

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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NO. I.

The Duties of the Soldier-Student.*

BY THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C., D. D.

Teach me goodness, and discipline, and knowledge.
—Ps. 118, 66.

NEVER before has the University taken up its work in such disturbed and bewildering conditions. The idea of a University has hitherto been a great school, venerable with years, tapestried with glorious traditions, where from the ancient sod, dome and spire leaped to the clouds amid stately libraries and lecture-halls and laboratories; where in quiet paths and academic groves philosophers might walk and poets dream; where multitudes of eager youth, drawn from the ends of the earth, steeped themselves in the idealism and romance and chivalry, the poetry and glamour of the past and lived in a sort of elysian paradise in an atmosphere of peace and refinement and golden light, combining such exuberant delight in life as became their age with growth in mental mellowness and moral power, and that slow, reluctant wisdom which often lingers after knowledge comes. Even when our national curse, the spirit of commercialism, had hopelessly vulgarized the modern university by setting up money standards of endowment and by making the power of accumulating wealth the test and measure of success; even after our undisciplined American youth, bereft of any literary or artistic or scholarly inheritance, had, through athletics, exalted the physical aspects of life above learning and character, the modern university was still, in the minds of even its most careless and least aspiring sons, an Alma Mater of the arts and sciences, the home of refinement and gentleness and unperplexed happiness, the defender, the dispenser, the patron saint of learning and culture and virtue.

Behold, how are the times become changed and out of joint! The University transformed

into a barracks; the gentle masters become pedagogues of war; the University ideal no longer the scholar, but the soldier! No more do poets write their radiant dreams and apocalyptic visions in letters of fire and in words of measured music, but, like the deathless Joyce Kilmer, they dramatize them by shedding their blood on the battlefields of France; or, like our own beloved Father O'Donnell, amid the war-scarred mountains of Italy they weave them into beautiful tapestries of virtue on the looms of sorrow and with the white hands of pain. No more does the imagination of the historian resurrect the dead past, for the historian, like the engineer and scientist, is occupied almost wholly with the problems of the war. The cap and gown yield to military uniform. The campus resounds with the steady beat of marching men; the strong, relentless discipline of war is enthroned; the hour for rising and retiring is set, and for study and all the details of the day; narrow bounds are prescribed for liberty of action; reprimand or punishment is visited on each offense. The gentler graces of life, the sweet seductions of home, the look of love, the tender touch, the sympathetic smile of everyday life in the old times belong to a day that is done, a day that may never, perhaps, in its old form, completely come back again during your life. It is a situation not without peril. It is for us to take care that while one Louvain was criminally destroyed in Europe, one hundred may not be innocently destroyed in America.

Outside the University the times, too, have changed. All but essential avocations have ceased; games are abandoned, theaters closed, pleasure resorts deserted, restaurants empty, the streets vacant and resounding. Life on all sides seems fragmentary, mutilated, incomplete. The fool with the gilded forehead must perforce take life seriously; the professional loafer is no

* Sermon delivered in the University Church at the solemn religious opening of the school year, September 29.

more; mothers who indulged their children, to a degree almost criminal, now think with tear-dimmed eyes and anxious hearts of the battle-fields of Europe; weak fathers, who abdicated their authority and their duty, experience perhaps a sense of relief, but certainly a feeling of solicitude at the thought of soldier-sons. The home, the school, the factory, even the Church itself, all have concentrated their energies upon a great warlike purpose. Surely the times are strange and out of joint.

And, yet, a moment's reflection will show that it was the old days and not these that were strained and unnatural and out of joint. No wise man can read the history of the past without feeling a deep conviction that, whatever other forces may have contributed to the development of Christian civilization, the Hand of God made it, guided it, and perfected it. That the innocent suffer as well as the guilty in fulfilling the Divine Plan is only a detail in an infinitely large work, a detail inevitable, because of man's free will. To me few things are more evident than that this monstrous war, is in the purposes of Almighty God a means of purifying the world. Our western civilization, like an over-ripe peach, was becoming rotten; there was too much money and too much leisure among both men and women. The result was not only such over-indulgence in pleasure as made corruption inevitable, but also an aimlessness, a wasting of the years of human life, an utter lack of guidance and control and discipline in church and school and home. Vice flaunted itself shamelessly and, worse still, it found defenders among women as well as men, in book and play and conversation. The world was getting into a condition when it was almost impossible to shock it; girls were becoming bold, lacking in modesty, seeming to take on all the vulgarities of speech and manner that had previously been deplored in their brothers; the boys themselves seemed to be more refined because they were more coddled, less inured to hardship and endurance, more delicate in speech and temper, but less obedient, less virile in mind and spirit; parents had, in the majority of cases, deteriorated to a condition of mere slush: they seemed to be deprived of the power to think, to resolve, to decide, to command. They found in the world around them a condition of rebellion among children, and, instead of suppressing the rebellion, they weakly joined the crowd and abdicated the throne of authority.

We Americans have always been lamentably weak in obedience, but certainly never before was there anything like such contempt for law and discipline and duty as we have been witnessing during recent years. Religion was threatened because men suffering from fatty degeneration of the intellect thought with their nerves, their fears, their desires,—with anything except their minds. The home was threatened by divorce, by absentee parents and, worse still, absentee children. The school was threatened by the utilitarian spirit, by contempt of learning, by narrowness and slouchiness and want of painstaking on the part of the pupils, and a corresponding flippancy, sensationalism and lethargy on the part of teachers. Wherever parents and children combine to despise scholarship, the teacher, unfortunately, becomes a mere merchant and caters to the public whim. Paganism and irreligion rampant in the press, in literature and in society was nowhere so rampant as in the Universities. In a word, Christianity had ceased to be a vital force in the lives of millions of people, in nearly every country of Christendom. Then came this brutal, barbarous war, originating in the sins and lusts, the plottings and the tyrannies of so-called Christian men, but designed, as I reverently believe, by an All-wise and All-merciful Providence, for the sweetening and purification of an apostate and wicked putrescent world.

"Teach me, O Lord, goodness and knowledge and discipline," exclaims the young warrior and poet, David, and for once the sodden, pleasure-wasted world echoed that holy and heroic cry. There was something sublime in the way men answered to the call of country all over the world; there was something almost God-like in their courage, their will to meet pain, privation and death. As this war exceeds in enormity and horror every other war of recorded human history, so the amazing response to the trumpet call of patriotism throughout these warring lands will stand for all time as the noblest chapter in the history of human courage. The spectacle is such as almost to merit pardon for all the sins and foolishness of the men of this generation. And not only did men submit their lives to privation and pain and death, but they also willingly surrendered much of their personal liberty for the time that human freedom in the large sense might be vindicated and saved. The government, roused by an emergency so desperate, has become a great teacher of knowl-

edge and discipline and goodness. One hundred and fifty thousand young men are gathered into colleges and universities at government expense to study the arts of war and of peace with a seriousness never observed before. Hundreds of thousands more are being trained in vocational knowledge and skill. The result, however short the period, must be such an awakening of the national mind as augurs well for the individual as well as for society in America. Similarly, multitudes of young men have felt for the first time in their lives the whip of discipline. Rich and poor, the great and the lowly, have felt it alike in our glorious democracy. The duty which home and parents, schools and teachers, shrank from so sensitively, the mighty power of the state is accomplishing with amazing effectiveness. Age as well as youth has felt the pressure. Restrictions are put upon clothing and food and drink, and tables that aforesaid groaned under a burden of rich and dainty food now groan under pale and ascetic discipline. Untamable capital has at last been tamed by patriotic taxation, and Money has been made to serve what before it commanded. And not only knowledge and discipline, but goodness, too, has come within the purview of the State. Where aforesaid we were told that immorality could not be controlled and checked by secular authority, now we behold the mighty voice of the Government urging purity as an ideal of efficiency, and the strong arm of the law drawing clear and strong the lines within which at least will be effective the mandate delivered amid the thunders of Sinai, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." The old Church which set up self-denial and the ideals of poverty, chastity and obedience as the program of its perfect life, now with delight and amazement sees the most secular of modern governments setting up similar ideals as the program of its perfect service.

You young men assembled here are a part of that stupendous answer made by the men of America when Liberty shrieked. From your childhood, the Church has taught you that the cross and the flag are the most sacred symbols in your lives, that love of God and love of country must forever walk hand in hand. And today the old Mother Church gathers you here to lift over you the outstretched hands of benediction. From her anointed lips comes the admonition that you must pray and strive every day for knowledge and discipline and goodness. There never was in all the world a

land so worthy of love as our country; there never was in all the world a flag so spotless, so fair, so just, so innocent of wrong. You are called to be defenders of that flag and that country. In the name of your Church, in the name of your glorious country, in the name of this old University, whose record for patriotism is so glorious, I conjure you to give yourselves, body and soul, mind and spirit, to this sublime task. The uniform with which you are soon to be invested will lend a dignity and a meaning to your life that it has never known before. It will be a sign of a mission and a vocation, like the vestments of a priest. That uniform has been made glorious by the heroism of millions of brave men in the golden past—lovers of freedom and vindicators of it, whose bones have whitened every battlefield and whose blood has crimsoned every sea. You who wear it should feel a thrill of pride at the thought that you are sentries on the citadels of civilization, that you are guardians at the gates of life, that in this great emergency you are for the time being God's right hand, to punish injustice, to right wrong, to vindicate human liberty. As you love your country, I charge you to take this work seriously, to forget all foolishness and to prepare yourselves, as the knights of old prepared themselves, by prayer and solemn thought for their consecration and their crusade. You who aspire to become leaders of men must dedicate all your energy to acquiring the knowledge, the discipline and the goodness which alone will make you worthy of leadership. If you are indifferent to your classes, if you do not bring to this mighty conflict of war a strong and supple and well-trained mind, you can never deserve to be invested with responsibility for the lives of men and the issue of destiny-laden battle. If you are to demand obedience of others you must be examples of the discipline which you exact of them. This is what the greatest warrior in human history meant when he said that he would rather have an army of sheep led by a lion than an army of lions led by a sheep.

And, finally, I plead with you to achieve that goodness of heart and cleanliness of life without which it would be vain for you to hope to be a good soldier. Courage is a spiritual quality and not an animal one, and hence the most civilized men, the most refined men and the most spiritual men are always the bravest soldiers. Great generals have often said that no army will fight on an empty stomach, but I say to you

that it is even more true that no army will fight on an empty soul. Morale is all important in war, and there is a subtle connection between morale and morality. And as you cannot hope to have the necessary knowledge in the moment of emergency unless you have striven for it faithfully day by day in the school-room; as you cannot hope to manifest the discipline, the control of yourself and others, that may win or lose the battle in a critical hour, unless you have practised it conscientiously during these months of training, so it would be the wildest delusion to hope that you will manifest under the pressure of temptation the moral power to resist and to conquer unless you exercise yourself in piety and in purity during these days of preparation.

And, now, in conclusion, let me say that I cannot wish you any nobler destiny than that you may be worthy of the Notre Dame men who have already left these quiet shades to enter this tremendous struggle, some of whom, God rest their beautiful young souls! have already laid down their lives for God and America and human freedom, many others of whom still carry on the battle in a spirit no less sublime. The Notre Dame men who have gone into the Army within the past year have made a record which you may well be proud to share and to emulate. I know that some of our boys who applied for admission to the Reserve Officers' Training Camp would have been rejected for some slight physical disability if it had not been known that they were Notre Dame boys. The officer said, "We cannot let any of you Notre Dame men by; we need you." The other day I had a letter from one of the boys in France and he told me that every time he sped a bullet into the heart of an enemy he whispered a prayer for his soul, "because," he said, "there are no enemies after death." I remember how little "Dixie" Sullivan,— "Dixie" of the soft, southern face, and the soft southern voice, and soft southern manners,— "Dixie" fell to his death in an aeroplane. The first to rush to his assistance was another Notre Dame man, Lieutenant Frank Mulcahy, and finding him unconscious he took from his own pocket a crucifix, blessed with an indulgence for a happy death; he pressed it to "Dixie's" lips and he whispered into his ear, now closed forever to the sounds of earth, an Act of Contrition. "Dixie" never heard the words, but, I believe, they were heard somewhere, and that somehow they counted for Dixie. These, and thousands of others like them, are

typical Notre Dame boys—brave boys, strong boys, clean boys, religious boys—boys almost worthy to be soldiers in the Army of that great Archangel, Michael, the Commander of the Hosts of God, whose feast the Church celebrates today.

More than ever during these momentous months, more than ever now, when death and duty seem so closely connected, do I lay the work of the University at the feet of Notre Dame, Our Lady, Purest of Creatures, Fairest of Women, Tenderest of Mothers, Virgin Most Powerful, Help of Christians, Lover of Brave Men, Our Life, Our Sweetness and Our Hope,—our Hope now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

Beneath French Skies.

BY B. E.

No Stars and Stripes wave over me
 To make my heart leap high,
 Nor beat of drum, nor bugle note
 Gives me the strength to die.
 But trenches cold and sleepless nights
 From War the glory take;
 And he is cloaked in garb of smoke,
 And makes the red earth shake.
 The cannon roars and winged Death
 Flies through the shrieking air.
 Brave comrades bound by tender ties
 I see whose vacant stare
 Is turned on me, though friendship's fire—
 Has fled my brothers' eyes,
 And desolate indeed I am
 Beneath French war-shot skies.
 A mother's love is lacking me,
 A sister's fond embrace;
 Though smiling eyes look 'cross the sea
 Out through love's misty space,
 And oh! the song within my heart
 Is lost amid dull pain,
 And death is more than sweet to me,
 For death, not life, is gain.
 But yet for them will I fight on,
 And armed with courage true
 Nor count the cost, but look to see
 The Red and White and Blue,
 When vanished is the smoke of war,
 Agleam in Freedom's light,
 The honor of our nation saved
 From shame's disgraceful blight.

A Man's School.

(From the *Southern Industrial and Lumber Review*
August 31, 1918.)

Perhaps never before in the history of this country has the need for schools where boys are trained early in their lives for the duties of men become more acute than now. Perhaps never before has the value of athletic training to the collegian had a better demonstration than the record of the last year when able-bodied youth, fully developed, mentally and physically, have been flocking to the colors to offer up their all for the nation. This free-will offering of life all over this broad land has been so universal that even in the first stages of our great crisis it is ceasing to excite comment. The courage and fealty of our boys is universal. Nevertheless it is well to note and to dwell upon, if need be, in the interest of the proper training of the boys who will reach maturity in the near future, that our young athletes of the last decade have faced the situation fully equipped to meet the duties of the hour.

Every man notes, perhaps, with more particularity the achievements of his own Alma Mater or that of his sons. Two editors of this journal, who have been serving their country practically since April, 1917, are graduates of Notre Dame University at South Bend, Indiana, of the class of 1914. Therefore we have been watching the course of events in that student body.

When the United States went into the war, Notre Dame had about fourteen hundred students. Of these only about seven hundred were college students, the others being "preps," "minims," and seminarians. Of these seven hundred above high school standing, about four hundred were of military age. Of these four hundred, 293, or over seventy per cent, volunteered. Since that time hundreds more have "gone in," but it has been impossible to keep track of them.

One department of the big school, however,—the department of journalism—may be taken as typical. When the United States went into the war, this department had sixty students. When school reopened in September the department had twenty-five, and of these only twelve were survivors from former classes—the others were in the service.

Every graduate of this department, with the possible exception of two who have not been

heard from, is in the service, and every one of them volunteered.

In 1917, this department graduated twelve; in 1918, it graduated only two. That shows how the 1917 juniors enlisted. The graduates of 1917 were nearly all in khaki when they received their diplomas. The two graduates of 1918 were not present to receive theirs; they were in camp.

Another fact is illustrative. Every Notre Dame monogram man for the years '14, '15 and '16 is in the service. Of course nearly all the monogram men of subsequent years are serving too, but these earlier men went in, nearly all of them, before there was any conscription. The last soldier-death to grieve South Bend, the University's town, was that of Lieut. Arnold McInerny, guard on last year's Notre Dame eleven.

When a call was issued for chaplains, twenty-five priest-professors of Notre Dame offered their services at once. They were not all accepted then, only eight of them were allowed to go, but the others stand ready and anxious. Even the little fellows and the high school boys below military age have done their part. They have furnished one complete ambulance outfit; they have contributed about five thousand books and countless periodicals for the soldiers' reading, and they have taken an active and generous part in every "drive" that has been made for patriotic purposes.

When the University reopens in September hundreds of its students will be here as soldiers; for Notre Dame has offered itself to the government, and its services have been accepted. It is one of the universities where boys of eighteen can study military of one particular branch, and fit themselves for some particular need of the United States military establishment, under joint supervision of Notre Dame and Uncle Sam. Yes, N. D. is a man's school.

The Flowers' Tale.

I wandered through the fresh green fields
And saw the flowers there.
I pondered how they soon must fade
Though now they seem so fair.

And while I gazed in pensive mood
The earth grew dull and cold,
The story that the flowers tell
In life is oft retold.

Thoughts.

BY STUDENTS OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Beware of the pious knave.

Character is revealed at a crisis.

Study folks; they are the best books.

Ideals are the measure of one's culture.

He who minds his own business does well.

A struggle with words provokes thoughts.

When praying for rain, carry your umbrella.

A lesson quickly gotten is quickly forgotten.

The first service flag was the sanctuary lamp.

Suffering unlocks the artist's soul to the world.

It is better to think amiss than not think at all.

Friendships can not thrive in mere surface soil.

Kind looks often speak louder than kind words.

Slang is the spare-rib of the American language.

Real victory means a gold star in heaven's service flag.

An idiom seldom becomes naturalized in a foreign country.

A wise man is he who knows when to quit playing the fool.

A coward must live constantly with the ghost of his fear.

Practice the bravery of "just being happy." It is charity, too.

Learn to write well and your oral speech will take care of itself.

One hour of morning sunshine is worth two hours of midnight.

Work for knowledge and let the credits take care of themselves.

Doing your bit should be only practice for the doing of your utmost.

How crater-scarred the no-man's-land of the battles with ourselves.

Stilts are as useless in any kind of writing as in running a foot-race.

Making others share your troubles is a very poor sort of generosity.

Don't be so thorough-going as never to get beyond the preliminaries.

Don't scrape the frost from the windows of your soul but light a fire.

A great cross is on the shoulders of the world, but Christ is our Cyrenean.

Only a coward uses the dagger of disdain to stab a man wounded by sin.

When experience pricks the rainbow bubble of your dream, blow another.

Aim high, but do not attempt the mountain before you get over the foothills.

He who fails to make the best use of his God-given gifts is a traitor to highest trust.

That subordination is a condition of success is one of the daily lessons of the war.

Work for a good cause is never lost, though the worker may think his efforts vain.

Why wrap yourself in a cloud of gloom when there is so much sunshine in the world?

Doing your bit for your country does not necessitate bitterness towards her enemy.

If genius is two-thirds perspiration, most of us are like the dog in that we perspire not.

Some people are never so happy as when luxuriating in the unhappiness of self-pity.

In silence there is power. What takes hold of the world like light? Yet what comes so quietly as the dawn?

Learn to feel and show a kindly interest in the affairs of others. It is a good way to be a friend and win a friend.

The Kaiser shoves the world on one side of the scale, steps on the other side himself, and expects at least a balance.

Ask not how far you have outstripped others or how far been outstripped, but how much faster you can run.

If we look back upon our anxieties we can see where a little courage was all we needed to make an optimist of a pessimist.

In these days when we read and hear so many noble, true, and beautiful things about the loves and sorrows of mothers, wives, and sweet-hearts, why do we not hear more about the love of a sister—"the most unselfish and abiding of all human loves."

Every blade of grass in the field is measured; the green cups and the colored crowns of every flower are curiously counted; the stars of the firmament wheel in cunningly calculated orbits; even the storms have their laws.—*Blaikie.*

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VOL. LII.

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NO. 1.

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Once more the college doors have opened, and novel indeed are the scenes within. Some four hundred of the higher schools of the country have been taken over by the government and made a part of the army of the United States. The Students' Army Training Corps has been inaugurated in these schools to take the place of the reserve officers' training corps and has been given very definite military status. Among these schools is Notre Dame as one of the homes of the S. A. T. C. Thus it is that the flag which flies over the campus, so long an emblem of peaceful prosperity, now takes on a deeper significance as the symbol of America at war. The cap and gown is to be a rare sight this year, and much that they typify is for a time discarded. The rude arts of war must for the present prevail over the elective pursuits of peaceful times. Such a revolution in academic life has never before been experienced in our country. The War Department has effected this change as "an emergency measure, greatly to increase the scope of military instruction at college, and to provide a large number of educated and trained men for the Army's needs." There could scarcely be a more impressive recognition of the value of college education than this action on the part of the government. Besides military drill and lectures on military topics, an academic rating will be kept which will do not a little in deciding the success of the student-soldier. The time for study is limited and the courses of study are to be highly intensive. The way is open for every member of the Corps to give his best for his own credit, for the honor of his school, and above all

for the honor and the good of his country. Every consideration urges that he study and train with his utmost energy and effort. Let the Notre Dame men of 1918-19 make this school-year memorable in the perfect accomplishment of the great purpose appointed them.—T. F. H.

Notre Dame rejoiced a few days ago with the Right Reverend Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne in the celebration of his golden jubilee in the priesthood. The occasion was observed in a manner that evinced the admiration and love of the clergy and laity of his diocese. Well indeed has Bishop Alerding deserved from the hundred and forty-five thousand souls of whom he is the shepherd this demonstration of affection and devotion. His administrative ability, his apostolic zeal in caring for his people, and his solid piety have uniformly distinguished his pastoral work, and recommended him to the affections of everyone. The University, like every other Catholic school in the diocese, has always appreciated deeply the intense and untiring interest which he has taken in her welfare. In extending our most heartfelt congratulations we pray that God may give him yet many more years of health and strength in his fruitful ministry.—L. R. W.

Have you volunteered for the Fourth Liberty Loan? If not, it is your duty to do so at once. It is a poor excuse to say that you have subscribed on previous occasions. Our soldiers at the front have faced the fire of enemy guns not once or twice but many times, and will do so as long as there be need. Whenever our troops receive the order to go over the top, if they are physically fit, they go. Each time that they advance against the enemy they risk their lives for the preservation of all that is dear to us. So long as the Lord permits them to fight for freedom, they will do so, if the people at home provide the necessary funds to supply the means of warfare. The Germans can never stop the Allied advance, but the American people can. For every bond that is not bought a squad of soldiers is forced to remain idle. If you are prevented from entering active service, strengthen the forces that are fighting for you by subscribing at once and liberally to the Fourth Liberty Loan.—T. J. H.

The S. A. T. C. at Notre Dame.

Capt. William P. Murray arrived at Notre Dame on Wednesday, Sept. 18, and opened office in the "Bishops' Room," Main Building, moving later to 235 Walsh, and then to Corby Hall. Capt. Murray came to Notre Dame directly from Penn State University, where he had installed a vocational section of the S. A. T. C. On Saturday, Sept. 21, the captain addressed a mass meeting of nearly a thousand students at 12:30, p. m. in Washington Hall, giving all necessary or desired information in his power regarding the Notre Dame unit of the S. A. T. C. Father Cavanaugh was present and supplemented the officer's remarks wherever necessary.

Physical examination of applicants began on Wednesday, Sept. 25. Out of the first eighty examined, only one failed to pass, and that one was not rejected absolutely. The boys examined the first day were all from Illinois. Dr. Frank G. Powers says the percentage to pass the physical examination continued high throughout.

On Monday, Sept. 30, Ensign Moeller, of the U. S. Navy, "sent under orders to induct one hundred Notre Dame men into the naval section of the S. A. T. C.," explained his mission to the student body in Washington Hall, and secured more than the number asked. Fifty of the men sought were to be engineers, the others for line service. These applicants were examined the following day in the Federal Building in South Bend by Lieut. A. L. Porter; A. M. Woodward, chief yeoman; E. B. Session, pharmacist line; and Ensign Moeller. There were subsequent examinations of additional groups in both sections of the Notre Dame S. A. T. C.

Only men who had registered on Sept. 12, 1918, who had registered at, and had their high school credits certified by Notre Dame University, and who had not been rejected in the physical examination, were eligible to either section of the local organization.

On Oct. 1, all such applicants were sworn into service of the United States. Sharply at 11 o'clock, a. m., the national banner moved up the university flagpole, while the trumpets sounded "colors," the military stood at attention, and civilians uncovered; then without a moment's delay, Capt. Murray gave the oath, which the candidates repeated after him, and became

soldiers of the United States. Rev. George Titus, a Y. M. C. A. worker, returned from the front, who is pastor of the Christian church in Mishawaka, Ind., exhibited a number of trophies taken from German prisoners and dead, and then addressed the gathering for the purpose of furthering subscriptions to the Fourth Liberty Loan.

The ceremony was then concluded with a stirring address by Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, who said in part:

Soldiers of the Republic:

This is an historical moment. It marks a memorable development in the record of the University. As men reading of the golden age wish they had lived in it, and as students reading of the deeds of mighty men in the past regret they were not of the same period, so generations of Notre Dame men in the future will look back upon this hour with jealous yearning and regret that it was not their destiny to be associated with the glorious memories of it. Admiration has been expressed for the spirit of the University in welcoming Captain Murray and the Lieutenants and for the hearty co-operation manifested on every side. Why should it not be so? Fortunately, I have some knowledge of Captain Murray and great admiration for him; but if I had never heard his name before, if I knew nothing of his character, his temperament, or his training, the Captain would, nevertheless, be perfectly at home at Notre Dame. He represents the authority of our country, he stands for heroic effort in the greatest crisis of our national history. This University stands, and from the beginning always has stood, for love of God and love of country. To these twin passions of religion and patriotism,—the sublimest that the human soul knows,—the University has always been dedicated. Notre Dame belongs to God and to America. And as her perfect consecration to religion demands that she place her resources generously and unreservedly at the service of religion, so does her sense of patriotism make her feel that every energy, every power, and every force within her control must be magnanimously placed at the service of America. If the country demanded the last drop of blood of every Notre Dame man, and all the material, moral and intellectual resources of the University, there could be only one answer to the request.

You young men who dedicate yourselves to this new and hazardous enterprise are only continuing the patriotic traditions of Notre Dame. More than fifty years ago our beloved country faced a similar crisis when Captain Lynch organized a Company among the students and marched them off in a body to the Front. The priests deserted their lecture rooms to follow the boys into the privations and perils of war. Seven of the choicest spirits among the faculty went away as chaplains. One of the most treasured relics within the University is the old green flag of the Irish Brigade. That flag is sacred, not only because it flew beside Old Glory, at the head of that marvelous group of valiant men, but also because the chaplain of the Irish Brigade was an old Notre Dame professor, an

old Notre Dame president, the illustrious Father Corby, who in the bloodiest moment of that bloody day at Gettysburg gathered his soldier boys about him in a momentary lull in the battle and making over them the Sign of Pardon, which was ratified in Heaven, flung them full of faith and hope and courage against the chivalry of the South and added another glorious story to the records of human glory.

On the battlefields of Europe that heroic tradition is continued today. At the first sound of the trumpet of war, Notre Dame men flocked in multitudes to the army; nor did they go unattended by their priests. At this moment the vice-president of the University, the charming and cultured, the sympathetic and beloved Father Walsh, is found in the forefront of battle on the other side; glorious Father O'Donnell, the young poet, faces the same perils in Italy. The two Fathers Finnegan, the noble Father McGinn and the manly and gifted Father Davis labor with the boys in the very heart of danger. If it should be your glorious destiny to move to the Front in this holy crusade for human liberty, I hope that you may have the experience that other Notre Dame men have felt when their delighted eyes beheld the Notre Dame chaplain dispensing the mercies and consolations of our Holy Faith on the battlefield and in the camp.

Father Cavanaugh here cited several touching incidents illustrating the happy, unexpected meeting of faculty and students on the fields of France. Continuing he said:

When the day comes to end this mighty conflict and to pull down the flag of the Kaiser and to lift the Stars and Stripes over a happy and emancipated world it will be the spiritual quality of the soldier that will determine the issue of victory. As the greatest warrior the world has ever known, the brilliant and unscrupulous Napoleon Bonaparte, once said, that there was a marshal's baton locked up in the knapsack of every French soldier, so let every Notre Dame man strive to be super-eminent for courage and daring and judgment and every other soldierly quality.

When the war broke out Germany said, "Americans have been softened by generations of peace and comfort and they are afraid to fight." The answer is two million young Americans, the flower of our chivalry, drawn up in battle array with faces turned towards Berlin. When this war broke out Germany said that, "the Americans won't fight because they love money too much to spend it in a war for mighty principles. The answer is the Fourth Liberty Loan and the other Liberty Loans and the amazing generosity and patriotism on all sides of the American people. Our boys on the other side are doing one glorious thing, they are proving to the world that America never once put up a bluff. That's what the boys are doing over there! Join them here in the same spirit that they show over there; help to prove to the world that, while America has the highest and purest of motives in waging this great conflict, while she desires no other people's territory and no other people's wealth, she is ready to shed the last drop of her blood for the defense and conservation of the principles on which our political forefathers founded her.

Local News.

First classes in the college were held on Sept. 20 despite the fact that registration was still going on briskly and that there were many absentees.

On Oct. 1, the Corby boys gave a "smoker" in honor of Captain Murray and his fellow officers. The smoker was a musically-noisy but very successful affair.

A Prep. glee club under Professor Becker is to be formed sometime in the future. Professors Becker and Ingersoll are also preparing for the first musical recital to be given in Washington Hall this year.

The local cafeteria outdid itself on Wednesday, Sept. 25, when, between the hours of 7 and 9, 650 boarders were served breakfast. John Tsioli, the proprietor, said that this was a record service for his restaurant.

Of twenty-four men in the Notre Dame contingent in the S. A. T. C. at Fort Sheridan, Ill., twenty-one got commissions. This proportion of successes is said to be twice as high as that of the entire school.

Through the efforts of Brother Edward, the Dujarié Literary Society has been formed. The following officers have been elected: president, Brother Finbar; vice-president, Brother Benedict; secretary, Brother Theodore.

Another change brought about by the S. A. T. C. is the transformation of the old Lemonnier Library, in the Main Building, into barracks for the soldier-students. It will accommodate easily one hundred and twenty men.

Registration at the University broke all previous records on Thursday, Sept. 19. During the forenoon only, one hundred and fifty students passed through the office of the director of studies. The highest previous record was one hundred and thirty registrants in an entire day.

In the long line that filled the main hallway on registration day, Joseph Halloran of Clinton, Ia., stood waiting his turn. When the boy in front of him turned, the two recognized each other, for they were cousins, and both named Joseph Halloran. The second Halloran is from Canada.

For the past week the junior refectory has been used as a mess hall. The tables have been

stripped of cloths, the S. A. T. C. men march in in military formation, and as large a portion of the kitchen work as can yet be entrusted to them is being done by their own kitchen police.

The naval section men were inducted on Monday afternoon, Oct. 7, in South Bend, at the St. Joseph County Courthouse, by Lieut. A. L. Porter, U. S. N. After induction, they returned to Notre Dame in special cars and were turned over to Capt. Murray, who will have charge of the naval section as well as the military until the appointment of a special naval officer to relieve him of this branch. The men had their first formation at 5:40, p. m. and their first drill the following morning, Oct. 8.

First meetings of the University band and University orchestra were held in Washington Hall, Monday afternoon, Oct. 7. Seventeen men presented themselves to Prof. Parreant and twelve to Charles Davis, leader of the orchestra. As drill interfered with a full attendance of candidates for these organizations, instrumentation was deferred. It seems certain, however, that both organizations will have excellent material. With the exception of last year's leader, Dillon Patterson, the entire orchestra of last year is on hand.

The addition to the old Carroll Hall gym, which is being transformed as rapidly as possible into a mess hall to accommodate a thousand men, is a wooden structure about 50 x 125 feet. The candy store, which separated the Carroll basketball court from the University rifle range, has been torn out and the entire structure thrown into one large hall. The kitchen is being arranged in old "Rockefeller Hall" adjoining the mess hall on the west. The candy store, where Brother Leopold was engaged for forty years, now in charge of Brother Maurelius, has been moved temporarily into what was formerly the Carroll Hall refectory in the main building.

Italian veterans of the famous Borsaglieri visiting in this country, came out from South Bend Tuesday, Oct. 8, just after noon mess. Rev. Richard Collentine, C. S. C., who has spent several years in Rome, addressed the veterans in their own tongue. Father Cavanaugh called for three cheers for the distinguished visitors, which were lustily given by the assembled students under the impromptu leadership of Carl Fribley, a freshman. The reception was on the steps of the Main Building. The visitors

arrived over half an hour behind schedule and thus missed a more formal reception. They rode away amid the cheers of all on the campus.

During the week, naval reserves at Notre Dame received word that they were transferred from inactive to active service and put on pay. Men registered prior to Sept. 12, and placed in Class 1, were informed by Captain Murray that, according to recently received instructions, they are ineligible to induction into the S. A. T. C. These men may win induction later, according to their behavior in camp and the impression they make upon their officers. The ruling does not apply to such registrants as have been put in deferred classification or such as have been classified for special or limited service. Men of the engineers' reserve corps have been transferred to the S. A. T. C., and may be used as instructors. Three men at Notre Dame on indefinite furlough received notice that their status is as yet unchanged. "The needs of the service come first," Captain Murray told them; "you come next."

On Friday evening, September 28, the Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus held their annual election of officers. Very few of last year's members have returned and the selections were thereby made more limited. A group of officers, however, was chosen in whom, from past experience of their work, the Council feels secure for the coming year. Frank P. Goodall, the financial secretary of last year and a member of Holy Cross Seminary, was chosen Grand Knight and given as able assistants, J. Lyle Musmaker, Deputy Grand Knight and Charles McCauley, Chancellor. Thomas J. Tobin, last year's Recorder, was advanced to the position of Financial Secretary, while George D. Haller will fill the Recorder's place and Joseph Magg will be the custodian of the treasury. Other officers elected were L. Finske, Advocate; faithful John Mangan, Warden; J. R. Jolly, Inner Guard, and J. Ryan, Outer Guard. The Grand Knight has appointed Eugene Heidelman, Lecturer, and Rev. P. J. Foik, C. S. C., Chaplain, for the coming year. The installation of the newly elected officers will take place next week. Notices will be posted giving the exact time. All Knights of Columbus, both local and visiting, are invited and urged to attend. A program has been arranged by the new lecturer which promises to surpass the efforts of last year.

Personals.

A brief note from Alexander Szczepanik, mailed from Camp Upton, New York, brings the news that he has been sent to the hospital and that the case is serious. His address is, 27th Company 7th Battalion, 152nd Depot Brigade.

The Rev. James J. O'Brien, C. S. C., has been appointed chaplain in the United States Army, with the rank of first lieutenant, and has been ordered to report for duty at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. Father O'Brien will make a great chaplain. We bespeak prayers for the success of his work.

The following card explains itself:—"Just a line from an old-timer. Expect to go overseas in a couple of weeks. Just met Lieut. Alfred Bergman. He was married Saturday. Very warm here. Came here from Camp Wheeler, at Macon, Georgia, July 27th. Best to all at N. D.—Ed. P. Cleary, 106 Trench Mortar Battery, Camp Jackson, S. C."

Brother Benjamin, C. F. X., president of St. Xavier's College, Louisville, Ky., paid the University a brief visit about opening time. Brother Benjamin is largely responsible for eighteen of his graduates entering college, and Notre Dame has received the entire number. The Kentucky Club at Notre Dame will be the largest in the six years of its history.

The distinguished artist, Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy, in a recent letter, thus refers to the late Art Hayes, whose lamented death cut short a remarkably promising literary career: "You have perhaps heard of the return of the Columbus Caravel to Chicago. Credit for the recovery of the Santa Maria has been given to me. If it had not been for the assistance given by your Mr. Hayes, who died at Camp Grant, the Santa Maria would have been destroyed."

The Rev. Francisco Marin left a few days ago to fill the chair of Theology in the famous University of Fribourg, in Switzerland. In a characteristically beautiful and tender letter he sends his final greetings to Father-General, Father Provincial, the editor of the *Ave Maria*, the president of the University and all his friends among the priests and brothers at Notre Dame. Needless to say, the affectionate salutes and good wishes of all who knew him will accompany him to his new and distinguished labors.

C. B. Reeve, student '16-'17, is first lieutenant,

Co. D., 22nd U. S. Infantry; his address is care of A. P. O. 710, France. Following is an extract from a letter to his father: "Late one evening we were hurried to another front. No one knew what was up. My company finally found itself on the edge of a big wood. Day was just breaking. We were given our objective and the compass bearing. Then our artillery opened and the command was given 'over the top and rush.'" My objective was out of the woods, down a hill, across 1,000 yards of lowland, and up another hill to the Boche positions. I had 58 men in my platoon, most of whom had been on the front for four months.

Was I afraid and did my heart leave its physiological position? I frankly admit I turned yellow for the moment when the Boche 77's were falling 100 yards directly in front. Then I pulled myself together, left the woods on the double and called to my men to follow. We got across without a casualty, but just how I don't know. After that all fear was gone and my only desire was to get to the Huns. We had taken them by surprise and my blood-thirsty devils made quick work of them with pistol and bayonet. Fritz is all right at long range, but he wilts when he is cornered. We took no prisoners. He had started breakfast and we calmly drank his hot coffee and ate his black bread."

Athletic Notes.

After several practices in which Coach Rockne hardened up his men and found their strength and weakness, he put on the first scrimmage on Sept. 20. What he discovered there only confirmed his previous judgment, that, while he had a good backfield, his line was light and green. Nevertheless, two things lent cheer to the otherwise gloomy situation. One was that the fellows showed plenty of enthusiasm and of the old Notre Dame fighting spirit, and the other was that, on account of the abrogation of the freshman rule, numerous husky freshmen had joined the squad; and thus the coach has plenty of good green material to work up from.

Rockne has no assistant, and consequently much work has fallen upon the shoulders of Captain Bahan and of the veteran Gipp. Even Alexander Szczepanik, who made an enviable record as property man in the Gym last year is not here to help out. "Alex" has gone to the army, at Camp Upton, N. Y., and his successor

has not yet been appointed. Nevertheless, the athletic director is determined to make athletics hum in spite of all obstacles, and Capt. Murray, fortunately for the outlook, is favorably inclined to manly sports. As soon as military and scholastic schedules are adjusted, the promising aggregation that Rockne has in hand will get down to regular work with the prospect of making a record worthy of the best N. D. traditions.

NOTRE DAME 26; CASE 6.

Twenty-six to six does not tell the true story of the Notre Dame-Case game played at Cleveland, Sept. 28. In the second half, the Case men were swept off their feet. The Associated Press account is as follows:

After playing Notre Dame to a standstill in the two opening periods the Case eleven crumpled and Notre Dame won 26 to 6. Case scored in the opening period when brilliant open field running by Hale and a forward pass, Hale to Wolf, placed the ball on Notre Dame's two-yard line. Capt. McCune plunged over. Vanderhoof failed goal.

Coach Rockne immediately pulled out two members of his back field, and sent in Bahan and Gipp, veterans of the 1917 eleven. Their presence was immediately in evidence. They did practically all of Notre Dame's offensive work, and shortly after the second period opened Lambeau crashed through for a score.

Gipp missed goal and the score was even.

No further scoring came in the second quarter, but in the third Notre Dame got going, and with Gipp in the stellar role ripped through the Case defense for two more touchdowns. Another tally came in the final period.

FRESHMEN 6; CULVER 7.

The Notre Dame freshmen lost to Culver, 7 to 6, at the military academy, Oct. 5. The freshmen put up a good game and lost simply on luck, as they outplayed the cadets. Notre Dame made its first and only touchdown in the second quarter when Hessler intercepted a forward pass and raced thirty yards to Culver's five-yard line. Then a forward, Guaraniere to Kuhn, put the ball over. Guaraniere failed to kick goal. The first half ended with the ball in Culver's possession in the midfield. Notre Dame kicked off in the second half and after the ball had changed hands several times in several minutes, Packard, of Culver, sent a beautiful pass to Howell, who raced forty yards before he was downed after crossing the goal line. The cadets kicked goal.

The freshmen fought with old-time Notre Dame spirit, and Coach McNamara deserves to be congratulated on their performance.

Letters from the Front.

The Stars and Stripes,
1 Rue des Italiens, Paris,
August 14, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

Your letter of July 12 came just as I was about to send you news of the death of Joyce Kilmer. He was killed July 30, in action with his regiment at the height of that great battle for the hill across the Ourcq. One of our boys was sent to the front to get the "story" of the battle and it was he who brought me the details of Kilmer's death. Our reporter's name is Sgt. Alexander Woolcott, dramatic critic of the *New York Times* before the war and a personal friend of Kilmer.

On the night before Kilmer was killed the Yankee troops had captured the village of Seringes at the top of the hill where the Irish made their gallant and irresistible charge in the face of withering machine-gun fire—charging to all the wild cries they knew, from "Outs and bayonets, boys," to "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken before Christmas."

Kilmer was at the front in the attack, not because he had to be but because he so chose. He had been working in the intelligence section, but he wanted so much to fight that on finding that his own battalion was not to take part in the attack across the Ourcq, he received permission to go with the leading battalion.

When the battle adjutant was killed, Kilmer, as sergeant, in the emergency of battle, without commission or appointment, found himself serving as acting adjutant when a machine-gun bullet dropped him. The major was a commander who believed that, though regulations tell the C. O. to remain behind and direct the action, there are times when the boys need the presence of the "old man." Where the major went, Kilmer went too, and it was in so doing he was killed.

That the loss of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer is most deeply regretted by his regiment is evident from the conversation of Sgt. Woolcott with Kilmer's comrades. From the first days when he became the regimental laureate, the boys all knew him and his verse. Any number of them had only to search about in a tattered blouse to find a copy of a poem Kilmer had written in memory of some of their number who had been killed in March. I am enclosing a copy of the verse which was made in pencil from the grimy pages of one diary. It may have been published long ago in the States. At the funeral of the men Father Duffy read the poem, and at the places I have marked, taps sounded from a wooded grove near the Rouge-Bouquet.

Kilmer is buried beside Lieut. Oliver Ames, at the edge of a little copse known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, close to the river Ourcq. The sod on the grave is trim, the green cross of sod across its surface shaped with painstaking care. It is marked by a wooden cross on which is written,

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER
KILLED IN ACTION
JULY 30, 1918.

No doubt you have heard before this of the death of Arnold McInerny. The only detail I have been able to obtain is that he was leading his company over the top when he fell.

I have seen and heard from many of the N. D. boys within the past two months. I had the good fortune to meet Father Davis a few weeks ago. He had lost his altar kit and was in Paris to get another. His chief concern seemed to be that no M. P. would arrest him, and when I met him he was searching earnestly for a barber shop. He is looking fine and fit. I just missed Father Walsh when he was in Paris. He called at St. Joseph's Church but I did not hear about his being here until he had left town.

I have met Lieut. Rupe. Mills, Emmet Mulholland, "Butch" Whipple—who is with a searchlight detachment now at the front—Lieut. Ed Waters—on his way to the trenches—Bosshard, and Charles Reeves.

I have heard from Ed Beckman, Dick Daley and Tom Hayes, and am trying to get the ex-journalists with me on the *Stars and Stripes*. My brother Len is now one of us. He left Paris two days ago to represent the *Stars and Stripes* at Limoges, France.

I wonder if you remember Leo Maguire, from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who with his brother, Bird, was in Walsh during 1913-14. "Chief," that is, Leo, joined the French army early in the game and won his *Croix de Guerre*; then he was transferred to the "Yanks" and was in Paris a month ago to be decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross for a nervy "stunt" which he staged at Schiepray (excuse that spelling—I know it's wrong, but I'm all in this evening). I have also heard from Al Gloekner last week; he is here with an engineering outfit.

We of the *Stars and Stripes* are hitting the ball day and night. Last week we printed 175,000 papers, all paid in advance. The problem of distribution is a serious one here, but under the handling of Capt. Richard Waldo, formerly of the New York *Tribune*, we are building up a wonderful organization, and the experience I am getting will be invaluable should I again get into the newspaper game after the war. Because of the astounding growth of circulation I have dropped all the editorial work and am sure that I have made no mistake in going into the business department. I am getting a chance to see the country from the trenches to the base ports, and you will agree that it is a country worth seeing.

As I re-read this letter it seems awfully tangled and disconnected, but I know you'll understand. Good luck to you and to Notre Dame, and may the old halls be as full of students as Walsh used to be full of "Dinky" lists.

Sincerely,

Sgt. Stuart H. Carroll.

Editor's Note.—Following are the verses enclosed with Sgt. Carroll's letter.

(Dedicated to the memory of nineteen members of Company E. — Infantry who made the supreme sacrifice at Rouge-Bouquet, Forest of Parroy, France, March 7th, 1918.)

In the woods they call Rouge-Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today
Built by never a spade or pick
Yet covered by earth ten metres thick;

There lie many fighting men
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh or live again
Or taste of the summer time;

For death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dug-out stair,

Touched his prey—
And left them there—
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they sought to free
And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear:
Go to sleep—
Go to sleep—

(Taps sounding in the distance.)

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this spot of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.

Saint Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the arrival on his hair,
And he sees them stand saluting there,
His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Bridget, and Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats
From the woods called Rouge-Bouquet
A delicate sound of bugle notes
That softly say:
Farewell—
Farewell—

(Taps sounding in the distance.)

L'ENVOI.

Comrade true,
Born anew,
Peace to you;
Your soul shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning star,
Brave and dear,
Shield us here—
Farewell!

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER,
Killed in Action on July 30, '18.

* * *

American E. F., France,
July 21, 1918.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:—

Just a hurried note in the darkness of a partially destroyed French home, which we are using as a *billet* after having been in a six-day fight under constant fire day and night. It means to be running around a place with shells of all calibers, shrapnel, gas, and high explosive, falling all around you for six days and nights, with no sleep, and with only coffee and bread once a day. It is a terrible experience, too, to see around me the wounded and killed officers and men I had just met a few hours before the drive began. A Y. M. C. A. man whose blankets I shared one night was killed ten feet from where I was, and I fully expected to get knocked off any second, but I didn't. However, I have absolutely no property except the clothes I have on and a few toilet articles. I am wearing my only suit of underwear. My major gave me one of his own blankets. Believe me, Father, it is a great life.

I was able to give the Sacraments to many boys before death, even to some French officers. I saw two French aviators come down in flames and burn to death in front of our wire entanglements. Today I

said my Masses for the Regiment and last night heard confessions till one o'clock. To the others, hundreds of them, I gave general absolution. To many companies during the battle I gave general absolution. I also buried the dead.

It's too dark to write and we can't have lights. The war will soon be over, we all truly believe. My regiment is at least 50 per cent Catholic. So I am happy and ready to go after the dirty Boche again. They even wore French and American uniforms. I saw them myself, Father. I have many things to tell after the war.

Pray for me: I am ready for the worst.

Obediently,

Earnest A. Davis, C. S. C.,
42nd Division, A. E. F.

P. S.—There is an airplane fight overhead.

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France, July 7th, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Reverend and dear Father:

One finds some strange meeting places in the world, but my meeting with Father Walsh was in a place not marked on the map; in fact we could not revisit and recognize the place. Our meeting was in the middle of the Atlantic ocean and it happened about by a great chance. The chaplain on the transport was a Catholic, and when I went to call upon him he asked me if I had met Father Walsh, chaplain of one of the other units aboard; and I told him I had not, but that I should like to meet him, though at the time it did not occur to me that it could be our own Father Walsh of Notre Dame.

We met the next night, after we had been out four days. When I was introduced Father Walsh remarked that they had aboard a graduate from Notre Dame—a Major Fitzgerald, and he was much surprised when I told him that I was the one. I also met Ray Miller and another graduate whose name I can not recall just now; I met him only the one time, as everybody was pretty busy on board. With exercising the men, boat drill, mess, policing quarters, and the like, everybody is kept busy, and it is better so, as one does not think of himself. We had a most pleasant voyage. We parted with Father Walsh's organization at the port of debarkation, and probably some lucky chance will throw us together again, as on our first meeting.

We have passed through some very beautiful country, and if I have the chance after the war is over I want to take a trip through all France, and also through Spain, and then through the Emerald Isle to top it off properly.

In a town near by we have seen some very beautiful churches. Some of our officers have remarked what wonderful structures they are and marvel that the French could build them. Well, everything here is built to last for ages and not for a day merely, as in the U. S. A. They do not stop to think, however, that the old Mother Church was the one who made possible all these wonderful structures and preserved them through all the long years of war and trouble, and saved art to posterity. We shall learn much from each other, and after this war is over the barrier of race will have been removed. Already we can now see and appreciate each

other much better than formerly. We Americans shall learn a great deal more politeness and also how to use drink without making hogs of ourselves, as is the custom in the States. I have seen no drunkenness here, and those scare stories heard in the U. S. must be magnified several diameters.

I am not going to ask you to answer this, as I know that your time is all taken up, but kindly have the *Scholastic* address changed to the one given below. With kindest regards and best wishes for all

Sincerely,

C. C. Fitzgerald,
Major 32nd Engineers.

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American E. F., France,
July 29, 1918.

Rev. J. L. Carrico, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:—

Notre Dame has been in my thoughts very frequently since I stood on the deck of a certain grimy steamer and furtively searched the horizon for "subs." The time was generally 2:00 A. M. and the glasses were Miss Mary Clark's discarded operas, which conspired to turn every fantastic wave into a Von Tripitz horror. But we landed calmly, rode extensively on the world's most leisurely trains, and after a month of instruction were sent to a certain sector of the Lorraine front. This place, which is said to be among the most beautiful districts of France, has been my home for months.

I regret that it is impossible for me to tell you the nature of our service, as it is quite special and is to be kept *sub silentio*. I may, however, say that I have strolled through a few trenches, some strands of barbed wire and sections of that land which is rated most undesirable from a real estate point of view. In a dugout of palatial proportions (which I did not observe artistically at the time), once inhabited by a French major and abbé—he was both—I spent quite a few hours hearkening to a thoroughly Teutonic waste of ammunition.

On the whole though, considering that I do not wear bars *et cetera*, I have been extremely fortunate. Acting as we do in liason with French soldiers, veterans of the first Marne, Verdun, and the Somme, we have been instructed in the gentle art of finding comfort where the supply is supposed to be limited. They are great fellows. And indeed it is rather astounding to have a private beside you who is a count, a corporal, among whose intimate friends are René Bazin and Maurice Barres, and a sergeant whose father is a general. And while I do think that Notre Dame's innumerable lieutenants have the better of me, I am quite content to be struggling along humbly as I am.

But really, I have come to think that peace is by no means inferior to even a victory. It is a glorious blessing to feel that America can never know the truth of war, that on her women and children can never rest the thorns that have bitten so terribly into France. The horror, the stupidity of the devastation is something one does not notice right away; it sinks in gradually and stays like a bad conscience.

The only Notre Dame man I've seen is "Pot" Russel, whom Father Foik will remember as an

assistant-librarian. For a while Father O'Donnell was stationed near me, but I missed him after having expressly made a *voyage au pied* for twenty kilometers. Chaplains I think are rarer than they should be, considering the area to be covered. Until recently we had a French abbé, but now the village has been evacuated.

Art Hayes' death was very sad news for me. I knew him so well. But we shall not forget him. Please remember me in your prayers, and believe that there is an image of Notre Dame, her spirit, her sacrifice, and her ideals locked deep in my heart.

Respectfully yours,
Corp. George Shuster.

Office Signal Officer, Radio Section,
G. H. Q., A. E. F., A. P. O. 706, France.

* * *

American E. F., France,
August 29, 1918.

Rev. Francis Wenninger, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:—

I am somewhere in France fighting for the Cause, and am mighty proud of it. You can imagine my surprise when on being transferred to my present battalion I found Father Walsh as chaplain. It is many a pleasant evening we have spent together talking about the old times we used to have at Notre Dame. I have been serving his Mass whenever he has the opportunity to say one, which is not very often. It will take us weeks to tell our experiences, and we have already planned a grand re-union at Notre Dame after the war is over.

Poor France has certainly gone through an awful struggle. Her condition is beyond description. It will take a century to restore her beauty. The French people treat us with their very best and whatever they have is ours. They go without many things in order to give them to the American soldier.

We have kept the Germans on the go ever since the beginning of the big drive on the 14th of July; and if it continues we shall have them back in Berlin before very long. We have taken thousands of German prisoners and would have taken more if the German soldier had not been led to believe that the Americans kill all their prisoners.

Father Walsh and I have been up at the Front, but are now back in a rest camp. I think it will be only a short time until we shall move up again. I have travelled in a sidedor Pullman all over France. It is a great life this, if you don't weaken.

Give my regards to all the priests at Notre Dame; and don't forget me in your prayers and Masses. I remain always

Your friend,
Corp. Dan McGlynn.

Address: Company A, 30th Infantry.

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"Somewhere in France,"
August 22, 1918.

Rev. Joseph Burke, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:—

I well remember one day last winter when you saw me in a typewriting class you said that it looked like a contradiction to see me behind a typewriter. Now I am behind a machine gun; we shall call that the

other extreme—*n'est ce pas?* I left school shortly after Christmas when my father died, and a little later joined the flying service of the signal corps. While awaiting my call I was drafted, and do what I might, I could not be transferred to the flying service. Three weeks after being drafted I sailed for France.

France is a most picturesque country. I have been in some beautiful churches since arriving here. Only the other day I visited one which was built in the thirteenth century. Every little town, however small, has its church, and a church not of wood but of stone. Often a little village is hidden away in a valley or on the side of a mountain and the only way one can locate it is by the spire of its church.

I have had many experiences since I arrived over here, some of them very annoying. I have been "over the top" twice; the first time I went over I certainly experienced some novel sensations. One who has never been under a barrage can not begin to imagine the feelings of the soldier. I am getting somewhat accustomed to the trenches now, though every "rookie" who goes into them for the first time has my heartiest sympathy.

Well, Father, how is everything back at the old school? I would give anything to be there this fall. The call of the gridiron is in my bones. As I must go back to my post in twenty minutes and oil and clean my machine gun, I shall close. Hoping that you will drop me a line whenever you find time, I am most cordially

Your friend,
David Hayes.

Company A, 336th Infantry,
American E. F., France.

* * *

"Somewhere in France,"
August 29, 1918.

The Rev. J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:—

Even if I can not be with you this year, I must report to my mother, for Notre Dame is a second mother to me. And she will have me again after the war.

I have put in some time on the front, and am now back behind the lines for a little rest. This war is "some game." It is the only thing I have ever found that is rougher than interhall football was when I began playing it at N. D. These Huns do not worry me nearly so much, however, as "pulling a night skive" used to. We shall have all of them out of the game before Christmas. All of them that get a chance come over to our lines and give themselves up. They are tired of fighting and we are not warmed up yet.

I note in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* that Notre Dame is to have a good football team this fall. I'm one that's rooting for them.

Give my best regards to all of the priests, sisters, and brothers, and tell them they will see me before next June. I am

Yours sincerely,
Tommy Glynn.

Med. Dt., 353 Inf., A. P. O. 761,
American E. F., France.

Safety Valve.

O MAN!

Last year, it seems, he couldn't hear the bell,
 He slept till nearly noontime every day.
 He wanted to get up at half-past six
 But 'twas impossible, I heard him say.
 Though prefects raged and scolded and complained
 Throughout the morning hours he would snore;
 He's changed a bit since he came back this year
 And joined the Students' Army Training Corps.

Ten rooms away should some lad blow his nose
 Our hero leaps from bed in the cold morn,
 When someone asks him what it's all about,
 He says, "I'm almost sure I heard a horn."
 He's listening for bells and calls and shouts,
 He's off like mad should someone drop a pin;
 I've seen him slide three stories on his neck
 Because he heard a rookie shout "fall in."

He used to knock the food and crab and gowl,
 Now he is standing at the mess hall door
 When sergeant says "advance" like a wild bear
 He makes a savage rush across the floor.
 He eats whatever doesn't bite him first,
 He can digest concrete or iron cable,
 He has, in fact, such a fierce appetite
 They had to take the napkins off the table.

And when a prep lad comes to him and says
 "The prefects in my hall are riding me,
 I haven't had a per, since yesterday
 Because I failed to rise at six, but, gee!
 Those prefects ought to understand that I
 Would be up early if I heard the bell,"
 He throws a look of scorn upon the prep
 And murmurs in the sweetest tone, "Oh——"

Neither do we know why they call people doughboys
 who get only thirty dollars per.

A GENTLE HINT.

Yes, indeed, the Lieutenants pet us and fondle us
 and try to get on the right side of us, but we don't fall
 for their sweet talk. I think one was hinting yesterday
 that he'd like to have me scrub his room when he said
 to me, "If you don't have that room scrubbed out in
 thirty minutes I'll break your d—— neck and put you
 in the guard house."

AN EXTRACT FROM HIS LETTER.

At last Miriam I am a regular member of the S. A. T.
 C. and I am having the most delightful experience of my
 young life. I am living in an old mansion called Corby
 Hall. It was built sometime in the middle ages, I judge,
 and it gives me a distinct thrill every time I enter it.
 You have heard of the heavy tapestries of variagated
 colors that adorn those old mansions; of the soft
 fluffy beds wherein one seems to sink for miles and miles
 in the velvet down until he falls into the sweet arms of
 Morpheus—well, it isn't these things, exactly, that
 constitute the charm and grandeur of Corby mansion.
 The beds seem to have been constructed with this one

idea in view: that serious injury would not result
 should one fall out of them—by that I mean that they
 are rather close to the floor; the furniture is of the
 antique kind and I believe there is nothing in all the
 world quite like it, and the walls—Oh, Miriam! You
 should see them when the sunlight softly falls upon
 them. The officers (the Captain and Lieutenants) were
 a little fresh at first, but I soon put them in their places
 and told them just where to get off at. Now they come
 to me with hat in hand and ask me if I will please
 condescend to drill. Of course I go down town whenever
 I please regardless of what they think and—— I am
*all out of breath, Miriam, I'm just after running like a
 fool down three flights of stairs because I thought I heard
 the drill bell ring and when I got out on the lawn I found
 out it was only the telephone.*



RISING BY DEGREES.

I'm in the students' training corps,
 The Lieuts all think I'm great,
 They stand beside me when I drill
 And marvel at my gait.
 I've just been here a week, but, dad,
 I've earned a great degree,
 The captain came to me at noon
 And made me a K. P.

It's not an engineer's degree,
 You can't get it for Law,
 It's just a little different from
 Any you ever saw,
 It's not the same as S. T. L.
 It's more than Ph. B.,
 One has to do things, or the Lieuts
 Won't make him a K. P.