

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. LI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 8, 1918.

No. 32.

Requital.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

NOW God be praised Who placed us in His day,
And gave us golden gifts to guard;
Who set us in the lilled fields of love
Nor found us wanting when we trod the hard,
The sunless, sacrificial way,
The high-road to His empery above;
Who gave us of His proud empereal power
To prove the hallowed greatness of this hour.

For we have heard the unrelaxing call,
The trembling cry adown the vasting night,
Of friend and brother; and have felt the thrall
Of foes' defiant fury, of the might
That sought mad glory with a blood-stained sword,
That sought to trample down the lofty towers
Of truth, of liberty embattled of the Lord;
That unreluctant sought fair freedom's bowers.
Now God be praised Who found us at the gate
Breasting the breakers of envenomed hate.

For our hosts are coming forth upon the world
Clad in the purpled armour of the King;
With emblazoned emblems and with flags unfurled,
Oh God! What affluence of light they bring!
Forth from the sweet, secluded silences
And the quiet, undisturbed paths of peace,
From the tranquil haunts of human happiness
They come—bright cavalcades without surcease.

But ay! what sadness where all joy is fled,
What deepened sorrow in the sundering sea;
For now the far Burgundian fields are red
And poppies pine in grief in Picardy.
Bodies once beautiful, young hearts that throbbed
To laughter and the love of lighter years
Now stilled; and sad, unchanging eyes now robbed
Of life, of changing gladnesses and tears.

Dead? not the eternal things these dying gave,
Who shed for our emolument their blood,
Who fell before the madding hordes to save
The truth, the justice of our nationhood.
These have given us glad gifts again,
Dowered us with our heritage of old,
Brought holiness and honor to our pain,
Found blessedness where battle's thunder rolled.
Now God be praised for those beneath the earth.—
These be our rich requital for our dearth.

Notre Dame Men in the Army and Navy Service.

The following names have been reported of Notre Dame men in the Army and Navy Service of the United States in the present war. Of this number 290 represent students of last year and this year who have enlisted. The remainder are alumni and the list of these is incomplete. Any one knowing of others who are in the service and whose names do not appear here will confer a favor on the Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., Secretary of the University, by sending missing names to him.

Ahern, Private David
 Alderman, D. A. L.
 Allison, William (Navy)
 Andrews, Frank A. (Navy)
 Arnfield, Lt. Fremont
 Ashdown, Walter
 Barton, Cap. Francis W.
 Bergfeld, Private Ellet W.
 Bible, Private Robert
 Bohls, C. G.
 Bowen, Private Robert
 Bower, Private Jules
 Bryan, Private
 Burger, Private Alfred
 Bachman, Charles W. (Navy)
 Bailey, Private Guy
 Baragrey, Wilfred (Navy)
 Barrett, E. F.
 Bates, Paul
 Baujan, Lt. Harry C.
 Beacom, Private Patrick
 Beck, Corp. Severin
 Beckman, Corp. Edward
 Benoist, Private Theodore
 Bergman, Lt. Alfred
 Bergman, Lt. Arthur
 Berger, Private Alfred
 Berkey, Kenneth
 Berteling, Lt. Charles
 Birmingham, Seaman Frank
 Birmingham, Private James A.
 Blackman, Everett
 Boos, Sergt. Frank B.
 Bosshard, Lt. Royal H.
 Boucher, Robert (Navy)
 Bouza, J. J.
 Boyle, Stephen J. (Navy)
 Boyle, Lt. John
 Boyd-Snee, Lt. Dr. Harry
 Brennan, Pat (Canadian Army)
 Breslin, John J.
 Breslin, Sergt. H.
 Brinkman, Richard J. (Navy)
 Bower, Fred
 Browne, Private Robert
 Bullene, Lt. Jack
 Burke, Thomas J.
 Burke, Private Harold
 Burns, Private J.
 Burns, Private Steve
 Burns, Private Robert F.
 Burns, Private R. J.
 Burry, Private Paul F.
 Burt, Private Harry R.

Burt, Willard C. (Navy)
 Bush, Lt. Hardy
 Byrnes, Private Robert L.
 Byrider, Private George
 Byrne, Sergt. Joseph
 Cagney, Lt. Bert
 Cagney, Roy (Navy)
 Cagney, Harry (Navy)
 Cahill, Private Harry S.
 Call, Charles (Navy)
 Callahan, John H. (Navy)
 Callery, Sergt. Philip
 Campbell, Cap. George A.
 Carr, Private Daniel J.
 Carey, Charles M.
 Carey, Capt. Frank
 Carrico, Private William E.
 Carmody, Private Arthur
 Carmody, Frank (Navy)
 Carroll, Lt. John F.
 Carroll, Leonard
 Carroll, Sergt. Stuart H.
 Casey, Cook Joseph P.
 Casey, Lt. W. C.
 Cassidy, Lt. Clifford
 Cassidy, Lt. John
 Cavanaugh, Private John
 Cinden, Private Leo
 Clay, Private Odin E.
 Cleary, Gerald
 Clements, Lt. W. L.
 Clifford, Lt. Twoomey
 Clohessy, Sergt. Francis J.
 Coker, Wallace (Navy)
 Conboy, Sergt. Columbus
 Conboy, John (Navy)
 Connally, Private E. J.
 Conners, H. H.
 Conners, Private W.
 Conroy, Private Edward T.
 Cook, Private Charles L.
 Cooney, Private Edward W.
 Coppinger, Private Lucien B.
 Corby, Capt. Joseph
 Corcoran, Lieut. William
 Corrigan, Capt. Bat
 Costello, Sergt. Emmett
 Coats, Private William
 Connor, Sergt. W. F.
 Conway, Petty Officer (Navy)
 Costello, John W. (Navy)
 Coughlin, Ensign Frank
 Countiss, Lieut. Fred
 Craine, Sergt. James

Crepeau, Private Elton
 Crimmins, Major Timothy C.
 Cull, Lieut. Frank X.
 Cullen, Lieut. Rodney
 Cullen, Private Daniel
 Curley, Yeoman
 Cusack, Major Joseph
 Cusick, Dwight (K. of C. Sec.)
 Curran, Lieut. C. J.
 Curtis, Lieut. Daniel
 Daly, Cadet W. O.
 Daly, Hugh J. (K. of C. Sec.)
 Daly, Private Robert E.
 Daly, Private Eldon
 Davis, C. S. C., Lieut. Rev. E. A.
 Dean, Lieut. John R.
 Deary, Private William A.
 Dederich, Lieut. R. J.
 Dee, Private Allerton S.
 deFries, Private Erich H.
 DeGree, Walter
 Diener, Private Charles M.
 Delana, Lieut. Edward
 Dell'Era, Lieut. Joseph
 Dehey, Captain
 Dennison, John
 Denny, Sergt. Harry
 Dent, Floyd
 Derrick Clarence
 Derrick, Frank
 Desmond, Private John W.
 Desmond, James (Marines)
 Devitt, Private James
 Devlin, Private James
 Dewey, Thomas
 Diener, John
 Diener, Lieut. John V.
 Dixon, John Sherwood
 Dolan, Lieut. "Whiff"
 Dolan, Sergt. William T.
 Dollard, Lieut. Vincent
 Donnelly, Capt. Thomas K.
 Donahue, Sergt. George
 Donahue, Private James
 Donovan, Capt. Rupert
 Donnelly, Private Edwin
 Dorais, Private Gus
 Dorais, Sergt. Joseph
 Douglass, Private Walter J.
 Downing, William P. (Navy)
 Doyle, Private Frank
 Dubuc, Private Jean
 Ducey, W. J. (Navy)
 Duffy, Private Paul

Duffy, Drexel
 Dugan, Private Paul M.
 Duggan, Private Edward D.
 Duncan, Private Archibald
 Duncan, Private Mark
 Dundon, Lieut. Ned
 Durbin, Francis W.
 Durch, Lieut. Bernard
 Durrell, Louis F. (K. of C. Sec.)
 Dutrieux, Private Charles
 Douthitt, P. Schuyler (Navy)
 Dower, James P. (Navy)
 Du Bois, Leo V. (Navy)
 Dunn, Richard J.
 Eck, Private Vincent J.
 Eckel, Private John
 Edgren, Private Paul
 Edwards, Howard
 Egan, Lieut. William J.
 Egan, William
 Eggemann, Capt. F.
 Eichenlaub, Lieut. Raymond
 Ellis, Private Howard J.
 Elward, Allen (Navy)
 Engemann, Lieut. John R.
 Erpelding, Private Donald H.
 Farrington, Frank
 Fahey, Lieut. Joseph
 Farrell, Private Joseph
 Farwick, Corporal Arthur F.
 Fasenmeyer, Private Tony
 Feeney, Lieut. Albert
 Feiwell, Private Samuel
 Fink, Carl H. (Navy)
 Finegan, Charles T.
 Finlay, Lieut. Thomas
 Finnegan, C. S. C.,
 Lieut. Rev. George
 Finnigan, C. S. C.,
 Lieut. Rev. Edward
 Fischer, Lieut. Robert
 Fitzgerald, Private Freeman C.
 Fitzgerald, Corporal Leo
 Fitzgerald, Major C. C.
 Fitzgibbon, Private Gerald
 Fitzpatrick, Lieut. George W.
 Flaherty, Maurice (K. of C. Sec.)
 Flaherty, Private Frank J.
 Fletcher, Private Forrest
 Flynn, Sergt. Gerald
 Fogarty, Lieut. J. Paul
 Foley, Field Clerk Edmond I.
 Foley, Private Daniel
 Focke, Lieut. Elmer J.
 Fordyce, Lieut. John
 Frantz, Private George F.
 Fox, Lieut. William F.
 Fox, Seaman Kenneth B.
 Fredell, Lieut. George
 Freistedt, Corporal Herman
 Ffrench, Lieut. Jasper
 Freyermuth, Lieut. John W.
 Friederick, Private Phil
 Fricke, Private Louis
 Friedman, Lieut. John

Gallagher, Private Willard
 Gallagher, Pat J. (Navy)
 Galvin, Lieut. William
 Galvin, Private Timothy
 Gargan, Lieut. Joseph F.
 Gerber, Private Clement J.
 Gaupel, Lieut. R. P.
 Geelen, Private Leo C.
 Gering, Private Charles
 Gibbons, Private Hugh
 Gibbons, Private Walter
 Glynn, Private Thomas
 Gooley, Lieut. Philip
 Goyer, Private Frank
 Granfield, Private Patrick
 Grady, Private William
 Graham, Lieut. Raymond J.
 Grant, Lieut. Donald C.
 Grasso, Lieut. Antonio
 Griffin, Private Joe
 Griffin, Private
 Grimes, Sergt. Charles
 Grimes, Private A. K.
 Guedelhoefer, Private John
 Guilfoyle, Lucian (Navy)
 Haberer, Lieut. Bernard V.
 Hagerty, Private Leo
 Hagerty, Private George
 Hamilton, Donald M.
 Hanley, Private William
 Hanna, John (Navy)
 Hatton, Lieut. Alvin
 Hayes, Sergt. Arthur J.
 Hayes, Seaman William
 Hannan, Sergt. Robert E.
 Hansburger, Sergt.
 Hansel, J.
 Hardy, Russell
 Hart, Paul
 Haydan, Lieut. C. J.
 Havican, Private Thomas
 Herr, Private Steve
 Hayes, Private Thomas
 Hemmer, Lieut. W. J.
 Henry, Private William C.
 Hennessy, Private Dave
 Herman, Lieut. Ladislaus
 Herr, Private Jesse
 Hinde, Sergt. Joseph J.
 Hines, Lieut. John
 Hodkin, Private Samuel J.
 Hoerr, Private William K.
 Hogan, Private William
 Hoffman, Corporal Eugene
 Holland, Lieut. T. V.
 Hopkins, Private Robert
 Horn, Tyree
 Howell, Charles (Navy)
 Hubble, Private Lawrence
 Hubble, Private Manuel
 Huber, Private E.
 Hughes, Private Gerald
 Hughes, Private Arthur
 Hurley, Ira (Navy)
 Huxford, Private James

Hyland, Lieut. Justin E.
 Hyland, Private Richard V.
 Hynes, Lieut. William J.
 Harbert, G. Edwin (Navy)
 Hubble, Private John
 Holton, Barry (Navy)
 Hubble, Private Frank
 Hoban, Thomas J. (Navy)
 Huber, Andrew (Navy)
 Irving, Ambrose (Navy)
 Irwin, Private Clinton
 Jellison, Private Floyd
 Johnson, Private Leroy C.
 Jones, Gerald (Navy)
 Johnson, Lieut. Charles H.
 Jones, Private James B.
 Jones, Lieut. Keith J.
 Jones, Private Francis D.
 Joyce, Capt. T. M.
 Jones, Private Leo J.
 Kane, Lieut. Eugene A.
 Kane, Private Edward
 Kane, Lieut. Joseph
 Kasper, Lieut. Thomas C.
 Kauffman, Corp. Daniel E.
 Keller, Private F. X.
 Kelly, Private Fred
 Kelly, William H. (Navy)
 Keane, Private Charles
 Kempe, Private Lester
 Keeslar, Private L. D.
 Keenan, Joseph (Navy)
 Keenan, Phil (Navy)
 Keifer, Lieut. Louis F.
 Kelly, Lieut. Harry F.
 Kelly, Lieut. Charles A.
 Kelly, Private R. J.
 Kemmler, Sergt. Major Wm. P.
 Kennedy, Lieut. William
 Kennedy, Private William
 Kennedy, Sergt. John
 Kenny, T.
 Keys, Cadet Arthur
 Kilgallon, Lieut. Michael
 Killelea, Private John G.
 King, Corporal Frank
 King, Lieut. Hollis E.
 King, Sergt. Mizhael
 Kinsella, Sergt. Richard
 King, Sergt. Charles
 King, Private Thomas
 Kiplinger, Don
 Kirkland, Sergt. Frank M.
 Kline, Private Clarence J.
 Kleinhenz, Corp. Lawrence
 Kowalski, Private George W.
 Kramer, Private James G.
 Krein, John R.
 Kremer, Lieut. Fehr
 Krippene, Kenneth
 Kruyer, Private Walter B.
 Kuhle, Private Otto
 Keegan, Daniel P.
 Lahey, Lieut. Charles W.
 Laird, Private John

Lahey, Private W. P.
 LaJoie, Lieut. Ernest P.
 Lamb, Private Leo
 Lamb, Private Jack
 Lang, Private Leroy
 Lane, Bernard A. (Navy)
 Larrazola, Private Octaviana
 Larkin, Private Arthur B.
 Larney, Private Edward
 Larson, Capt. John
 Lathrop, Lieut. Ralph
 LaVallette, Private Paul
 Lawless, Private Richard
 Lawler, Private James W.
 Lee, Private Jay L.
 Lenihan, Lieut. Emmett
 Lindeman, Sergt. Joseph
 Leuder, Private Earl
 Lindeman, Sergt. Edward G.
 Liseniski, Corp. Cassimir J.
 Locke, Private Archibald
 Lockwriter, Lieut. Thomas J.
 Logue, Private Francis C.
 Lower, Ike (Navy)
 Lucas, Private Charles
 Luhn, Capt. Fred
 Lynch, Private Bernard
 Lynch, Capt. George A.
 Lynch, Brennan (Navy)
 McBride, Eugene
 McCabe, Private Clarence
 McCabe, Private Raymond
 McCabe, Private James E.
 McCaffery, Private Joseph
 McCafferty, Lieut. James
 McCaffrey, John (Navy)
 McCarthy, Private Dennis
 McCarthy, Vincent (K. of C. Sec.)
 McCarthy, Private George
 McCarthy, Private Charles
 McCarthy, Private Louis
 McConnell, Lieut. Harold
 McConologue, Lieut. Ray B.
 McCort, Walter
 McCausland, Harry
 McDermott, Private Francis F.
 McDonald, Lieut. William B.
 McDonald, Private Dewald
 McDonald, Lieut. Laurence E.
 McDonough, Private Andrew
 McElroy, Private Leo C.
 McEniry, Private W. T.
 McElaine, Private Maurice J.
 McGahan, Lieut. Leo J.
 McGay
 McGinn, C. S. C.,
 Lieut. Rev. John C.
 McGlynn, Private Dan
 McGlynn, Lieut. Joseph
 McGinnis, Lieut. Daniel V.
 McAdams, Corporal C. E.
 McGovern, Private Eugene
 McGuire, Private James Emmett
 McInerney, Lieut. Arnold M.
 McInerney, Private Leo

McIntyre, Capt. Harry C.
 McKenna, Peter (Navy)
 McKeegan, P.
 McKenna, Lieut. Joseph W.
 McLaughlin, Yeoman Lamont
 McLain, Lieut. Bernard F.
 McLaughlin, Private Thomas A.
 McMahan, Lieut. James F.
 McNichols, Lieut. Austin
 McNulty, Lieut. James M.
 McOsker, Lieut. E. J.
 McPhee, Lieut. Raymond
 McPartlin, Lieut. J. L.
 McShane, Private John L.
 McQuaid, Samuel (Navy)
 McGrain, Francis T. (Navy)
 McVey, William P. (Navy)
 Mann, Milton C. (Navy)
 Maloney, Lieut. C. R.
 Mangan, Lieut. Louis A.
 Madden, Private Harold F.
 Mahaffey, Lieut. Fred
 Maher, Lieut. Francis T.
 Makielski, Lieut. Stanley J.
 Maloney, Private Pat
 Marilley, Private Ralph
 Marshall, Private Guy
 Malley, Lieut. Edward
 Martin Paul R. (K. of C. Sec.)
 Martin, Lieut. John
 Martin, Lieut. Jerome
 Martin, Lieut. Gerald
 Martin, Private Herman
 Martin, Joseph (Navy)
 Malone, Private Grover J.
 Matthews, Lieut. James
 Mee, Sergt. Sim T.
 May, Sergt. Sherman
 Mason, Cadet Walter
 Meagher, John (Navy)
 Meehan, Lieut. Edward J.
 Meifeld, Private Paul J.
 Metzger, Private Harry
 Meyers, Lieut. Al
 Meyers, Lieut. A. P.
 Mileski, Private Frank
 Miller, Private Raymond C.
 Miller, Ward (Navy)
 Miller, Private Pierre A.
 Miller, Lieut. Ray
 Miller, Lieut. John M.
 Miller, Private Frank
 Miller, Jerry (Navy)
 Mills, Private Rupert
 Moliski, Private Andrew
 Momsen, Private Gus J.
 Mooney, Private William J.
 Monning, Norbert
 Mooney, Charles
 Mollory, Private Adrian S.
 Moore, Private Lowry S.
 Moore, Lieut. Thomas
 Moran, Private Leo C.
 Moran, Cyril G.
 Morency, H. L. (Navy)

Motts, Private Peter
 Mulcahy, Lieut. Frank
 Mulcahy, Lieut. Caesar
 Mulholland, Private Emmett
 Mulligan, Frank (Navy)
 Mulqueen, Private Leo
 Murphy, Private Edward
 Murphy, Private Owen J.
 Murphy, Capt. Pie. ca
 Murphy, Capt. John B.
 Murphy, Private John P.
 Murphy, Private Paul
 Murphy, Private George
 Murphy, Kingsley
 Murphy, Lieut. James
 Murphy Lieut. Jeremiah E.
 Munger, Private Harold
 Madigan, Edward P. (Navy)
 Maher, Joseph A.
 Marshall, William J.
 Mayer, Lieut. Leonard
 Miller, Walter R. (Navy)
 Murray, Private Raymond V.
 Murray, Patrick
 Newgass, Private Mitchell
 Newman, Lieut. L. J.
 Newning, Lieut. Harry M.
 Newning, Sergt. Sam D.
 Neimier, M. (Navy)
 Niezgodski, Private Stanley
 Nolan, Private John
 Noonan, Gerald
 Noonan, W. J. (Navy)
 Norman, Rev. H. A.
 Norton, Private Edward
 Noud, Lieut. Ruben
 Nowers, Lieut. Paul
 Nugent, Private John F.
 Nusbaumer, Sergt. F. E.
 O'Brien, Lieut. James F.
 O'Brien, Lieut. Dr. Wm. A.
 O'Brien, Sergt.
 O'Brien, Lieut. William J.
 O'Byrne, Private Thomas
 O'Connor, Sergt. Arthur J.
 O'Connor, Daniel
 O'Connor, Private Earl
 O'Connors, Private William
 O'Donnell, C. S. C.,
 Lieut. Rev. C. L.
 O'Donnell, Private Harold
 O'Hara, Lieut. Edwin J.
 O'Hara, Lieut. Joseph P.
 O'Hara, Lieut. Herman B.
 O'Hearn, Private F. W.
 Ohmer, Lieut. Robert
 O'Laughlin, Lieut. G. L.
 O'Malley, Private
 O'Malley, Sergt. Major John M.
 O'Meara, Private Thomas
 O'Neil, Thomas F. (Navy)
 O'Neill, Lieut. Hugh L.
 O'Neill, Henry
 O'Neill, Brig.-Gen. Joseph
 O'Reilly, Private Frank

O'Rourke, Frank C.
 Ostergren, Private William
 O'Sullivan, Private Clifford
 Ovington, Private Robert
 Owens, Private T. E.
 O'Shea, Private Maurice
 Parker, Eugene
 Parker, Lieut. Reed
 Parker, Private Howard
 Pasquine, Lieut. D. B.
 Parrish, Varnum (Navy)
 Paulger, Private Russell D.
 Peck, Private James A.
 Peil, Ed (Navy)
 Pepin, Cadet Donat J.
 Perley, Harold Otis
 Phelan, Private M. J.
 Perkins, Lieut. Walter E.
 Perrott, Lieut. Ward
 Pliska, Lieut. Joseph
 Phillips, Roy (Navy)
 Plunkert, Lieut. Homer
 Powers, Lieut. Harry
 Pearson, Private Dudley L.
 Philbin, David (Navy)
 Quinlan, Private Paul C.
 Raab, Private John
 Ramacciotti, Lieut. Albert L.
 Rausch, Private L. A.
 Rebillot, Private L. J.
 Regan, Sergt. M. G.
 Reeves, Lieut. Charles
 Richwine, Lieut. Harry A.
 Riley, Wilfred (Navy)
 Riley, Lieut. John R.
 Riley, Lieut. Robert S.
 Roach, Lieut. James E.
 Roach, Capt. Ed.
 Roach, Private Robert L.
 Roberts, Lieut. Louis
 Roberts, Sergt. Burt L.
 Robbins, Private James
 Robinson, Lieut. Charles J.
 Robertson, Lieut. N. V.
 Robinson, Private Gerard
 Rogers, Private Harry
 Rogers, Lieut. W.
 Royhans, Sergt. Emmet A.
 Ruell, Private Ulric
 Ruffine, Private Raymond
 Rudolph, Lieut. Simon R.
 Roth, Lieut. Dr. Jesse H.
 Rumley, Private Mark
 Russell, Private Leon T.
 Ryan, Edward
 Ryan, Private Paul J.
 Ryan, E. S.
 Ryan, James H. (Navy)
 Ryan, Sergt. Francis J.
 Ryan, Private Arthur
 Rydzewski, Private Frank
 Reading, Almon F. (Navy)
 Ronchetti, Peter
 Rooney, Private Eugene F.
 Sackley, Sergt. Rigney

Sanford, James (K. of C. Sec.)
 Saunders, Private Fred
 Sax, Private Carrol W.
 Scanlon, Private John
 Scheibelhut, Lieut. Leo
 Schiff, Private A.
 Schlotzer, Sergt. Ward C.
 Schmitt, Private Wm. F.
 Schmucker, Private Leo
 Schuster, Corp. George U.
 Schurtee, Private George
 Scott, Lieut. Harry E.
 Scollard, Private Stephen
 Scott, Private Stanley
 Seany, Private Dennis
 Secrist, Private
 Seyler, Private John
 Shanahan, Private George
 Shannon, Lieut. Leo J.
 Shaughnessy, Private Thomas
 Sheehy, Carroll (Navy)
 Sheehan, Private Thomas H.
 Sheehan, Lieut. Joseph
 Shelby, Private Norris P.
 Shurte, Franch (Navy)
 Skelley, Private R. E.
 Slackford, Capt. Fred
 Smith, Sergt. Joseph
 Smith, Lieut. Paul J.
 Smith, Delbert D. (Navy)
 Smith, Lieut. Clovis
 Smith, Private Eugene
 Smithson, Private Forrest
 Soldani, Private Clarence M.
 Somers, Lieut. C. P.
 Spears, Private Leonard
 Stack, William (Navy)
 Stark, Sergt. John
 Starrett, Morris (Navy)
 Stephan, Private L. J.
 Sticelher, Private Paul
 Stickney, Sergt. Harold J.
 Stiess, Lieut. Gerald
 Stogsdall, Major Robert
 Strong, Private George E.
 Story, Lieut. Edward J.
 Strickfaden, Private Aloysius I.
 Struhall, Private Louis
 Sturn, Capt. Leo A.
 Sullivan, Niel
 Sullivan, Private Lloyd
 Sullivan, Lieut. Melville
 Sweeney, Capt. Charles
 Sweeney, Lieut. James L.
 Sylvestre, Private J. Harry
 Sylvestre, Lieut. E. E.
 Sweeney, Charles
 Symonds, Lieut. Edward L.
 Symonds, Private Harry R.
 Sjoberg, Ralph E. (Navy)
 Stafford, Private Marcellus
 Slaggert, Alfred W. (Navy)
 Sweeney, Walter A. (Navy)
 Tarlowski, Private Marion
 Thomas, Private Walter G.

Thole, Corp. Joseph J.
 Thompson, Paul R.
 Tighe, Sergt. John F.
 Tipton, Private William
 Toole, Lieut. Rev. Vincent
 Towle, Private William
 Townsend, Private Gerry
 Tracey, Private Thomas F.
 Trainer, Cadet Leo J.
 Trainor, Private William
 Trainor, Private Ralph
 Truder, Private L.
 Trudell, Matthew (Navy)
 Turner, Field Clerk W. W.
 Tuivell, Private Samuel
 Tyner, Private R. H.
 Twining, Simon E.
 Ulatowski, Private Clement L.
 Urich, Capt. M. J.
 Valker, Leo
 Van Heubal, Private Howard
 Vaughan, Vincent D. (K. of C. Sec.)
 Vaughan, Lieut. Robert E.
 Voedisch, Private Hugo H.
 Voelkers, Private Jerry
 Voelkers, Carl
 Vogel, Lieut. Leo J.
 Voll, Lieut. Bernard
 Von Thron, Private Leonard C.
 Vurpillat, Sergt. Francis J.
 Vyzral, Private Sylvester
 Vinson, Bailie W. (Navy)
 Walsh, C. S. C.,
 Lieut. Rev. M. J.
 Walsh, Private Arthur D.
 Walsh, William M. (Navy)
 Walsh, Lieut. Joseph M.
 Walsh, Sergt. James R.
 Wagner, Private Lee
 Wagner, Private Theodore P.
 Walter, Lieut. Emmet M.
 Ward, Private John J.
 Watters, Lieut. Edmund
 Welch, Lieut. Lawrence
 Welker, Capt. Vincent B.
 Welsh, Private Frank B.
 Wenland, Sergt. Robert
 Weeks, Private E. J.
 Whalen, Private Niel
 Whitehead, Private William
 Wildgen, Private Jerome
 Wilkerson, Capt.
 Williams, William (Navy)
 Wilson, George P.
 Winebrenner, Virgil G.
 Witteried, Corp. George C.
 Wood, Cadet Otis
 Wolf, James (Navy)
 Wood, Lieut. Frank
 Wrape, Valda A. (Navy)
 Yates, Charles
 Young, Lieut. Jack
 White, Capt. Carl
 Yerns, Private Peter
 Zoia, Private Clyde J.

Exposition.

WILLIAM H. ROBINSON, '20.

ONCE the altar, gleaming fair
With starry lights, enshrouded in
The fuming censer's fragrant pray'r,
The Lord of Hosts, a captive there,
Holds court amidst a world of sin.

The King of boundless realms of light
Becomes a mendicant for love
And hides the glory of His might
That mortals might behold the sight
Which ravishes the heav'ns above.

America in Arms.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

The spirit of our day is the spirit of sacrifice. If you would observe it, look into the millions of American homes made lonely by the loss of the sons who have departed for the battlefields of France. If further proof of this sacrifice be wanted, look at the scant supply of provisions in those homes, and study the figures of three Liberty Loans, which run into billions of dollars. This is only a part of the sacrifice that the people of the United States are making for democracy. Over in the trenches in Flemish fields American troops are offering up the supreme sacrifice on the altar of liberty.

Wherever there is such great sacrifice, there is also great anxiety. The boys "Over There Giving All" are unselfishly worrying about the folks at home, and everyone over here is anxious about the welfare of the fighters at the front. Just as the weary traveller whose parching thirst has been quenched with a glass of cold water is thankful to the giver, so the soldier who is away from his relatives and friends is grateful for hearing even the minutest bit of news from home. Those at home also greet any word concerning their absent ones with a gladsome heart. But much of the information communicated between the soldier and the citizen is deleted by the military censor. Under the circumstances this cannot be otherwise. All of us realize this and are willing that it should be so. The reason is evident to all thinking people. We have enemies both within and without our borders who seek to destroy us. It is the duty of the censor to forestall this in as

far as he can, and he does his duty by depriving us of any information that would prove valuable to our enemies should they chance to acquire it.

It is to allay the fears and anxieties of our people that the League for National Unity, approved by President Woodrow Wilson, has designed a declaration which contains the information sought for by the citizens of the country. This general statement concerning our affairs at the front, as authenticated by the War Department, can be given publicity without imperiling the cause of our country. Had this knowledge been spread broadcast, heretofore, it might have proved disastrous to our cause, but now it is hurtful only to the enemy. Hence, it is that our military officials are now making public in considerable detail what America has done since entering the war.

In the first place we should be solicitous enough about the welfare of the nation to discredit any suave assertions or calumnies against our country, and be satisfied to put faith only in the information given out by the War Department. If we would believe the proclamations of German propagandists, America has at present fewer than a hundred thousand men in France. But this is a falsehood that cannot be substantiated. The Army of the Republic across the Atlantic numbers several hundreds of thousands. Every day this vast array is being increased by large additions from the cantonments in America. Furthermore, there are thousands—it is not permitted to state the exact number—of American sailors in training under the cliffs that rise above the coast of Ireland. These men are fast becoming efficient seamen, and soon they will be sinking the sea-dogs of the Kaiser that bite before barking. Many of the German submarines are now at the bottom of the sea never to rise again, and those that are still afloat will soon submerge to attack no more.

Many people do not seem to realize the magnitude of our war-program. Three years after the Civil War began, General Grant had only 131,000 men in that whole army which besieged Richmond. To-day the American forces in the actual fighting zone number several hundreds of thousands. The work already accomplished by America in this war is tremendous. For a nation weaker than ours, apparently at peace with the world and whose principles and policies were anything but militaristic, to be suddenly forced into war upon an enemy thousands of miles away would have

been a death-blow. But America has proved herself eminently equal to the emergency. For a nation, weaker than our own, to be called upon suddenly to conserve the resources for the duration of a long war, a nation whose resources had previously multiplied its rapidly increasing greatness in peaceful pursuits; would have meant annihilation. But not so with America. She has concentrated her commercial activities in such able industrial leaders as Schwab, Ryan, Stettinius, McRoberts, Tripp, and others, who are expending their energies to make every dollar go as far as it will with the least delay. Called upon as we are to preserve civilization, America has risen to the occasion. The world has discovered that America is no weakling, that she is no mere impotent mob, but that she is unified, strong, virulent, courageous, self-sacrificing, and willing to battle to the bitter end for the betterment of all mankind as well as for her own good.

The success of our work is to be seen on every hand. First came the drafting of peaceable citizens into the parade grounds of extensive camps. Soon these raw recruits were ready to be sent as disciplined soldiers to fight in France. Then began the game of hide-and-seek on the ocean, but the enemy did most of the hiding, as has been made evident by the successful transportation of our stupendous army to its destination. It is estimated by government officials that by the end of the present year 1,500,000 men will have been transported to France. And we shall continue to ship our millions in men and in money across the Atlantic until the war culminates in our victory. Before our fighting army was landed in Flanders, a previous contingent of American troops had prepared the way before them. This was necessary, because the ports, highways, railroads, telephones, and telegraph systems of our allies in the war zone were already badly congested. They were wholly unable to meet the needs of our new army, and so the first of our troops to land in France were obliged to arrange accommodations not only for themselves but also for their fellow-soldiers who were to follow them.

Within the past year the United States has built its own port on the French coast, and has excavated its own harbor, which can accommodate forty vessels at once; it has constructed more than 800 miles of double track railroad; it has laid out a freight yard much larger than any in

the metropolitan cities of America; it has made the experts of Europe marvel at its modern and scientific equipment; it has arranged its own telegraph and telephone systems, for which latter it employs more than 12,500 operators; it has erected hospitals, churches, warehouses, and barracks; and it has started factories and foundries to hum in France, whilst the home industries continue in full swing. In this gigantic enterprise America has left nothing undone. She cannot fail in her endeavor to win democracy for the world. If necessary 5,000,000 more men could be sent across to-morrow and be fully supplied with equipment and provisions without in the least deranging the work done by the Allies during the last four years. Instead of hindering the Allies, we are helping them. They are being benefited by our shipping, our supplies of food, clothing and ammunition, our engineering feats, our telegraph and telephone systems, our hospitals, our chaplains, and by everything which it is ours to get and to give.

In this great conflict success will be born of sacrifice. We can all aid. The widow's mite is as welcome and as helpful as the gold of the millionaire. The laboring classes are co-operating by preventing strikes and lock-outs. They stand united as one people under one flag. The farmers are working untiringly in tilling the soil that our soldiers and their Allies may not go hungry. Every acre of land that can be tended is under cultivation. Last year the graneries of the nation were filled with an abundant yield of winter wheat, but this year, with its 2,000,000 acres more than its predecessor, will help to fill the graneries of destitute France. Our meat animals have been multiplied till there is almost a superabundance, and the better organized labor permits provisions to be rightly preserved and conserved. The "back-yard" and "empty-lot" gardens are supplying families that heretofore purchased from the farmers. These same families are also aiding the cause by practicing conservation in the kitchen, and by practicing scrupulously the "Clean Plate" at the table. This kind of saving means more food for the soldiers. If there is any fasting to be done, it will be done by the people here at home, and not by our soldiers.

The pride of American manhood is daily pouring across the ocean to fight for us. Our shipping boards have concentrated all of their energy to the end that there may be no delay

in this task. New ships are constantly a-building, and old ones are being rapidly remodelled. This year several millions of deadweight tons will be launched under the American flag. Our shipyards now exceed in numbers and in output those of Great Britain, which nation formerly held first place in the shipbuilding world. Our regular navy has more men enlisted in it now than the British navy had when war broke out in 1914, and more submarine destroyers now than any two nations had at the beginning of the war. And best of all, our navy has practically put an end to the submarine menace and has brought safety at sea. In hundreds of voyages across the Atlantic we have lost only one troop ship.

To-day all Americans stand united against a common enemy. The change thrust upon our industrial concerns has not lessened their output, but has rather increased their efficiency. Ammunition works, mills, factories of all kinds are running full force, and are delivering orders much faster than they did when they were accepting war contracts only from the Allies. Under government control railroad transportation has ceased to be a problem. The coal supply no longer troubles us, nor does the food supply, for Mr. Hoover has had something to say about both of these matters, and his words have been listened to and obeyed by all. In our past wars a few thousands have bought bonds, but in this present conflict, over 17,000,000 persons have purchased Liberty Bonds, and the number is increasing daily. All of us agree that it is the duty of every man, woman, and child who owes allegiance to the United States to sacrifice all if necessary that our victory may be quick and complete. Although we are separated from our soldiers by thousands of miles of ocean, nevertheless, each wave that recedes from our shore carries a message of courage to France, "Over There Giving All, Over Here All Giving."

Departed.

The morning star—brightest of heavenly orbs—

Heralds the dawn of day;

But lo! 'tis born to die; in one short hour

Its light has passed away.

A noble youth, whose morning promised fair,

Shall see no eventide;

He's gone from hence to happier home and rest

Where such as he abide.—B. FINBARR.

War Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

Win the war with wheat.

Patriotism is as service does.

It's a big game—chasing the Beast of Berlin.

America must save herself before she frees Ireland.

Don't be a toy pistol in the present war; be a big gun.

Wilhelm should hurry up, or the dishes will be out of season.

The Kaiser may soon explain it all to Hegel and Bernhardt at his leisure.

The Kaiser's only possible plea after the war will be that of insanity.

And so Wilhelm would match the hymn of hate against the "Marseillaise!"

If "the evil men do lives after them," Wilhelm will not soon be the victim of oblivion.

It may be true that "the Irish can't rule themselves," but who can rule them, or whom can't they rule?

If Englishmen would only remember a part of Irish history, Irishmen would soon forget some of it.

The next generation of students in history will surely need our sympathy if the war lasts much longer.

Lloyd George has done what all other cabinet ministers have succeeded in averting—he has united Ireland.

Let us have enemy aliens, if we must, but not pacifists; the aliens have some kind of blood at least.

"These are times which try men's souls," wrote Thomas Payne. Stomachs would be more appropriate now.

If we were to allow Billy Sunday to be judge at the trial of the Pan-Germans, there would be no need of a jury.

If the Allies were not so everlastingly stubborn, "Big Willie" would now be spending his summer in Buckingham palace.

He who said "Ambition is the salt of life" should explain when peace will have come how the Kaiser came to be "pickled."

Though the terrible Turk is for the moment eclipsed by the horrible Hun, we must not forget him, when the reckoning comes.

Varsity Verse

A SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

In a galleon of gold on a silvery sea,
With a sparkling of spray like the rays of the sun,
Through the ripple of cloudlets my spirit will flee
To the Kingdom of God when my crown has been won.

In my vessel of vict'ry I'll sail up above,
And be carried along by the heavenly breath
To that Heart all aflame in a haven of love,
And I'll have as my pilot the Angel of Death.

There my Saviour will greet me with love all aglow,
For my gallant defence of the City of God.
And His wounds that are sacred to me He will show,
After touching me first with his chastening rod.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

CONTRITION.

My ship is tossed at sea
Upon the raging foam;
My Lord is fast asleep,
And I am far from home.

O Lord, I pray awake!
Give me a peaceful shore;
Make calm the angry waves,
And I shall sin no more.

C. G. LA PONSÉ.

ONE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Of all expressions commonplace
There's one that gets my nanny;
You'll hear it bellowed in your face
With frequency uncanny.

Whenever class-room, car or street
Is gripped in martial spell,
Some nincompoop will e'er repeat
"Say, boys, this war is hell."

Now, Sherman's words are widely known;
It seems so very trite
To always quote them as our own,
Although old Bill was right.

Yes, "war is hell," or equal to
This epithet vindictive;
But why not think of something new
To make it less afflictive?

THOMAS J. TOBIN.

A DREAM.

I had a dream of eyes of brown,
They tantalized my sleep.
Dawn took the dream but could not wrest
The vision from my keep.

JAMES P. DOWER.

SYMPATHY.

From out the north a chilly wind
Stole back again to May;
To have one sup of springtime—
Then quickly hied away.

And as it turned to northlands cold
A violet, nodding near,
Saw—and in tender sympathy
Shed a dew-drop tear.

LEO L. WARD.

THY CALL.

I heard Thy call for years, O Lord,
Within my sinful breast.
For years I heard Thy beckoning:
"Come, be My honored guest."

But the world, to me, seemed bright and clear,
Its streets, as paved with gold.
Alone, I sought true happiness
"In things of earthly mold."

But Thou art not outdone, O Lord,,
Thy grace soon changed all this.
Then oft I longed for solitude
And realms of heavenly bliss.

Now I have vowed my all to Thee,
My flesh, my will, my wealth.
So shield me from the sinful horde
That naught they take by stealth.

B. ALBINUS.

THE NIGHTMARE.

A bride-groom dreamed he was a king,
And had a royal home;
His gentle mother-in-law approached,
And crowned him on the dome.

J. REUSS.

The Spirit of Notre Dame.*

BY DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18.

An old, old theme is the spirit of Notre Dame. Mellowed by time, its music has assimilated the sweetness of tradition. But though it be old, it is a strain forever new in its greatness, forever brilliant in its glory. Though the ear be sated with its cadences, the heart that is tuned aright cannot fail to throb in harmony with the symphony of Catholic patriotism for which our own Alma Mater has supplied the prime *motif*.

What, first of all, is the spirit of Notre Dame? Is it one of those obscure things to which one often hears reference, without the mind's gleaning aught that is comfortably definite? Or, on the other hand, is the name indicative of something reasonably tangible, something that is capable of making an impression on minds susceptible of being impressed? The spirit of Notre Dame is a deep, pulse-quickenning patriotism, that is bred not of the mouth but of the heart; a patriotism that places ambition in abeyance to the needs of country. Yes, the spirit of Notre Dame is a positive thing, a thing that may be gauged by its effects; it is a whirlwind of the soul that sweeps away personal interests and plays havoc with those against whom it is aroused.

Notre Dame's part in the Civil War is familiar and beloved. When dissension threatened to cleave our nation, students and professors in unrecorded numbers laid down the pen to take up the sword; in place of literature and philosophy Lincoln's call to arms became their rote. Their exploits on the battlefield history proudly recounts. And no one who is truly able to estimate men and deeds can fail to be uplifted by that glorious American Aeneid; no reader of history so leaden-spirited but he can find in the story of Notre Dame's earlier generation of sons a cause for pride and a stimulus to emulation. The loyalty that led those men forth, guiding them like a pillar of fire into the sanguinary struggle between the States—that was the spirit of Notre Dame; the abiding and confident hope that ultimately the eagle of victory would perch above the untampered thirty-nine stars of the country's flag—that was the spirit of Notre Dame. The faith that bade them pause on the threshold

to Gettysburg for Father Corby's absolution, ere they consecrated in blood their soldierly resolution that liberty and union should prevail—that was the spirit of Notre Dame.

To the present response in America's desperate need these things were a foreshadowing prelude. Our country, hungry for intelligent virility, feeds fully on Notre Dame's manhood. Resounding from those early days of glory, the urgent call of our nineteenth-century brothers was not to be disregarded. The boon which they helped to win must be perpetuated and shared throughout the world. Those toilers in the cause of democracy had made fallow the ground and planted the seed. Therefrom sprang a harvest of men—men in the broadest and truest sense of the word; men who espoused the cause of their country with a quick patriotism of which our activities here, the Ambulance Fund, the Liberty Bond and Thrift Stamp Campaigns, worthy enough in themselves, are but petty shadows. Our classmates immolated their most treasured hopes; ruthlessly they cast from their minds the dreams that for years had made roseate their visions of the future. But a few paces short of the goal, keener altruism silencing all the pleas that selfishness may have adduced, they turned from the Mecca of their ambitions to cast their strength in the balance for sane democracy. To a number that our service flag records in silken register, they have sacrificed themselves, willingly, cheerfully, aye, glad to do it—asking nothing in return except what support decency demands that we give them. Nor is it mere phraseology to say "They sacrificed themselves." You men who have lived as they lived, you men who have paid the toll that they paid, you men who are to receive the honors that they have denied themselves,—you know what it means when we say they have sacrificed themselves. You know what it meant to them. But they have no need for our condolence. They have taken the nobler part. God grant us all some day the pride that they are entitled to feel; may we too know the joy of having acted so greatly, so nobly.

Already the casualty lists have brought us the sadly glorious news of Notre Dame lives given to the country. Already we know the sorrow of blighted careers and maimed bodies. One of our comrades, who, a little over a year ago, stood where I am standing now to voice his perpetual loyalty, afterwards actualized his

* Address delivered in Washington Hall on Memorial Day, May 30, 1918.

patriotic purpose. To-day he lies in a hospital in France, with one leg entirely gone and the other partially. But in spite of what we know, in spite of what we feel for our Catholic brethren, in spite of *fact*, the journals of avowed bigotry persist in their libellous assaults, their charges of monstrous treason to the United States. But it is a part of the spirit of Notre Dame that the attacks of these pitifully warped minds should be suffered in the spirit of Him who said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The mettle that enabled our men to sacrifice self to the tremendous needs of the state—that was the spirit of Notre Dame. The fervor that filled six of our priests and placed them in the camps of America and in the trenches of France—that was the spirit of Notre Dame. A beautiful, comprehensive patriotism, the deeper because it is rooted in Catholic manhood, the warmer because it is fuelled by the dogmas of religion. That the men whom we honor to-day will everywhere bear themselves with valor, and that the hour of victory will find them victors; we cannot doubt. Our confidence is in them, because they have entered the lists with love of the Divine Faith for their hearts' shield, to do battle for liberty, for humanity, and for God, and God will sustain their cause.

Review of the Track Season.

BY CHARLES W. CALL, '18.

Knute K. Rockne has duplicated this spring the football achievement of last fall by developing for Notre Dame a formidable track team out of the most mediocre material. Dashed to pieces was the team he had built up through four years of careful coaching; gone to war were the men upon whom he had confidently relied for a great championship team in 1918. At the battlefront or on their way thither are the wonderful track men of a year ago—Bergman, Bachman, Starrett, Kirkland, Douglas, McKenna, Edgren, Yeager, Coughlin, Miller, McDonough, Kasper, Meehan and Noonan. Stars they were and are; and the Huns are fated to feel shortly some of the fight that was fostered in them on the cinder paths at Notre Dame.

Only four of the monogram men of last year remained when the call for trackmen was sounded last January: Captain Mulligan,

sprinter; Rademacher, pole-vaulter; McGinnis, broad-jumper, and Call, distance man. These were all that were left of a mighty team, which had literally gone to war. Along with the scarcity of veteran material was the additional drawback in the poverty of new material from the freshman class of the year before. Gilfillan was the only tried performer in the sophomore ranks.

After six weeks of intensive training the indoor season opened in the local gymnasium with the University of Illinois for an opponent. Rising above the hopes of ardent admirers, and treating themselves to a big surprise, Coach Rockne's men fought to an approximate victory in a score of 42-23 points against 43-13 for Illinois. The outcome of the meet was in question throughout the evening until the relay race had been run. In the contest of carrying the baton Rockne had no four men who could cope with the select quarter-milers from Urbana.

This meet was the début of Earl Gilfillan, the athletic wonder from Joliet High School, and the man who was to have the largest share in gathering the honors for Notre Dame throughout the season. The versatile sophomore lived up to all the advance notices, scoring in this first collegiate meet no less than twenty-one points, by taking first in the shot-put, the high hurdles and the high jump, and third in the 40-yard dash. Incidentally he annihilated the gymnasium record in the broad jump when he leaped 22 feet, 7 1-2 inches. Captain Mulligan demonstrated anew his calibre in the 40-yard dash by beating in record time the champion Carroll, of Illinois. Illinois proved weak in the mile and the half-mile, and both races went to Notre Dame.

At the Second Annual Indoor Relay Carnival at Illinois the following Saturday, Gilfillan gave himself much prominence by winning the all-around championship. He scored heavily in the hurdle races, the dashes, the shot-put and the broad jump. Lang, of Illinois, gave him a splendid race for honors during the entire evening, but the Gold and Blue won out by a margin of 80 points. Rademacher tied for second in the invitation pole-vault event. The Notre Dame four-mile relay team just managed to nose out Illinois, with Chicago, Ames, and Wisconsin winning in order the first three places.

There was no denying the well-balanced team

of trackmen Coach Steve Farrell brought down to Notre Dame from Ann Arbor on March 9th to represent the University of Michigan. Despite the war and the enlistment of several of his stars, Farrell had a band of young fellows that would make an excellent showing even in normal times. Notre Dame was defeated 57 to 38.

Captain Mulligan again won his pet event, the 40-yard dash over Zoellin, but lost to the same rival in the longer route of the two-twenty event. Johnson, the Michigan flash, beat Gilfillan in the 40-yard low hurdles and the 40-yard high hurdles. Gilfillan, by winning first in the shot-put, and taking third in the 220-yard dash and the high jump, totalled 13 points. Rademacher tied Cross of Michigan in the pole vault and Bowers was third. Notre Dame could achieve only second and third places in the distance events, Michigan having a man in the half-mile and another in the mile who were too fast for the local runners. Michigan won the relay.

Authorities at the Drake Relay Games in Des Moines have come to look each Spring for some surprise from Coach Rockne of Notre Dame. This year the Gold and Blue mentor introduced a quartet of dark horses, who in a blinding snow storm had enough speed and fight to step past Chicago and Nebraska, though they had to bow to the veteran four-mile squad from Ames.

On April 27 Earl Gilfillan entered the all-around championship competition at Franklin Field, Philadelphia. He would probably have duplicated his indoor performance at Illinois had he not had the misfortune to wrench his knee on his first trial in the broad jump. As a consequence of the injury he was compelled to withdraw from further participation in the meet.

A second time Notre Dame made a good showing against Illinois at Urbana, in the first dual meet of the outdoor season. The score was, Illinois, 69 2-3; Notre Dame, 56 1-3. The Gold and Blue were superior on the track, but Illinois was master in the field events. Gilfillan, though suffering from his knee injured at Philadelphia, won the two hurdle races, the discus throw, and took second in the shot-put. Powers sprang a surprise by winning the pole-vault. Notre Dame took every place in the half-mile and the mile event.

Michigan Agricultural College proved woe-

fully weak in the only home meet of the outdoor season. Coach Rockne did not have his men extend themselves, but without any special exertion the Gold and Blue won every first place except the quarter-mile. In this meet Gilfillan gathered the largest number of points he ever achieved in a dual meet—firsts in the two hurdle races, the shot-put, the discus throw, the high jump, which went to him single-handed, and he was also a main factor in the winning of the one-mile relay. Sweeney came within two seconds of breaking the two-mile local record held by John Reynolds, now a novice "across the lake." Rademacher, Powers and Patterson gathered all three places in the pole-vault. Patterson was a close second to Captain Mulligan in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes.

The last dual meet of the season saw Notre Dame on Ferry Field, at Ann Arbor, again battling the University of Michigan. Johnson, of Michigan, and Gilfillan, of Notre Dame, staged a pretty fight for highest-point honors. Each scored twenty. Gilfillan might have done even better than he did had he not been suffering again with an injured knee. Sweeney again ran a plucky two-mile race, only to have Sedgwick spring past him in the final lap.

Thus another track season has slipped by at Notre Dame. The deeds done go down in the athletic history of the Gold and Blue, and no one has any reason to be ashamed of them. Notre Dame may well feel proud of Coach Rockne, the man who made the track team what it was. With only two men of notable record to begin with at the opening of the season, he brought the best out of the material left him, and saved Notre Dame from utter rout on the cinder path. Coach Rockne is an inspiration to his men. He has an effective method all his own of training men. He succeeds because his men like him, and are always willing to break their necks for him.

All in all; the season produced far more than it promised. As a rule, track men cannot be made over-night. Though the team lost often, it never failed to supply plenty of competition. Fight, may it be ventured, was its most notable characteristic. Every athlete on the team, from the plucky and popular little Captain Frank Mulligan to the most obscure recruit, gave every thing that was in him; each fought the traditional good fight, which has gathered, in all kinds of inter-collegiate contests, so much glory for the Gold and Blue.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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

VOL. LI.

JUNE 8, 1918.

NO. 32.

Board of Editors.

DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18

CHARLES W. CALL, '18 JOHN A. LEMMER, '18

JOHN L. REUSS, '18

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19 THOMAS F. HEALY, '19

BROTHER AUSTIN, C. S. C., '18

LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18 THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19

JAMES H. McDONALD, '19

WM. H. ROBINSON, '20 ALFRED SLAGGETT, '20

ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20

—The summer vacation arrives in the midst of war and of dislocations of every sort. Three months will elapse before a new academic year will begin, a brief enough term, yet how charged with eventful possibilities! If we survey the prospect honestly we must own to a feeling of sadness. The German ranks press on the Marne; France bleeds away day by day; England feels her strains ever increasing. Our own casualty list is nearing the ten-thousand mark, and must mount far higher as the summer progresses. Who can predict the number of Notre Dame men to be commemorated in the first requiem mass of the new year? The losses of Notre Dame will be duplicated many times in other universities of the country. We dwell on this prospect, not weakly to bewail it, but to suggest the serious responsibility of the vacation months. It cannot be a vacation in the free and self-regarding manner of other years. The war industries call for men; the farms must produce as never before. A large area of Europe is literally starving as we write these words; a still larger area is on half-rations. A suffering world is the measure of the work that we are called to do, and it is for each college man to contribute his utmost to that work. We leave the classroom, itself dedicated to the common cause, only to exert ourselves in a more direct and definite way. It is indeed, a serious business, and a sad one; yet, remembering always the righteousness of our cause, who shall say that vacation, 1918; is not to be glorious?—L. G. H.

—Before the war it was often and clamorously alleged against the colleges and universities of the country by a certain class of one-eyed critics that they were **The Vindication of, the College.** ruining the young men of the country instead of making useful citizens of them.

The average college man, it was urged, was being theoretically and practically unfitted for the practical purposes of the world. These critics, if honest, were making the grave mistake of confusing mere college residents, comparatively few in number, with the real college student. There is always at every school a certain number of young men who have not the slightest idea of being anything or doing anything worth while. But there is no more reason for calling them college men than there would be for calling them farmers were they confined to a farm for the same period. Since the declaration of war, the college student has disproved superabundantly this charge of uselessness. To-day he is more in demand than any other citizen, and he has already demonstrated, to the satisfaction of everybody who is willing to be satisfied, how valuable he is, how reliable in the time of great need, how ready and equal to the unparalleled purposes of the present day. All our officers' camps are crowded with men from the colleges. The new ensign school is recruiting its student body almost exclusively from the colleges. In every department in which men of ability are needed to teach, or to command, or to lead, the college man is there. Indeed the country is realizing better every day that it is the men who have brains and who know how to use them that will win the war.—B. A.

—We, too, were startled when the cables brought the story of the arrest of five hundred Sein Feiners, including Professor de Valera and Arthur Griffith, on **The Sinn Fein Round-up.** the charge of treasonable conspiracy with German agents. But we recalled the forged letter charging Parnell with assassination, published on the day of the second reading of the perpetual coercion act for Ireland in 1887, and used by the British government to justify its action. We reflected further that it has ever been the settled policy of the British government to "blacken and assail Irish leaders in order to effectuate its own objects." And, too, having heard that Field-Marshal French had

made the as-yet unproven allegations of treasonable conspiracy and recalling his dastardly part in the Carson rebellion, we feel more certain that the charges are, as the conference "speaking on behalf of every section of the Irish nation," called them, "a wicked plot of English politicians to relieve themselves from their broken pledges to Ireland, in view of their profession that they have entered the world-war to secure self-determination for every other small nation in Europe."—G. H. D.

—To make our army an efficient fighting machine it is important that we help to keep up the spirit of the men in the service. From

abundant testimony, it

A Vacation Duty. seems that nothing so heartens a soldier as a letter from home; nothing is anticipated more by the soldier or sailor lad than a few lines from the friends he has left behind him. There is that personal touch in a letter that makes him feel that he is not forgotten, and that his sacrifice is appreciated. These boys have entered upon an entirely new and strange life, many of them are struggling in a strange land, and we must not forget them. Hence let us show them convincingly that we are mindful of them. Take a little time each week and write a good letter to some soldier or sailor with whom you are acquainted. It means much more to them than we suspect, while to us it is another way to add a bit more to the mite that we are able to do for our boys in khaki. An hour a week is not asking too much to give to those who have joined the colors for our own safety. This is a little vacation duty that should not be neglected by anyone. Begin this week, and keep it up regularly till the boys come home.

Just a friendly sort o' letter

Makes a fellow feel much better—

• It's just a bit of sunshine from home.—J. L. R.

—Swiftly approaches the time when we leave the coign of vantage which for four years has sheltered us, more or less, from the buffeting waves of life's gray ocean. Here we

Vale! have known only the petty trials to which the young man in his college cosmos is subjected. Now we face the task of making our way in life. Along the hurrying avenues of the world our faces are unfamiliar; few know who we are and fewer care a continental. The problem that confronts graduates,

with each succeeding June, is a complex one at best. It involves some sincere introspection, a weighing of pros and cons, the taking of a personal invoice, the consideration of the various pursuits that earn men bread. Each senior peers down the vista of the future tentatively, brazen in the magnitude of what he knows, or awed by the meagreness of his knowledge. From afar off all paths seem to run directly and easily to success. Distance lends its kindly camouflage (a hackneyed, but very convenient word) to the obstacles that beset the way, such as lack of opportunity, paucity of experience, competition and the like. He may feel a degree of security if he has learned well the lesson that education lies not with the institution he has attended but with himself. If the youth about to become errant has been tutored into the capacity of educating himself, his is a happy lot. The view of coming days is a dubious one in ordinary times. This year it is made more uncertain by the martial steam that blurs the vision. Or, may the lightning of Mars be said rather to clarify the atmosphere? We believe the latter to be the case. To the true-thinking young man there is one course for him, and only one—the service of his country. All other things may wait, must wait; personal preference and interest and taste must yield to the larger needs of the state. The graduate's future is chartered by circumstance. But whatever we do, whithersoever our fate leads us, it is with confidence that we go forth from Notre Dame. In the same breath in which we say "Vale," with a mind to the precariousness of life in general and of war in particular, we add, grimly jauntily, "*Morituri te salutamus.*"—D. J. E.

A Booklet Worth Getting.

What do you know about the rescue work of the Holy Childhood Association in the Far East? Are you aware that it is one of the most inspiring bits of heroism in all Catholic history? Do you know that there are almost as many Catholics in China to-day as in England? That the heroic adventures of the primitives Apostles are being re-enacted in the Orient of our own times? If you are not alive to the work of the Church in these lands, get the new Catechism on Catholic Foreign Missions issued this year. Send five cents to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 25 Granby Street, Boston, Mass. You will never regret it.

Local News.

—“Ted” Rademacher was elected captain of the 1919 Varsity track team at a meeting of this year’s monogram men Wednesday. Those to receive the usual insignia for service this season are Captain Mulligan, Captain-elect Rademacher, Call, Sweeney, VanWanterghen, Gilfillan, Patterson, Powers and McGinnis.

—In the preparatory department Robert G. Follet of Crafton, Pa., and James G. Campbell of Chicago, were awarded gold medals for excellence in christian doctrine. James Campbell also won the Mason Medal for excellence in studies. Leo R. Ward, of Chicago, received the O’Brien medal for excellence in Latin and the Lyons medal for elocution. Ten dollars in gold, the prize for excellence in oratory, was awarded to William A. Fitzgerald of Irvington, New Jersey. Commercial diplomas were awarded to Manuel Sanchez, of Oras, Cuba; John W. Crosby, of Ecuador, South America; and W. Sim Ong, Manila, P. I.

—The next few days will mark a very busy period of time in the very busy life of our President. Father Cavanaugh will attend the commencement exercises of St. Viator’s College on June 11, and on the following day will be present at the commencement of the nurses’ training school at Chicago where his niece will be graduated. The following Thursday he will make the commencement address at St. Mary’s College, Monroe, Mich., and on June 20 will act in the same capacity at the Institute of the Immaculate Conception at Oldenburgh. On June 21, Father Cavanaugh will make an address at the closing exercises of St. Xavier’s College, Louisville, Ky., and a short time later will give the invocation at the convention of the International Rotary Club at Kansas City, Mo.

—On Tuesday evening the members of Corby Hall held a farewell meeting in the form of a smoker. Lieutenant George Sauvage, C. S. C., was the guest of honor. Entertainment was furnished by Lawrence Ott and Walter O’Keefe, soloists, assisted by Harry Goddes at the piano. The Corby Hall orchestra and banjo-club also contributed several selections which were frequently encored, as were also the selections by the variety quartet composed of Messrs. Tobin, Musmaker, O’Keefe and Slaggert. Father

Lahey introduced Lieutenant Sauvage who entertained his listeners with an account of his experiences in trench life. The meeting closed with a few words by the rector of Corby who expressed his gratification at the spirit of co-operation shown by the students of the hall during the year just past.

—Tuesday evening, in the basement of Walsh Hall the New England Club held the last of its bi-weekly smokers. The following men were chosen as officers for the coming year: Rev. Francis McGarry, honorary president; John Sullivan, Newport, R. I., president; Vincent F. Fagin, Hopedale, Mass., vice-president; Thomas J. Waters, sec’y-treasurer. The club decided to attend Mass and Holy Communion in a body on Friday morning in the Badin Hall chapel for the repose of the soul of the father of Bernard Murphy, who died in Brookline, Mass., this week. Business over, the club was treated to cigars and refreshments and a few “ultra-jazzy” selections on the piano by Mr. Alphonse Davis of Brownson Hall. Mr. James Dooley, the retiring vice-president, paid a splendid tribute to the New England Club members who have been called by Uncle Sam, and mentioned Ray Murray (’18), president of the club during the last year, Duke Riley, (’17) last year’s president, Young Duke Riley, (’21) now serving at the Radio Station at Great Lakes, the Murphy brothers and Harry Denny of Bridgeport,—all of whom were enthusiastic members last year. Charlie Grimes, last year’s secretary, “Pat” Granfield, “Red” Donovan, and “Dave” Hayes have also entered the service of Uncle Sam. After a few words by Father McGarry the club adjourned for the year.

—The Faculty Board of Athletic Control recently gave a dinner to Coach Jesse C. Harper, who has resigned and intends to retire to his stock farm in Kansas. Coach Harper was presented with a monogram shield, and the board voted to give him the right to wear the Notre Dame Monogram and elected him a member of the Notre Dame Monogram Club. Father Cavanaugh made the only farewell address at the dinner, presenting the monogram and lauding the famous coach, whose work may be judged by the splendid results he has obtained for Notre Dame teams during his five years as coach. Mr. Harper responded with a short talk in which he expressed his gratitude to Notre Dame, and stated that there was no honor in the country

which he would appreciate more than the right to wear the N. D. Those present at the dinner, which was held in the Infirmary dining room, were the Faculty Board of Athletic control,—Fathers Quinlan, T. Burke, Maguire, Crumley, Professors Farrell, Benitz, and Coach Rockne, Harper's old running-mate, and Fathers Cavanaugh, Schumacher and J. Burke, representing the administrative body of the University.

Just after their return from the Michigan games, the baseball team presented Harper with a suitcase, as a testimonial of their gratitude to the coach that produced one of the best teams that Notre Dame has seen in years.

—The Minims Commencement exercises took place Wednesday, June 5th. Father Cavanaugh distributed the awards. When Father Cavanaugh entered the study hall where the minims were assembled he was greeted with applause and the singing of the first number of the program, "The Star Spangled Banner," by the Notre Dame Choristers. The next number on the program was an elocution number by Vincent Lamb—a recitation of Browning's "Incident of the French Camp." This was followed by the Valedictory which was given by Edmund Swan, Jr. After the singing of "Home, Sweet Home," by the Notre Dame Choristers Father Cavanaugh gave medals and certificates of honor to the following:

Gold deportment medals: Edmund F. Swan, Jr., James E. Barry, Jr., Thomas Dodd Healey, Frank Nolan, Casimir F. Laibe, John C. Walter. Gold renewals to: Harlan B. Herrman, Robert E. O'Laughlin, Lawrence J. Lewis, James R. Oberwinder, George A. Becker. Silver medals to: Frederick D. Hoppe, Frank N. Rettig. Silver Renewals to Harvey Reading, Walter Leopold, Vincent De Stefano.

The Silver medal for christian doctrine was awarded to Felix Reich; for elocution to Vincent Lamb; for penmanship to Harold Wolf; for improvement in piano to William Allen. The gold medal for improvement in vocal music was awarded to Theodore Nelson. Certificates of honor for good conduct throughout the year were awarded to: Frank Orf, Frank Guertin, George Quine, William Donelan, John Corcoran, Ed. Grant, George Weiher, George Cooper, John Huebner, John Campbell, John Worden, Ernest Taylor, Robert Wood, Ralph Kolf, Philip Welch, Harold Grummell and John Flynn.

Personals.

—Frank H. Holslag, senior lawyer, has left Notre Dame to make another chatauqua tour. Frank will speak on his experiences in the war zone as an ambulance man during 1914 and 1915.

—Cornelius McNicol, a former student of Walsh Hall ('10) is now in the service at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia. "Neil" spent three years at Notre Dame and since that time has been in the business of pottery manufacturing.

—Professor F. X. Ackerman has received word lately from his nephew Ted Wagner (freshman journalist last year) stating that he is now at Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina, attached to the Sixth Division of the Regular Army.

—Godfrey M. Roberts (student 1916) has just finished a course of instruction in machine gun work at the Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and is now a member of the Signal Corps, Balloon Section. He expects appointment as instructor in the Cadet School, Omaha. His present address is Pierre, South Dakota.

—Appearing in the honor roll for scholastic attainment published by *The Oscillator*, a weekly published by the U. S. Naval Radio School at Harvard University, is the name of P. J. Gallagher,—our old friend "Pat." He used to be head salesman in the Notre Dame bookstore till he became a jackie shortly after war was declared.

—The Rev. B. Sztuczko, C. S. C., pastor of the Holy Trinity church in Chicago, one of the largest Polish churches in America, delivered a stirring address Sunday, June 2, at a big demonstration held in Humboldt Park at which a tribute was paid to Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the Polish hero, the first engineer of the American army and the founder of the West Point Military Academy.

—We note with pleasure that Mr. Earl S. Dickens, known to most students of the past six or seven years, has been elected head of the Ad-Sell League of South Bend. Mr. Dickens is also the Master of the Fourth Degree, K. of C., for the state of Indiana. These tributes to the talent and energy of Mr. Dickens are most gratifying. At the present time, he is director of sales and publicity for the O'Brien Varnish Works, South Bend.

—Rev. Vincent J. Toole, a Notre Dame alumnus and now a chaplain of the 324th Field Artillery, U. S. A., recently gave an address at the home of Mrs. Henry Payne Whitnes, Fifth Avenue, New York City, following which thirty thousand dollars was raised for the Italian Red Cross. The gathering was in the nature of an auction party at which several choice seats for a benefit concert in the Metropolitan Opera House were sold to the highest bidders. Such celebrities as Raymond Hitchcock, Clifton Crawford, Miss Billie Burke and Miss Grace George acted as auctioneers.

Lieutenant Kelly Seriously Wounded.

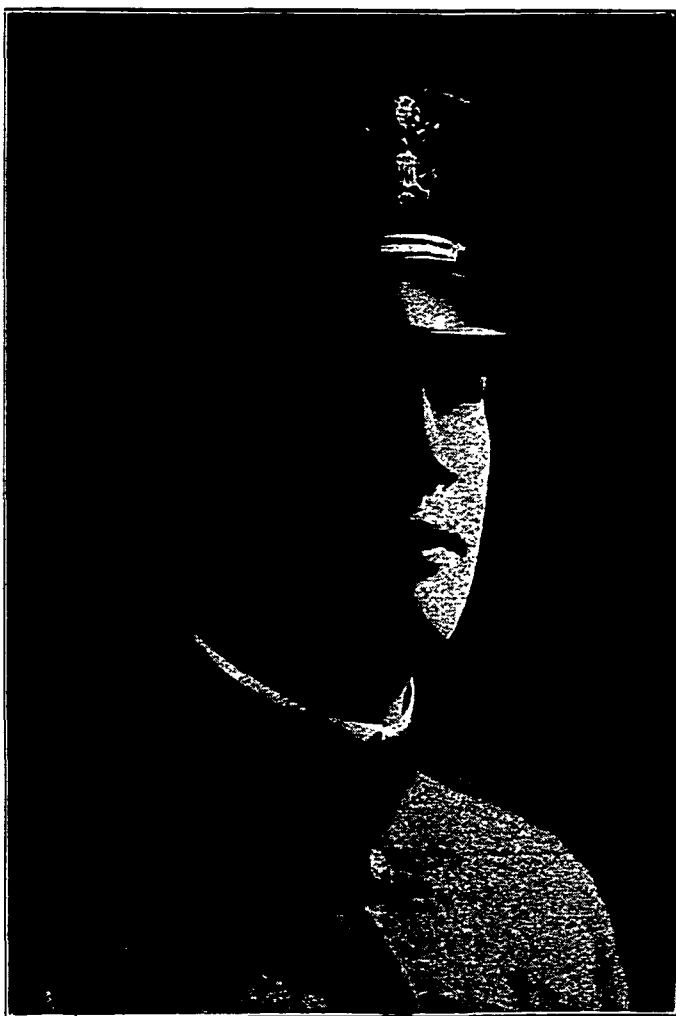
Shortly after General Pershing, following the titantic Hun drive which began on March 21st, offered to General Foch the American divisions then in France, to be used as the allied commander saw fit, there fell seriously wounded in a front line trench a Notre Dame graduate at the Diamond Jubilee just a year ago, Lieut. Harry F. Kelly (LL. B., '17), of Ottawa, Ill. He now lies in a French hospital near Verdun recovering from wounds that necessitated the amputation of one leg and left the other in a badly mangled condition.

Harry is undoubtedly one of the gamest men Notre Dame has given to the service. The first news that reached America of his accident came in the form of a cablegram to his parents and written by himself. It said simply, "Slight wound in leg. No danger." Six days later something approximating his condition was learned through a telegram from the War Department to the parents, which read: "Deeply regret to inform you that Lieut. Harry F. Kelly was seriously wounded in action April 14th." Chicago papers of May 7th furnished the next report of Harry's misfortune, reporting that he had been seriously wounded and that as a reward for bravery had received the *croix de guerre*. The citation read: "Wounded in both legs, and made a prisoner by five of the enemy, he bravely defended himself and escaped, with the aid of a few men who had come to his assistance. Wounded again, he had to spend the entire night at a trench end before it was evacuated."

In none of his letters has Harry made much of his injuries which make him a cripple for life. A true soldier he has accepted his wounds as a matter of course, and has tried to reassure his

family and friends in this country that he will be all right.

Harry used to handle the drums and traps for the Varsity orchestra before he went into training at Fort Sheridan. At the end of the training camp he was commissioned and promptly was sent to France for further training. After a brief course behind the lines, he was assigned to active duty on the front, and placed



in charge of a platoon of fifty-eight men, most of whom were "old timers," Spanish-American war veterans. His command went into action shortly after the big spring drive opened, and he saw most active fighting until he was wounded on April 14th. No one is more proud of him than his Alma Mater.

"Somewhere in France."

He left me, when the first call came
For manly men to go and fight,
With gun in hand to join the game,
To play his part, and show his might
"Somewhere in France."

The valiant lad went to the fray.
He played his part and played it well,
He faced the shells without dismay,
He fought a hero's fight, and fell
"Somewhere in France."

FRED J. COLLINS.

Athletic Notes.

Three runs in the sixth inning won a ball game for Notre Dame against the Singer Athletic Club at Singer Park, last Saturday. Bahan opened the inning with a double. Sjoberg and Wolf followed with sharp singles netting two scores. An error let Wolf score, then pitcher Moore braced and the Notre Dame scoring spurt was over. The final score was 3 to 2. Murray pitched a steady game for the Gold and Blue. The box score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bader, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Bahan, rf.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Sjoberg, 2b.	4	1	1	2	7	0
Wolf, ss.	4	1	1	0	3	0
Halloran, 1b.	3	0	1	15	1	1
Barry, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Mangin, 3b.	4	0	1	0	3	0
Andres, c.	3	0	0	8	1	0
Murray, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Boland, p.	2	0	0	0	2	0

Totals.....33 3 6 27 17 1

SINGERS	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Aftowski, ss.	4	0	0	1	4	0
Wertz, 2b.	3	0	0	1	1	1
Willis, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Connors, 1b.	4	2	1	13	2	0
Moffitt, cf.	4	0	3	3	0	0
Baker, c.	2	0	2	6	1	0
White, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	1
Spair, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Moore, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0

Totals.....32 2 7 27 13 2

Score by innings:

Notre Dame.....000 003 00—3

Singers.....000 001 010—2

Summary: Two-base hits—Bahan, Connors. Stolen base—Mangin. Sacrifice hits—Bader, Baker, Aftowski. Struck out—by Boland 6; by Murray 1; by Moore 4. Base on balls—off Boland 3; off Moore 2. Hit by batsman—Halloran. Scorers—Szczepanik, Van Niele. Umpire—Schaefer. Time of game—two hours.

THE MICHIGAN GAMES.

Michigan University, winner of the Western Conference 1918 championship race in baseball and possessor of two extraordinary pitchers, had little difficulty in trimming Notre Dame on June 5th and 6th in what was the grand finale for the Wolverines in their lair at Ann Arbor. Because Notre Dame could do almost nothing with the offerings of the Michigan twirlers the Wolverines captured the games by lop-sided scores. Without the services of Philbin, Ronchetti, and Andres, the Gold and Blue was far from formidable.

On the return trip to Notre Dame, Ralph

Sjoberg, twice a monogram man, was elected varsity captain for 1919. Sjoberg, though eligible for another year, has enlisted in the navy and is awaiting his call to the ensign school.

THE FIRST GAME.

MICHIGAN	AB	R	H	E
Knode, ss.	4	0	0	0
Cooper, lf.	3	1	1	0
Ohlm'er, rf.	3	1	0	0
Mraz, 3b.	5	2	2	0
Geneback, cf.	3	1	0	0
Morrison, c.	3	3	2	0
Garrett, 2b.	3	4	2	0
Adams, 1b.	4	2	1	0
Scheidler, p.	3	0	1	0
Bower'n, lf.	1	0	1	0
Lang'han, rf.	1	0	0	0
Ippel, cf.	1	0	0	0

Totals.....34 14 10 0

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	E
Bader, cf.	4	0	0	0
Bahan, rf.	4	0	1	0
Sjoberg, 2b.	4	0	1	0
Wolf, ss.	3	0	1	1
Halloran, c.	3	0	0	2
Barry, lf.	3	0	1	0
Mangin, 3b.	3	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, 1b.	3	0	0	1
Boland, p.	2	0	1	2
Murray, p.	1	0	0	0

Totals.....30 0 5 6

MICHIGAN.....3 1 4 0 2 0 3 1 *—14

NOTRE DAME.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Two base hit—Bowerman, Stolen bases—Knode Cooper, Mraz [2], Garret [2]. Bases on balls—Boland 5; Murray, 1. Hits—Boland, 8; Murray, 2. Struck out—Boland, 1; Murray, 1; Scheidler, 2.

THE SECOND GAME.

MICHIGAN	AB	A	O	A
Knode, ss.	4	1	1	1
Cooper, lf.	4	1	1	0
Ohlmacher, rf.	4	1	3	0
Mraze, 3b.	3	0	2	5
Genebach, cf.	3	0	1	1
Morrison, c.	2	0	4	0
Garrett, 2b.	3	2	2	2
Adams, 1b.	3	2	11	2
Ruzicka, p.	3	0	2	2
Totals	29	7	27	13

NOTRE DAME	AB	H	O	O
Bader, cf.	3	0	1	0
Bahan, rf.	3	0	1	0
Sjoberg, 2b.	3	1	4	1
Wolf, ss.	3	0	1	2
Halloran, c.	3	0	8	0
Barry, lf.	2	0	1	0
Mangin, 3b.	3	0	1	2
Fitzgerald, 1b.	3	0	7	2
Murray, p.	3	0	0	8

Totals.....26 1 24 1

MICHIGAN.....1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 *—5 7 4

NOTRE DAME.....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1 1 1

Letters from Camp.

"AT THE FRONT, FRANCE,"
April 27, 1918.

Dear Father Carrico:

It is just two months since I stood on the deck of a great Atlantic liner and saw with chattering teeth, as one of my sophomores might put it, the lights of New York and home melt into the blackness! The truth is, it was so very cold I took one look and went inside where there was warmth—and a movie. And it has been coldish ever since. . . . I am in the mountains where it rains most of the time and where it has snowed at least once these last days of April. It's a long way from Notre Dame, and as near Germany as South Bend is to Niles.

Father Davis and I were together for the trip and for three weeks afterward while we sojourned at an officers' depot, part rest camp, part training school. Then our individual orders came and we went our separate ways—different directions. In other words, we are now far apart, and French trains increase, rather than shorten, distance.

It took me five days to get to this place via "*chemin de fer*," so you may judge that I have made some excursion through France. I can't tell you about that now, though there is much to tell. I have also made some excursions in French; perhaps incursions is the word, or collisions. For example, the first time that I had laundry to do I blithely told an awestruck woman that I had clothes to rent, confusing two perfectly innocent and helpless verbs, *laver*, which means "to wash," and *louer*, which means "to let."

But there are others. You ought to hear some of our enlisted men. I overheard a soldier order "café" in a restaurant. The waitress said, as she always does, "*Oui, Monsieur; toute de suite?*" "No, not too sweet," yelled this Missourian after her vanishing figure. (The mistake was natural, as the French say it quickly, sounding like "toot sweet"). When payday comes, as it sometimes does, our boys throng the best restaurants and dine sumptuously on ham and eggs and champagne! "Ham and oofs," they "holler," but the poor dear French understand the accent with which American money talks. They have many admirable qualities indeed. I have been fortunate in meeting French people who enlarge one's ideas of gentility and nobility. And here it has been a genuine humiliation not to be able to speak the language well. Nearly always they know English better than we know French. This is especially true of the French army officers, and I have started conversation in French with common French soldiers to be answered at least once in such English as made me feel like a "piker." After six weeks I find I can understand almost anything said in French, while my ability to speak the language seems oozing away.

In my immediate duties, French plays a very small part. I censor the mail for one company of my regiment, and I never knew till now what Romeos engineers could be. I know now that any envelope which weighs a ton will contain a love letter to some California

Arabella or South Carolina Maude. And oh, but these Arabella letters are maudlin! But I'm for the engineers, strong, in spite of Joe Gargan's aspersions in favor of his chesty marines. Those chaps would never see the front if we didn't build roads for them and dugouts and barbed-wire entanglements and camouflage their positions.

And now having called my friend, Joe Gargan, "smarty cat," I'll ease up by telling you that I shall say Mass to-morrow in a ruined church one mile back of the front line trenches. I was out yesterday looking the place over. Only the altar and walls of the church are left standing. Lying on the altar was an unexploded shell which in my innocence and ignorance I picked up and handled, while my Guardian Angel held his breath. It's all bosh about these French churches having been used for military purposes by the French. In every village the church is the most conspicuous building. The Germans used them for targets to get their range on the town. No doubt they were sorry to destroy the churches,—"*Gott mit uns*," you know, but there is only one God and William is his prophet. This is very bitter, of course, but once you have seen our horribly gassed boys lying in the hospitals you can have no regard for the feelings of a people come out to war with such diabolical modes of torture. And you can take it from me that the American Army is not coming back till they kill this monster, if they have to do it with their bare hands.

Sunday afternoon.—I just got back from the village where I said Mass. I made the trip in a side-car, you know,—one of those *demi-tasse* bathtubs attached to a motorcycle. It was raining, of course, and I am still picking gravel out of my face. For some of my congregation it was the first Mass they had ever attended. Before vesting I explained briefly the vestments, the lights, the language and the substantial meanings of the Mass, and afterwards gave a short sermon—never in my life to a more attentive audience. I read from the 16th chapter of St. John, part of which forms the Gospel of the day. "They will put you out of the synagogues; yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you, will think that he doth a service to God." The application was startlingly direct. A whole countryside have been put out of their churches here and many of them killed by murderers whose motto is "God with us." Immediately after I left town, so I was informed by one of the majors at dinner, there was a gas attack. Some echo of my sermon must have got across the border to ears that tingled.

I have one request to make of my friends at Notre Dame. It is that they will stop thrilling with pride and patriotism long enough to drop us a letter, not only to me, but all N. D. men in the foreign service. . . . It will take this letter a month to reach you and a month for your reply to reach me; that will bring us to about the 4th of July. Please give me a big Fourth!

Greetings to all, and don't forget to continue to pray for,

Yours truly in Christ,

Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.

Address: A. P. O. 715,

117th Engineers,

American E. F. France.

CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA,

June 2, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

... Our training is growing more intense as we go along. The various field exercises are being worked into us with more and more vigor. The engineer officers must cover a great deal of work in order to complete the course within the time prescribed. The officers give us frequent examinations, the study in books being very essential to the practical work.

Dear Father, last Sunday while at Mass in one of the K. of C. buildings I saw, to my happy surprise, our Father Walsh, C. S. C. His troop is here for a very brief stay. I went up to see him after Mass, along with Leonard Mayer and Welsh of last year's civil engineering class. Father Walsh was also much surprised to find us here, and gave us a welcome that was good. It brought back memories of good old Notre Dame. I might mention that Bill Connors and Bob Falkenberg, old N. D. students, are also here in camp. The weather is extremely hot. I like the soldier's life very well. I should like to return some of these days to N. D. and have a real rest.

I shall not be able to come to Notre Dame for Commencement, but my father is planning to come anyway. I had looked forward to the time when I should be able to go up on the stage in Washington Hall along with my classmates and take away with us our diplomas. I regret that I can't be there June 10.

With best wishes to you, dear father, and thanks for the great favor you did me, I am

Yours sincerely,

P. J. Ronchetti,

CAMP JACKSON, SOUTH CAROLINA,

May 4, 1918.

Dear Brother Alphonsus:

I received a letter from you some time ago, and this is the first chance I have had of answering, as I have been having an eventful life since then. On Holy Saturday I felt sick and after a few days it developed into pneumonia. I recovered rather rapidly and was dismissed from the hospital after eighteen days, but could not do any work during the following two weeks. At the end of that time I received orders to report to Camp Jackson, South Carolina.

This camp is to be an artillery replacement depot, and as I understand it, it is our duty to make artillery men as fast as possible in order to supply the demand in France. I have been keeping a sharp look-out for N. D. men here, but so far have not found any.

Before leaving San Antonio I met Moralez and Garza. Garza has been promoted and is now an instrument sergeant—a very responsible person in artillery. Moralez is very anxious to return to school, but his father is having a great deal of trouble with his property in Mexico.

The papers you sent to Camp Travis were received at the K. of C. building. If you wish to send any more to camp I believe it would be best to address them to K. of C. building, for all the chaplains put in much of their time in these, and the men assemble there in the evenings. Remember me to all my friends at school,

Very truly yours,

Lieut. James T. Sweeney,

NAVAL AVIATION DETACHMENT,

Dear Father Maloney:

Just a few lines to tell you that I am just about through my course here. I get through next Friday and am going to the balloon service station at Akron, Ohio. It has been a tough course here, and a fellow feels as if he has accomplished something when he gets through.

I have met a number of Notre Dame men here including Robinson, "Cap" Munger, Coker Tommy Whalen and McCarthy. Joe Pliska was here in the army engineering department, but he has been transferred. I also met Louie Wolf's young brother here yesterday.

I am going to put in a request to the Commanding Officer at Akron to attend commencement at good old Notre Dame. If you happen to know any officers there please help me out in this respect, for I surely would like to get back to the "happy hunting grounds" for June 10th.

Everything has been breaking alright for me, except that my father had to be operated upon again, spending five weeks in the hospital. At first it was thought that he would be totally blind, but within the last couple of weeks he has been able to see a little and it is thought that at least one eye may be saved.

Well, Father, I shall close hoping that everything is going well at the old college and that all the priests and brothers are in good health. Remember me to all the boys I know and tell them I shall try hard to meet them all at commencement.

Yours truly,

Mal Elward.

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE,

April 16, 1918.

Dear Professor Maurus:

I received your letter and the copies of the SCHOLASTIC some time ago, but owing to the circumstances in which I have been living my correspondence has been neglected.

I have been changed from the ninety-first to the Photo Section, which was recently organized at the camp where I spent the winter and which is now attached to the First Squadron. We are, I think, the first Americans in our line to do this kind of work against the Boche, and we are just getting well settled in our new camp. The work is very interesting. The methods in aerial photography employed by the French have been developed since the beginning of the war. One feature of the work is the necessity of speed. On days that are bright and clear we never have to look for something to do, but have enough to keep us busy until midnight or later, as every task undertaken must be finished. We make up for the over-time, however on rainy days, such as we have been having this week; and so after all it is pretty much "fifty-fifty." We are situated in a beautiful spot too, with a famous river only fifty yards from our barracks, which will be inviting during the hot summer days.

I received the Washington Day SCHOLASTIC from my uncle yesterday, and was glad to find my name "among those present." I am hoping to have that "Pvt."

changed "*tout de suite*." I was glad to note the large number of Notre Dame boys in the service, and I only hope that I shall meet some of my friends over here. I was rather surprised to find "Shorty" de Fries' name in the list. I should surely like to see old Erich Hans in action.

I have not written to Remigius Cavanaugh yet, but intend to do so soon. I often regret that he cannot be with me, for he would enjoy this. Is his brother, John Cavanaugh, who graduated from Notre Dame last year, in the service? I met him several years ago, but I do not think that I should recognize him now.

I shall have to close now, as I see some work coming my way. Thanking you very much for the SCHOLASTICS, and hoping to hear from you soon, I am

Your friend,

Pvt. Lawrence Rebillot.

Photo Section,

First Aero Squadron.

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE,

April 27, 1918.

Dear Professor Kervick:

I enjoyed very much your Easter "reminders," especially the highly colored card which reminded you of me—a "Turner Characteristic," I believe.

I have visited the Sacré Coeur three times. It is exceptionally fine and has some wonderful mosaics. The altar is still under construction. I was all around it and watched the artisans at work. The tower is closed to visitors on account of the war. The approaches have not been begun yet, and, as I learn, may not be for some time. If they do justice to the building it promises to be recognized among the best examples of real architecture. It will certainly be most imposing—if it is fortunate enough to survive the long-range guns and air bombardments and is finally completed according to the plans. Doubtless you are familiar with the church which was hit by the long-range gun on Good Friday. I have been in it some three or four times. I wish I could tell you all about it or even give its name, but such is prohibited. I don't think it is a great loss to the architectural world, as it was celebrated for its antiquity rather than for aesthetic merits.

I noticed in our daily paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, a long write-up of the universities of the Central West, and Notre Dame was given a decided preference in the patriotic records.

My work of late is quite "railroady" in nature. Unless there is some indication of a change, I am thinking of applying for a transfer to some structural branch and for a commission. In order to do this it is necessary that I have three letters of recommendation from people who know of my qualifications. I have one from the assistant chief engineer of the Bethlehem Steel Co., one from the architect for whom I worked in Washington, and I am trusting that I may prevail upon your goodness for the third. I assure you it will be gratefully appreciated as are your many other courtesies to me. With kindest regards and best wishes I am,

Very sincerely yours,

W. W. Turner.

Address: N. O. D. G. T., A. P. O., 717,

American E. F., France.

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE,

April 27, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:

Just a line from the American Front in France! Perhaps you do not even know I am over here. I left the United States in a casualty detachment in March. We were to fill in the depleted ranks over here. Our boat was an American boat, a regular speed king, and we were only seven and a half days crossing the ocean. After we got here we were sent to a classification camp which sorted us out, sending men to engineer, machine gun, infantry organizations, and the like. We were then sent to training camps where I think we were originally intended to train for three months before we went up to the front. I had been in an infantry training camp nine days when I was sent with one hundred others up to the 103rd Infantry, a regiment of the old New England National Guard. We joined it behind the lines. I had drilled three days with the company to which I had been assigned, when I was offered a clerical job with the Paymaster. This I took. The work is much more agreeable than drilling and it has many privileges attached to it. My company has just come back from an eight-day relief in the trenches. I am with the Paymaster seven miles behind the lines. My regiment has not met with any casualties, to speak of, but the regiment which preceded us lost—men and the one on our right lost—. The Germans have not many men on this front but plenty of artillery.

I saw in an old newspaper that Father Morrissey was sick. I have had no Chicago communications since I have been here, but I hope he has fully recovered by this time. Kindly remember me to Father French.

Respectfully,

Gerald Fitzgibbon.

GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,

May 25, 1918.

My dear Father Hagerty:

As it has been some time since I wrote last you are perhaps thinking that I have forgotten all about you. It is not that; however, but only that I have been neglectful in all my correspondence recently.

I am down here at Gettysburg with the Tank Corps, and I like it very much. As yet we have not had, of course, any real work with tanks; we don't get to that till we arrive in France, and so all our work thus far has been with rifles merely. There are some exceptionally fine fellows here, and several from Notre Dame. Do you remember George McCoy? He is here now, and asks me to tell you "hello" for him. The two of us have become fast friends already.

I did not get a chance to see you as I had intended after receiving your postal card at Easter. I thought I would get to Chicago to see my mother before I left, as she is there now, but I was ordered to report within twenty-four hours after I signed up. I wanted to stop off at the school also, but as it was, I could not arrange anything.

We play a great deal of baseball here, which helps to keep up good feeling among the different companies. Yesterday we played two games, winning one and losing the other. But nothing compares with the good old inter-hall games at Notre Dame. Many times have I wished that I could be taken back four years,

so that I might live over again those four years at Notre Dame. I met Don Hamilton while in Columbus, and we had a delightful chat going over the good times we had at N. D. and in reviewing the various games of the olden days. Now we are engaged in something mighty serious; the thought of it rather takes the liveliness out of a fellow. Anyhow, we have that privilege of looking back to those happy days.

I should surely like to hear from you when you have time to write. Please remember me to my friends at Notre Dame. Always your friend,

Stanley Cofall,

Address: Company D, 330th Bn.,
Light Tank Corps.

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE,
April 30, 1918.

Dear Father Moloney:

I have received your most welcome letter of March 27, and I assure you I enjoyed every word of it. It certainly was very gratifying to read about the wonderful spirit displayed by Notre Dame men in the present crisis; it illustrates anew the old Notre Dame tradition of loyalty to country. I also read in the SCHOLASTIC the list of all the boys in the service and found that most of my friends have donned the uniform. I was more than glad to hear of Sergt. Campbell's promotion to a captaincy. He well deserved that recognition.

Since writing you last I have finished my course at the Field Artillery School of Instruction at S—. The instruction proved very interesting and I feel that my time here was well spent.

After finishing there I was assigned to the French Heavy Artillery Tractor School for instruction involving the motor drawn heavy artillery. The course here is quite complete, even though it is of but four weeks' duration; it comprises a study of elementary automobile design, actual driving of pleasure cars and heavy tractors, practical exercises in hauling heavy artillery pieces through all sorts of difficult places, and also the special study of the "155 mm. G. P. F.," a quite new, quick-firing, long-range rifle. The work so far has been very interesting, even though the grind has been pretty hard and steady since I arrived.

I have already had the pleasure of being in Paris twice on week-end leaves. The city is wonderful indeed, and I was much impressed with its magnitude as well as with its beauty. I visited Napoleon's Tomb, the Eiffel Tower, the Trocadero, the Opera, and many other points of interest, and marvelled at each and every one of them. Last Sunday I attended Mass in the celebrated Church of the Madeleine, a most beautiful edifice.

We had a little fun here about a week ago. The air pirates took it upon themselves to pay Paris a quiet little evening call. We were all awakened about midnight by the screeching of the *alerte* and had to dress and hit the trail for a wood near by. Meantime, the anti-aircraft guns began barking away and promptly put up an impassable barrage. The poor Huns were very much disappointed, for they had to turn about and "beat it." They have not bothered us lately, and they had better not. It's too blamed much of a bore to be awakened in the middle of a good sleep, don't you know!

Give my best to all my friends, and tell Mark I hope he will have the pleasure of typing me another letter soon.

Sincerely,

James E. Roach.

AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE,
April 26, 1918.

Rev. Wm. A. Moloney, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

As Brother Cyprian would say, "Your letter of March 8, at hand, and contents carefully noted." I was very glad to receive the letter and also the SCHOLASTIC, for which I am indeed grateful to you. I was surprised to see the letter that I had written to you in the SCHOLASTIC, as I thought I had marked it "not for publication." But of course it doesn't make any difference, except that I do not want to be classed among the scribes that are "belly-aching."

In case you be in doubt as to whether or not I am in a reserve officers' training camp, "kicking" because I am only getting my week-ends off, I am enclosing a report which I think will remove any doubt as to my whereabouts.

I have been volunteering for all the dangerous jobs, and it is getting so lately that the Major details me for every mean task that comes up. The other night I was sent out on patrol—the fifth time since I have been here. Before we started, we split the patrol, and I was sent to the spot where it was thought the Boches were to be found. Let me assure you at once that they had made no mistake. I had in my detail six Americans and six Frenchmen. By way of explanation, let me say that it has rained every day and night since we have been here, and at times it is impossible to distinguish anything in the darkness. The trenches are filled with mud up to our knees and we have running water in all the dugouts. But to return to my story—we crawled out well beyond our wire, out into "No Man's Land." We had no more than reached our position when we heard noises which seemed to come from a point about fifteen yards ahead of us. Neither force could see the other; but the enemy heard us, and immediately started to run at top speed. Nothing could have surprised me more than this action on their part, for it was entirely unexpected. Then a flare rocket went up from our side and in its light we dropped four of them. A word about a flare rocket: it is employed by the enemy as well as by ourselves, and is sent up directly over "No Man's Land." It has the effect of a stage spot-light: when it breaks over "No Man's Land" one has to "dig" for a shell-hole. I was not kept wondering long why the Germans had taken to their heels. Not more than four minutes after our encounter with them, eight of their batteries, consisting of four guns each and ranging from 77 to 210 (this was the report of our observers), opened fire on us. In addition to this, we were subjected to a heavy machine gun attack, and through it all "No Man's Land" was ablaze with the light of the flare-rockets. The shells fell in torrents in front of us and around us. If you have ever seen rats go for their holes, you have some idea of how we fled as one man for the shell holes. Mud and slimy green water had no terrors for us when we heard the "ping" of the shells and felt the spatter of mud in our faces.

as we dug into the earth. When the flare of the rockets had died out of the sky, it was up and forward to another shell-hole, gambling with death in an effort to reach the more advanced position. Such were our tactics until we were satisfactorily settled. When the Huns could no longer detect any movement they thought that our party had been wiped out and they "piped" down. Then slowly, one by one, we made our way back, and when we counted noses we found that we had lost but one. The enclosed report accounts for him. How we were not all killed God only knows, and it was most surely by His grace that we were saved. Father, what a man experiences and suffers in a night in "No Man's Land" is beyond the grasp of the human mind; the horror of it all is altogether beyond the reach of the imagination. It makes even the bravest nervous to be "strafed" in such a manner.

Each of the four Germans whom we knocked off carried a pistol, a dagger nine inches long, and a pair of wire cutters, and each wore rubber trousers. In fact, all their patrols and raiding parties, as we afterwards discovered, wear these rubber trousers. We captured eight of them in a raid two nights after our adventure and were told by the captives that on the night I have just described it was their intention to raid us. We were able to take these prisoners because we knew when and where they were coming through. This made our work easy.

Yesterday a "Boche" came over and gave himself up. He said he was sick of it all and that he did not care what happened to him. He told us, too, that this was the general feeling. He was an engineer and apparently a very bright chap. All of them that I have seen so far have been young fellows. Believe me, Father, it is true that they are all "fed-up" on war, and it will not be long until even the Kaiser will have a bad taste in his mouth.

While I last I am going to stay right in the thick of it. True they may knock me off; but, as I have said before, "what harm?"

One of the worst things with which we have to contend in the trenches are the rats—thousands of them running in all directions and squealing frightfully. As a matter of fact the dugouts are nothing more than rat-holes.

When all is said and done, Father, I must "allow," as a hoosier from downstate would say, that I long to be back again where I could go in and bounce a big nickle off the plate glass at "Hullies and Mike's", and, if there was a crowd around, ask for "Naturals" and have them slip me a pack of "Favorites." Back there I could sleep in the morning until about nine, and then stroll in and have a conference with my two good old friends, Sister Lourdes and Sister Assumption, and have them, out of their goodness of heart, prepare for me a breakfast fit for a king. Anyhow, hasn't it been said that the Gargans were kings in Ireland? I disremember just whether it was "Whiff" Dolan or the "Merchant of Venice" that said so.

Well, Father, here's hoping that the war may soon be over and that we may all be together again. Give my regards to all my friends. With a sincere wish that this letter may find you in good health, I remain

Your sincere friend,

Joe Gargan.

Safety Valve.

And many a Walshite on his return from school is met by his daddy who throws both arms around him and says in the most sweet way, "I'm-awfully glad to see you, son, you must have had a hard, trying year with your studies."—the irony of some fathers!

* *

It's a consoling thought anyway to remember that September is just twelve weeks away.

* *

And the boy who tried to explain to his father that 270 demerits was his clothes number should have had the good sense not to have the white string on his sock hanging.

* *

BEWILDERED.

Are there classes at summer school, or is it just like during the year, games and shows and Hullies and Mikes?

* *

BUT HE SHOULD BE.

What are all these swimming regulations about? I've been swimming for three years in this lake and I've never been drowned once.

* *

AVIATRIX.

He said, "I love you," but the maid
Kept looking into space,
A royal flush was in her cheek
For she had wed an ace.

* *

FOR ME A ROSE.

I keep away from boys who have a cold
I shun all students with conjunctivitis
I would not tarry in the same hotel
With anyone who had appendicitis,
If my best girlie had a little cough
I'd say good-bye to her and quickly leave her
I'm quite particular with whom I talk
For I'm a high-brow since I got rose fever.

I sneeze at everyone that comes my way,
My salty tears are nearly always flowing
And if I am not rubbing at my eyes
My crimson-tinted nose I must be blowing.
When friends enquire if I have a cold
I tell them "no"—they think me a deceiver
But I just look above their heads and smile
For I'm a high-brow since I got rose fever.

* *

MY FRIEND.

I like my pal because he cannot sing
And never tries to do so.
I lived beside a lad in Corby once
Who thought he was Caruso.

He used to start at six bells in the dawn
To make the welkin ring,
Since then I can embrace most any man
Who never tried to sing.

My pal has never played the violin
I like him, too, for that,
I lived a month one day on Eddy Street
A violinist had the upper flat.
If Pal had never done kind deeds for me
My heart he still should win
Because I can adore most any man
Who never tried to play the violin.

* *

O SEIGH! CALL THE S. P. C. A!
A cruel man, and very coarse
Is Ebenezer Feigh:
I saw him feed oats to his horse;
Although the beast cried neigh.—H. B. MC.

* *

AN ATTAINMENT.

She always said "the boy had went"
And that "she seen him go,"
"They was," was common in her speech
Her grammar was a show.
She never went to school when young
And couldn't read a book,
She was a boob in many ways
But golly she could cook.

Good grammar never fed a man
Or scrubbed a kitchen floor,
And girls who sometimes say, "they ain't"
Know ever so much more
Than those who use the choicest words
And have the sweetest look,
For though they crucify our speech
They certainly can cook.

* *

A BURNING NAME.

I don't like Pearl or Jane for names,
Elizabeth or Carrie,
I've often wished that girls' first names
Would vanish when they marry.
Now Maude and Mae and Josephine
I certainly could snub,
I like a red-hot sizzling name
Like,—well, Beelzebub.

Now Gladys always gets my goat,
And Madeline sounds queer
And when I hear a girl call Babe
It irritates my ear,
You sometimes call the girl you like
Sweetheart or turtle-dove,
But if you want a devilish name
Why choose Beelzebub.

* *

We have received the following Open Letter from a

great literary producer and distinguished playwright. So far as we can remember this is the only recognition we have ever received for our spasms. We were wondering, however, if he were hinting in a very veiled way that he didn't like our jokes. It can't hardly be so because he called them "mordacious grandeur" and those sound like awfully nice words and we like them.

AN OPEN LETTER.

Well, well, so the Safety Valve has peeped its peep at last. We've been waiting for it. For one week the column of sepulchral humor maintained a dignified silence with regard to the Senior Play. So we bided patiently for another seven days—and there, sure enough, in all its mordacious grandeur, was the come-back, lowly enough, to be sure, after nurturing so long.

Naturally, old Safety Valve, we didn't expect you to find the Senior Play humorous. The truth is never humorous—to those about whom it is revealed. And "Camouflaging Cupid" took the liberty of uttering a single, uncomplimentary truism about the Safety Valve, the tin can tied to the tail of the poor old SCHOLASTIC. To us the funniest thing about the whole affair is the thought that the editor of the S. V. paid seventy-five cents to hear his own handiwork thwacked. On second thought, however, perhaps he didn't pay seventy-five cents. Being an officer of the law has economic advantages.

We admit that we always laugh heartily over the Safety Valve—it pays to keep on the good side of the Disciplinary Department. It is easy to imagine the editor of the S. V. sitting in his office, and musing thus: "Uh hum. They tell me that So-and-So didn't laugh over Joke No. 5 dressed out in Style No. 7—the one about the youth who longs to knock out all the teeth in a girl's head as a sign of his intense affection. Well, So-and-So, we'll see if we can't expel you this week. I'll teach you to laugh at my jokes." A word to the wise, Safety Valve, saves nine stitches and a letter home.

We'll grant that large portions of the wit in "Camouflaging Cupid" was more or less antique. But sudden changes of diet, doctors affirm, are injurious to the constitution. So in view of the fact that the students have been fed up on moss-covered jokes by the Safety Valve, we adhered to the tried and true lest we shock their risibilities. We'll go even farther than that in our admissions. The whole play was poorly written, lacked all substance and form. But note this: we acknowledged as much on the program. The Safety Valve, on the other hand, purports in all seriousness to be humorous, and expects to be accepted as such. Think of that, reader, and have the best laugh the S. V. has ever given you—assuming that it ever afforded you a laugh.

Listen, Safety Valve, while we whisper in your ear: the Senior play profited by that fondness for being fooled which P. T. Barnum remarked in the people in general. Because of the same proclivity you persist in existence from week to week. In fine, we both have practiced the gentle art of camouflage to the end that those about us think we're feeding them something new, when in reality it's the same old fare warmed over. It behooves neither of us, therefore, to make exposing remarks about the other. In mutual restraint there is continued success. So if you'll cease the charges, we'll cease the recriminations, and you may be able to continue for many years before your readers get next to you.

With all the respect possible,

DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18.

Author and Publisher.

Good-bye girls, he's through.