Indiana cheer-leaders kept themselves high and dry up in the stand, out of the rain, while Slaggert, Denny, and Dempsey were conspicuously out in front in the weather, where they could be seen as well as heard.

Indiana even allowed her parade to go by the boards because of the rain, but the N. D. rooters were there rain or shine, marched through the principal streets, around the Circle, past the Indiana headquarters at the Claypool Hotel, and broke up into a mass-formation at the N. D. headquarters in the Severin Hotel, where they announced their arrival to the team with the "biggest N. D. U. that was ever heard." The Gold and Blue was everywhere in evidence.

In the evening after the game the students went to the "Football Ball" at the Claypool, or to witness "Tumble In," at the Murat Theatre. The two teams were guests of Mr. Nelson Trowbridge, manager of the theatre of the latter attraction, and earlier in the evening the team was sumptuously dined by the Notre Dame Club of Indianapolis at the Columbia Club.

The trip was most successful from every point of view. The students conducted themselves in a manner most creditable to the "largest school of its size in America." It has a spirit which at its best cannot be beaten. Outweighed, the football team cannot be stopped; outnumbered, the rooters make the "N. D. U." ring out triumphantly. It is to be hoped that the spirit may not be allowed to go to sleep now that we are back at home. Let us on the contrary intensify it much further for the next occasion.

—R. E. O'H.

University Bulletin.

All items for the current SCHOLASTIC should be submitted not later than the noon of Wednesday.

Lost: A key ring with four or five keys on it. Finder please return to room 326 of the Main Building.

Day students have an opportunity of receiving Communion every morning from 7:30 to 8:00 in the basement chapel.

Lost: A pocket-book containing about \$28.00 in cash and a check for \$59.00. The finder will receive a liberal reward if the money is returned to room 207 in Badin Hall.

Coaches Rockne and Dorais wish to express through the SCHOLASTIC their sincerest appreciation of the splendid spirit manifested by the students of the University who attended the Notre Dame-Indiana game at Indianapolis last Saturday.

The Thanksgiving recess will begin at noon on Wednesday, November 26th, and end at noon on Friday, November 28th. Any student leaving the University before or returning after this period will suffer the usual class penalties.

All professors of English in the University, Father O'Hara, Prefect of Religion, and Brother Alphonsus urgently invite every student to become acquainted with the best Catholic literature—of which an excellent collection has been made during the past several years by Brother Alphonsus, and is now open free of charge to all students, in the Apostolate Library of Brownson Hall.

The Student Activities Committee has appointed Alfred N. Slaggert as cheer-leader for the year. Jack Dempsey, Harry Denny, and Frank Fitzsimmons have been officially selected as assistants. All cheering at varsity contests during the year is to be under the direction of these men alone, and the selection of all yells and songs will be made by them. Slaggert urges every student to memorize carefully all of the Notre Dame yells and songs.—L. L. WARD.

Lecture by Mrs. Joyce Kilmer.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Joyce Kilmer lectured to the English classes of the college department on "Poet Personalities." In the absence of the President and Vice-President, the speaker was introduced by Father O'Donnell, who made the point that Mrs. Kilmer would give an "inside" talk on certain interesting personalities connected with the poetic movement of our day. Intimate and personal Mrs. Kilmer's lecture proved to be. It was a delicate and difficult task she set herself, to speak frankly of her friends and critically of their work. Yet this she accomplished with charm of manner and keen literary insight. Some of the poets considered were, Margaret Widdemer, Anna Hempstead Branch, Helen Parry Eden, Sarah Cleghorn, Sara Teasdale, and Edith Thomas. Typical poems by these authors were read from memory. In conclusion Mrs. Kilmer favored us with two beautiful poems of her own. There was only one regrettable feature about this delightful lecture, and that was a slight cold prevented the speaker's voice from carrying to all parts of Washington Hall. In spite of this, Mrs. Kilmer was given excellent attention, and the applause which followed indicated how deeply she had pleased an undergraduate audience.

Local News.

—Because of the Students Mission the Brownson Literary and Debating Society did not meet on Thursday, October 29th, and the program for that evening was postponed to Thursday, November 6th.

—The work on the Sorin "Rec" room is now finished and the students of the hall are planning a smoker to open the clubroom. With the renovated pool tables and the new equipment, the upper classmen will have one of the best centers of amusement on the campus.

—The demonstration which occurred at the Auditorium and Orpheum theatres in South Bend, on the evening of November 1st, has been denounced mildly enough in the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce as a characteristic episode of woefully irresponsible "Preps."

—At the meeting of the Students Activities Committee on Wednesday evening, November 5th, the Chamber of Commerce was given

charge of the local arrangements for the Army-Notre Dame game being held this afternoon. This includes the wire reports of the contest and this evening's celebration.

—The Notre Dame Chapter of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers held their bi-weekly meeting on Monday evening, November 3rd. "The Principle of Radio Transmission" was the subject of papers by Oscar Sidenfaden and George Sullivan, seniors. For the next meeting James Trant is scheduled to speak on "Transatlantic Radio Communication." "The Vacuum Tube as a Generator of Alternation Current Power" will be treated by Robert Arend and William Wenzel.

—Lecturer Alfred N. Slaggert furnished the local Knights of Columbus with a well-balanced entertainment program at the regular meeting of the Council on Tuesday evening of November the fourth. Father Maguire gave a talk on "Prophets and Profits," which was as novel and interesting as the title would suggest. Harry J. McCormack and Thomas Howard proved such efficient comedians in their humorous sketch that they were immediately engaged for the Knights of Columbus' Vaudeville.

—The Freshman Class at its organization meeting on Thursday, October 30th, attended only to the matter of election of officers for the year. Paul Castner, of St. Paul, Minnesota, a student in the Commerce Course, was elected president; W. E. Shea, of Dayton, Ohio, vice-president; Arthur Garvey, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, secretary; and J. Stanley Bradbury, of Robinson, Illinois, treasurer. Judging from the enthusiasm which prevailed at the meeting, the Freshmen will make themselves felt in the class activities of the year.

—By mistake the names of the heads of the several departments in the College of Engineering were omitted in the account of the recent faculty appointments published in the SCHOLASTIC of last week. They are Professor Martin McCue in the Department of Civil Engineering, Professor William L. Benitz in the Mechanical, José A. Caparo, Sc. D., Ph. D., in the Electrical Department, Knowles Smith, Ph. D., in the Department of Mining, Reverend Joseph Maguire in the Department of Chemical Engineering, Professor Edward J. Maurus in Mathematics, and Professor Francis W. Kervick in the Department of Architecture.

—On Wednesday evening, October 29th, the Varsity Quartet and the "Jazz" Band entertained the members of the South Bend University Club. Mr. Harry Denny ('22), who is remembered as the prominent violinist of two years ago, made his first appearance of the year in a specialty number which received generous applause from the clubmen. Between orchestra selections the Varsity Quartet, composed of Messrs. Slaggert, Musmaker, Domke, and O'Keefe, staged an act of music mirth and nonsense which was repeatedly encored. Mr. Charles Davis ('21) deserves much credit for the performance of his "Jazz" Band. The enthusiasm with which these and the other acts were received augur for the Glee Club a most successful year.

—The Knights of Columbus vaudeville, the proceeds of which will go to the fund for the Social Center Building, will be given in Washington Hall, on Wednesday, November 12th. The bill presented will include, among other numbers, Frank Fitzsimmons in a somewhat different monologue, Charles Davis with his 1920-model jazz band, George O'Brien and Charles Butterworth in a comedy sketch that is said to be sensational, O'Keefe, Musmaker, Slaggert, and Domke in a take-off of Notre Dame life, written by Paul Scofield, and the New England Club in minstrelsy, advertised as "bigger and better than ever." Mr. O'Connell, head of the vocal department, will sing, and Harry Denny, soloist with the Glee Club of 1916-17, will again appear with his violin.

—On November 1st the students of Holy Cross Hall tendered a formal welcome to their superior, Father George Finnigan, C. S. C., in the form of a Halloween entertainment. A banquet was served in the refectory at six-thirty, and during the courses the Seminarians presented some very entertaining acts. The dining room was attractively decorated in orange and black, and was given a seasonable effect of "spookiness" by an ingenious arrangement of electric lights. The Seminary Orchestra furnished selections which elicited liberal applause. Charles Palmer's opening address was followed by "Ten Minutes of Minstrelsy," presenting Messrs. Falvey and Robinson, "A Few Songs" by Edward Reilly, and "Humorous Revelations" by William Havey. A number of the University Faculty were guests, and Fathers Lennartz, Miltner, and Marshall delivered the post-prandial remarks. The response of Father

Finnigan, to whom the entertainment was a complete surprise, concluded a memorably merry evening for the Seminarians.

—The director, the officers, and the board of governors of the Glee Club announce the following members as the personnel of the club for the season of 1919-20: first tenors, José Corona, J. C. Powers, S. Steinle, M. J. Tierney, E. Smoger, P. Kiley, R. Dumke, E. M. Moore, R. A. Gilmore, E. Toth, J. Ambrose, and H. Bowden; second tenors: A. W. Moore, J. D. Rosenthal, J. W. Connerton, T. J. Tobin, F. Dressel, P. Gessler, J. L. Musmaker, G. Taylor, H. W. Fritz, M. Storen, and E. W. Clancy; first basses: J. W. Clancy, W. A. Castellini, T. H. Beacom, W. J. Douglas, R. Gonzalez, L. L. Lally, H. Leslie, P. Loosen, P. Scofield, M. Foote, P. Conaghan, and A. Abrams; second basses: E. Fredrickson, J. M. Maag, P. G. Powers, P. Nagle, M. Doran, L. Laux, J. P. Dower, M. McEnery, W. Furry, F. Fitzsimmons, A. N. Slaggert, and J. L. Locke. The club, under the direction of Mr. George F. O'Connell, will give its first concert in Mishawaka, on the evening of November 25th.

—That the local Chamber of Commerce is a live organization has been further demonstrated by its meetings of the last week. On Monday evening, November 3rd, Section One, of which P. J. Powers ('20) is president, listened to two very interesting reports: one by Vincent Donahue ('23) on "The Importance and Principal Features of the Liberty Bond Campaigns," the other by W. J. Shea ('23) on "Taxation for Flood Prevention." On the same evening, the members of Section Two were privileged to learn a great deal on "Trade Acceptances in Connection with the Wholesale Grocery Business" from a talk delivered by T. J. McDonald ('23). The speaker has had not a little experience in the wholesale grocery business in the West and hence was able to answer in a practical way all the questions asked by the members at the conclusion of his speech. The second report of the evening was on the "Relation Between the Chamber of Commerce and the Farmer" by Mr. Earl C. O'Donnell ('23). The mutual help of the two was pointed out by the speaker in a convincing manner. President A. C. Ryan urged the members to keep in close touch with the activities of the organization and made the suggestion that those really interested in the Chamber of Commerce should subscribe to some of the

current commercial periodicals. At the meeting of Section Three on Tuesday evening Romaine Reichert ('20) gave a very good report on "The Banker's Interest in Improved Farming Methods." Wm. E. Miller spoke on "Overhead Depreciation Items in the Lumber Business." The members of this section were able to make the initial contribution of \$60 to the National Association of the Roosevelt Memorial Fund.

—TIERNEY-O'KEEFE.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 16; INDIANA, 3.

Whilst football ambitions were being wrecked on a number of gridirons last Saturday, Notre Dame's "Rockmen" in Indianapolis fought through rain and slush and mud for their fifth successive victory of the season. The defeat of Indiana's "Big Ten" entry marked the completion of the state-championship foundation for the "Western Title," which is slowly but surely, as it seems, coming our way. Notre Dame has today one of the two undefeated teams of the West. Critics grant her the Indiana title, and a victory over the Army at West Point today will win high recognition in the East and greatly enhance Notre Dame's claim to Western honors. The Army's defeat of Boston College, who had trounced Yale, and their seven-to-three contest with the Syracuse eleven makes today's contest at West Point the crucial battle of the season.

Saturday's game was played under conditions in every way unfavorable to the lighter team of Notre Dame. Five thousand football fans crowded into the covered stands of Washington Park to witness the battle in the mud and rain. The six hundred Notre Dame men cheered to hoarseness the efforts of their favorites and all but drowned the noise of Indiana's "howling host." Playing on the clayey section of the field during the first half, the Gold and Blue lost three chances to score, thereby saving the Crimson a defeat of some forty or fifty points. Indiana, though greatly favored by the weather and the condition of the field, failed to make any impression at any period of the game. Only once did Steihm's men achieve a first down from scrimmage, and that not until the third quarter. Every man of the Notre Dame line held his opponent to a standstill and repeatedly broke through and downed the opposing backs for

serious losses. Kirk distinguished himself at the receiving end of the aerial attack in the third quarter and the giant Madigan kept the Indiana center well worried for three full quarters. The chained lightning of the N. D. backfield tore up the mud area for good gains, Bergman leading the attack with a total of eighty-four yards of Notre Dame's one hundred and sixty-five gained by scrimmage. Gipp circled the ends for fifty-two yards, which was more than the Crimson total of yardage. Throughout the game Captain Bahan and Slackford pounded the Hoosier line for consistent gains. The Varsity offense made fifteen first downs, while its defense stopped the Bloomington men for downs on every occasion but one.

Football critics agree in declaring the Notre Dame machine to be one of the few consistently powerful teams of the West. All of them proclaim the "wonder" backfield without an equal within the last decade, and from every side comes praise for the fighting quality of one of the lightest lines in the country. The uncanny sureness of the aerial offense and the precision of the interference on such a field as that at Indianapolis opened the eyes of the football experts, who paid tribute to Coaches Rockne and Dorais with every breath.

The first quarter of the game went scoreless. Notre Dame promptly carried the fight into Indiana territory at the beginning and kept it there throughout the game, except for a few minutes of the last period. Three times the Gold and Blue carried the ball across the sea of water and clay but failed to put it over, for the reason that the heavy mud made the driving too difficult and the slippery ball rendered the pass too risky. With sod under foot in the second period, Notre Dame marched twice to the Crimson goal before scoring, Bergman's thirty-yard dash and a pass over the line being recalled. The ball went to Indiana, but the "Catholics" held them gainless for three downs; when the kick came on the fourth down, Heartly Anderson ripped through the defense, blocked the kick, and fell on the ball on the five-yard line. Two plunges gained, and in the third Gipp went over with the ball; he fumbled, but Slackford safely recovered the ball for a touchdown. Bahan failed to kick goal. In the next kick-off Gipp's toe sent the oval beyond the goal-line, and on the first play from Indiana's twenty-yard line Notre Dame took the ball on a fumble. Passes for a touchdown failed. With only a few seconds

to play, Gipp sent the ball over the bar from his twenty-three yard line, and the half ended with the score, Notre Dame, 9; Indiana, 0.

At the opening of the second half Indiana made her only first down in scrimmage, and then lost the ball in mid-field. The Notre Dame forwards were breaking through play after play and downing the Indiana backfield men in their tracks, and all of the Hoosier passes but one were broken up. Taking the ball on their own forty-yard line, Notre Dame by four straight first-downs marched to the goal, Gipp taking the ball over and kicking the goal. Rockne then rushed in his reserves in number, saving his best "bets" for today's big battle with the Army. The quarter ended with the substitutes battling on even terms and with the score 16 to 0.

The last quarter was a hard fight to keep the Crimson from scoring. Mathys failed on a forty-yard kick, and penalties for Notre Dame soon put Indiana into a position to try again for their points. After failing to gain three yards in three downs, Risley barely scored a place-kick from the twenty-yard mark. More substitutes were sent in by Rockne, and before the end of the game he had had nearly every one of his squad in the fray for at least a few minutes. Line-up and summary:

NOTRE DAME		INDIANA	
Kirk	L E	Donovan	
Coughlin	L T	Risley	
H. Anderson	L G	McCaw	
Madigan	C	Pierce	
Smith	R G	Mumby	
DeGree	R T	Leonard	
E. Anderson	R E	Pope	
Bahan	Q B	Mathys	
Bergman	L H	Williams	
Gipp	R H	Minton	
Slackford	F B	Ross	

Score by Periods:

Notre Dame.....	0	9	7	0	—16
Indiana.....	0	0	0	3	—3

Touchdowns: Slackford, Gipp. Drop kick: Gipp. Place kick: Risley. Goal from touchdown: Gipp. Substitutions: Notre Dame—Brandy for Bahan, Mohardt for Gipp, Phelan for Slackford, Walsh for Bergman, Trafton for Madigan for Smith, Shaw for Degree, Barry for Mohardt, Dooley for H. Anderson, Meagher for Trafton, Pierson for Brandy, Connors for Madigan; Indiana—Bowser for Minton, Kyle for Ross, Lohrei for Pierce, Faust for Mathys, Hiatt for Williams. Yards gained from scrimmage: Notre Dame, 161; Indiana, 49. Yards of penalty: Notre Dame, 30; Indiana, 10. First downs: Notre Dame, 15; Indiana, 1. Forward passes: Notre Dame, 6, with three successful, for 47 yards; Indiana, 3, with one successful, for 5 yards. Officials: F. E. Gardner (Cornell); umpire, A. G. Reid (Michigan); field

judge, A. R. Coffin (Cornell); head linesman, Guy Lohman (Springfield Y. M. C. A.)

—E. M. STARRETT.

THE ARMY GAME.

Encouraged by their decisive victories over Nebraska and Indiana, Coach Rockne's men enter the big clash with West Point this afternoon—but with Bergman and Malone on the side-lines. The disability of these men is a very serious handicap. With the dashing Bergman nursing a stubborn limp, the Cadets' stock receives a decided boost. The West Point-Notre Dame fray, is the intersectional pigskin classic of the year and is being watched with interest by gridiron "fans" throughout the country. Notre Dame has defeated West Point in three out of five games in which she has scored a total of sixty-six points against sixty-five for the soldiers. Coach Rockne left for the East with twenty-two men Thursday afternoon. Wire reports of the game play by play will be received and published in the Gynnasium.

NOTRE DAME FRESHMEN, 36; ST. VIATEUR'S, 0.

Miller's fighting freshmen took the scrappy eleven of St. Viateur's into camp last Saturday in a one-sided victory, 36 to 0. Playing under the same conditions as the Varsity at Indianapolis, the first-year men went through the St. Viateur's line at will and by way of diversion staged a series of neat forward passes. Castner and Coughlin, the backfield stars, scored most of the points for the Gold and Blue. Degree and Larson played sensationally on the line, wrecking the Viatorian formations regularly. The Freshmen meet the strong yearling eleven of Michigan Agricultural College on Cartier field this afternoon. The visitors come with a victory over Albion College to their credit.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

Rockne's Marathoners are rounding into shape for the annual cross-country run to be staged some time this month. Captain "Eddie" Meehan is putting the distance men through the paces. The Notre Dame squad will run at Crawfordsville if their showing in the coming event pleases the Coach. Prizes to be awarded to the first five men that cross the finish mark have been donated by Hull and Calnon, "Abe" Frank, Wyman's, and Spiro's, all of South Bend. The Athletic Association wishes to extend

through the SCHOLASTIC thanks to the donors for their very encouraging interest in Notre Dame activities.

CORBY, 24; BADIN, 6.

The Corby football team eliminated all claimants to the Interhall football championship last Sunday by defeating Badin's fast eleven, 24 to 6. McNamara's warriors were completely routed by the clever backfield of Corby. Ficks and Sharp carried the ball through the Badin line consistently, and Blieverhecht was a tower of strength in the Corby forward wall. The Brownson-Sorin game scheduled for the same day was called off, the Senior Hallers having agreed to forfeit the game to Brownson in the event that they meet defeat at the hands of Father Haggerty's men tomorrow. Should Sorin upset the expectations by defeating the Corbyites, the game with Brownson will be played at a later date.

A game of sparkling football, replete with thrills and thuds, was played by two Carroll Hall elevens on Thursday morning. The names of the teams did not transpire until one of them holding the long end of a 12-0 score, got together after the game and gave nine raps for the "Ex-Minims," their defeated rivals. Whereat the vanquished gallantly did the same for "The Dashing Irish," under which modest monicker the victors had won. Grant and Watson of the backfield were certainly dashing, in all directions, and Captain Healey was no less certainly Irish, while Chambers and O'Donnell were alive on the line. For the Ex-Minims, Lacy and "Cackles" Welch were creditably in evidence. With the start they have, they will, no doubt, be dashing Irish next year.

—A. M. SLAGGERT.

We received a few days ago from an old student the following communication concerning the letter from "An Alumnus and Former Athlete" and the replies thereto, published in two recent numbers of the SCHOLASTIC:

Chicago, Illinois,
October 28, 1919.

Editor the SCHOLASTIC,
Dear Sir:

Now that many of the hammers have been brought out of discard on account of the letter from the Alumnus and Former Athlete and the replies to it, suppose we take account of the stock and find out what is being

accomplished, and let us try to look at the condition from an unbiased view-point.

On the one hand we have an Alumnus who is absolutely a Notre Dame man from start to finish, a man who has never failed to come across with his assistance whenever he has been asked. I am sure his motive was splendid.

On the other hand we have students who also have a most generous amount of Notre Dame spirit and enthusiasm, and when it appeared to them that a cudgel was being raised against some of the conditions they had considered almost sacred, they resented it, and we must congratulate them for this spirit. It is typical and we really couldn't expect them to conduct themselves in any other manner. However, we are all interested in the greatest good for the greatest number and let us not misunderstand the motives of any.

When a boy leaves Notre Dame, he is imbued with a spirit of love for his Alma Mater which is so strong that no one dare lend one word of insinuation against it, but as this man rides on the waves of experience, which is bound to come, his love, while not a bit less, is less temperamental and his spirit while pure may possibly be somewhat mellowed. Because of these conditions I think we must have great admiration both for the Alumnus and Former Athlete and for those splendid students who are always willing to take up the battles of their college, whenever a possible antagonist appears.

Anyway it is mighty interesting and has surely started what I believe will be the most interesting column in the Scholastic.

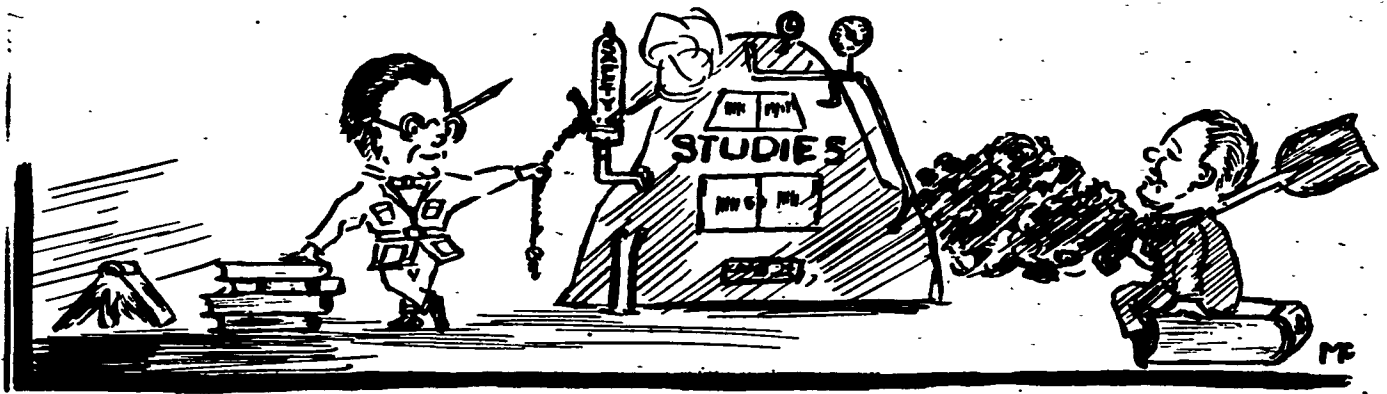
Yours very truly,

Chester D. Freeze.

We are more than glad to learn on the word of Chester Freeze the real character of our "Alumnus and Former Athlete." It now appears that he merely had—as any one may have now and then—"a day off" on the 4th of October last. We are sorry that an Alumnus who is "absolutely a Notre Dame man from start to finish" should have done himself the injustice of writing about "the fighting Irish spirit" on that particular day. Had he signed his name to his note of criticism, as he should have, due allowance might readily have been made for his mistake. Again, it is submitted to any intelligent person that the "splendor of the motive" which prompted that letter did in no way appear in the letter itself. We probably have as a matter of fact a "great admiration" for this unknown Alumnus but no admiration whatever for the letter which he addressed to the writer of the "Athletic Notes."

Finally, we see not as yet any the slightest reason why we may not in all justice and propriety use on occasion the terms "Fighting Irish" and "the fighting Irish spirit" in speaking and writing of the Notre Dame athletic teams.

—The Editors



THE INDIANAPOLIS FAN.

I like to watch a ball game when the clouds have
opened up
And almost drowned the players on the grid.
It seems to be so cool when players flounder in the wet
And get a peck of dirt beneath their lid.
I like to see a player who is fairly oozing mud;
Somehow he seems to make the longest gains.
Some folks I know would rather stay at home and
smoke a pipe—
I love to watch a ball game when it rains.

I like the rheumatism and the colds that rooters get
From standing in the bleachers t'ill they're drenched
And shouting idiotic yells that no one understands
Until their vocal cords are almost wrenched.
The rooter gets neuritis, but he has the sense to know
He won't succeed unless he takes the pains—
Some folks prefer to see a game beneath the boiling sun,
I like to watch a ball game when it rains.

**

I'LL SAY YOU DID.

Well, fellows, I got a bad cold out of the trip and my
stomach has gone back on me, and I've flunked in two
classes as a result of it all, but yet I consider it a huge
success and I'm going to ask to go to Lafayette when
the team goes.

**

"Robert," she said, looking at him with all the
tenderness of a bird about to swallow a worm, "I
would be so very, very happy and life would be so rosy
if only I just knew that you gave up that horrid game
of football. Think darling what it may mean to you
and to me—a broken leg! a dislocated hip! an internal
injury that may prove fatal—"

"But, you don't understand," he said, as he held her
little white hand and smoothed the back of it as though
it were a purring cat; "there really isn't anything to it.
Why I think no more of putting on a football suit and
playing against the strongest eleven that was ever
gathered together than of going in to supper."

"Good gracious," she gasped, as she staggered for-
ward and fell in his arms, "what on earth do you people
get for supper?"

**

Prefect:—How is it that at midnight, boys,
You were not on the campus?

Students:—We cannot lie, we left because
The watchman tried to vamp us.

**

After all is said the women are still talking.

A western college has in several papers an adver-
tisement for students with these captions:
Have you a little devil in your home?
Why scold your son when we can break his back?
If we can't make your boy study we can at least
make him miserable.

We may not make your son a saint but he'll surely be
a martyr.

**

"I have a *private stock*," he said—
My young heart jumped with glee—
"I'll treat you, comrade, if you'll please
Come cellarward with me."
We tip-toed down and, as I watched,
Into a chest he dove*
And bringing forth a lump of coal
He thrust it in the stove.

**

We have heard many learned orations
Concerning the League of Damnations—
But amongst old and young
The golden Shantung
Has surpassed all our anticipations.

**

Walshite—My dad will have to be darn good in
fractions to figure out what mark I get in Math. in
the next exam.

**

OR IS IT A FIXTURE?

He tried to whisper in her mouth;
The maiden bade him "nix,"
For he had on his upper lip
A failure like Al Ficks.

**

REALLY?

A senior is one whose mouth looks like the opening
under a *Drop Letters Here Sign*.

**

MEMORY.

In fancy now I see her face;
It never looked so fair,
And here's the Spearmint gum she chewed
Stuck fast beneath my chair.

**

Talking of movie stars, why doesn't Rockne use
Barry more?

**

SONG HITS.

I'm forever throwing shovels.

* This is absolutely necessary for the rhyme.

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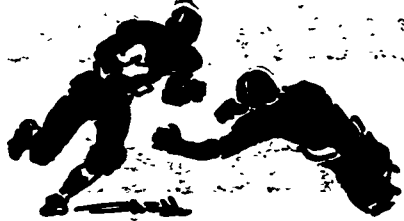
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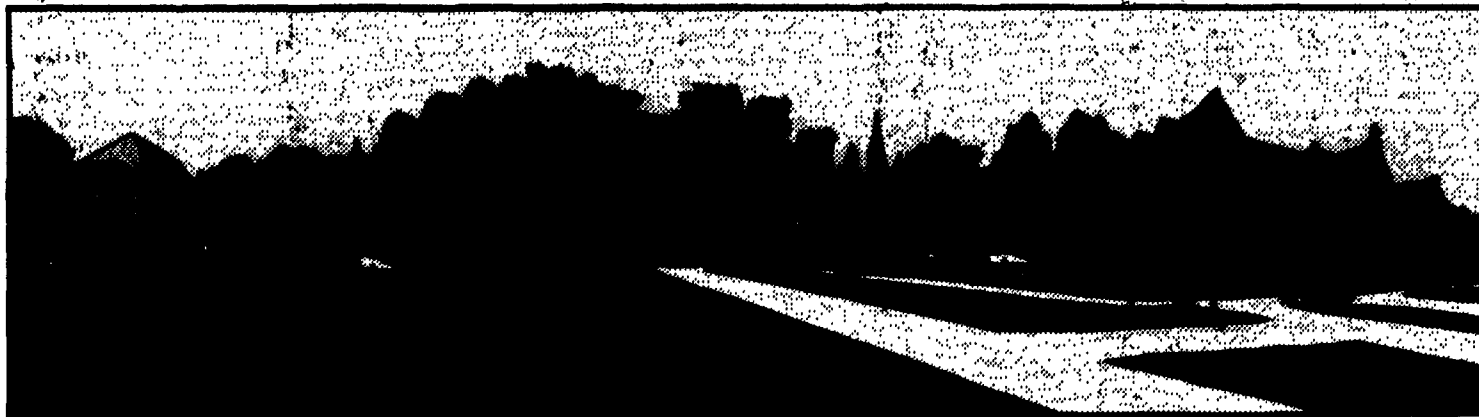
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