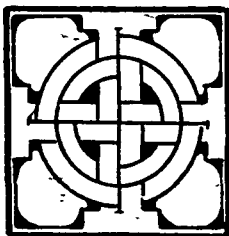


# The Notre Dame Scholastic



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NOTRE DAME, IND.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 14, 1920.

No. 18.

## Comradeship.

BY PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

(In memory of J. Sinnott Meyers, '20.)

DO you remember, dear old pal,  
Our promise made but yesterday?  
You said, "Of life we two shall share  
An equal part, for now and aye."

Of life we shared, dear old pal,  
And kept our promise till a Friend  
Who loved you, just as I, smiled down,  
Our comradeship is at an end.

But my sad heart, dear old pal,  
Will labor on till life is dim,  
And then, perhaps, I too will join  
You in your comradeship with Him.

## The Early Notre Dame.

BY ARTHUR B. HOPE, '20.

**W**HEN one recalls that not eighty years have gone since Notre Dame was but a scene of wilderness, the accomplishments of a lifetime here seems little short of the marvellous. It was in 1842 that Father Sorin with six Brothers of St. Joseph came to the snow-covered banks of St. Mary's Lake and there dedicated to her, for whom the lake was named, his pious intention of founding a college. With zealous courage they set to work clearing the ground, which had been given to them by the Reverend Stephen T. Badin, a former missionary in these parts, and making plans for the new school. The only buildings already erected were a log chapel, built by Father Badin, and a log hut, occupied by a half-breed and his family. The chapel was in a decrepit condition, and Father Sorin's first act was to erect a new and larger place of worship. When the snow had gone, there arose the necessity of planning a college. Moreover, Father Sorin was expecting some confrères and

nuns from France and he must provide accommodations for them. Hence he began the excavation near the chapel for what is now known as the "Old College." He had but little money, and it was only with much trouble that he was able to get credit, for the people of the neighborhood were not only poor but also bigoted. Protestant ministers in South Bend and Mishawaka warned their congregations against the "monks at the Lake," threatened to burn whatever buildings they might erect, and drive the "monks" from their midst. Nevertheless the building was erected. When finished, it served as a bakery house for brothers, dormitory for the boarders, and the upstairs was used by the Sisters. Father Sorin says: "As soon as we got in, we took a few boarders and seven or eight orphans."

One wonders how those students liked Notre Dame. When we consider what we now think necessary for a student's existence, the accommodations students of 1844 found seem to us intolerable. But great works have humble beginnings. Father Sorin when he began his work knew scarcely any English, but he set himself so arduously to the task of acquiring his adopted language that a year or two later he was able to write letters in forceful and elegant English. This great and good priest was everything to Notre Dame. In every discouragement and trial it was he who bore the burden; adversity had softened his nature and mellowed his temperament. Men and boys were magnetically attracted to him. And one can well imagine how many a young fellow would have deserted the place had it not been for the genial and kind Father Sorin.

We now count students by the thousands, and it does not create a great slump in the treasury of the University if John Jones, of Walsh Hall, leaves school of his own accord or on request. But it was not so in 1844. Every student counted. The board and tuition at that time was but ninety dollars a year. Those

first students payed a sum total of nine hundred dollars. Little did they dream that within the space of a lifetime one student would pay almost as much as all of them. Then, as now, except for the sacrifices made by each member of the Community, the tuition must have been much higher. The Brothers of St. Joseph bought a plow for forty dollars and with sixteen or eighteen oxen, did all the farm work and raised most of the produce. But in spite of this the Community was often overwhelmed with discouragement. Notwithstanding that all possible economy was practised, Father Sorin often felt that the Community would be compelled to give up its work at Notre Dame because of the pecuniary crises in which they so often found themselves. To the nation-wide unrest which preceded the Civil War, were added the local troubles of poor crops, sickness, death and fire. Within the first four years of the college's existence, there occurred five serious fires, the last of which, in November, 1848, burned the apprentice shops, the bakery, and the kitchen. It was on Sunday morning, and after having fought the flames in vain, they stood there, at breakfast time tired, hungry, and cold, without a morsel to eat. Later in the day, however, some good Catholic women, of whom Father Sorin mentions Madame Coquillard and Madame Woodworth, took up a collection of merchandise among the South Benders, whose antagonism toward the "monks" had somewhat subsided.

In the following year, 1849, the president of the University and the faculty conferred their first degree, that of Bachelor of Arts, on Neil Gillespie, a nephew of James G. Blaine, and a young man of great promise, who later became a member of the Holy Cross Congregation, and acted as master of novices, professor of English and was one of the first editors of the *Ave Maria*.

The early Notre Dame gave considerable attention to the art of music, and Father Gouesse, one of the professors, organized a cornet band among the students and Brothers. One summer evening in 1846, he conceived the novel idea of giving a concert on the lake. Accordingly, a raft large enough to float the "band" was constructed, and when all hands were aboard they shoved off towards the middle of the lake. The rest of the school with Father Sorin listened to the concert from the porch of "Old College." Suddenly confusion among the musicians interrupted the entertainment. The raft was coming apart, and, in a few moments

most of them were in the water, doing their best to reach the shore. The cornets were abandoned in mid-water, and, as it seems, have not yet been recovered.

In an old magazine, I find this account of the second Christmas eve at Notre Dame: "I arrived at the college the day before Christmas; every one of the Fathers that remained at home was engaged in the confessional and continued so until ten o'clock at night. The congregation was really large for so wild a place, composed of Indians, Americans, English, Irish, French, and Germans, many of whom were Protestants, numbers of them having come over thirty miles to go to their Christmas duty. The midnight mass was sung by the reverend Superior, at the conclusion of which five converts from Protestantism received the habit of the order of St. Joseph from his hands. The scene, at times during the celebration was overpowering; the wildness of the place, the varied composition of the worshippers, the glorious and majestic appearance of the high-priest, the splendor and effulgence of the altar, the rich vestments, and curling incense, the severe and bold notes of the Gregorian chant poured forth at times by priests, attendants and choir."

By 1850, there had been erected a new church on the site of the present Sacred Heart Church and also a new college building where the Administration building now stands. The enrollment for that year was fifty-eight. The faculty had increased and Father Sorin was aided greatly by two remarkable men, Father Granger and Father Cointet. There were then thirteen students of theology. Thus not only the college but the Community also was growing.

There was at the University at that time a young Patrick Conway, a ward of Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans. I have found some letters which he wrote to the Archbishop, and from which the following extracts are taken:

Most Rev. Sir—I write to you a few lines to let you know that I want to study French and Book-keeping and I will be a good boy towards my teachers and superiors. . . . Rev. father Rooney tells me to write to you for some clothes for I have hardly any. . . . The boys go to town the first Wednesday of every month and most of the time they won't let me go because I haven't got any clothes. . . ." "Most Rev. Sir—Nothing pleases me more than to write to you whenever I have any time to spare, and as this is the day appointed by our Professor to write letters, I

jump at the opportunity. . . . The big-boys went to Mishawalkey yesterday and the smaller ones to the banks of the St. Josephs river to fish and sport away a few hours of leisure. . . . I wish you would let me stay at school all the time. . . ."

Students in those days had no private rooms. Professors only enjoyed that privilege. We find it oftentimes petitioned that a little heat be given them to prevent them from freezing. The professors of that day suffered more restrictions than even the students of today. They were, for example, not allowed to smoke in public, nor talk in the corridors, nor visit South Bend too frequently, nor to congregate "about the stoves in the lower corridor after dinner."

In study time all the students were gathered in the study halls. From the throne, the prefect watched them carefully. When the bell rang for class they did not, as now, all jump up and go to their respective classrooms. The professor who taught the class would come to the door of the study hall and call out loudly, for instance, "Greek A! Greek A!" Immediately all students of that class would leave their desks and form in ranks in the corridor. With the professor in the lead and with "two trustworthy boys" in the rear, they would march to the class-room. After class was over a prefect conducted them back to the study hall.

The boys who showed proficiency in study were distinguished by being placed on the honor list. The name of William Hoynes appears not infrequently. This honor carried with it many privileges, not the least of which was the right to eat at the Provincial's table. A coveted honor in those days was that awarded for "Politeness, Neatness, and Diligence."

The discipline of the University has in most respects become much milder than it was in those days. Father Sorin and his associates stamped on the institution the French system of discipline, which, as we now regard it, seems to have been very military and rigid. Along general lines, however, the fundamental principles of discipline at the University remain unchanged. Students are expelled from the University today for the same sort of offenses as in 1850. In the pages of the "Black Book," a volume in which the records of the expelled students were carefully kept, one finds many interesting episodes in connection with the departure of the "black sheep." The practice of recording such unhappy

circumstances is now fortunately obsolete. On the night of November 22nd, 1868, says the "Black Book," a certain "gent," as the prefect of discipline described him, returned from South Bend "beastly drunk"—an offense which the college student of today could not commit even if disposed. The prefect of discipline, who is still living, though he is very old, remonstrated with the refractory student, who was at first inclined to show himself bellicose. After some exchange of words, however, he became decidedly jovial and proceeded to embrace the head of the disciplinary department, who, owing to his small stature, barely escaped being hugged fatally. The next day the "gent" was sent home.

A few days later a boy from Philadelphia who had been "abusive and impertinent to his teachers" was sent travelling. "He had given considerable trouble," says the account, "and had often been suspected of various misdemeanors. But when the contemptible lad threw torpedoes in the study-hall, frightening the prefect and causing a disturbance, traces of which were felt for a week, it was thought best to send him home."

It has been my purpose to set down in this short paper merely a few of the peculiar and interesting matters I have found in looking over the history of Notre Dame from its founding in 1842 until the years following the Civil War. There is much of course which I have not touched,—the growth of the Community, the advance of scholastic endeavors, the admirable and saintly men who labored here, matters which will some day be written up and treasured by everyone who loves Notre Dame's history and traditions.

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Science, then, has to do with things, literature with thoughts; science uses words merely as symbols, but literature uses language in its full compass, as including phraseology, idiom, style, composition, rhythm, eloquence, and whatever other properties are included in it.

—Cardinal Newman.

Ireland is the proper seat of a Catholic University, on account of its ancient hereditary Catholicity, and again of the future which is in store for it. It is impossible to doubt that a future is in store for Ireland, for more reasons than can here be enumerated.

—Cardinal Newman.



## Prep Pomes.

## FAILED.

My English class I did not pass,  
And here I think is the reason:  
I did not show any speed or class  
In the early part of the season—F. K.

## GOOD BYE, JOHN.

One day exams were taking place  
And John wore frowns upon his face;  
He had a pony in his hand,  
Professor saw him; Johnnie's canned.—H. H.

## TAKE THIS.

He always took his time,  
He had a taking way,  
Last night he took a skive,  
He took the train today.—E. M. R.

## LIMERICKS.

There was a young man of N. D.  
Who took a young lady to tea;  
She suggested a show,  
He replied, "I don't know  
If I've money enough for the tea."—D. J. O'N.

I know a young fellow named Wynne  
Who never committed a sin;  
He played with his toys  
As do very good boys  
And always obeyed all his kin.—R. A. O'B.

A student there was named Mahoney  
Who during exams used a pony,  
But the prof he caught on,  
Now Mahoney is gone  
Because his exams all were phoney.—H. M.

There was a young Romeo—Brady,  
Who used to go out with our Sadie,  
But along came Wop Berra  
And copped on to Sarah  
And trotted away with the lady.—J. D.

There was a bright youth named Kirkbride  
Who did not lack personal pride;  
To old Notre Dame  
This young fellow came  
Although it was quite a long ride.—E. B.

There was a young man named De Corps  
Who could look neither back nor before;  
And although very sad  
He tried to be glad  
And he wasn't so much of a bore.—F. A. M.

There was a young fellow named Hart  
Who chauffeured a small wooden cart;  
He rode down a hill  
And ran into a mill  
And they picked him up all *à la carte*.—D. MCC.

## The Promise.

BY STANISLAUS S. LISEWSKI, '20.

In the cold, whistling blizzard the temperature registered far below freezing. The drifting snow flurries were blinding, and made travelling impossible. Every sign of life had disappeared and only a desert of frozen, ice-bound country stretched out unto the horizon. The tragic sharp wind plaintively sounded a sorrowful tune through the bare limbs of the trees. That wind bode ill, singing as though wailing spirits were proclaiming their wretched plight to the darkness of the night. It was Christmas eve, but the usual bright silver moon did not send forth its joyful sheen to the world to fill human hearts with happiness. No twinkling stars were visible; the pitch darkness had separated them from human eyes. The heavens were overcast with thick, black clouds, as if to indicate that sorrow hung in the air. Truly there was sorrow, for in the frozen and Bolshevik-ridden steppes of Siberia where was there no grief, no sign of sadness and death? On this night, there were no happy, dancing lights glimmering from the windows of warm and joyful homes. On this night, the usual Christmas carols welcoming the new-born Child were not heard. All was silent.

In this cruel darkness and biting cold, a military-clad figure of a Russian soldier was laboriously straddling along in the deep snow, with the piercing blizzard blowing into his face. Battling against the elements, undaunted in spirit but tired in body, he plowed his weary way. He had before him only the purpose and destination of his venture. His face bore the stamp of determination, the sign of longing and anxiety. Several times in his journey, he was forced to stop to catch his breath, for he was almost choking, and to find his way, for the blizzard was blinding.

This lonely traveller of the steppes was Ivan Duffiev of General Kolchak's army. He had been granted a month's furlough which he planned to spend at his home, about thirty miles from his station. In a letter to his wife and three children, he promised to come home and spend the Christmas holidays with them for the first time in five years. To what fullness and size his heart dilated when he thought of home, wife, and the three smiling faces of his children, no one can tell. He was literally "dying" to see them and he awaited with great anxiety the



day of his departure. Finally, the long expected moment arrived, but it brought the greatest of disappointments for him.

When he reached the Vladivostok railroad station, the bulletin announced that no trains were running because of the heavy snows. Ivan at once realized the impossibility of seeing his dear ones. His spirit began to sink, when some inner voice wildly suggested that he make the journey home on foot. At first he repelled this seemingly foolish temptation, but on second thought he welcomed the suggestion, for all the impossibilities seemed to melt away when at the end of the road he could see his loved ones. He had promised his wife that he would come home for Christmas, and come he would. No matter what might happen, Ivan, full of resolve, determined to walk home, and even though there were many dangers connected with walking in such weather, he saw them as mere trifles when compared with the radiating and welcoming smiles of his family.

Ivan's spirit heightened again, as he clad himself warmly and provided himself with enough food for the perilous journey. Despite the many entreaties and protestations of his fellow soldiers he ventured out. At first the trodding was not hard, for he enacted again and again in his imagination the happy scenes upon his arrival home. The more he thought of home the more he quickened his steps wishing to get there the sooner.

Intent on the purpose of his mad journey, he did not mind the biting cold, did not feel the blinding blizzard and wind, nor did he pay attention to ditches and cavities or the deep rifts. He passed them all. On and on he went, fighting bravely against the elements. But there was a limit, as there is a limit to every human endurance, and Ivan could not continue unto the end with the same vigor that was his at start of the journey.

Night began to fall rapidly, as nights in winter usually do, and Ivan was yet a great distance from home. The wind and the blizzard became more violent, the temperature fell lower and complete darkness soon enveloped the world. Now the real obstacles faced Ivan. His energy was quite spent and his limbs were tired and sore. In this moonless night he lost the road, and began to wander about in the fields. There were no lights glimmering in the distance to guide him, no warm hearths to welcome and refresh him. To stop to rest, for even a short

while, meant freezing death in this cruel dark desert. He stumbled into holes, struck up against stumps, and fell into ditches treacherously hidden in the deep snow. This fatigued him completely. Yet, indefatigable in spirit, he urged on again with the hope of reaching his destination sooner.

Duffiev felt, however, that his strength was slowly fading away, so he confidently placed himself in the mercy of the new-born Lord and His Virgin Mother. As he struggled on, his steps became slower and heavier, as though weights were attached to his feet. Soon he began to pant. He knew that he could not endure long, and that, unless Providence aided him, he would perish in the snow. Once again he implored the Child for help.

His sincere prayer seemed to be answered, for in the distance, he beheld a faint blinking light in a window. His heart beat quicker, his hopes rose, and his vigor was renewed. That must be his home. He was filled with joy, and began to anticipate the happy meeting, the comfort and rest before a crackling log-fire after his long walk of fourteen hours.

Despite his great effort to continue, he felt a choking sensation and a heaviness in his whole body. He knew only too well these symptoms, and desperately fought to resist them. Ivan strained his energies to the utmost, for now he was within hailing distance of the house. Only the last lap remained between him and the goal, but heavier and more difficult came each step, and less regular came each breath. Through the window, Duffiev dimly saw within three fair faces cuddled up around his wife. He wanted to shout for joy but a big lump in his throat thwarted the effort. Then, with one last desperate and frantic effort he lunged at the door and pushed it open. With a sickly smile, he could only gasp "Maria." Then he fell into a heap, succumbing to the more powerful contender in the struggle, cold winter. True to his promise, he had come home for Christmas, the first time in five years, even though it had cost his life.

Maria and the children immediately recognized the dead form of Ivan, and sent up a wailing lament of distress and sorrow. The whistling wind took upon its flighty wings this sad wail and sang it to the bare trees out in the frozen fields. And the blizzard became more furious, the temperature colder, the night darker, and the world more tragic.

## Sennambulism in State-Craft.

EDWIN W. MURPHY, '23.

"Europe will die if America does not help" is the piteous wail we have to listen to now that the League-bound Treaty has been held up. Observers on the other side are exhibiting considerable anxiety over our attitude regarding the heart-rending reports and dismal groans that are wafted past our ears. Most of us heed these moans in much the same way in which we look upon the fakirs that line the busiest-street corners, uncertain whether they deserve sympathy or not.

There is a reason behind this screen of misery. America has money to spend and goods to sell, but no place in which to spend its coin or market its products. Our bankrupt neighbors are aware of this and hope that since we cannot spend we may perhaps be induced to donate, that since we are unable to sell we may be persuaded to contribute.

The war has changed a great many things which before were considered unchangeable, but human nature has registered no noticeable variation. We are still influenced by feeling, quite as perceptibly as we are convinced by reasoning. Our former co-belligerents are seeking desperately to work upon our emotion, our sympathy, knowing that it is impossible to move us by logic. They have been working upon it ever since they were made certain that, while Wilson may be an easily-fooled, idealistic schoolmaster, the majority of the American people are "from Missouri," a hard-headed people with an invincible "horse sense."

The first objective of their second drive has been passed. They have the executive sanction to a loan of thirteen billion dollars for the salvation of Europe and civilization. Having hypnotized Wilson, they perhaps entertain the plan of chloroforming Congress with their gaseous proposals. Success in regard to certain members of that body would doubtless redound to the benefit of the nation; nevertheless the group that is responsible for the abandonment of America's war aims will not experience a welcome reception with respect to their precarious project of prolonging the death of a monstrous despotism which even now possesses Europe as firmly as the devil possesses the demoniac.

The United States is inexperienced and credu-

lous, but who will say that we are imbecile? At Versailles, it is true, we were represented by a visionary who showed a willingness to sacrifice all that America holds dear for a pet conception which was not even original with him. His oracular oratory was futile in his endeavors to get the "vox populi" to articulate an endorsement of his position. The American people refused to be hoodwinked by the flimsy three-card monte game conducted under the guise of a peace conference. Just for spite Europe is going on a hunger strike, threatening to turn Bolshevik and break up civilization. If America does not furnish enough financial aid chaos must result—as sure as the end of the world was to come on December the seventeenth last.

Before the starvation act is staged, however, we are to be allowed one last chance. If we agree to back a bond issue for thirteen billions the catastrophe can be averted. The world can then continue without danger of an explosion, and Uncle Sam may lean back in his easy chair, dreaming of all the gold on the floor of the ocean—which is just as capable of recovery as Britain's international bond issue.

When the deal is closed, England's next step will be to re-equip and enlarge the immense British navy, all the while continuing to add more colonies to the ponderous British Empire, until the time is mature for the unveiling of her paramount, obsessing chimera, the same that consumed Alexander, Napoleon, and the late William II, and which is now burning the brains of the British oligarchs.

Our dealings of a year ago with this collection of spellbinders should have given us an insight into their designs. The Paris Conference has shown itself to be a funny fraud. The whole procedure was conducted behind closed doors. Chicanery and trickery was the accompaniment. Secrecy and stealth was the atmosphere that surrounded it. Can there be any surprise if the product of all this is a fluke?

The Paris Treaty is satisfactory to the wily diplomatists across the water, but America would not be able to digest it even if she could be induced to swallow it. We fought for democracy as defined by the fourteen points. The "vox mundi" uproariously applauded our stand, so that the diplomatists had no alternative but to ratify our promulgation. They faced defeat on one side and democracy on the other. Subsequent events indicate that their decision was made with their fingers crossed. At Versailles

they uncrossed them without delay. Bewildered and disillusioned by their legerdemain, our President had not the moral courage to demand justice. The diplomatists got what they wanted, and America got exactly what she did not want. Now that we have turned to our own sadly neglected affairs, there is no more excitement or profit in it for the international sharpers. Hence they are now in our vestibule at Washington calling for Uncle Sam to come out and play at a new game. Are we going to be "bunked" again? Are we going to lend part of our cash to some poker "sharks" and, sitting in at a game with them, lose our wad to our debtors? It is unbelievable.

### An Old Manuscript.

"Do you want to see a manuscript perhaps several thousand years old?"

Looking in the direction of the query I saw my old friend, the landscape gardener, standing at the top of the grotto steps pointing a shaky hand at a huge boulder.

I was already late—there was no getting around that, and to speak truly I had no great desire at that particular time to see a manuscript, ancient or modern. Sophomore hieroglyphics were quite enough for me. A pyramid would have left me cold. But I did desire to please my old friend. Many a time I had vainly tried to induce just such a mood as he was now in. He is not in the habit of volunteering talk. When he talks one listens. It was plain now he wanted an audience and it was no less plain I had led him to believe mine was always an idle ear. The prologue was already spoken.

"Surely," I said, and in a moment was by his side.

The boulder which we faced, I had passed I don't know how many hundred times. To me it was just one of the many large rocks scattered about the grotto, a little larger perhaps than some of the others. Only that and nothing more. To my friend, however, it was a "manuscript" scrawled by the dead centuries, indeed a drama an 'abstract and brief chronicle' of a period of which no other kind of record remains. It was a palimpsest brimmed with meanings, the lettering of one age appearing through that of another with closest script between the lines. And he now proceeded to give me an interlinear translation of it. Alas, this is all I recall of that magic lesson.

"You see this rock," he began with something of nature's own gravity and with immense deliberation; "well, that is, of course, thousands of years old. But have you ever noticed that it is two rocks, or perhaps three? Or perhaps"—would that all geologists were so little dogmatic as my erudite old friend—"perhaps it is better still to say it was originally one rock which has been split and the two parts mended together again. You see, here it is granite and there it is granite, while running between the two parts there is a strip of sandstone. Following the line of the granite, you see where, line by line, they break at the sandstone, while across the surface of the sandstone layer and a little farther down they continue, line for line. This shows you that ages ago, I suppose in the glacial period, this rock was broken apart in some natural cataclysm. Well," he continued, "there was evidently more shifting of the earth's surface as time went on, and this composition of sand and gravel sifted into the crevice of the rock. Probably later there was some agency of heat at work also. But in any case it is plain that in the course of events, the sand and gravel hardened into a cohesive mass which acted like glue to hold the original rock together again. Anyhow, now it is a single boulder though it is not of a homogeneous geological composition."

Now I *had* to go. If he should say *pa-leo-lith-ic*, class would be dismissed before I arrived. So I said, "Very interesting," and thanked my philosopher of the grotto steps and hurried on.

I began class with an apology for my tardiness, murmuring something about having been unavoidably detained. Somewhere down in the middle of the room there was an answering murmur, "perhaps," not meant for my ears.

I heard, "Stone-age stuff."—c.

### The Notre Dame Scholastic.

(From the Notre Dame Class-Day Book of 1880,  
Pages 48-9.)

In the good old days of Notre Dame the students of the college had a semi-monthly magazine called the *Progress*, which rarely passed beyond the manuscript edition. Its origin was due to Messrs. John Collins, J. J. Fleming, R. D. Barron, and F. C. Bigelow. The first paper was called the Notre Dame *Literary Gazette*, and was passed around to the students. The very first number was destroyed in a summary manner, and this destruction inspired John Collins to start the *Progress*, and have it read publicly for all the students. Mr.

Collins edited the first number, in the year 1858 or 1859. Other numbers were edited by T. E. Howard, General Robert Healey, James B. Runnion, A. J. Stace, Philip Carroll, D. M. Collins, M. O'Reilly, J. M. Howard, L. G. Tong, and others. All articles were copied for the paper by a committee of publishers, the best known of whom were Chamberlain, Fleming, F. C. Bigelow, and Horatio Colvin. The weekly advent of the *Progress* was looked forward to as a sort of celebration, and everybody flocked to the large study hall to hear it read. Although the editors were students, the paper was to a great extent under the direction of Rev. N. H. Gillespie, of saintly memory, and many of the editors of '61 and '62 remember with pleasure the kind assistance given them by him, and editors and contributors of those years still recall the social times they enjoyed over oysters and the like about once a month. When Father Gillespie went to France, in 1863, the publication of the *Progress* was suspended, after having lasted some five or six years, and the college literary talent found no other vent than in such surreptitious publications as the *Weekly Bee*, and others of a like character. On Father Gillespie's return from France, he found a printing office established at Notre Dame for the publication of the well-known Catholic periodical, the *Ave Maria*. Ever zealous for the literary welfare of the students, he, cordially supported by the President, Very Reverend William Corby, easily found means to produce the issue of another paper from the same office, devoted to the interests of the students, and to which the title of *Scholastic Year* was, after mature deliberation, given. It was founded in 1867, under Father Gillespie's direction, and was issued semi-monthly. During the year an editorial corps composed of students was formed, under whose charge the paper was conducted until the end of the second term. Experience, however, showed that the editors of one week could not be made responsible for the editors of the previous week—that the *Scholastic Year*, to preserve its unity and identity, must be under one responsible editor, and the Director of Studies (an office at that time filled by Rev. A. Lemonnier, also of saintly memory) the following year assumed the editorship *ex officio*, assisted by a numerous corps of contributors. It was found, however, that the Director of Studies was too much occupied with the duties of his office to attend to the duties of editor, and in 1869 Rev. N. H. Gillespie again took charge of the paper, and the name was changed to the Notre Dame *Scholastic*.

In 1871 it was issued weekly instead of semi-monthly, and as such has been continued. In 1872 Rev. M. B. Brown, then Director of Studies, assumed charge of the paper, changing the name to the *Scholastic*. Before the end of the year, however, Father Brown found that his time was taken up by the duties of his office and the paper was again placed in the hands of Rev. N. H. Gillespie, the editor of the *Ave Maria*. Father Gillespie remained in charge of the *Scholastic* until his death, which took place in 1874. On his death it passed into the hands of Rev. F. C. Bigelow, who continued as editor until 1879. In February, 1880, it passed into the hands of the present editor, Rev. J. Rogers, C. S. C., under whose able management we trust that it will long remain.

## Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

You will get as much out of a book as you bring to it.

Many monogram-men are called but few are chosen.

There is nothing occult about the secret of success.

What wonders a smile or a word of cheer can accomplish!

To some food for thought gives mental indigestion.

Race riots would not occur if the dominant race did its duty.

Beware of the path strewn with flowers; there are thorns beneath.

Where do we find such tyranny as the body displays over the heart?

The preciousness of friendship becomes evident at the moment of parting.

The time has come when labor will no longer bear the burdens of capital.

That the American people now believe in higher education cannot be disputed.

Speakers often begin thinking of their subject-matter only after they have sat down.

The fact that you think yourself right gives you no license to think everybody else wrong.

The fellow who is fastidious about his features has not as a rule anything behind them.

Ireland is a purely domestic problem—in the sense that it is a struggle for hearth and home.

It would be well perhaps if the United States could substitute an incinerator for its "melting pot."

Ireland is the barometer of England's political weather. Just now the indicator points to "cloudy."

Judging from the conduct of the Omaha mob, one still needs to be an experienced cow-boy to live in the West.

It is significant that on the eve of the promised era of world peace every nation in the world is preparing for war.

The slogan of organized labor now seems to be, "Strike and the world strikes with you; work and you work alone."

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

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## Board of Editors.

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A splendid sense of loyal Americanism and true Catholic honor was exemplified recently in the conduct of James J. McGraw, one of the supreme directors of **Principles vs. Politics.** the Knights of Columbus, who was seeking re-election as republican national committeeman from the State of Oklahoma. His opponent, notorious for his disregard of the "principles of the corrupt-practices act and of common decency," resorted in desperation to the familiar device common to unscrupulous politicians by injecting into the campaign the issue of religion. His attacks ran the usual gamut of bigotry and achieved an unusual circulation, because their author possessed the means of making their specious qualities appear more or less genuine. To these attacks Mr. McGraw remained impervious, knowing that they would have no influence with the fair-minded voters of his district. When, however, it appeared that party harmony and patriotic principles were to be put in jeopardy through a division into factions, Mr. McGraw announced "his withdrawal from the race, that "a united party (might) set about embracing the opportunity for party success." Commenting on his action the *Tulsa World* declared him to be "bigger than any one of his detractors; bigger by far than all of those who fought him on church grounds put together." "Practicing the truly Christian spirit," the paper continued, "Mc-

Graw took himself out of the race 'without prejudice to any' and placed himself at the disposal of his associates for service in the ranks, and he did not make it a condition of his loyalty that his party should be anti-anything. Unwilling to involve his own church or the church or organization of another, and realizing the miserable unfairness and impossibility of the whole fight, he sensed that it could be ended only by some one rising above the plane of mere politics and acting the man. He did that." As a consequence of his act, Republicans throughout the state are demanding that his opponent also withdraw from the contest and leave the field open to a man who can be acceptable to all factions, to a candidate who is proof not only that the party is not Catholic, but also "that it is not anti-Catholic." That Mr. McGraw's "sacrifice of personal ambition" in the interests of pure politics is a representative American act, goes without saying. And it is a proper matter of pride that his true Catholic ideals have found such instant recognition and appreciation along with his patriotism.—T. H. B.

The following editorial on the late Sinnott Meyers appeared in the *Evening Sun* of Paducah, Kentucky, on February 3rd:

Death ever is sad, but when its hand reaches out and claims one at the very threshold of life, one who in his youthful strength and vigor gives promise of rare attainment, it is doubly so. In the death of J. Sinnott Meyers, the staff of the *Sun* suffers a keen and personal loss. The young man whose future was so brilliant was for several years, at different times, a member of the reportorial staff of this newspaper, and labored with us in the service of news-gathering and news-giving. During the time of his labors here he served with a zeal and earnestness that proved him more than an ordinary craftsman, and with a love for his chosen calling that few of any field can evidence.

The love of Sinnott Meyers for "The Game" was sincere, his ideals lofty, his ambition splendid and compelling. He had supreme confidence in the place of the press in the world today, of the high standards and ethics of journalism as America knows it. In a great university he absorbed broad and liberal views of things, and at the time of his death was rapidly mastering the various phases of journalistic work. He would have graduated from Notre Dame in June—a prominent leader there in his classes, a student beloved of all.

In his passing, "The Game" has lost one in whom there was abundant promise for achievement, and those craftsmen who were closest to him a friend and companion. A typewriter is silent; a place at the table by scissors and pastepot no longer is filled. A big heart and a generous one has gone out, a soul as sunny as a June day. "The Game" will miss Sinnott Meyers, as his paper misses him.

With the season of Lent is linked always the spirit of sacrifice. At present more than ever before is there need of this spirit. Very little is exacted of us at Notre Dame in the way of Lenten observance, yet some act of penance should be practiced by all. At the opening of the Lenten season we may well ask ourselves what sacrifice we are going to make. One most plausible resolution would be that of stinting ourselves somewhat in our expenditure in order to aid the foreign missions. We should sacrifice some little luxury and devote what is thus saved to the great cause of evangelization. Such an act has a twofold merit, that of mortification, and that of helping a needy cause. What is to us a mere pittance may mean the salvation of some one or more pagan souls. What greater good could we do with the small sacrifice we make? Let everyone, then, lend his aid to this purpose during the coming weeks. Let us be often mindful of the "Ben boxes," and thus fulfill at once our obligations of penance and of supporting the missions. Such sacrifice will result in benefits to ourselves and to the noble work of spreading the Gospel of Christ.—T. C. D.

### Obituaries.

#### EARL FRANCIS JENNETT.

We regret to announce the recent death of Earl Francis Jennett (L.L. B., 1918) at his home in Streator, Illinois. The deceased had been ill only a week or so with scarlet fever when the end came suddenly. Earl had passed the examinations for the Illinois Bar and was engaged in the practice of law in Chicago. He was a leader in the activities of the class of 1918, a member of the University Glee Club, and a member of the LaSalle County Club. In consequence of his remarkable talents and industry he was on his way to notable success in his profession. His many friends and admirers at the University extend hearty sympathy to the members of his bereaved family. The Notre Dame Club of Chicago, of which the deceased was a prominent member, has drafted resolutions of sympathy and sent them to Earl's father.

#### JOHN M. ARMSTRONG.

The death of John M. Armstrong in Chicago a few days ago marked the passing of the oldest living student of Notre Dame and one of

Chicago's most distinguished and influential citizens. Mr. Armstrong's long life was replete with valuable civic services. He drew the plans for the first public buildings in Cook county and introduced the ordinance providing for Lincoln park. To the bereaved wife and son of the deceased, Notre Dame extends heartfelt sympathy.

#### PATRICK COSGROVE.

News has just been received of the sudden death from appendicitis of Patrick Cosgrove, student 1914-1917. His death followed shortly that of his father. The sympathy of the University goes to his mother in her double sorrow.

### University Bulletin.

For various good reasons, resolutions of condolence and sympathy will not be published in the SCHOLASTIC hereafter.

The annual Forty Hours Devotion at Notre Dame will begin with solemn Mass tomorrow, at which Rev. Geo. Finnigan, C. S. C., will preach the opening sermon, and will end on Tuesday evening with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Confessions will be heard after Benediction on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Father O'Hara, Prefect of Religion, has arranged the entire time of the devotions into half-hour periods of adoration, to each of which he has assigned a number of students from the several halls who have volunteered for the privilege. All Catholic students are urgently invited to take advantage of this special means of grace by securing a half-hour period from Father O'Hara or from the rectors of their halls. The following schedule of half-hour periods of adoration has been arranged:

Sunday afternoon.....	Walsh Hall
Monday morning.....	Sorin Hall
Monday afternoon.....	Badin Hall
Tuesday morning.....	Corby Hall
Tuesday afternoon.....	Brownson Hall

The opportunity of making this exercise a source of joy to the members of the Community as well as an extraordinary means of grace for himself should prompt every Catholic student to enter whole-heartedly into the Forty Hours Devotion.

A class in gymnastics has just been arranged for. The apparatus room in the gymnasium has



been thoroughly equipped and is now ready for class and special work. This room will be open to all students wishing to use it every afternoon from 4:00 to 5:30, Sundays and holidays excepted. No one will be allowed on the floor with street shoes. Any student wishing to take up either class or special work or both, should see the director, Father Lange, of Walsh Hall.

The Chamber of Commerce will meet at 4:00 p. m. instead of 7:45 on Monday and Tuesday of the coming week.

The Notre Dame Band will give a concert in Washington Hall next Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock. The program will include some special attractions by stars of the Glee Club.

The following articles have been found and may be recovered by the owners on application and identification at the desk in Brownson Hall: an Ingersoll watch, two fountain pens, several bunches of keys, a steel pencil carrying the engraved name of C. L. Monahan, a pair of glasses, one black leather glove, a pocketbook, and a rubber eraser.

#### Washington Hall Events.

Last Tuesday afternoon will be long remembered by the Notre Dame men who heard the concert by the American Syncopated Orchestra. It is safe to say that this company of musicians has never played to a more appreciative audience. Most of the numbers that were given were of the type known as "rag" or "Jazz"; but when the more objectional features of the usual orchestra are absent and the musicians are of the high type trained by Will Marion Cook, there results music that is seductive and colorful and eminently pleasing to the ear. It may not be classical, but many college students are liable to approach a program of classical music in much the same mind as that with which they visit the dentist: "It has to be done; so let's have it over with." There was none of that feeling in the present instance, and the smiles that were carried around the campus the remainder of the day is proof sufficient that the students at least were made a bit more cheerful.

Contrary to the advance notices, not all the musicians were singers. The octette pre-

sented was not of the same excellence as the instrumentalists, and some of the soloists attempted heights of song above their abilities. When they confined themselves to the negro melodies, however, they reached the hearts of the audience with an effectiveness rarely attained even by musicians of higher reputation.

Syncopated music must remain the special feature of the orchestra, for the reason that it is the type of expression in which the Negro excels. The comparatively small offering of classical numbers was given with a freedom and ease that would elicit praise from any but the most captious, the tempo and phrasing being better than we would expect from such an orchestra.

A stereopticon lecture was given in Washington Hall last Wednesday evening by Father Patrick O'Reilly, missionary to the Far East, in the interest of the Maynooth Mission to China. He spoke of present-day religious activities in that country, and gave an account of the quaint old customs of the natives and the rapid advances they have made in various lines within the last few decades, especially in regard to the abolition of their ancient pagan cults. Over 200,000 converts to the Church are being made annually in China and a large number of native priests are being ordained each year. Assisting Father O'Reilly was Father Ronaghen, also of the Maynooth Mission.

Joseph Konecny, the Bohemian violinist, will appear in Washington Hall to-night at eight o'clock, assisted by Mary Tris, pianist, and Lola Murel Alley, soprano. Mr. Konecny, one of the best-known violin virtuosos of the day, has appeared with success in nearly every state of the Union. Coming of a race that has produced some of the masters of music, he has earned in the musical world a name worthy of the traditions of his nation. There is in his playing that mastery of technique which makes the most difficult passages appear simple and the added attractions of interpretative genius and tonal beauty, lacking which no one can hope to attain to the heights in the art of music. Miss Tris and Miss Alley are American artists, engaged in featuring the compositions of the best native composers, such as MacDowell, Campbell-Tipton, and John Prindle Scott.—F. S. FARRINGTON.



### Personals.

—Paul P. Sheeks, student of recent years, is now athletic director of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

—Alexander McCarthy, varsity baseball star in 1909, is now manager of the Kansas City nine in the American Association.

—Bernard C. McGarry (B. S. A., '19) is now head designer for Christian, Schwatzenberger, and Gaede, architectural engineers, in Cleveland, Ohio.

—James M. McNulty (E. E., '19), now employed with the Western Electric Company of Chicago, visited old friends at the University last week-end.

—Hugh O'Neil (LL. B., '17) is now proprietor of an enterprising garage business in Cleveland, O. Hugh was recently discharged as a first lieutenant in the A. E. F.

—News has reached Notre Dame of the recent birth of a daughter, Rita Marie, to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Gushurst. Al was graduated in Litt. B. in 1909, and was a varsity football star.

—"The Silver Lining" is the title of an article in the February number of the *Catholic World* by our former president, Dr. John Cavanaugh. In the course of the article Father Cavanaugh relates in his own inimitable way the heroic sacrifices made by the students and chaplains from Notre Dame during the world war.

—Thomas Hugh Hearn (LL. B., '16) was united in marriage to Miss Ann Whalen, daughter of William H. Whalen, in Los Angeles, Cal., on Jan. 14, 1920. Miss Whalen is a graduate of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame. The newly married couple will be at home after February 1, at 1553 Fifth Ave., Los Angeles. The SCHOLASTIC extends them hearty congratulations.

—A Pittsburg paper has the following account of the award of the medal for distinguished service to Captain John J. Kennedy, graduate in the classics from Notre Dame in 1909:

Under heavy rifle fire two years ago in France, during the battle of Courmont, Captain John J. Kennedy, of Company E, One Hundred and Tenth Infantry, crept out over the barren stretch before the German trenches, and carried back to the American lines two wounded members of his own company. Yesterday, in recognition of this act, Kennedy, who is an attorney of this city, received a Distinguished Service Cross from Washington.

Kennedy enlisted in the old Tenth Regiment in

June, 1916. He served at the Mexican border as a private until October of the same year. In July, 1917, he again joined his regiment and was sent to Camp Hancock. There he was commissioned a second lieutenant. In May, 1918, he sailed for France.

During the battle of Courmont, Lieutenant Kennedy was given command of Company E after his captain had been killed. The day after being made a captain, he performed the act which brought his citation and decoration.

Captain Kennedy was at the front 100 days, which is said to have been the longest period any American officer spent there. He took part in the battles of the Marne, the Argonne, and the Meuse. He was gassed and wounded twice.

While knowing that he had been recommended for the cross some time ago, its arrival was a surprise yesterday to the former soldier. Kennedy's home is in Scottsdale; he maintains law offices in this city. He is 30 years old, and is a graduate of Notre Dame University and the University of Pennsylvania law school.—P. R. CONAGHAN.

### Local News.

—At the seventh meeting of the Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, papers were read by Walter L. Douglas on "The Origin and Development of the Electric Locomotive," and O. E. Ruzek, on "Impressions from the Inspection Tour."

—The University Library is gratefully indebted to Judge Victor J. Dowling, of New York City, for the donation of a very valuable cameo edition of Dante's *Divina Comedia*. The gift will have a place of honor in the Father Zahm Collection of Dantiana. The Librarian also wishes to thank Professor Edward Maurus for the gift of a four-volume Encyclopedia of Shopwork and some other books in the technical field.

—The Latin-American Association held its annual election last Sunday morning at which Alfonso Anaya, of Mexico, was chosen president; Enrique Rosselot, of Chile, vice-president; Ezequiel R. De Castro, of Peru, secretary; Hector R. de Castro, of Peru, treasurer; Gustavo Berkemeyer, of Peru, pro-secretary. Steps for the betterment of the association will be taken under the new officers and an intensive pan-American and Spanish-American propaganda spread through the principal universities in the United States.

—The first regular meeting of the Surveying Club for the second term was held Friday, February 6, in the surveying room of Science Hall, at which officers were elected for the new

session. Mr. Frank Goodall was unanimously re-elected president; Alfred Rhomberg was chosen vice-president; Mark Foote was elected to act as treasurer, and Alfred Abrams was re-elected secretary. The president appointed Messrs. Abrams and Young a permanent committee on rules and entertainment. The meeting was concluded with a talk by the president on the possibilities involved in education in engineering.

—Director R. G. Chomeley-Jones of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance has issued a bulletin relative to the permanency of Government insurance for the purpose of checking some false rumors in regard to that subject. This bulletin states that Government insurance is to be permanent, that it will neither cease nor be turned over to private insurance companies. Conversion of the temporary term insurance into permanent forms of government insurance, either straight life or endowment, is required within five years after the formal declaration of peace by proclamation of the President. This permanent insurance does not increase in premium cost as the insured grows older. Since the government bears all expenses of management, it can grant insurance at lower rates than can private companies. Hence it is obviously expedient for all former service men who have allowed their policies to lapse to renew them at the earliest opportunity.

—Last Monday evening the Law students of Notre Dame met and perfected an organization to be known as the Notre Dame Law Club. A constitution drafted by a special committee, selected at a preliminary meeting, was read, discussed, and adopted. Alden J. Cusick was elected president for the year; Harry E. Denny, vice-president; Francis T. Walsh, secretary; Clifford E. O'Sullivan, treasurer, and Hugh E. Gibbons, sergeant-at-arms. The purpose of the organization according to the constitution is "the general diffusion of legal knowledge among the students of the Law School by stimulating study of the law in its broader aspects and the promotion of a fraternal spirit among the members by providing a medium for social activity." It is in recognition of the growing prominence of the Law Department of the University that the club has been organized. Meetings will be held twice a month. Prominent representatives of the bar and bench will be invited to lecture on timely legal topics at

these meetings and current subjects in the law will be discussed by the members themselves. Several smokers and a banquet will be held within the coming months. Speakers from outside had been engaged to address the meeting on Monday night, but owing to sickness were unable to come. In their absence the members discussed impromptu the constitutionality of the prohibition amendment to the Constitution.—E. W. GOULD.

Under the heading "Une Grande Université Catholique," the following concerning Notre Dame appeared in *Le Canada*, of Montreal, one of the leading papers of the Dominion, on January 21, in connection with the recent visit of the Agricultural Mission of Canada to the University:

M. Charles Holmes, de l'Agence Canadienne de Publicité et membre du comité de publicité de la campagne, a déposé, hier, devant ce comité réuni en assemblée, toute une documentation précieuse sur une université qu'on se plaît à appeler la plus grande université Catholique du monde, l'université daus Notre-Dame, de l'Indiana, Etats-Unis.

Cette université est vraiment une institution modèle et considérable. Notre représentant a eu une conversation avec M. Holmes qui lui a raconté le voyage qu'il a fait à cette institution au cours d'une tournée d'affaires aux Etats-Unis. Il a profité de ce voyage pour aller prendre des informations sur cette université américaine qui pourront servir dans l'établissement de celle qu'on veut établir à Montréal. Le comité de publicité utilisera ces renseignements intéressants pour montrer à ses lecteurs ce que nous devrions faire de l'Université de Montréal si la population se montre généreuse, chose dont on ne peut douter.

Cette université rencontre tous les besoins d'une, grande institution d'enseignement général, sciences, arts, lettres, génie, commerce, instruction secondaire, etc. Elle comprend un grand nombre d'édifices qui sont groupés autour de la maison centrale d'administration, la seule qui soit en pierre, croyons-nous, les autres sont en briques. Il y a une église splendide ainsi qu'une chapelle, dans chaque établissement, chaque étudiant pouvant se louer une chambre à laquelle est attachée une chambre de bain; il y a des gymnases, des terrains de jeux, et des lacs. Voilà ce qu'il faudrait faire à Montréal.

L'université comprend un programme d'études divers et les étudiants sont divisés en deux groupes: junior et senior. On y enseigne presque toutes les langues vivantes et plusieurs langues mortes, le commerce, l'industrie. Les étudiants peuvent bénéficier des conférences données par des professeurs de renom et on agrmente la vie universitaire par des concerts et tout un programme de sports.

En 1918, près de 1100 étudiants se sont inscrits à l'université, cela démontre son importance.

Ces renseignements que nous communique M. Holmes, ont fait l'objet d'une sérieuse étude de la part du comité de publicité à son assemblée d'hier. On en entendra parler au cours de la campagne.

### Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 24; WABASH COLLEGE, 14.

Wabash fell the first victim of the sensational rally staged by Coach Dorais' basketeers during the past week. After four years of triumph over the Gold and Blue in basketball, the Crawfordsville men were swept off their feet by the speedy court-play and dazzling ring-work of the rejuvenated "Fighting Five." The final tally 24-14, indicates that Notre Dame has once more a real basketball team. The Varsity showed the effects of a week of hard drill in their fast, clean, and aggressive work at every turn of the play. Harry Mehre repeatedly eluded his man and took the ball under the basket for the inevitable goal, registering sixteen of the team's eighteen points in the first half. In the second half Notre Dame played a defensive game in which Anderson, Granfield, and Brandy checked nicely the Wabash attack. The air-tight defense of the locals led their opponents to try the long-shot game, without success. At the final whistle the hundreds of students literally "raised the roof" in approval of the victory and the brand of basketball exhibited by Coach Dorais' men.

NOTRE DAME, 30; MICHIGAN A. C., 23.

Notre Dame's march toward the end of a triumphant season went a league forward Monday afternoon at the expense of the Michigan Agricultural College. Revenge for the close defeat earlier in the season came at the end of the most thrilling exhibition of the season. Coach Dorais' team was never safely in the lead till the final minute of the contest when Mehre, Brandy, and Kennedy "put the game on ice" with three rapid-fire ringers. The varsity led all the way during the first period of play, using to advantage their baffling assortment of cross-court passing and short-shot plays. The half ended 12 to 9. The second half began the fastest twenty minutes of play witnessed here this year. Both teams scored repeatedly and the advantage varied every few minutes. Finally the "Aggies"

went into the lead by three points with only a few minutes to play. But Dorais' men responded to the plea of the capacity crowd with a rally that was wonderful to watch. Captain Mehre achieved two long shots, Brandy caged one from the center of the court, and Kennedy tossed in two more from under the basket. That spurt beat the "Aggies." Not one of the three substitutes rushed in to stem the tide succeeded. Kiley and Anderson at guards worked wonders, the former netting three baskets. Kennedy's work at center was the best seen this year.—E. M. S.

### MEET OF THE GOLD AND THE BLUE.

On Friday, February 6th, Coach Rockne divided his track squad into two teams, the Gold and the Blue, for the second conditioning meet of the season. By the marks made in the various events, the track team showed that it is ready for the hard indoor schedule, which begins this afternoon in the dual meet with Wabash. Kasper and Sweeney furnished the thriller of the meet, in their dead heat in the half-mile. Their time of 2:02 is very fast indeed for this season of the year. Wynne, of the Gold team, scored the largest number of points, putting twelve to his credit. He was closely pressed by Hoar, of the Gold, and by Desch, of the Blue, each of whom scored ten points. In addition to the regular events, there were contests for novices, fat men, linemen, and baseball players. Dant scored heavily in the novice races, winning the 40 yd dash, the 40 yd low hurdles, and taking second place in the high hurdles. "Wee Willie" Coughlin won the 40 yd dash for linemen and Voss took the honors in the heavy-weight class. The Blues won the meet with 44½ points, against 42½ for the Gold. Following are the results of the meet:

#### REGULAR EVENTS.

40-yard dash—Won by Desch, Blue; Fickes, Blue, second; Patterson, Gold, third. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—won by Desch, Blue; Wynne, Gold, second; Starrett, Blue, third. Time, 5 seconds.

40-yard high hurdles—won by Wynne, Gold; Starrett, Blue, second. Time, 5 2-5 seconds.

440-yard run—won by Hoar, Gold; Wynne, Gold, second; Fickes, Blue, third. Time, 54 4-5 seconds.

880-yard run—dead heat by Kasper, Blue, and Sweeney, Gold. Only two starters. Time 2.02.

Mile-run—won by Wm. Burke, Gold; Chas. Burke, Blue, second. Time, 5.02.

Two-mile run—won by Murphy, Gold; Colhane, Blue, second; Heuther, Blue, third. Time, 10.57.

Shot-put—won by Hughes, Blue; Shaw, Blue,

second; Wynne, Gold, third. Distance, 37 feet, 6 inches.

High jump—won by Hoar, Gold; Douglas, Blue, second; Greniger, Blue, third. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches.

Pole-vault—won by Powers, Gold; Douglas, Blue, second; Smith, Gold, and Shanahan, Blue, tied for third. Height, 11 feet, 6 inches.

#### SPECIAL EVENTS.

40-yard dash for novices—won by Dant; McCarthy, second; Breen, third. Time, 4 4-5 sec.

40-yard dash for fat men—won by Voss; Berra, second; Ambrose, third. Time, 5 4-5 sec.

40-yard dash for linemen—won by Coughlin; Harvey, second; Voss, third. Time, 4 4-5 sec.

40-yard dash for baseball men—won by Connors; Lalley, second; Murphy, third. Time, 5 1-5 sec.

40-yard high hurdle for novices—won by Shugrue; Dant, second; Carroll, third. Time, 6 1-5 sec.

40-yard low hurdle for novices—won by Dant; Shugrue, second; Carroll, third. Time, 6 1-5 sec.

440-yard run—won by Oseau; Smith, second; Breen, third. Time 57 4-5 seconds.

\*\*\*

In the annual indoor meet of the Boston Athletic Association held at Boston on February 7, John L. Murphy, national champion in the high jump, tied with Walter Whalen, of the B. A. A., for first place. Both men cleared the bar at 6 feet, 3 3-8 inches. In an effort to break the indoor record for the high jump Murphy cleared the bar at 6 feet, 4 5-8 inches, but after he was over the bar and was getting up from the mat the bar fell to the floor. William Hayes, national dash champion, also represented Notre-Dame in this meet. Bill won easily his heat in the invitation 40-yard dash, but was unable to qualify in the semi-finals.—E. J. MEEHAN.

\*\*\*

This afternoon the Varsity track team will meet the Wabash team in the first dual meet of the season. Coach Rockne's men are in good condition, as shown by the two recent meets, and hope to wrest the honors from the "Little Giants." According to reports, Wabash is coming north with a strong team and there are promises of a good, hard-fought, exciting meet.

\*\*\*

#### HOCKEY: NOTRE DAME, 6; CULVER, 2.

Ice-hockey enthusiasts mark the first success of Notre Dame's representatives at Culver Military Academy last Saturday as a new item in Notre Dame's winter sports. The Notre Dame men led by Captain Castner easily defeated the Cadet seven, 6 to 2, on Lake Maxinkuckee. The Academy boys were out-

weighed, but, with their weeks of drill and experience in teamwork, kept the N. D. men going hard every minute of the battle. Gentles led the scoring for the winners, with four of the six points to his credit. Captain Castner achieved the other two goals. Hartley Anderson as goal-tender for Notre Dame was easily the defensive star of the game, in averting the great number of shots that came his way. Plans for another game with Culver and for one with the fast I. A. C. team of Chicago are being considered. The poor condition of the ice at Notre Dame will prevent any home games this season, but the management hopes to treat the local "fans" to a good hockey schedule next winter. The Notre Dame team, known as "The Informals," is composed of Captain Castner, as rover; Flynn, as center; Gentles, Feltas, and Wilcox, as wings; Larson, Crowes, and McDonald, as defense, and H. Anderson, as goal-tender.

\*\*\*

#### INTERHALL BASKETBALL.

The score of 16 for Brownson and 11 for Badin tells the story of the fastest Interhall game played so far. Both teams employed numerous defensive and offensive formations, which made the contest somewhat hard to follow. Badin's spurt towards the end of the game threatened the perfect record of the Brownsonites. Logan, Doriot, and Avals are credited with the best work of the winners.

\*\*\*

Sorin went down before Walsh, 17 to 14, in a battle royal last Sunday morning. Walsh led at the middle of the game 6 to 4. Early in the second period the "Minute Men" tied the score, but Walsh got the lead which they held thereafter. Garvey saved the day for Walsh with two ringers, which cut short the Sorin rally. Degree easily took Sorin honors with his close guarding and two field goals.

\*\*\*

The announcement that all Interhall basketball contests are to be played on Sunday afternoons was not received in time for the games of last Sunday, but the contests of tomorrow will be played in the afternoon. Corby and Badin are scheduled for the first game, and Sorin is to meet the Brownson's league-leaders in the second.

\*\*\*

The pennant for the championship in Interhall basketball is to be presented by the

Adler Brothers, through the courtesy of Harry Poulin, and not by Mr. Max Adler, as was erroneously stated last week in this column.

\*\*\*

The end of the first month of the Interhall schedule in basketball finds Brownson in the lead and going better with every game. The team work of the "Main-Building men is a consistent feature of their play. Badin is tied with Walsh for second honors and would probably be in the lead, if the game with Sorin had not been postponed. Sorin's efforts to put into the field a winning combination are praiseworthy and the next few games should show an improvement. The present standing of the several halls is shown in the table following:

HALL	P.	W.	L.	PER.
Brownson	3	3	0	1000
Walsh	4	2	2	.500
Badin	2	1	1	.500
Corby	3	1	2	.333
Sorin	2	0	2	.000

—E. M. S.

\*\*\*

#### INTERHALL RELAY RACES.

On last Saturday night, in a relay race which brought the crowd to its feet, Corby defeated Sorin and equalled the "gym" record of 1 minute and 37 seconds, made by Brownson in 1916. The age and experience of the Sorin "warhorses" could not withstand the speed and agility of the Corby youngsters, who won by ten yards. The Corby team was composed of Desch, Stowe, Dant, Oseau, Ficks, and McIntyre. The race scheduled between Brownson and Badin did not take place, as the Badin team was absent.

\*\*\*

Corby hall continued its fast pace in the Interhall relay series last Monday night by defeating Walsh. The Walsh team was greatly strengthened by the addition of Ed. Bailey, just returned to school. This made the Corby runners work a little harder, with the result that the time of the race was reduced to 1 minute, 37 3-5 seconds. On the same occasion the Brownson relay team lost to Sorin by a few inches. The time of this race was 1:41 2-5.

\*\*\*

The Minim invincibles continued their winning streak in basketball by defeating the Holy Name Juniors last week in a 7-to-5 contest, which was the hardest-fought game of the year for the youngsters. Coach Steinle praised the work of Murphy, Reardon, and McNulty.

Notre Dame's athletic calendar for next week makes the busiest one of the winter schedule:

Saturday 14th—Track Meet with Wabash College at Notre Dame.

Basketball game with the University of Detroit at Notre Dame.

Relays between Walsh and Brownson, Sorin and Corby.

Sunday, 15th—Basketball between Corby and Badin, Sorin and Brownson.

Tuesday, 17th—Basketball game with Depauw University at Notre Dame.

Relays between Corby and Badin, Sorin and Walsh.

Thursday, 19th.—Basketball game with Dubuque College at Dubuque.

Friday, 20th—Basketball game with the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.

Saturday, 21st—Basketball game with the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.

Track meet with University of Wisconsin at Notre Dame.

\*\*\*

In regard to football another Westerner that lives here told me the other day that the sporting editors around here was giving the West a whole lot better play then they use to, as all they use to print was the wrong score of the game between 2 teams that was going to meet the following Saturday but now you can pick up any N. Y. or Boston paper pretty near any Monday a. m. and after you have read the 2 cols. about Harvard and Yale, and etc., why they's a whole sentence down at the bottom about the situation in the West like for inst:

'In the West Ohio and Oregon still remain undefeated, like they was right acrost the bridge from each other and the rivalrys between them was so bitter that the state militia was going to act as head linesmen when they met. . . . But getting back to the All-American pickers, 1 or 2 of the democratic ones has for the last few yrs. been subscribing every fall to some Western paper, like Jim Jam Jems, so they could keep a line on football out in the territorys, and if they seen one bird's name mentioned a couple of times in a story they would write him down for a substitute guard on the 3rd. All America and on 1 occasion 1 of the most notorious and respected critics in the East who made a practice of reading the Western papers like I said must of thought the Memorial col. was the write-up of the game; at least when his selections come out that fall the tackle on the 2nd. team was a U. of Nebraska man that had been dead 2 yrs. This yr. I don't know who the lucky Westerner will be, though judging by the conversation amongst the experts I have met, they would be glad to take Brandy from Notre Dame or anywheres else. . . . As for the game itself, the rules is a whole lot different, like for inst. when a eastern player is caught slugging he is put off the field, where as when Notre Dame and Nebraska hooks up, the slugees is the ones that leaves the battle usually on a stretcher.—(From a letter by Ring W. Lardner, to the Seattle Times, November 30, 1919.)

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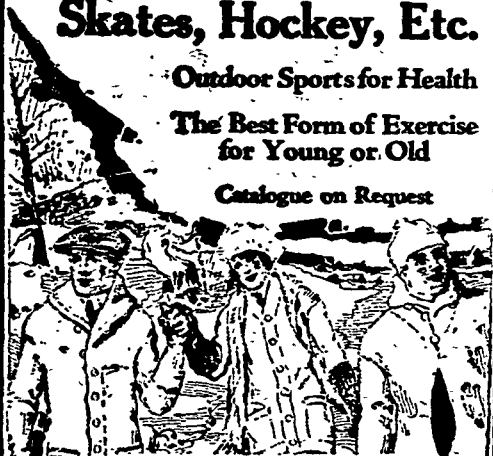
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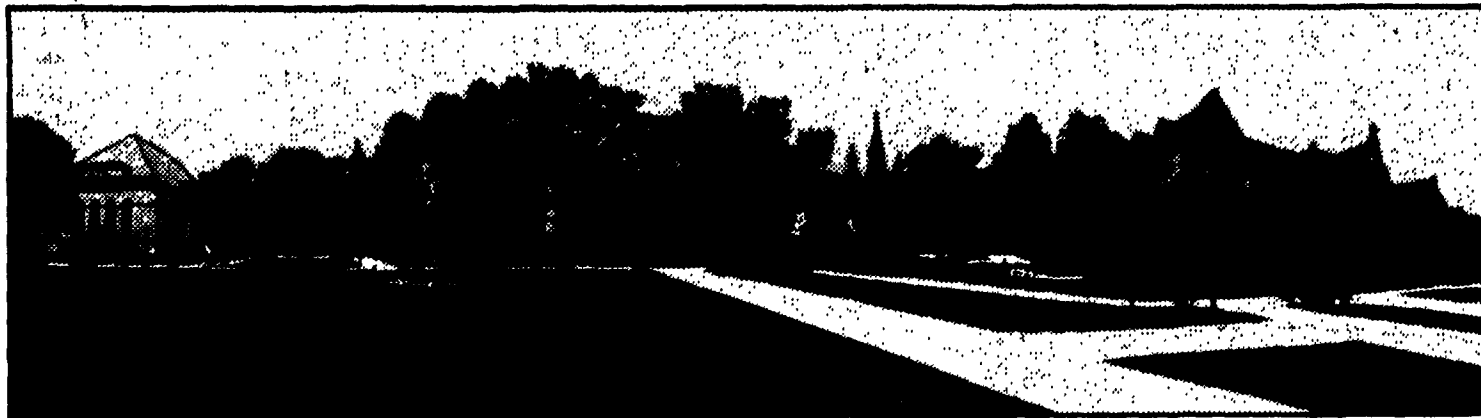
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