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THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL is published by a committee of the Students on the fifteenth of the month. Its purpose is to aid their literary improvement, and to chronicle the news of the University. It also serves the Society of Alumni as an organ or means of intercommunication. Being principally devoted to matters of local interest, it must rely for its patronage chiefly upon the students and alumni of the University and its Departments, and their friends. These and all former students are urged to give it substantial support.

Address—

THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL
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December 16—23

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GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HEADQUARTERS

In the Grunewald Cave
ITH Peace poised for her return flight to the earth we find ourselves involved in changes as great, as resistful, as upheaving as those experienced when she first migrated. From war to peace equals, if it does not surpass, from peace to war. America had attained her greatest war time efficiency, her fly-wheel had gained its greatest momentum when the lever was pressed and forthwith its motion must be reversed. And as that fly-wheel meant millions of people, millions of people began the collection of the threads from their skeins of life as its backward revolutions loosened them from the great web of defense it had been weaving. For when America had declared war her sons and daughters, all had given their distaffs to the nation's chiefs.

Readjustments! The wheel is ripping with quickening acceleration
that web, but alas! the machine of defense has not been gentle with the
yarns. Some have been broken—their owners sleep on the cross-marked
slopes of Picardy. Some have been badly ravelled—their owners weep
o'er a bright little flag in whose center is a golden star. Some come out
whole but kinked and knotted—their owners replace them in the looms
and endeavor to fit them into the woof of their interrupted patterns.
Those whose skein has been snapped weave no more but it has been
cought about the heart of a nation. All others must continue to weave,
whether the skein is ravelled or frayed, knotted or tangled, until the
advent of Death the Terminator. So America and the world picks up
the task of readjustments.

But we, perhaps, have lost sight of the pattern we were weaving. We
have failed to dream, to plan. So absorbing have been the demands of
war that perforce we had to relinquish all efforts toward individual
accomplishment. Now it is imperative to resume. Our design must be
determined or else the result will be a wild massing of color and line
that depict nothing but a wasted life. We cannot sit inattentively letting
the wool feed into the shuttles that Peace has set running anew, and
muse "My pattern was to have been glorious with the gold of success,
with the red of love, with the green of joy, with the blue of unselfishness,
but the war came and now the colors have faded and my store of dyes is
low." They may be low; the gold may be only a yellow, the red only a
pink, the green only an ochre, the blue only a lilac; but the flames of
perseverance and constancy shall cast a light over them that will bring
out all the magic of harmony of color that we had planned.

Compulsory Military Education in Colleges

Out of all the voices discussing the end of the war and the terms of
peace, the discharge of America's millions and the plans of a permanent
army, comes the question of compulsory military training in the colleges.
It was bound to come; it had been raised before, and at America's
entrance into the war it had fairly been shouted into the ears of the
war-preparing masses. Congress had answered by the Selective Draft
Laws and the creation of the Students' Army Training Corps. All very
good for war, but now peace has come and there is to be no more war.
Yet the echoes of that question must be silenced.

There is to be no more war. We are told this by many thinkers, but
lest we build on a false foundation we shall also build for the supposition
that there may be war again. Admitting this, we must answer the
clamors of the advocates of the system.

The bulwarks of their defense are West Point and the Naval Academy.
To these institutions they point with all the pride of a farmer exhibiting
his prize crops—and it might be added with all his fallaciousness.
Prospective buyers eye the perfect ears of corn, thump the huge melons,
and ejaculate over the other magnificent specimens, but never once do
they believe that the entire farm outputs like products. Nor do we
believe that the system prevalent at either West Point or Annapolis,
when established in all colleges, would produce the same desirable
results. Their men are picked not only by a rigid mental and physical
examination, but by a thorough moral one as well. Added to this the
West Point and Annapolis men elect for themselves a military or naval
career. Further elaboration of the vast differences between the two
and the other colleges is unnecessary—it is well recognized that the
former are a near approach to the ideal.

Very few would deny that compulsory military education has its
advantages, the greatest among which is classed discipline. Nor does
anyone deny the desirability of discipline except, perhaps, those who,
true to human nature, are feeling the effects of its rigidness. But this
same result can be accomplished by other methods—not only can be,
but has been and is being accomplished. We only hold that the disad­
vantag es far outweigh the advantages.

When a man first reaches college his character, while it has assumed
to a great extent its final form, is nevertheless still in the plastic state.
Colleges are the last cantonments before the front lines. There men
are taught the meaning of life without having to come into contact with
its fully unmasked trueness. It is important that they get the initiative
and independence that are so vital. Initiative can never be instilled
under military regime. The tendency is to obey dumberly, to move with
the precision of a machine, to be one more sheep in the driven flock.
Men occupying the positions of officers, although possessing to a great
extent that trait, find themselves hampered in its pursuits. And the
sheep in the flock certainly has no independence. He is allowed to eat,
to drink, to sleep at certain times. He has very few plans but a mult i­
tude of desirespent up to such a degree that the least loop-hole proves
a fatal temptation.

But of all things that the system most completely wipes out is unsel­
fishness, consideration of others. It teaches the man to consider him­
self. If the way to some good is blocked by another, clear the way even
though that other may be close. If a stronger overcomes you, go to one
weaker—you will have a better chance to restore your self-esteem.

We could further enumerate, but why, when there is a most potent
argument at hand? It is a Prussian system that has created a race of
thinkers who do not think, of leaders who do not lead, of freedmen who
are not free, of humans whom intense discipline filled with such greed and desires that they lost all attributes that warranted their designation as such.

The Old Order Returneth

There was a cloud that had overshadowed our hearts. A wind of sacrifice has moved it until it is now rapidly nearing the horizon; the sun shines and the old order returns. It is Newman’s “Second Spring” acted once more. The classical course flourished, died, lives again. We celebrate the morning of its resurrection for the dove has awakened and come.

At Georgetown the first restorations have already been commenced. Latin and Greek have once more assumed the sceptre, and English, with filial docility, has taken her place at their feet. So Juvenal and Livy, Demosthenes and Homer, Wordsworth and Macaulay reign once more upon the Hilltop.

“This thou perceiv’st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.”

is also true of that from which thou hast been over long. Brief though the eclipse has been, yet it was over long. Hence we are jubilant; our love is more virile, for it has been tried and proven unextinguishable.

Other changes will come to these majestic towers—changes freighted with the promises of a fruitful season. The Sodality, the Philodemic, the Journal which supported the luxuriant growth of yesterday are still branches, filled with quickening sap, ready to bring the college life of Georgetown into the fullness of verdancy. “Down the rivers, o’er the prairies” Georgetown’s sons will come, East, South, West and North; they will hear the call, feel the urge, sense the longing for the moonlight on the snow-tiled roofs and dormers, for the crispness of the Potomac’s night roving winds, for the smile of Alma Mater—will sense the longing that cannot further be denied.

The Editor.
Mother Georgetown

I met a mother yesterday;
Her eyes were blue, her hair was gray,
Her robes were gray and blue.
She sat upon a hill agleam,
Below her wound a placid stream,
Beyond, a placid view.

I knew this mother, blue and gray,
Her stalwart sons had sent away;
Away from peace to woe.
From peaceful heights to warlike East,
These sons as soldier, sailor, priest,
She bade to face the foe.

I saw this mother sewing stars
Upon a white field, bars and bars.
I thought her thoughts were sad;
But kneeling at this mother's knee
I heard her pray: "Dear God, I be
Their mother most unworthily."
I saw her tears were glad.

—Francis Mazagon, '22.
Georgetown and the Civil War

AN ALUMNUS.

STANDING on the old North porch one late October afternoon, watching the Students' Army Training Corps at "Retreat," and listening to the martial notes of the bugle as they floated upward over the Healy Building, I found myself easily slipping back through half a hundred years to the other days when once before Georgetown was a camp. And straightway I descended to those quarters or offices known as "The Archives," where ancient manuscripts and faded papers relating to the birth and youth and maturity of my Alma Mater are carefully preserved. Once within the sacred precincts of that place I asked the kind and courteous custodian of "The Archives" to tell me all about the Civil War days at Georgetown. Of course he said that there was not much to tell, save that the war came and the boys went away, or at least a great number of them left and entered the ranks of both armies. Then it was not as it is now. There were no Officers' Training Camps where the boys were made into more than mere soldiers, into leaders of soldiers. They went away into the ranks, and, if in time they became officers, it was by hard work and persistent efforts up from the ranks. And so the boys departed, one by one, and little by little the news came back to the College on the Hill that some one had fallen in action on the field of Bull Run, of Antietam, of Gettysburg and on all the fields throughout the length and breadth of the Southland. Nor was there at that time an efficient method of publishing the news from the Front, for the Journal was not destined to see the light of day until 1872. But "The Archives" are replete with letters and souvenirs of the soldier boys of those days. Hanging on the Archives' wall is a faded page cut from Harper's Weekly for 1861, showing the old Carroll Building (which occupied the present site of the Ryan) and the quadrangle with the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment encamped there. With the kind permission of the Custodian, and the co-operation of the Editor it was reproduced in the November issue.

For further details of the life at the College at that time I was referred to an old number of the Journal containing reminiscences from the pen of Rev. John A. Doonan, S.J., President of Georgetown from 1882 to 1888. I have succeeded in persuading the Editor that a reprint of parts of
them would afford highly interesting reading to present-day alumni and students.

MILITARY OCCUPATION OF GEORGETOWN.

Beyond question no greater inroad upon the quiet of academic groves and restful labors of Collegians could be dreamt of than that which broke upon Georgetown College in May, 1861, at the beginning of the Civil War. Following hard upon the fall of Sumter, in Charleston harbor, in which action the first gun had been fired, came the attack in the streets of Baltimore by an irresponsible mob upon the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, in response to the call of President Lincoln on their way to defend the National Capital.

Moved by the representations of the municipal authorities of Baltimore, and actuated by humane purposes, the President gave orders that, until the fierce excitement in the Monumental City had subsided, no troops from the North should seek to pass through its streets. In consequence other regiments were deflected en route to Washington at the Susquehanna River, going thence by boat to Annapolis; from that point making their way overland to the Capital. Thus it happened that early in May, '61, the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York Volunteers, found themselves stragglers in the streets of the city. This regiment, composed of men exclusively of the Irish race, under command of Col. Michael Corcoran, had achieved a national reputation in the preceding year by refusing to parade on the occasion of the reception given in New York to Albert Edward, then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. For this refusal Colonel Corcoran had been deprived of his sword and ordered to appear before a court martial of the National Guard of New York. In the Nation's extremity, needless to say, the gallant Colonel was restored to his command and all court martial proceedings quashed.

At the suggestion of a gentleman whose signature in years following became a welcome and familiar sight to our countrymen as, in elegant caligraphy, it appeared on the face of our early greenbacks, F. E. Spinner, Secretary of War Cameron issued orders to have the Sixty-ninth Regiment quartered on the grounds and in the buildings of Georgetown College. The upheaval in College life caused by this action of the Secretary cannot, perhaps, be better understood than by a recital which we find in a letter written by a teacher in the College at the time to a friend in Boston:

"DEAR MR. SUMNER:

"In view of the eventful times through which we are passing, and which bring surprise and sorrow to our very doors, a word or two again from below the line may not be unacceptable. I am no politician, but I think we are on the verge of a very unholy war.

"GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, May 10, 1861.

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Yielding to none in love for the Union—the whole Union—I strongly deprecate any attempt to coerce the free sons of the soil. Souls know no conqueror, and any attempt to wring an unwilling submission from our Southern brothers will be one of those deeds which wither the soul of man and 'make the angels weep.' Everybody here is preparing for war, and troops are concentrating in Washington from all sides. Even we at the College have turned soldiers—rise at the reveille and go to bed at the sound of the tattoo. The cause is this: Last Saturday at 4 o'clock, while engaged in class and elsewhere, we were informed that the College was to be occupied at 7 by a portion of the New York Volunteers, and that all we people who occupied the small boys' side of the street would have to clear out bag and baggage to the opposite building. Then you should have seen the tearing up of desks, the pulling out of beds, bed clothes, chairs, etc. In about two hours the entire building was emptied of everything—a job which, at another time, would have consumed two or three days' labor. True to the hour, at the baggage wagons of the Sixty-ninth (Irish) Regiment drew up before the College; shortly after the regiment itself, 1,500 strong, began to file through the gateway. Gracious Heavens! I thought they would never stop pouring in. They fill, at present, the small boys' building (McGuire), Mt. Rascal (Top Mulledy), large boys' study-room, chapel, refectory (third, second and first Mulledy), and Fathers' Parlor (first Carroll), which, by the way is headquarters. They are quite domesticated now and give extremely little trouble save a general soiling of the establishment. They enjoy themselves hugely with the small boys' gymnasium and alley. A sentinel guards the large boys' gymnasium from everybody except the students. The see-saw for a time was the principal object of attraction. They'd get some green one, coax him on to it, and, while in the air, give it a twitch and dump him off. The poor devil then would join in, very good-naturedly, and victimize some other 'bowl'd sojer boy.' They cook for themselves, find their own provisions and mind their own business generally. They are Catholic to a man. The night of their arrival, wearied and hungry as they were after their march from Annapolis, and the dismal, rainy weather which preceded it, after arranging themselves on the large playground they said their beads together, while every now and then Father Mooney, their chaplain, would cry out, 'Keep time down there at the end.' The Mass scene of last Sunday was very imposing. A small table under the small boys' shed was extemporized as an altar, and as the crowd of soldiers knelt around it, with the bright sun glowing brilliantly overhead and the plaintive notes of the band hushing every other sound, it was truly affecting, and reminded one of the good old warriors of La Vendee, or the Irish Brigade of France. Father Clark remarked that their devotion at Mass was quite a censure upon the levity and inattention of our boys.

"Sentinels are stationed every twenty paces from the observatory to the porter's lodge, and they do their duty faithfully. The famous Mr. Bunting couldn't get home the other night because he couldn't give the countersign. Black Charley also was intercepted around the walks and sent back by a sentinel who told him: 'You damn black nigger, if it were not for you we'd be in New York now; go home, you sk—k.' Charley vanished from the sight of that New Yorker. They are all big, stout, fine-looking fellows, prepared for the worst. The day scholars have to procure passes from the colonel. We have a regimental drill at 3 and company drills all day long. 'Uncle Abe,' accompanied by Mr. Seward, Cameron and others, drove up to the College on Wednesday and reviewed the troops. Yesterday Major McDowell, U. S. A., administered the oath of allegiance, which was taken by all except twenty. Those twenty, amid the groans and hisses of the whole multitude and shouts of traitors from the soldiers, were stripped of their uniforms, even to the caps and shoes, placed between a guard and
marched out of the gate. Is this a free country? You should have seen the expulsion of some soldiers the other day. They had committed some offense, were detected, placed between fife and drum, and, with the mob of soldiers clamoring at their heels, were drummed out to the tune of the Rogue's March. A grand Union flag was hoisted on a fine flagstaff in the playground. As the colonel hoisted the flag the band played 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Hail, Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' "Garryowen," and the soldiers cheered lustily the Stars and Stripes, Georgetown College, etc. The flagpole is one of the tallest trees of the 'walks,' cut down by the orders of the great Peedee. Artists of the illustrated papers were up here yesterday taking sketches.

"A very exciting scene took place last night. The regiment had just returned at 12 o'clock from Washington, whence they had gone to escort Thos. T. Meagher to the College Camp, and, wearied after their march, were beginning to indulge in a sound sleep when, at 1 o'clock, the drums beat to arm. 'To arms! To arms! The enemy!' was shouted from one room to another. Such a shouting of orders, girding on of swords, dragging on of overcoats, ramming of cartridges and rushing pell-mell for Companies A, B, C, etc., I may never behold again. In about six minutes from the first tap of the drum the colonel was on his horse and a thousand men, on double-quick time, towards the gate for Washington. The cause of the alarm was this: One of the sentinels (picket No. 10, they call him) espied a large fire in Washington, which, from its steadiness and brilliancy, he took to be a signal fire. Adding this to the beating of drums and firing of musketry which had been going on all night on the Virginia side of the Potomac, he was led to think that an attack on the Capital was in progress. When the colonel reached Rock Creek Bridge he was informed of the true state of affairs and returned to the College, much to the disappointment of the boys (that's what they call each other), who were 'bilin over' for a fight. Mr. Meagher commands the Zouave Corps of the regiment. A company of artillery and lancers will be joined to us in a few days. About a dozen gentlemen, dashing West Point cadets, come up here to assist the captains in drilling their companies. But I must stop my war news here or I will never be exhausted. Each day is pregnant with so many incidents that it would require a ream of paper to narrate all of them. The 'Pet Lambs' of Colonel Ellsworth particularly amuse and harass the Washingtonians. Large boys and small are now mixed together, with all the prefects on duty. I occupy a room in the tower, and, though it is not the best in the world, yet I console myself with the reflection that English kings have lived there, too. Philosophy Class graduated some time ago, without any display, and have gone home. The fewness of students lessens the labors of the teachers a great deal. I have no French or Latin, others no mathematics and French, and so on. There are at present in the College about sixty boys. Every establishment to which I go seems destined to be smashed up. Some of our friends of the military are quite jovial fellows. Yesterday one of them had to leave ranks because he had only one shoe, and that was but a shoe in name. Someone asked him what had become of his shoe. He said he had sold it. 'Well, then, how much will you take for the other one?' was the reply. 'I won't sell that; I want it to deceive people, who will all think that I once had two, but happened to misplace one of them.' The end of the sheet warns me that I must close, so with my kindest love to all of ours at Boston, I remain, "Yours in X't, "B. C. McMahon."

After several weeks the Sixty-ninth was ordered across the Potomac to Virginia, there to begin that line of earth fortifications which, during the war, encircled the Capital. Directly opposite the College they con-
structed Fort Corcoran. In the College they were succeeded by the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers (Highlanders), under command of Colonel Cameron, brother of the Secretary of War. As may readily be supposed, military occupation was responsible for no little disturbance in the intra-mural life of Georgetown. Military regulations obtained by day and by night, sentinels being stationed at all outlets from College grounds to put a check upon the over-ardent eagerness of the warriors to begin the march “on to Richmond” with a very probable tarry at Joe Schladt’s on High street, now Wisconsin avenue. By reason of this military rigor ordinary transit from South to North Buildings was intercepted and positively interdicted after hours to anyone who did not possess the countersign.

This fact brought no little inconvenience to our worthy Professor of Music, who, with other lay teachers of the time, was lodged in the old Boarman Mansion, popularly known as “Bachelor’s Hall,” occupying in 1861, a site immediately behind the present grandstand of our athletic field. This devotee of Euterpe, who labored under a physical impediment of speech, returning one night somewhat late, started for his apartments when he was intercepted by the sentinel demanding the countersign. Our unfortunate Professor, at all times nervous, became, under the unexpected interception, yet more confused and stammering in his utterance, and was incontinently carried off by the faithful sentinel to the guard house, now the habitat of our veteran Mr. Mack, where he remained until dawn, when explanations tendered to the Officer of the Day procured his release.

These two Regiments sheltered in Georgetown did gallant service in the first great battle of our Civil War—Manassas, or Bull Run. Colonel Corcoran of the Sixty-ninth was captured early in the engagement, gallantly leading his Regiment to the front. Less fortunate, Colonel Cameron of the Seventy-ninth, fell on the bloody field. Later during the war, Georgetown’s Academic Halls were converted into Hospital Wards, peopled with unfortunates brought from Virginia battlefields, notably that of the Second Bull Run. Without encroachment upon the truth, it may be said that Georgetown, not only in the brave men she sent to fight under the Stars and Stripes, or the Star-gemmed Southern Cross, but in hospitality extended to the contestants who wore the Blue, did her full share for the preservation of the Union.
To a Son Over There

Your land's awake, Centurion,
No longer shall your country be
Lulled in a false security,
O happy you to be her son!

A taper you upon the shrine
Before the righteous God of all,
And if—His will!—your candle fall,
It merges in the Light Divine!

Upon the shrine of sacrifice
Millions of lights they burn today,
Illumining the earthly way
That leads you unto Paradise.

In vain the Hun tribes rage of Thor,
Their ancient war god come again,
He hammers on the Front in vain,
Less human than he was of yore.

Your land's awake! Brake land of lands,
That offers all for all that's good,
No break is in our brotherhood,
Crusader in the fighting hands.

Though wistful is the wife you left—
Love took your image as you went,
Another torch from heaven sent,
She, holding it, is less bereft.

O God of Light, we have no fear,
Already shines our victory,
Ah, hasten it; in pity, see
The meaning of the mother's tear.

—Maurice Francis Egan, L.L.D., '89.
1793. Robert Usher, the fifth foreign student, entered from Santa Cruz.

1818. The high water mark was reached this year on December 10, when there were 96 students actually at the College; 91 boarders and five day scholars.

1833. From the minutes of the Philodemic Society, which have been accurately kept all through the years, we copy the following item: "President in chair. Upon calling the roll, Messrs. Clarke and Bodisco were found absent. Messrs. Kennedy, Clarke, Landanian and Brent were selected for the regular debate upon the question, 'Is England justified for the manner in which she treated Napoleon?'

From the records of the Sodality: "December 8 being the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, it was celebrated by the Sodality receiving the Blessed Sacrament and hearing Mass in their own chapel, after which the following members were admitted to their promises." Among those mentioned is one Richard Clarke of Washington, who later became prominent as a historian, and whose portrait hangs in the Philodemic Room.

1893. At the annual meeting of the Central Inter-Collegiate Press Association held on December 9, at the American House, Lancaster, Pa., Mr. J. Francis Smith, '94, who since became a lawyer in Frederick, Md., represented the GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL and read a paper "Should editors be elected by popular vote or on account of competitive work?" At the election of officers he was placed on the Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

The Names on the Tablets in the Ryan Refectory

Jules Aldige, Jr. Entered the College September 4, 1877, from New Orleans together with his brother George. When the yellow fever epidemic was raging in New Orleans in 1878, he volunteered to take the
place of his father who was prostrated at the time by sickness, and with
two others Jules cared for 1,494 persons sick with the fever, of whom
only 86 died. The Howard Association of New Orleans presented him
with a testimonial and a gold medal while he was still a student here.

**Alexander A. Allemane.** Entered the College September 3, 1845,
from Charleston, S. C. Received his A.B., in 1848, and was valedictorian
of his class. The Philodemic Society invited him to give the annual
address to that society on July 8, 1856, which is printed in the volume of
Annual Addresses. When the Civil War broke out, he entered the Con-
federate army and was killed at the battle of Petersburg, 1864.

**George T. Andrews.** Entered the College September 16, 1839, from
Washington, D. C. He was a lieutenant in the Mexican War and was
killed at the storming of Chapultepec, September 12, 1847.

**Leopold Armanet.** Entered the College February 27, 1849, from St.
James Parish, La. Received his A.B., in 1855. He held a high place in
class, had a great talent for music, winning the medal for that subject
in 1854, was prominent in the debates of the Philodemic Society, and
was valedictorian of the class. He became a Colonel in the Confederate
army and, while holding aloft the colors of the Confederacy, was killed
in the battle of Mansfield.

**John B. Blake.** Entered the College September 16, 1816, from Wash-
ington, D. C. He was born at Colchester, W. Va., August 12, 1801. After
leaving college he studied medicine at the University of Maryland, and
then settled in Washington. For many years he was President of the
National Metropolitan Bank, and was one of the active members of the
Washington National Monument Association. He was a loyal alumnus,
taking deep interest in all college affairs, and had the honor of presiding
over the first meeting of the Alumni Society. He died October 26, 1881.

**Charles Bourman.** Entered the College December 1, 1797, from
Georgetown. After two years here he ran away and went to sea. He
died in 1879, having attained the rank of Rear Admiral after a long and
brilliant service in the Navy.

**Waldemar De Rodisco.** Entered the College with his brother Boris
May 11, 1838, from Petrograd, Russia. He received his A.B., in 1845, his
A.M., in 1848. Was a nephew of the Russian Minister. His brother
returned to Russia, but Waldemar married and remained in Wash-
gington, where he died July 31, 1878. Two of his three sons started for Russia with their mother but were lost on the S. S. Pomerania when it was wrecked off the coast of Ireland.

**Placide Bosser.** Entered the College May 14, 1854, from Nachitoches, La. His name figures prominently in the records of the Greek Academy and the Philodemic. He was killed at the battle of Shiloh in 1832, a member of the Confederate army.

**Francis Baby.** Entered the College June 2, 1843, from Quebec, Canada. Took his A.B., in 1853. Later he became a judge in Quebec. He died in Paris, March 11, 1911.

**Ludum Bargy.** Entered the College September 17, 1850, from Washington, D. C. Took his A.B., in 1854. Before he came to Georgetown, Bargy attended Gonzaga. He was honor man of his class and a speaker and poet of more than ordinary ability. The story is told that Father Brady wanted a poem for some special occasion. He called on Bargy who answered that he was not in a poetic mood. Father Brady locked him up in a room and said that there he would have to remain until the poem was finished, and that he would have only bread and water for inspiration. Under these distressing conditions he produced his best effort of his college days, a poem called "Woman's Triumph," from an incident in the life of Coriolanus. After leaving he fell heir to a fortune and moved to the Southwest, where he was killed by the Indians in 1860.

**Edward Fitzgerald Beale.** Entered the College October 8, 1832, from Washington, D. C. On leaving college he entered the Naval Academy, graduating from there in 1842. During the Mexican War he was engaged along the Pacific coast, and in the Civil War served in the Union Army as a General. In 1876 President Grant appointed him Minister to Austria, which office he held for five years. He died April 22, 1893.

**Edwin H. Birdsall.** Entered the College October 24, 1857, from Waco, Texas. In 1860 he left from the class of Poetry and returning to his home joined the Confederate Army in which he served until his death at the battle of Shiloh in 1862.

**John Carroll Brent.** Entered the College May 5, 1830, from Washington, D. C. Received his A.B., in 1833, and his A.M., in 1849. Subsequently studied law and accompanied his uncle, Hon. Daniel Brent,
Consul-General to Paris, to his post of duty, and was for many years secretary to his uncle and exercised the duties of consul. Later he was secretary to the African squadron under Commodore Bolton. Devoted much time to the pursuit of art and literature. His principal work was "The Biography of Archbishop Carroll." To him Georgetown is indebted for the Medical School. When the founders of the Medical School were considering to which college they would apply for affiliation, Mr. Brent's influence, together with Dr. Johnson Elliott's, prevailed on the committee to select Georgetown. His death occurred February 10, 1876.

John D. Brooke. Entered the College September 16, 1836, from Upper Marlborough, Md. He was President of the Maryland State Senate in 1861 and 1862. In 1881 he was appointed judge in the Southern Judicial District of Maryland.

William S. Burgwyn. Entered the College February 10, 1859, from Garysburg, N. C. After serving through the Civil war on the Southern side, he studied law at Harvard and practised for thirteen years in Baltimore. Returning to North Carolina, he entered the banking business and was president of a bank in Henderson, N. C.

Realization

*Today the war came home to me.*
These years of bitter yesterdays had seemed
Like troubled dreams that, tossing, I had dreamed;
Like monstrous things across a distant sea;
And I had viewed them through an opera glass.
As from a box, indifferent, I've seen pass
Upon the stage some bloody tragedy.

When Mars came to our shore and beckoned you,
Then, dry-eyed, prayed I while you crossed the blue,
And heard I you had come to Picardy.
To me 't were other mothers' sons who lay,
Gazing with glazed eyes upon the day;
Mute boyish units in War's Casualty.

*Today, O Jesu, see! My heart's a night!*
Mary, my khaki one lies in the fight!
Today the war came home to me.

—Charles Byculla, '22.
"No two editors would have the same opinion about the great number of verses that I have examined in order to make the selections. Very likely some poems that have had the strongest appeal for me would be omitted by another, equally competent and equally desirous of including only the best. "If others fail to see what I have seen in some of the verses, it is because their emotional glasses are adjusted differently from mine," writes the Editor in his introduction to "The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1916-17." In writing this review we shall always bear this in mind, yet we do not intend that it should deter us from an expression of our own tastes.

As is usually the case in all collections of verse, the poems almost naturally fall into some simple order, and in the selection of his divisions the Editor has been most fortunate. Of the poems that fall under the classification "Youth and Spring" we find "The Bluebird" one of the most beautiful:

"When March is harsh, and blustering bends the bough
Of leafless tree, with young buds still asleep,
All unawares, some morning, and somehow,
I know again my sluggish blood will leap,
When on my ear the old familiar strain
Will fall, and I shall catch a flash of blue,
And know the gates of Paradise again
Have open swung, and let my bluebird through."
Filled with the carefreeness of youth are these poems, yet there is a subtleness in them that bespeaks the calmness to come with maturer years:

"Then why lament when earth is young,
And summer blossoming?
Many the songs that are not sung
For my mute lips to sing!
Many the dreams, like birds in air,
That skim o'er the Road to Everywhere!"

Seldom do we meet with the utter abandon and the joyousness expressed in these lines:

"My horse is athrob and I am athrob,
Athrob and a thrill with the surging blood,
As we rush on, on toward the East. Stop! Look!
The day's coming on in a golden flood. 
Ah, the wild ecstasy! wine of youth, wine of morning. 
And all the mad thrill of it!"

Under the next division come those on nature in her various moods during the summer, autumn and winter months. Here the poets, while approaching their themes with a slower-moving inspiration, have managed, nevertheless, to breathe into their verse the same irrepressibility of youth. Winter may be lowering with gray masses of cloud, resistful to the weight of the keenest of wind, yet they have always contrived to see in its sullenness something to make their lines pulse with that illogical light-heartedness so characteristic of the young.

Of the next series of poems “Song” is a typical example:

"April, April, going by,
Underneath a flame of sky,—
April, have you seen my Sweet
Laughing down the laughing street?"

When it comes to love, youth seems to take a morbid delight in premonitions of partings, deaths or abandoned love. Why this is so is unfathomable, yet it is no less true, as these lines from “Song of the Troubadour” testify:

"By the moon-splashed palace wall one night,
With a wonderful magic around,
She laughingly whispered, 'Some day I shall die.'
With kisses I hushed the sound.
Then we laughed, we two, with care-free hearts
   As light as the street bird's song;
But we did not know how near she was right,
   Our kisses how far they were wrong!"

Perhaps it is because he is wedded to romance. Yet he can treat it
with a more optimistic touch, a touch that is exultant with the joy that
the passion imparts. Here is an example from "Enchantment":

"Who made me an immortal in the night?
Who took from me my former shape, and left
Only the essence? Here am I, bereft
Of all stability, * * * a thread of light, * * *
A strain of music, * * * wandering wind, * * * a flight
Of wild rose petals! What strange creature, dept
With magic charm, my mortal being cleft,
And let me free, all tremulous and bright?"

War said in August, 1914, according to "Clarion, Clarion":

"Give me the young men, the full-blooded strong men,
The virulent youths will I take first of all."

So youth seizes upon war as its theme. One thing that stands out
markedly is the fact that of all these poems those that bear the stamp
of the spirit of "A Merry Christmas" are mainly by feminine writers.
War seen through the eyes of the man is an entirely different thing.
Contrast this stanza from "A Merry Christmas":

"Merry Christmas, indeed.
When earth of man's blood has drunk her fill,
When the demon of war has had his will;
Until then, haunting Christmas bells, be still"

with the closing stanza of "The Song of the Foreign-born":

"We will gather like clouds of the tempest
   At the threat of a mailed hand,
   And the tread of our marching millions
   Shall thunder across the land.
The flash of our righteous lightning
   Shall illuminate the world,
   Where flying free our foes will see
   The Stars and Stripes unfurled."
Among the next and last set of poems that do not lend themselves for the greater part to a classification under one head we cannot refrain from quoting this sonnet on Shakespeare, so greatly did it arouse our admiration:

"Sometimes, when in disgust at petty men
   I lose all faith in man's divinity,
   I hear thy voice—as on a troubled sea
   The stars shine down, and we are calm again.
   For when we hear, out-topping human ken,
      Thy accents calm in matchless majesty,
   We know 'twas God in very surety
   Guided the strokes of that inspired pen.
   But greater yet the truth that we behold—
      Touched by the sweep of thy rich imagery,
   We see the meanest life turn purest gold:
      Highest and lowest one humanity.
   Toilers have need of what the poet sings
   No more than her their strength to spread his wings."

And again we must quote, for "The Blind Weaver" is a poem of such nobleness that we cannot pass it by:

"But when at last the weaver's work is done—
   The last thread severed from her tapestry—
   Then God will open wide her wondering eyes
   And give them perfect light, that she may see
   The work her clumsy, groping hands have wrought
   Even as God sees it, revealed by truth,
   With all the errors that her blindness made
   Upon this mighty labor of her youth.

"Will she then hide her face in grief and shame,
   Will its confusion bow her in despair,
   Or will the blending and the shadows make
   The pattern of the whole seem doubly fair?"

As a whole the collection is an excellent one, but we deplore the admission of several examples of vers libre into a volume entitled "The Poets of the Future." This is all the more to be pitied, for those few that we did read closely contained really good thought and promising material for poems worthy of the dignity of that name. In our hearts
we can find no excuse for the descent from the true art to such a brazen imitation. Is it adopted as a fad to keep up with the modernity of the times, whose greatest desire is to disregard the customs of ages, or is it merely a relapse into the shiftlessness that besets so many men of talent and makes of them miserable failures? Had not the promise embodied come to our notice, we would unhesitatingly decide that the authors of the vers libre were ones who really could not write poetry, but in their vanity called their efforts an art.
Lamentation

This is the story of a college poet.
Much wrote he for the monthly magazine.
Much he the toilsome pencil plied, and much
Thought horrid thoughts of printers and their kind.
And manfully he cursed the mandolin,
That whimpered wailing in the room next door,
When he toiled at sonnet, and he cursed
(Hiding his head between his ink-stained hands)
The banging and the whanging borne afar,
Upon the breathing of some evil wind,
Which signified the College Orchestra
Was trying out each cursed instrument,
To see which was the loudest of the lot.
He had his dreams of Odes and Triolets
Smashed by the banging of his neighbor's door,
And pierced by his shrill whistle in the hall.
His visions of a rhyming system quaint
Were shattered into fragments at the sound
Of that infernal gong which hung so near
Above the portal of the prefect's room.

Therefore, O thou, who dost incontinent
Damn all his ventures in the realms of verse,
Oh, most ungentle critic, do but think!
Perchance YOUR frenzied banging of a drum,
Or torment of a helpless violin
Caused the black ruin of some wondrous rhyme.
And caused th' infliction of such things as this
Upon a luckless and long-tortured bard.

Paul D. Page, Jr., '21.
Medical Notes

JOHN SHUGRUE, '19.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 26, the Ladies' Board of the Georgetown University Hospital entertained its friends at tea. The reception was very well attended and the enjoyable afternoon was brought to a close by an informal dance.

The greater worries of the Medical students will soon be over, for the demobilization of the S. A. T. C. will be completed before Christmas, it is hoped. The sacrifices entailed, especially those pertaining to the hours of study, were many and great. Now that the old order is to return it is thought that all will be satisfied with the added hours of study. The S. A. T. C. had some advantages for the Medical student. There was the regular routine of life, the proper respect for authority engendered, the remunerations regarding uniforms, pay and tuition. However, these are entirely secondary, and we think that the plans for demobilization will meet with the heartiest approval from all concerned.

Owing to the scarcity of available interns, the local hospitals are making use of many Fourth Year students. From Georgetown Medical School, Messrs. Ewing, Marland, Rapaport and Carbo are at the Washington Asylum; Mr. Nelson at Garfield; Messrs. McEnery and Nagle at Children's; Mr. Shugrue at Georgetown and Mr. Edward at Columbia.

Word has been received at the school that A. E. Listoe, '15, has been promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonel and had been slightly wounded.
Other promotions are Major L. Howard, '11, to Lieutenant-Colonel, and William Herbst, '15, to Lieutenant Commander.

Dr. H. Ong has resigned as Associate Professor of Medicine, and his lectures will be completed by Dr. Ralph LeCompte.

Captain Prentiss Wilson has been made a Major; Dr. John Constas received a majorship.

Lieut. Martin H. Spellman, '17, is the proud father of a baby boy.

Commander H. S. Strine, the Professor of Surgery, has introduced into Georgetown the unique plan of teaching the technique of the most important operations by means of moving pictures. This innovation has proved itself to be a success.

Law Notes

FREDERICK J. FEES, '19.

Class politics have been the chief topic of conversation in the school lobby for the past month. Both the Senior and Junior elections were hotly contested, and at the present writing the Freshmen are yet to be heard from. The result of the Senior election, held November 26, is as follows: Peter F. Snyder of Washington, president; E. A. Ricks of Utah, vice-president; Francis W. Cleary of Illinois, treasurer; John L. Burns of Massachusetts, secretary; Frederick J. Fees of Pennsylvania, historian; John W. Taylor of Virginia, sergeant-at-arms; editor-in-chief of the Domesday Book, William L. Clay of New York.

At a Junior class meeting held November 13, the following were elected class officers for the year: Robert I. Azar of Ohio, president; Edward F. New of Illinois, and James H. Durbin of Pennsylvania, first and second vice-presidents, respectively; Joseph D. Brady of Connecticut, secretary; Thomas F. Cullen of Pennsylvania, treasurer; and C. H. Kennerly of Florida, sergeant-at-arms.

A well-attended smoker was held by the Junior Class at the Hotel Lafayette, November 27.

The opening of the school year finds two of the members of the class in the uniform of officers: Robert A. Gray, of Florida, with rank of Captain; and S. D. Hanson of New York, that of Second Lieutenant.

Mr. William M. A. O'Neil, who was a student at the College in '98 and '99, and at the Law School in '99, paid the school a visit during the past month.
The Sphinx Club, which is composed of members of each class, is contemplating holding an informal dance in the near future.

Capt. Charles E. Roach, A.B., '95; LL.B., '97; LL.M., '98, who is in the Motor Transport Corps, is at present an assistant professor at the Law School.

**Dental Notes**

Dr. Bruce Taylor has been elected acting dean of the Dental School of Georgetown University during the absence of Dr. Shirley W. Bowles, who has entered the military service. Dr. Taylor has been professor of the Dental School and vice-president of the faculty.

The faculty refused to accept the resignation of Dr. Bowles, granting him instead leave of absence during the war. Dr. Frank A. Casteel, D.D.S., '08, was elected vice-president of the Dental faculty to succeed Dr. Taylor.
The Retreat

The annual retreat commenced on Tuesday evening, November 19, and terminated on Saturday morning, November 30. The Rev. Joseph J. Daley, S.J., until recently engaged in giving missions in the eastern States, conducted the exercises. Although coming in the month of November, later than the usual time for the annual retreat, when the greater portion of the scholastic year lies ahead of us, the advice and instructions of Father Daley were such as to make themselves felt and put into practice at once. Seldom have the students had a more interesting and serious course of talks, and their earnestness and interest were manifest by their attention and application during these few days apart from the world and its worries. Our sincere thanks go to Father Daley for his efforts in our behalf.

Lecture at Classical Club

On November 30, the Rev. John F. Quirk, S.J., of the College faculty, delivered a lecture before the Washington Classical Club at the Friends’ School. The subject of his talk was “Virgil and Christianity.”
The Philodemic

At a recent meeting, the names which had been on the table since the previous meeting were voted upon and a number of applicants admitted to membership. The society at present has a membership of Messrs. Brunini, Langie, T. Burke, L. Daly, E. Connolly, Ragland, Deneen, J. J. Prendergast, Bournouf, Kinnucan, O. MacCarthy, Dean, Wimsatt, Dezell, Denniston, Benziger, MacElhinney, Welch, Page and Morgan.

S. A. T. C.

On the afternoon of November 26 a telegram came from the War Department ordering the demobilization of the Students' Army Training Corps. The initial steps are to be taken on December 4, so that the demobilization may be completed by December 21.

The former courses of A.B. and B.S. were opened on November 25. For those who have not the full Latin credits a special course is arranged to accommodate them. A four-years' course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science had been inaugurated in which modern languages, mathematics and the sciences are to be emphasized. Commercial branches are being taught at night.

Lectures to S. A. T. C.

Since our last issue there have been several interesting lectures given to the members of the S. A. T. C. The first was that on November 6, by Lieut. Marcel Jousse, of the French Army, on "America." Father Jousse is by no means a stranger to Georgetown and each time he comes back he seems to have grown more eloquent. If we characterized him as eloquent when he first spoke to us last year, what adjective can we use now?

The next talk was on "Russia" by one who has had the good fortune of studying that country and its peoples by many travels within its boundaries and by residence of some duration in several of its principal cities. Father Francis Barnum, S.J., clearly showed us that despite its geographical and natural handicaps Russia has the promise of better days. The lecture was repeated on November 27 at Gonzaga College Hall, the second lecture of a series given by the Gonzaga College evening classes.

Quite unexpectedly we had the pleasure of hearing a vivid description of the fight at Gallipoli told by one who fought in that fight, and who bears today the marks of the battle. In town to speak in behalf of the
War Workers' Campaign at the Liberty Hut on November 20, Mr. Thomas Skeykill found time in the morning to address the members of the S. A. T. C. on the preparations leading up to the attack, the storming of the crags of Gallipoli in the teeth of Turkish machine guns, and the actual victory gained by the British heroes. Mr. Skeykill is a member of the famous Anzacs. With the aid of American surgery he regained partially the use of both eyes.

**News/Location of College Store**

It has been given out, although not officially, that the College Store is to move into more commodious quarters. For a long time the proprietors have realized that the present location is in every way inadequate to handle the needs of the students. The new room is to be the Prep refectory which last year was the Physics work-room and laboratory. We hope that this Christmas will find the College Store settled in these new quarters ready for business.

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**Br'er Tater and garden grass**

*U. S. Food Administration.*

*Br'er Tater* ain't skeerin' up a ghos' wen he say we alls mus' eat less wheat en less meat en save all de fat en sugar we kin. We has jest got ter feed dat big army er fightin' sojer boys, en we kin do hit by eatin' right smart mo' taters en garden sass en eatin' mo' fish en game 'stid er pork and beef. Ef we alls don't gin ter feed dem sojers right now we'll be feedin' somebody 'fo' long en it won't be us.
'76. The Editor wishes Mr. John G. Agar of New York City to know that Georgetown tenders him and his family the deepest sympathy for the loss of his son, Lieut. John G. Agar, Jr., U. S. A., who was killed in action at the San Mihiel front, October 19, 1918.

'77. Charles D. Liebermann, senior member of the real estate firm of Liebermann & Hawn, 1421 F street, District of Columbia, died during the month of November. Until his retirement from active work several months ago, he had been engaged in business for nearly forty years. He was educated at Gonzaga College, Maryland Agricultural College and at the Georgetown Law School.

'78. At the Symphony Hall, November 10, 1918, there was held a greater Boston War Work Rally under the auspices of the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Boston, and in co-operation with the Metropolitan Committee of the United War Work Campaign. Addresses were delivered by Lieut. Vincent de Wierzbicki, of the French High Mission in America, Hon. Everett L. Lake and Hon. Charles A. DeCourcey, the presiding officer of the occasion. Judge DeCourcey is President of the National Society of Georgetown Alumni.
'94. The news of the death of Robert J. Collier came as a surprise, for we had only a short time previously heard of his safe return from France. Death came suddenly on November 8 while dining with his wife. A physician was hurriedly summoned, but Mr. Collier was dead of heart disease.

Mr. Collier was born in New York city June 17, 1876. He was the son of the late Peter Fenlon Collier and Katherine Louise Dunne. His father, who came here from Ireland, established the publishing business of which his son has been the recent head and made a place for himself in New York circles which the boy inherited. Young Robert took his A.B. from Georgetown University at Washington in 1894 and afterward finished his education with a year at Oxford and another at Harvard.

While at Georgetown Mr. Collier was connected with the Journal in his Freshman, Sophomore and Junior years as associate editor. When a Senior he was at the head of the Journal as Editor-in-Chief. Here it was that he developed in a quiet way his powers as a writer. The song "Sons of Georgetown, Alma Mater," is from his pen, and his name will be remembered as long as those words are sung on the Hilltop. The old study hall beneath the library was fitted up by his donations, and when in the changes of the years it was made into the Riggs Library Annex, the name "Collier" was taken from the study hall and transferred to the third floor of the old North Building then being transformed from a dormitory to a corridor of rooms. And so top North is called to this day "Collier Hall."

On July 26, 1902, he was married at Newport, R. I., to Miss Sarah Stewart Van Alen, daughter of James J. Van Alen, and grand-daughter of Mrs. William Astor.

After a wedding trip on Mr. Collier's yacht, the Radha, the young couple made their home at 20 Gramercy Park, later moving to 752 Park avenue and then to their present home at 1067 Fifth avenue. On April 20, 1903, they lost an infant son, born a few days previously.

Since the death of his father, April 24, 1909, Mr. Collier has been head of the publishing firm of P. F. Collier & Son and editor of Collier's Weekly. He initiated the Lincoln Farm Association, which raised money by popular subscription and purchased the farm in Kentucky where Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin. A granite shaft was raised on the site of the building and the memorial was formally accepted by the Government September 4, 1916.

Mr. Collier narrowly escaped death in August, 1914, when he had an acute attack of uraemic poisoning at his Racquet Lake camp in the Adirondacks. His condition was so critical that physicians were summoned, and he was brought to New York on a special train in his
private car, the Vagabondia. He was accompanied on the trip by the physicians, several nurses and a retinue of servants. It was some time before he was pronounced out of danger.

Before that—in 1906—while playing polo at Westbury, L. I., Mr. Collier received an accidental blow over the eye from a mallet wielded by Harry Payne Whitney. It was at first believed that he would lose the sight of the injured organ, but he eventually recovered without permanent injury.

Aviation was the subject, next to books, in which Mr. Collier was most deeply interested. He was at one time president of the Aero Club of America, and offered valuable prizes to promote interest in aviation which then was an almost unexplored field. His first gift of this kind was a gold trophy and a prize of $2,500 which he offered in 1909. Three years later he started for Panama to fly across the isthmus, but became ill at New Orleans and cancelled the trip. There were reports the next year that he would attempt a flight across the Atlantic in a hydroairplane, but the European war began before his plans matured. A third adventure which threatened serious consequences occurred in October, 1911, when he fell from an airplane at Allaire, N. J. Fortunately he landed in a haystack and escaped with a few bruises. The accident was due to engine trouble.

The Journal, in the name of Georgetown, extends the sympathy of faculty, alumni and students to his bereaved widow.

The following extract is taken from the editorial page of Collier's Weekly under date of November 23, 1918:

"For a number of years the house had printed a paper which was at first called Once a Week and later Collier's Weekly. It occurred to the eager mind of the younger man that this publication might be transformed into something more vital and vigorous, a paper that would at the same instant interpret and help to direct the thought of the time. He was without experience, but wide and appreciative reading and an instinctive correctness of taste gave him the best of foundations for the journalistic edifice which had grown in his imagination. The occasion waited for him. Not long after he had created Collier's Weekly the war with Spain broke out. He threw all the forces of his fine mind into the representation of this event. Collier's couriers were everywhere. The best draftsmen, the most enterprising photographers, the most accurate writers were summoned to portray the first trial of strength which this country had attempted for a third of a century. Young men entering on the career of journalism may well go over the old pages of Collier's and learn from them the sorely needed lesson that the truth is not necessarily parted from the picturesque.

"After the Spanish War, Mr. Collier turned the paper to a vigorous discussion of public affairs. He placed no restraint upon the writers on these subjects, but it was inevitable that they should reflect his own integrity of purpose and some of his good nature. There never was anything very grim about the Collier's 'crusades.' The paper flung its spear at the heads of the wicked, but somehow seemed to say it would be as
glad if it missed as if it hit. Among the principal achievements of the paper during this period—the one that he looked back upon with the greatest satisfaction—was the suppression of the patent-medicine evil. At the time Collier’s commenced its fight the daily newspapers were the medium for the distribution of ruinous drugs of all kinds, which were advertised far and wide as cures for serious diseases. The article in Collier's put an end to that business. Newspapers stopped printing patent-medicine advertisements, legislatures passed bills condemning the manufacture of the nostrums, and at the present moment the sale of harmful drugs is furtive and criminal. The passage of the Pure Food Act was a direct consequence of these exposures.

"It is hardly necessary to recall to old readers of Collier's the brisk fight against a scandalous publication of great notoriety, the continual struggle for honest advertising and clean politics, the long-drawn-out battle for the conservation of the public lands which had among its incidents the resignation of a Cabinet officer and the elevation to the Supreme Court of a lawyer who before that time had enjoyed no more than a parochial reputation. In 1896 Mr. Collier founded the Lincoln Farm Association and raised the money for the noble memorial that now stands at the birthplace of the great President. This he turned over to the Government. He was one of the first American journalists to see the possibilities of airplanes, and his interest in this wonderful invention led to his long friendship with the Wright brothers. He was also one of the first amateurs to fly in this country. We could sum the whole story up by saying that wherever Robert Collier saw anything that was bad or cruel he struck at it fearlessly and yet with toleration for the human beings involved and a certain amount of pity for even the worst of them. He was without vindictiveness, and the pages of his paper showed it. Of his purely journalistic successes it is not necessary to speak. But it is proper to remark that he led the way and widened the field of pictorial journalism. Pursuing his theory that the right kind of paper must be amusing as well as instructive, and that it must first please the eye, he gained at one time or another the services of all the best illustrators in America. As for contributors to the text of the paper, they practically have included every name of prominence in English literature in the last twenty years.

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"Mr. Collier had many interests outside his business. In fact, the old saying, 'Nothing human foreign was to him,' could be applied exactly in his case. He was a real lover of books. His feeling as to the influence of good literature was expressed by the lines he wrote about his father in 1909: 'Of poetry, of history, of high fiction, he had sent millions of volumes among the people, and he was glad. He knew what a good book meant in a humble home.'

"Of Robert J. Collier personally it is impossible for a friend to write with composure. He was the soul of honor, the most honest and the kindest of men. His associates who knew his tender thoughtfulness, and were in daily contact with the buoyancy and gayety of his nature, now part from him with heavy hearts."

'95. One of the six representatives of the National Catholic War Council is Edward J. Tobin, A.B., '95; A.M., '96; Ph.D., '97; LL.B., '97. Mr. Tobin is the Coast representative.

'99. During the recent United War Work Campaign in New York a Georgetown and a Journal man came once more to the front. Symbolical paintings illustrating the activities, traditions and significance of the seven great war welfare organizations were painted by well known artists in the open air in front of the New York Public Library at
Fifth avenue and 42nd street. The Knights of Columbus were well represented by J. E. Sheridan who made his debut as an illustrator almost twenty years ago on the Journal staff.

'12. We were very sorry to hear of the death of Charles L. Healy, M.D., ’12, who died on August 25, 1918, at the Oswego Hospital, Oswego, N. Y. No details whatever have come except a meager news clipping saying that death was due to heart trouble.

'16. Naoshige Irimajiri, D.D.S., '16, is a professor in the Dental Department of the Imperial University, Tokio, Japan.

'17. Francis Joseph Murray, who was graduated from Georgetown a member of the Class of 1917, died at Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky., on October 19, 1918. Frank had enlisted as a member of the Ordnance Corps and was undergoing training preliminary to departure overseas when he suffered an attack of influenza which resulted fatally after a few days' duration.

It was as a student of the College that we knew Frank and it is thus that we remember him. Always light-hearted, jovial, with a cheery smile and friendly greeting for everyone, he gained the respect, admiration and friendship of all of us who were his associates during his four years of college life, and there is no one who knew him here who does not consider his death the loss of a good and true friend.

He always took a leading part in all college activities. In his Freshman year he was elected manager of the Class Basketball team, and he held that position throughout his course. He was an active member of the Philodemic Debating Society, and in Senior, Assistant Prefect of the Sodality.

Just as his college career was eminently successful in every way, so his life in the world promised to be of great credit to the training of his Alma Mater. Immediately after graduation he became a State highway constructor in New York, and in the brief space of a few months had completed several large contracts when he answered the call of his country, gave up his business interests and enlisted.

Little can be said when the heart is full. Our deepest emotions are the most difficult of expression. Suffice it to say that we knew Frank as an earnest, conscientious and straightforward Catholic gentleman, loved him as a brother student and with his loss we feel that one of the most priceless jewels in all the world has been taken from us—a true friend.

As was befitting, the body was removed from the camp to his home at Rochester, New York, and was there laid to rest with full military honors.
To his parents we extend our most heartfelt condolences, we mourn with them in their loss and assure them that they have our deepest sympathies. The memory of Frank will be always with us and he will ever be foremost in our prayers.

WM. J. Burlee, '17.

'18. Extracts from a letter of Bill Curtain at American Consulate, Santos, Brazil, September 17, 1918:

"After a delightful voyage of three weeks my destination was reached, and to my surprise I found Santos to be a real up-to-date city of 95,000 inhabitants. It is the largest seaport in Brazil and has the distinction of supplying three-fourths of the world with coffee. There are about forty Americans here, and from the day of my arrival they have made me feel at home, inviting me to dinner and making sure that I would not get homesick. I find the work very interesting and consider myself fortunate in having a very fine man to work with. Mr. Deichman, the Consul, is very congenial and sociable. I have found a friend in Richard O'Toole, sub-manager of the Santos branch of the National City Bank of New York. He is a graduate of Boston College. You may be sure that if advertising will accomplish anything, Santos will be represented at Georgetown in the very near future."

'18. It is a source of pride and cause for congratulation to record the election of David I. Walsh, LL.D., '18, as Senator of the United States from Massachusetts. His stirring address at the last Commencement exercises is still ringing in our ears. Now that he will reside in Washington, we hope that we, of Georgetown, will have the pleasure of welcoming him many and many a time to the Hilltop.

Ex-'19. George Horning writes from the American Legation, The Hague, Netherlands, October 2, 1918:

"The food situation here is very critical and all are underfed. Food riots have become a daily occurrence, and it is heartbreaking to see the poor people in starving masses dispersed by the police, who fire into the crowds to scatter them. All plate-glass windows are boarded up to prevent their destruction."

Ex-'19. A recent visitor to the College was Lieut. Edgar J. Mongan, U. S. A., who is at present stationed at the S. A. T. C. of Randolph-Macon College, Va.

Ex-'20. Extracts from a letter of Dick Gorman, American Legation, Copenhagen, Denmark:

"My trip over was a great success—enjoyable and interesting, though tiresome at times. The trip as far as Liverpool was on an English liner carrying soldiers, and the rest of the way on the water on a Norwegian steamer. When we were two miles out of Liverpool we were quite unfortunate in being lost from the convoy, and our only means of protection was one small gun. It was while we were lost that we came upon a nest of submarines, but I was not in a position to see them. We escaped, however, unharmed, and I was very glad to see land once more. The captain, who has brought
over ten convoys, told me that it was the most exciting trip he ever had, but he would not tell me what had happened.

"I went over to London from Liverpool, and I must say that the country is beautiful. I was in London for five days. London itself shows very little effect of the war. Food is plentiful there. George Horning and Dermody of the Law School came as far as London with me. I went to Aberdeen, passing through Edinburgh. From there I took a steamer to Bergen, in Norway, stopping for a while at Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands. From Bergen I went to Christiania, from there to Helsingborg, over to Helsingor, and from there up to Copenhagen."

Rev. Joseph J. Himmel, S.J., President of Georgetown University from 1908 to 1912, has been appointed Rector of the Jesuit Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Father Himmel still remains director of the Jesuit Missionary work in the Eastern states. His previous residence was at Manresa Institute, South Norwalk, Conn.
'70. Major Gen. Joseph E. Kuhn, commander of the 79th Division, said in his general orders of recent date:

"During the recent fighting the Seventy-ninth Division received its first baptism of fire in the Montfaucon sector. The commanding general takes this means of expressing to his command his satisfaction and gratification for the courage, fortitude and tenacity displayed by all the troops, especially the infantry, which, though frequently subjected to heavy machine gun and artillery fire, not only held the ground conquered, but gallantly strove to advance whenever called upon to do so. He feels confident that the Seventy-ninth Division will not fail to maintain its excellent record and that the experience gained in the recent fighting will be turned to profit when again confronting the enemy."

Among the men in the command especially praised for gallantry in action was Brig.-Gen. William J. Nicholson (of the Class of '70).

'04. Joy that the war was over was turned to grief when Mrs. Gertrude Tracy learned that her husband, Lieut. Francis M. Tracy, had been killed in action near the end of the fighting. A letter received by Mrs. Tracy dated September 20, told that he was well and happy and in front of the German trenches in the Verdun sector.

"I wouldn't be out of this game for anything," wrote Lieut. Tracy. "We are in the mud up to our boot tops, but we are going to clean up on the Huns before we quit."

Seven days after he wrote the letter he was killed, leading his platoon, a part of the 363d Infantry, 91st Division, over the top. The fatal day was his thirty-fifth birthday. In 1904, Lieut. Tracy graduated from the
Law School of Georgetown University, and has since been connected with a law firm in Buffalo, N. Y. He earned his commission early in the war, at Fort Niagara, N. Y.

'03. We reprint from the Washington Times, of August 25, the interesting story of Dr. J. Breckinridge Bayne, M.D., '03. He has had a novel experience, being reported first as dead but later as captured.

Dr. Bayne went to England in August, 1916, and volunteered his services gratuitously to the British Government.

Working among the wounded in London hospitals for a few weeks, he decided to transfer his services closer to the scenes of battle. So he went to France, where he was offered a post in a hospital at Nice. He thought this was very nice of the French officials, but he informed them that he did not want to go to a “summer resort.”

“I lingered around London and Paris for a while,” writes Dr. Bayne, “and then went to Belgium, but soon decided to go to Roumania.

“En route through Norway, Sweden and Russia conditions were deplorable. Traffic was congested, and I lost all my luggage, including heavy clothing, boots and sleeping tent. When I arrived in Bucharest I was fortunate to still be in possession of the clothes I had on. I arrived in Roumania, October, 1916.

“Immediately after my arrival I took charge of Queen Elizabeth’s Hospital, which is located on the outskirts of Bucharest, a city of 300,000 population. The hospital consisted of seven buildings situated on two large squares, and contained cots for 1,500 soldiers. The equipment of the institution was fairly modern and had been furnished just prior to the war. However, after the outbreak of the war all the available space was utilized to accommodate additional cots.

“My first operation was interrupted suddenly by the arrival of a Zeppelin overhead. Right at the critical moment a bomb from the airship struck the building in which the operating room was located and extinguished the lights. It was at night and we had considerable difficulty in getting other means of illuminating the operating room while I completed the operation.

“We had no anti-aircraft guns or other means of aerial defense, and the air raiders would come and go whenever they pleased, at intervals drop a supply of dynamite, and then return for lunch or to get a new supply. During the daytime I could look through the skylight of the operating room almost at any time and see one or more boche airplanes hovering above.

“Our only means of protection, the Red Cross, we were compelled to hide. Whenever the Huns saw the sign of the Red Cross they would drop bombs on it.

“One afternoon a few days after I landed in Bucharest the German flyers dropped five bombs in the garden adjoining the wing in which I was operating. A nurse in the garden had her gown blown completely off by the concussion of one of the bombs, but escaped injury, while a convalescent soldier sitting in one of the ward windows was killed instantly when a piece of shrapnel pierced his brain.

“Each day I could hear the cannonading drawing nearer and nearer to the city. Three weeks after taking over the hospital an order was issued by the Roumanian officials that the Huns were about to invade the city.

“Pandemonium broke loose in Bucharest, and the people commenced to evacuate their homes and flee to the country. By nightfall the Huns began to take possession. They fired on departing trains. Railroad wrecks were frequent. The coaches were over-
taxed, people suffocated, many were killed, while hundreds were seriously crippled and
injured.

"This was during the first week in November. The Germans placed the city under
martial law. All had to get a permit to go out on the streets. They issued a proclama­
tion demanding all the food stored in homes. They requisitioned everything, even the
bells in the churches and all the brass and copper. They confiscated all Red Cross sup­
plies and looted the churches, homes and public buildings of all valuables.

"They worked with precision. They had everything organized and planned in
advance. They possessed an intimate knowledge of the city, which, as I afterward
learned, was obtained before the war by spies.

"The Germans had maps of the country and all fortifications. Prior to the war
German engineers disguised as monks—Roumania is noted for its monasteries—wan­
dered throughout the kingdom, surveying the countryside and the mountains. They
knew all the mountain passes in the Carpathians, which form a natural barrier to
any outside foe on the western border of Roumania.

"Even with all their advance preparations, they would probably have never succeeded
in invading the country had the Russians fulfilled their promise to the Roumanians
when the bulk of the latter's army was sent into Transylvania against the Hungarians
and Austrians, who were directed by Mackensen. Russia promised to protect the
Rou­
manian border from German invasion.

"At this time the Allies had great confidence in Russia and the Russian armies were
making great progress, but it was at this point that German intrigue and pre-war
propaganda entered the pan-German scheme. The Russian regiments were undermined
with German spies in the guise of Russian officers.

"It was at this time that Hindenburg was making his supposedly great drive. The
German-Russian officers would send company after company of poorly equipped soldiers
into battle and then desert them, leaving them to their fate like groups of unguided
children. It was this betrayal of the Russian peasant troops that led to the undoing
of Russia on the eastern front, the invasion of Roumania and German peace with
Ukraine. The Russian soldiers were slaughtered like herds of sheep before the
machine guns of the enemy.

"It was an easy matter for Germany to take possession of defenseless Roumania and
enforce a German-made peace upon the rulers.

"But there is no peace in Roumania. There will never be peace until the Allies
crush the power of Kaiserism. This I am able to say, that the people of Roumania
prefer death to that which the Germans call peace. It is no peace. It is simply 'a
scrap of paper' in the eyes of the peasants and workers of Roumania.

"Germany absolutely controls the country—the crops, the mines, the forests, the rail­
roads and the oil wells.

"It is from the oil wells of Roumania that the Huns are now getting their supply of
motor fuel with which to run their submarines, airplanes, motor trucks and automobiles.

"This country is rich in oil. When they took possession the Germans forced the
Standard Oil Company into liquidation, and for property valued at many times the
amount only 25,000,000 lei were received. That is equal to about $4,000,000.

"The Germans are taking all the food out of the country. The Roumanian people
are starving. There is no way of getting aid to them. Whatever food you send them
Germany will confiscate, as she confiscated all Red Cross supplies.

"It is the avowed intention of the Germans to make an example of Roumania. The
fiendish manner in which they terrorize the defenseless inhabitants is beyond human
description. It is only rivaled by the atrocities which they perpetrate on the battle-
field among their wounded opponents. With their bayonets they slit the stomachs of the wounded and throw dirt into the incision.

"Cases came under my attention where wounds of soldiers had been purposely infected by the enemy. Nearly every case brought to the hospital was a mass of pus, worms and filth. An example of the deplorable condition of the wounded may be cited by the following ludicrous instance.

"When the Huns occupied Bucharest nearly the entire personnel of assistants and helpers at the hospital fled. I was compelled to recruit a number of young women to help me care for the wounded. I had a hospital and fifteen hundred patients, but no staff.

"Unfortunately nearly all my recruits were inexperienced, but fortunately they were patriotic and willing, so in due time I managed to evolve a fairly competent working organization. But every once in a while one of my assistants would faint from the nauseating condition of the soldiers.

"A few days later the German officers inspected my hospital and informed me that we would have to move out in twenty-four hours. They wanted the hospital for their own wounded. I protested, but it was of no avail. We were still neutral at the time, November, 1916, and I endeavored to retain the hospital for the Roumanian wounded, but it was no use.

"That night I looked around the city and found an old, deserted building. Summoning the staff and other assistants, we rigged up that old structure over night, and the next morning moved 120 wounded Roumanian soldiers to their new hospital. The remainder—about 1,300 wounded—were distributed among the smaller hospitals throughout the city still under our control. By cramping quarters they managed to make room for the newcomers. The only things we managed to save out of the well-equipped institution were a few cots and mattresses and my surgical instruments, which I had hid.

"Until the spring of 1917, just prior to the time the United States declared war, I worked in Bucharest. During the morning I examined the wounded and during the afternoon and evening operated. I would commence operating at 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon and continue until about 9 o'clock at night. I performed numerous intestinal resection and brain operations. The former were due to the stomach-slitting practices of the Huns, Bulgars and Turks.

"During the latter part of March, 1917, an epidemic of typhus exantagmatic, a new disease, caused by the bite of the body louse, broke out in the western part of Roumania.

"It was at first thought that the Huns had spread this epidemic, for it is a fact that tubes of bacilli of various germs were found in the German embassy in Bucharest. The tubes contained cultures of typhus, tetanus, cholera and anthrax in sufficient quantity to inaugurate a nation-wide plague.

"The fact that Germany occupied Roumania disproved the belief, but you can feel certain that if the Huns did not realize their pre-war plans of invading Roumania these germs would have been released.

"As it is, the nation is in the grip of a terrible scourge at the present time. During the last year one-seventh of the population has succumbed to various epidemics.

"I went to the western border in order to do what I could to help put an end to the epidemic. After several weeks among the peasants I contracted the disease. For three weeks I was confined to a little clay hut in Ceosani. Nearby was a graveyard, and all day long I could hear the Roumanian peasants chanting their requiems as they buried the dead. At night I could hear the wail of the wolves in the distance. I did not know which was the worst affliction—the wolves, the graveyard or the typhus exantagmatic. It is a miserable disease, with high temperature, high pulse and suffocation. I had
about forty hemorrhages a day. However, I managed to get well somehow and con-
tinued educating and treating the people, and finally got the epidemic under fair control.

"The conveyor of this disease, the body louse or 'cootie,' as it is sometimes called, is
created by unsanitary and filthy living conditions. The people have very little clothes,
and work and sleep in the few that they have on their backs. They have no soap, and
for the most part the peasant class do not know how to take care of themselves properly.

"Moreover, their vitality has been so weakened by the lack of nourishment that they
offer very little resistance to germs, as well as Germans. The German soldiers, although
well fed, well clothed and living under sanitary conditions of military discipline, are
easy prey to the typhus exantagmatic, and, when once they contract the disease, seldom
recover.

"For this reason throughout Roumania, wherever the disease has occurred, a strict
quarantine is enforced. Moreover, the Germans offer no aid to the stricken peasants
or citizens.

"Wherever the member of any family is discovered infected, all the members of the
family are quarantined in the same little hut and left to die. The invaders place a
large placard on the hut which reads, when translated from the Roumanian, 'He who
enters here will die.'

"In another village where the typhus epidemic raged for some time I lived on weeds
and beans. I used to try to deceive myself by boiling chaff, pretending it was coffee.

"At Latanesti, another village, an epidemic of diphtheria afflicted the people. At
this place I had wonderful success, and the mortalities were but about 3 per cent. of
the total number afflicted. I became infected with diphtheria at this place, and was
compelled to lance my throat in order to breathe. The condition of the people was
sickening to even the most hardened. No food, no clothes, no medicine. It was dis-
couraging and heartrending. But somehow Dame Fortune seemed to smile upon us
and we did not lose many patients.

"The whole country is infected with these lice. You can tell whether a good louse
bites you or a bad one after fourteen days. If you do not contract the disease within
that time, you know it is a nice 'cootie.'

"The Huns have no respect for humanity. Even the military governor of Roumania,
von Teurif, boasts that Germany has no respect for conventions.

"There is no doubt about who will win the war. But the point is win it as soon as
you can. Save Roumania, Belgium and the other outraged and desecrated nations from
as much suffering and hardship as you possibly can. The greater the effort now, the
quicker the end.

"Germany is not whipped yet by any means. German soldiers are well fed, well
clothed and have a good morale. The Kaiser seems to be taking good care of his own
troops.

"But in Austria it is different. While passing through that country the people
besieged our trains in crowds, begging for bread. On the train leaving Feldkirch,
Austria, even an officer in uniform asked me for bread.

"The crops in Hungary and Austria will be good this year, but those in Roumania
and Ukrainia very poor.

"It would be hard to say when the war will end. However, it will end when the
people of Germany realize that democracy is more conducive to universal happiness
than autocracy and that the world ambitions of their kultured Kaiser are merely dreams
of a diseased brain."

Dr. Bayne left Roumania on June 29 in company with a trainload of Roumanian
patriots, whose presence in Roumania was not desirable to the war lords. He left the
country by the southwestern border and traveled through Hungary to Switzerland without dismounting from the train. He remained in Berne, Switzerland, until he obtained a passport to Paris, and arrived in London August 3. He arrived in Washington Saturday, and proceeded immediately to the country place of his sister, Mrs. David Tennant, where he will remain for a brief rest before resuming his practice of surgery in this city.

Prior to the invasion of Roumania Dr. Bayne received the highest national honor within the power of King Ferdinand and Queen Mary, now residing at Jassy, Roumania, to bestow upon an individual—namely, the Star of Roumania.

He was also the recipient of many mementos and honors from various societies and personages throughout the nation for the heroic work he performed for the people.

No doubt the time will come after the war when Dr. Bayne will be the national guest of Roumania, and that grateful people, as a mark of their appreciation and esteem, will probably erect an everlasting remembrance to him in Bucharest, near the hospital where Dr. Bayne worked night and day to save the lives of the nation’s wounded heroes.

Philadelphia, September 2, 1918.

Ex-'11. A few days before sailing for France, Charles McFadden, 3rd (Charles E. McFadden on Georgetown records) received enclosed form and also circulars relating to Association of American Universities in Europe. My recollection is that there was a request made for copies of letters sent to the home folks by the boys, and so I am sending copies of several letters received from Charlie. The first in order of date was written a few days before his unit reached the front. They entered the trenches on July 4, and from that date up to August 1, when his latest letter was written, there were happenings which reduced the number of combatants in his Company from about 260 officers and men to 18. Charlie was one of the eighteen, and on August 7 we received a cablegram from the University Association at Paris reading: “Charles safe and well. Don’t worry.”

W. Hayden McFadden, who was a student at Georgetown same time as Charlie, is in the Naval Aviation service, at present as a civilian, but to be accepted as a volunteer as soon as the bars are let down.

Another of my boys, John Upton McFadden, has been in the Navy since the day war was declared and is gunner’s mate on a ship which is in French waters. John was in Senior Class at St. Joseph’s when he enlisted.

Undersigned, father of these boys, was a student at Georgetown 1870-71. My boy’s ancestors gave to the Jesuit Order some mighty fine men—Brooke, Neale, Lancaster, Boarman, etc. Two of their maternal ancestors, Frederick Beard and Weigel, and two of their maternal ancestors, Col. Normand Bruce and John Hayden, served in the War of the Revolution, and a number of their maternal ancestors held commissions as officers during Colonial days, among others Leonard Brooke.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES McFADDEN, JR.

The letters follow:

France, June 28, 1918.

I guess you are wondering what has happened to me, but, as I told you before, this letter-writing is very uncertain. We are frequently on the move. We have been touring France during the past week and we have stopped now just long enough to catch our breath. Things are getting more interesting every day—in fact, it keeps a chap busy trying to keep up with things.

We expect to have a glorious Fourth of July, with plenty of fireworks—not the kind you will use in the old U. S., but real stuff. Leave it to old “—” Company to hold up their end. Why, you would think that this bunch were going to a Sunday-school picnic.

I saw an interesting sight yesterday. Eighty Frenchmen were decorated for bravery with the Croix de Guerre, and, believe me, it was worth while seeing. I have also seen a crowd of others decorated different ways not so pleasant, but it is all in a lifetime, and I always was a lucky “Mick.” Cobaugh, Jesse and I are living the life of Riley and are getting fat. The “eats” here are very good and we can buy lots of eggs, milk, etc., not to mention champagne at eight francs per bottle and red or white wine at two or three francs. You know these people over here never drink water. I am getting along very well with my French and have no trouble in buying what I want. Cigarettes are very scarce, and you know that hits me hard. Well, this may be the last letter you will receive from me for some time, but don’t get fussed. Bad news travels fast, and if anything happens to me Uncle Sam will darn soon let you know. Tell Billy his dad will clean up a few “boche,” then come home. I am now going out and look for a place to bathe. I have not had my clothes off for six days. Think I need it?

On the Firing Line, France, July 13, 1918.

This is the first letter I have written in several weeks, and I guess the above heading will be enough explanation. I am not allowed to say much more than that we are in it, and, believe me, it is the real thing. It is very interesting and the boys are all enjoying it very much. Of course, I cannot tell you where we are, but this front is very active, particularly in the artillery. It is a wonderful sight at night—and talk about noise! I can tell a shrapnel shell from a gas shell, and they sing a pretty tune. You can always hear them coming, thank goodness, and that gives you a chance to duck. We do all our sleeping in daytime and we are now all accustomed to the noise, so we sleep pretty soundly.

Old “M” Company was the first in our regiment to land in the front line, and you ought to see the boys; they are as happy as larks and the only thing that worries them is that they might not let us stay where we are.

I don’t think that I am giving any military information in this letter. We were told that we could write and tell that we were in the trenches. They never censor our incoming mail, but I hear that they play the dickens with ours. You say to keep up my spirits. Well, I can’t say that I am downhearted; in fact, I don’t believe I have thoroughly enjoyed myself since I have been in France till I landed here. It really
isn’t so bad and a fellow can get used to anything. The first night we all were more or less nervous, for we were subjected to a pretty severe shelling, and, of course, it was new to us. Now I don’t mind it so much; in fact, I consider 25 or 30 feet a good miss. I will cut this short now, as it is getting dark and Jerry has opened up again. If everything is O. K. in the morning I will write more. You know everything in the future here is prefixed with an “if.”

Sunday, 14th.

Quiet night last night and everything O. K. this morning. This is a big French holiday and also one for the “A. E. F.,” but not for “——” Company. You just watch this little old —th Division when they get going. Why, last night the captain called for ten volunteers for a raiding party and the whole blamed company wanted to go.

On the Firing Line, France, Sunday, July 14, 1918.

Well, at last we are in it. Old Company “M” was the first in the regiment, and, believe me, it is great. Of course, it is more or less dangerous, but we have to make the best of that. The boys were all a little bit nervous at first, though they have now settled down pretty well to business. The most disagreeable part is the shelling at night. You can hear the shell coming, but you don’t know where it is going to land. You ought to see the hole when they do land. They are mostly shrapnel and kind of mix up everything that is close to them. Thirty feet has been my nearest so far, and that is near enough.

I have seen some gruesome sights over here, but that all goes with the game. We do all our sleeping in the daytime, and, although the noise is beyond imagination, it doesn’t bother us any more. Thank you very much for your good wishes for my birthday and also thank you for that “taffy” you have been handing me about my picture. I am glad you like it—better hang on to it—I am only about two jumps ahead of the shrapnel now, but, “believe me,” I am “some jumper.” Well, I’ll try and write again in a day or so. I have to cut this short to get it off. Be good and get that house fixed up. Don’t get one with high steps in front, as I will have a mischief of a time getting up if I lose a leg.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that I am not lonesome any more, for I am the proud possessor of a large family of “cooties.” Just when I think that I am rid of them another bunch show up. They are worse than shrapnel.

July 19, 1918.

This is going to be a mighty short letter—only a few lines to tell you that I have come through so far without a scratch. Old “——” Company was holding the front line and was under constant shellfire for seven days until Sunday night—12.10 A. M. (July 14). Monday morning all hell broke loose. It was the most terrific barrage, the French say, that has been laid down in this war. At daybreak the “boche” came over; we held, but the French broke on our right and the remains of our company had to fight their way out.

Captain Mackey, Lieutenant Fales, Devinney, Kline, one top sergeant and myself and forty-eight others are still fighting — six days of it — and we are completely exhausted, but we have driven them back. Lieutenant Wheeler proved a hero and is in the hospital badly wounded. General Pershing has changed our name from the “Keystone” to the “Iron” Division, and when you see the casualty list you will know the reason why. By the time you receive this Pennsylvania will be in a state of mourning, but we licked the pick of the German army.

Surely my guardian angel was watching over me. They cut me off in a small village
with a supply of ammunition. I tried to blow it up and stayed too long. They had machine guns everywhere and some of the boche had on French uniforms. I ran "slap bang" into three with a machine gun. Well, those three boche will never use another one. I had to run their fire up a mile of steep hill to make our lines. I got there, but I don't know how. I got a bullet through my sleeve, one through my gas mask, a hole in my canteen, four grazing shots on my tin hat and a shock shot off my rifle. Our own fellows opened up on me, and I had to use my undershirt as a white flag to get into our lines.

It is getting dark now and Jerry is shelling us again. I will try and add more to this in the morning if everything is O. K. We only live from hour to hour now. It will be a rough night. The dead are commencing to smell.

July 21st.

Well, I am still here and at last we have been relieved for a short time. We are now just behind the lines in reserve and have a little time to ourselves. We have, with the help of the French, completely busted the "boche" offensive and have been steadily driving them back. Lord, how we have slaughtered them! This is surely a valley of death. The bodies of our own men that we could remove have been buried, but the majority are still face to the sky. Lieutenant Brown was found and buried—five bullet wounds in the head. No more of our men have been accounted for as yet outside of twenty-four in the hospital, but still some more may show up. I believe a bunch of our company were taken prisoners.

I am going to try to cable to you through the University Association in Paris. Just received 100 francs from them. Thanks. We received an order from some French general praising the work of "——" and "——" companies in checking the advance of the "boche" in our sector long enough to enable the remainder of our regiment and the French to get themselves together. I understand both our companies are to be cited, decorated or something. Not so bad for the old outfit. Our regiment went over the top both Tuesday and Wednesday (July 16th and 17th) in broad daylight without a barrage. Think of that! In my next letter I will tell you of some of the individual work of the boys. So long.

August 1st, 1918.

Last night we were relieved from the front line and brought back about three kilos for a rest. We are still under constant shell fire, so it really isn't much of a rest. We were pretty badly used up, and we expect to go back again in a day or so.

Well, I'll give you a sketch of our latest activities, names of places omitted. It has been entirely open warfare and we have chased the "boche" so darn far that we can't catch him. It is a positive fact that the artillery hasn't been able to keep up with the infantry, so you see we have been traveling pretty fast. Jerry isn't much of a hand-to-hand fighter, but he sure is there with the machine gun and artillery. Old "——" Company, as usual, has been right in the front. We were filled up with "casuals," mostly Westerners, a pretty good bunch of boys. Captain Mackey has been acting major, and my old friend, Lieutenant ——— was our company commander till day before yesterday, when he was very badly wounded twice in the stomach. Lieutenant ———, from the training camp and assigned to our company, was also severely wounded at the same time. We lost another lieutenant; he wasn't with us long enough to learn his name. Our first sergeant, ———, is also wounded twice. Sergeant Kline, Sergeant Cross and myself are the only three old sergeants left. I judge we have about twenty of our old men left—not many to parade up Broad street. Poor old Cobaugh is still missing; absolutely no trace of him. We can only hope that he is a prisoner. Just a week after our bunch got knocked off we got back to our old
position and buried our dead. We didn't find so very many and those that we found were in such a horrible condition that the only way we could identify them was by their tags. They all died fighting and took an awful bunch of "boche" with them. Little Chick Myers, the prize fighter, had five around him. Sergeant —— (he was at the Officers' Training Camp with me) was lying on an automatic rifle, and the ground in front of him was simply littered with dead "boche." He was married just two days before we left the States. We do our best for the boys, but in a drive like this we have to leave the dead where they fall, sometimes for a couple of weeks. From where I sit I can see fifteen or twenty bodies, mostly "boche." It is wonderful how quickly a fellow gets used to things. At first the dead or wounded were a curiosity, but now we hardly notice them (unless they get too strong).

Last Sunday we advanced and took up a new position on the edge of a road. I dug in with a little fellow named ———. Jerry was shelling us pretty heavily and was also throwing a bunch of "whiz-bangs" at us. Now, the only thing that you can do under these conditions is to keep down and take what comes, but poor —— stuck his head up and lost it. I had to stay in that little hole with him for three hours; it seemed like a century. We had a visit from "boche" planes last night; they dropped a bunch of bombs, but didn't do much damage. I would particularly like to use the shower bath. I haven't had my clothes off since July 6th, so I kind of think I need it. We occasionally get a chance to shave and wash in small streams or shell holes.

August 1, 1918.

It is only by the grace of God that I am here. I can't understand how I ever pulled through without a scratch. I have had men killed beside and all around me; I've had shells knock me down; I've been buried in a trench, not to mention machine guns and snipers; one fellow almost got me with a bayonet, only I beat him to it. We have now been in the thick of the fighting for twenty-four days, with only two days out of the front line. In all that time we were in constant touch with the enemy—open warfare, hand-to-hand fighting.

The old 109th has some reputation over here, and "—— Company in particular. We are now called the "Iron Division."

Night before last we were taken out of the firing line and pulled back about three kilos in reserve. We expect to move any minute.

'13. News was received early in August that Lieut. Richard Q. Sanderson, U. S. M. C., was wounded by shrapnel while engaged in action in the advance made by the American Marines in France during the first days of June. The place is not known, but it is believed to be Belleau Wood, northwest of Chateau Thierry. Extracts from his letter describes the fight:

"While we were in a rest camp in the little French town of ——— we received orders to stand by to leave one night at 10 o'clock. After staying up all night we finally left at 4 in the morning, riding in camions (auto trucks) for fifteen hours, which brought us up just behind the front at midnight. Here we bivouacked in the open field just outside the village and slept until 4 A. M., when we were routed out and hiked to another deserted town. I forgot to say that while we were lying in the field trying to sleep some German bombing planes flew over and dropped a number of bombs in our vicinity, some striking in the town and another very near us, but hitting no one. This
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was the first time I had been under hostile fire. We thought that we would probably stay in this town a while, so started out looking for food and to make coffee, if possible. About the time we were ready to partake of a little coffee a high officer rushed up in his auto and ordered us en route immediately. We distributed rations of bread hurriedly and started hiking. We hiked all that day up to midnight in the hot sun, having no sustenance but bread and water, finally ending about five miles behind the line we eventually took over. That hike was the worst I ever experienced. Ofttimes I thought I should drop out, but somehow I stayed in. As it was, we lost our company commander and about one platoon altogether, most of the men eventually turning up, and I was in command of the company all that day. About midnight we bivouacked and laid down for a nice sleep. That night we received a new company commander, for which I was glad, as I wished to be with my platoon. We were allowed to rest there, although I thought that boche planes overhead would bomb us, and were routed out again at 4 A.M., leaving everything but combat packs behind. We hiked some more until daybreak and lay on a road behind another deserted village till 10 A.M., when I received orders to take two platoons and guard the front of the town, on the support line, where it was threatened the boche would attack. We stood by all day, expecting any minute developments on our front, but none occurred. All these days and nights we were under hostile shellfire, but, luckily, none of our company was hit. The company on the right of my position had fourteen casualties from shellfire. We finally learned we would be relieved by an army organization, but it was midnight before we got away, after I had given their lieutenant all particulars. Just as we were going through the deserted village the enemy started shelling heavily all around us, and it did not take us long to evacuate. Our battalion returned to its former night's bivouac, and I learned from one of my sergeants that the organization relieving us had to vacate our old position and retire as gracefully as possible. I was mighty glad to leave.

"We camped in a woods until dark the next day, and received orders to move into the front lines. We moved up, Indian fashion, through the woods and high rye, every one keeping very quiet and not talking above a whisper. We finally arrived at the entrance to a pitch-dark ravine. Here I was ordered to lead the company until every man should be in and wait in there until daylight. I started, telling the man next to me to hold to my belt, and so on down the line. I shall never forget going up that hole. I had to feel my way through water, bushes, mud, over tin cans, abandoned ammunition boxes, rocks, etc. Finally we reached the end and waited there until daybreak. About that time I received orders to take the company into the line, which was done. The French had been in this position, but the boche had driven him out. The Marines had driven out the boche. After being there several hours we were ordered to take over another part of the line. We did so, which was in a woods. There was intermittent rifle and machine gun fire all day, with plenty of shells overhead, too. I then received orders to take half of my platoon and relieve an outpost after dark. I got everybody ready and just before dark reconnoitered to find the shortest way to cross the open to our new position. I lay beside a sergeant of another platoon on my left and talked with him about it, finally saying about dusk I would go and get my men. I had gone scarcely twenty-five yards when I heard a big shell coming. I ducked, and it struck about where I had just left, it seemed to me as I looked back. I was then almost to the end (left) of my platoon line and heard the second one coming. I made a flying leap for an empty, shallow trench, and the shell exploded right over me, helping me forcibly into the hole. I thought it had crushed my back in, but felt no pain, and tried to dig as well as possible. The shelling continued nearly a half an hour with unabated fury, and I finally realized that no bones were broken. Then I felt the blood running around my
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body, and it dawned on me that I was hit with a piece of shrapnel. Finally our battalion adjutant came down that way, and I told him I was wounded. He escorted me back to company headquarters, where I received first-aid dressing. He then walked with me about a mile to the battalion dressing station, where I received a new dressing and a shot of tetanus. The doctor sent me and another wounded man with a first-aid man down through the woods, and we were taken by ambulance to another station.

'13. Charging far in advance of his company, First Lieut. William A. Sheehan, LL.B., '13, fell on the field of battle, September 29, a machine-gun bullet through his heart.

Capt. F. H. McClintock, who was just behind Lieutenant Sheehan when he saw the officer whirl around under the impact of the bullet, and who picked him up and carried him back after the attack had succeeded, writes a tribute of Lieutenant Sheehan to his mother:

"For four nights and three days we pushed forward through heavy machine gun and artillery resistance, through mud and rain, without water or food. On the afternoon of the third day our steady advance was checked in a dense forest. We launched two attacks against these woods. In both attacks Lieutenant Sheehan was in the front line with his men. That night we slept right where we were, in the mud and pouring rain. The next morning we were all completely exhausted and on the point of breaking down. I say 'all,' but there was on exception, one who was imbued with energy, one who had a quick smile and a cheering word—Lieutenant Sheehan. I shall never be able to decide from what source he drew his strength and spirit. Without his aid I doubt if I would ever have been able to reform my company for the attack on the woods. The attack started. Through over-zealously or what not, my company, which was third in line, found itself mixed with the first line company. Lieutenant Sheehan was in advance of us all. The machine gun and artillery resistance we met with was terrific. We were again thrown back, but eventually the attack succeeded and we swept the Germans back. However, Lieutenant Sheehan had fallen, a machine gun bullet through his heart. The last word on his lips was 'Mother!'"

He was thirty-two years of age and was born and reared in Covington, Ky. His mother is now living at the Westchester, 15th and 0 streets, this city. Lieut. Sheehan entered the first training camp at Fort Myer, in May, 1917, and later was sent to join the Iron Brigade at Harvard, organized with specially selected men for training in trench warfare. He later returned to Camp Meade and went abroad early in July of this year. While in France, in addition to his other duties, he served frequently in the judge advocate's court.

'14. Last month we chronicled the sad news of the death of Capt. "Tad" Donnelly. Among our files we found this letter from him:

"Can you imagine my surprise and pleasure when in returning from the front line for dental work I found that my dentist was a Georgetown man, Walter Doherty, '14? We certainly forgot the war and fought the old battles with Virginia all over again. Before leaving he made me swear solemnly that I would write and add my name to the G. U. men in service.

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"Briefly my military history is this: Enlisted in Company G, 101st Infantry, as a private; promoted to corporal, sergeant, and commissioned a second lieutenant January 29, 1918. Went to the front line February 2, and have been there ever since. Have lost some men and been scared stiff several times, but camouflaged my feelings so successfully that nobody found it out. My outfit has been gassed, bombed, raided and shelled, but we have returned it all with compound interest and are still able to sit up and take nourishment. My battalion put over the first successful American raid two weeks after we entered the trenches. When I get to Berlin I’ll gather a few souvenirs for the trophy-room."

'15. From Lieut. Frank F. Lamorelle (A.B., '15), we have a letter which fills the bill so nicely that we reproduce it here in the hope that more alumni will see just what kind of a letter we want for our files. This tells Frank’s military history:

"* * * The gist of it is that I’ve taken America’s ante-bellum slogan to heart and have ‘seen America first.’ I started out as a charter member of the Depot Brigade at Camp Meade, and two days later, with 200 other reserve officers, set sail for Alabama, and there we established a Depot Brigade at Camp McClellan. The division there was made up of National Guardsmen from the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia, and I ran across some old Georgetown men, including Bill Vanaman and ‘Happy’ Heiskell. About Christmas the War Department located the 200 lost Reserve officers and immediately transferred us to a cantonment up in Virginia. Three months later the first Replacement Camp was formed in Camp Gordon, in Atlanta, and I rolled up my bedding roll and bought a ticket. After we had been a few days there and officers and men had come from all points of the compass—the men were picked, I don’t know about the officers—we started a training that for intensiveness put the old training camp days far in the background. Everything had been planned and worked out by experts in Washington and the training of the troops had been cut down to six weeks, and compared to the six or eight months the divisions had taken previously, it almost seemed impossible. But they did it, leaving off all but the essential phases of modern warfare, and on the last day of the sixth week the troops packed up and lit out for a port of embarkation. Tom Gurry was there and one other G. U. man. One day while I was nosing around the headquarters and packages which had just come in—one of the first habits formed in the army—my eye was caught by a name on one of the large boxes. Out of curiosity I looked closer, and then the first thing I did was to grab the package and scorn the officers’ quarters for the owner. Right in my regiment and I never knew it before! We must have stood and shaken hands for ten minutes—and I never was more glad to see anybody. It was John McNamara! A month later and we were both on our way to Camp McArthur with a great number of other second lieutenants to assist in training replacement troops here. After we had worked in the broiling Texas sun and had eaten alkali dust until we thought that we could not go it another bit, word came from Washington telling us to throw away our gold bars and put silver ones on instead. Shortly after that ‘Mac’ was given command of a recruit company and I was put on special duty in the Development Battalion. Here we reclaim men and are making soldiers out of the misfits from the Thirty-second Division, which trained here, and men who ordinarily fill up the ‘awkward squads’ in a regular company. I had command of a company in which there was everything but niggers. One man’s father was a first lieutenant in the German army. As the battalion grew from four to twenty companies, provisional battalions were formed, and
one morning I awoke to find that I had a horse, an adjutant, a sergeant major and all his cronies at my disposal. Needless to say it became one of the best battalions in the whole American army. For a week I would not speak to anybody but colonels and generals. Then finally I ran out of cigarettes and started to talk to lieutenants again. Now I have been relieved by a major and am taking care of an adjutant’s job. The responsibility isn’t there, but the work seems to have doubled. * * *

“Among the members of one of the battalions here in the C. O. T. C. are some former G. U. men, Gilroy being most widely known. Georgetown has lived up to its reputation. Quite a number of friends have remarked about it when I showed them the Service List and the Army and Navy Book. It’s the old spirit!

“P. S.—Once in a while the JOURNAL bobs up among my mail, and for the rest of that day the Army and I are total strangers. Even though in 1915 we thought that we had attained the best, yet I think that each new copy that comes improves a little bit on the preceding one.”

15. Poor Doc Galvin! Writing from the blue Atlantic, he says that he was enjoying the trip very much except for a few scares and a rough day “when your friend Galvin was feeling rougher than the waves themselves. I am a fairly good sailor if the boat does not rock.”

From Thesee, France, came a card telling us that he had been inflicted with a French sermon of more than an hour in length.

16. We are indebted to the sister of Louis Joyce for these details of the accident which caused Louis’ death. Last March Louis enlisted in the Ordnance Department, going first to Fort Slocum and then to the Tuck School, Hanover, N. H. The course there was intended to be of six weeks’ duration, but as there had been some delay at Fort Slocum it was around the last of April before he was sent to Camp Hancock, Ga. While there he met several Georgetown men and had for his bunkmate Terry Byrnes, a Georgetown alumnus. In June he was changed to Camp Funston, Kansas, where he remained up to the time of his death.

About 2 P. M. September 24, 1918, Louis was with a number of men helping to unload Ordnance supplies from a box car. The men were using a heavy hand-truck over a wooden bridge leading from the car to the warehouse. In some way the bridge became loose but Joyce did not notice it when he started across. The bridge collapsed pinning him underneath. Although seriously injured, he did not seem to realize it, and helped the boys to extricate him and then tried to walk. Turning to them he said, “Some drop!” and sank unconscious. He was rushed to the Base Hospital at Fort Riley, some three miles distant. Everything possible was done to save his life. The surgeon told him that the only chance for life lay in an operation, and that it was a very slim chance at that. He replied, “For my parents’ sake I’ll fake it but I wish that it had happened in France.” He died on the operating table.

The JOURNAL sends a message of sympathy to the grieving relatives.
'17. From a recent graduate of the College in France:

"During July and August I had a battery in my regiment which had been turned into a replacement outfit, and, believe me, things were moving fast and furiously. I had about 800 men pass through me, and some of them were as hot specimens as I ever expect to see. None made any attempts on my life and I am sure none would have shed tears at my funeral. The camp was run as a combined recruit depot and disciplinary camp, and there was some discipline. So the camp was not exactly popular with the men. We drilled all day long without interruption, and what I considered last summer at Fort Myer was work I would have considered a vacation here. That is not exaggeration. On top of it all we had all kinds of parades every night, the full brigade twice weekly.

"I had one 'beauty' up for — and — , and after I had investigated the case and put in the charges and evidence collected, by a fluke in an order I had to go to work and defend him. I did all right. He got ten years. A kind-hearted reviewing authority cut it down to three. It was a great experience, though a bit tough on him. At that I knew more about his case than a counsel he would probably have happened to get. It was a rare trial, half the case through interpreters, as all the trouble happened at a French farmhouse. Maybe the reviewing authority thought a bit more of my feeble efforts than the court, as they threw out one of my findings completely and 'distinguished' on another."

Ex-'17. Lieut. Raymond J. Hurley, of the Class of '17, son of Edward N. Hurley of the United States Shipping Board, has been complimented by Brig.-Gen. William J. Nicholson, of the Class of '70, in an official report for efficiency in executing military missions during the recent offensive by the first American army. Lieut. Hurley is an aid of General Nicholson, who commands a brigade in the 79th Division.

'17. Word recently reached us that Rufus Lusk had been wounded, though not seriously, and had been promoted to a captaincy. Congratulations, Captain!

Ex-'17. Private Wm. E. Linden, ex-Law, '16, an attache of the American Embassy at Madrid, Spain, when the war broke out, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French Government. He was at Madrid when the United States entered the war and immediately traveled to Paris, where he enrolled with an American Ambulance Unit to serve with the French army. Before he entered the diplomatic corps, he was a student of law at Georgetown University, and employee of the American Surety Company of this city.

Ex-'19. Even though we made mention of the death of Ensign John D. Ahern, ex-Law, '19, in the last issue, we cannot refrain from submitting to the readers of the Journal an account of the manner in which he stuck to his post and duty to the last minute.

An excerpt from a letter written by a comrade of Ensign Ahern to the Washington Herald is as follows: "Ahern and his men stuck to their
post until an eight-inch shell hit them. Then we saw them no more." Ahern had been in the Navy since September, 1917, when he had enlisted as electrician, second-class. He was made Ensign after passing an examination at Charleston Navy Yard for gunner. This was his fifth trans-Atlantic trip. Before leaving he had the premonition that this trip would be an unfortunate one.

While in Georgetown Ahern had been a well-known athlete, both in the football team and track events.

Ex-'19. Word has reached Washington of the death in France, on September 26, of First Lieut. Charles T. Buckley, of the Aviation Corps, as the result of an aeroplane accident. In June, 1917, Lieut. Buckley enlisted in the aviation section of the Signal Corps and started training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He sailed for Italy on September 25, 1917. In March he was sent to France. After two months' instruction there he was attached to the famous French Escadrille. On July 15, Lieut. Buckley officially brought down an enemy aeroplane and was awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm by France. Early in September, 1917, he was appointed instructor at the Seventh Instruction center in France. It was while practicing combat with another machine that he fell to his death.

Lieut. Buckley's home was in New Haven, Conn., where his mother, sister and brother survive him.

Ex-'19. From Harry Sullivan:

"France is as far away as a college degree, for I am assigned to the Naval Air Station here as a flight instructor, and at present I feel as though I had declared separate peace. The navigation hops reminded me of long hikes—you enjoyed talking about them after they are over. On some we went as far as 125 miles out in the Gulf, and it surely was tiresome with nothing to look at except water, sky and a compass. Received my wings early in July and was commissioned shortly afterwards and then ordered to the land of the Missions. Today I met Tom Gurley in the U. S. Grant Hotel. He is a first lieutenant, stationed at Camp Kearney."

Ex-C. '18. Ray Devlin wrote on September 18, 1918, from Tours, that Neil Cronin had gone to the front and was flying there:

"I am enclosing a clipping about Hugh Doherty (published in the November Journal), telling of his wonderful grenade throwing. I was present the day he accomplished the record, and the applause and shouting which greeted the announcement of the distance scored nearly equaled the noise at the last Virginia game."

'18. Warwick Montgomery wrote in a recent letter from France:

"I think of Georgetown often early, early in the morning while standing reveille in the dark and cold, knowing that the boys there are still in bed."

Wrong again, Warwick! If you could only see Georgetown now!
'18. From John H. Morris, Naval Air Station, Bayshore, L. I.:

"George Cogan, 'Joe' Gans, Teddy Delaney and myself are here. Ted is doing solo work. Jed Curry, Dorsey Griffith and Bob Zuger went to 'Blimps' at Akron, Ohio. Bob was company commander in his 'A' week. So was George Cogan. I was appointed (on account of my size!) senior petty officer of the Color Guard at Tech. The final two weeks found me with a junior grade lieutenant's job in the Cadet Officers' Corps. Jack McNulty graduated this week. He, too, was a company commander. He and Dan Murphy are at Miami. You remember Rudolph Cameron—or Brennan off stage—who married Anita Stewart of movie fame? During his last weeks at Tech he was detachment adjutant. This position is second highest in the Cadet Officers' Corps. Tom Whalen was there in our company; also a Law School man, Lawler. Tom (Morris) was pleasantly surprised not long ago by being slapped on the back by his old room-mate, Frank Kelly. They are both stationed at the same naval base in England. A Holy Cross grad was killed this afternoon. Poor fellow fell 759 feet in a nose dive, and every bone in his body was broken. Pray for him."

Ex-'20. In the Baltimore Sun of November 11 there appeared a lengthy article by Haymond S. Tompkins, Staff Correspondent of the Sun with the American Army in France. He describes the achievements of the Maryland and Virginia boys in the famous battle of the Meuse. Let me quote a few paragraphs:

"It was light enough now to use field glasses satisfactorily. From out of the other side of the hill crest to which you crossed through the scattered German counterbarrage you could see our men going up Hill 238. * * * A distraction from this scene was the first group of prisoners coming down the road on our left and within a stone's throw of us. First-class Private Fred Ritter was their guard. He and Sergeant Cissel (Joe Cissel of the Class of 1920) of Company K had captured them. 'How did you do it?' I asked Ritter, and joined the little procession down the hill.

"'Nothing to it,' said Ritter. 'Me and Cissel threw a couple of grenades into a dugout and nothing happened, so I can talk a little German and hollered, 'Cum raus,' and these birds came out. The poor guys didn't seem to have any guns or any ammunition or anything. They couldn't fight.'"

Joe, Georgetown is proud of you.
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<td>C. O. T. C. Camp Lee</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hughes, Wm. J. Jr.</td>
<td>C '17</td>
<td>2d Lieut</td>
<td>Army Service</td>
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<td>Cavalry</td>
<td>C. O. T. C. Troop C Camp</td>
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<tr>
<td>Johnson, T. W.</td>
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<td>Private</td>
<td>J. A. G.</td>
<td>Camp Meade</td>
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<tr>
<td>Keelty, F. J.</td>
<td>L '14</td>
<td>Major</td>
<td>Ordnance</td>
<td>A. P. O. 702, A. E. F. France</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kibb, J. L.</td>
<td>L</td>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Infantry</td>
<td>Camp Upton</td>
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<td>Lally, J. J.</td>
<td>M '12</td>
<td>Private</td>
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<td>F. C.</td>
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<td>Texas</td>
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<td>Infantry</td>
<td>Co G, 357 Inf., A. P. O. 770,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Naumowicz, C. F.</td>
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<td>Nogent, G. A.</td>
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<td>U. S. N.</td>
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<tr>
<td>O'Brien, F. J.</td>
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<td>Army Intell.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rowell, P. L.</td>
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<td>Sergeant</td>
<td>Q. M. C.</td>
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<td>Portland, Me.</td>
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GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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<th>Present Address</th>
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<td>Thompson, J. J.</td>
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**Corrections**

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<td>Hobbs, C. B.</td>
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<td>U. S. M. R. C. American Legation, Managua, Nicaragua, care Post Master, N. Y. C.</td>
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<td>Longcor, C.</td>
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<td>Ft. Sill.</td>
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<td>McCarthy, H. C.</td>
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<td>.42 Class School of Fire, Ft. Sill.</td>
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**Citations and Crosses**

Capt. George W. Hamilton, U. S. A. (ex-L '15), Fifth Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps.—"For extraordinary heroism in action near the Boise De Belleau, Chateau Thierry, France, June 6, 1918. Captain Hamilton displayed the highest type of courage and leadership when, on the first day of the Chateau Thierry battle, his command was under decimating fire of machine guns from the front and both flanks. All of his
officers but one and most of his non-commissioned officers having been killed or wounded, he passed up and down his front lines and by his personal bravery inspired his men to valiant and successful combat under especially difficult conditions."

Captain Harry F. Costello, U. S. A. (ex-L. '16), received the British Military Cross for "initiative in handling a difficult situation and for ingenuity in reconnaissance for his machine gun targets."

William E. Linden, Private, U. S. A. (ex-L. '16), received the Croix de Guerre. His citation reads: "Linden, William E. Of a courage worthy of the highest praise, he assured the evacuation of the wounded from the battalion posts at C—— on July 22 and 23, with a devotion to duty and a contempt for the danger admired by all. Returned with his car riddled with holes from the eclat."

The Record

The following is the record of Georgetown men in the United States service on November 25, 1918. This does not include the members of the S. A. T. C. stationed at the College:

<table>
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<th></th>
<th>ARMY</th>
<th>NAVY</th>
<th>MARINES</th>
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<td>Generals</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Rear admiral</td>
<td>Majors</td>
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<td>Colonels</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>Lieutenants</td>
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<tr>
<td>Captains</td>
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<td>Non-coms.</td>
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Roll of Honor


Requiescant in pace
One member in a family is not enough

Every man and woman in the country, not in khaki or navy blue, should answer "present" to the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call the week of December 16-23.

A message of good cheer will be sent overseas this coming Christmas Eve, to hearten our fighting boys and our Allies.

That message must be complete—there must be no room for doubt that we stand behind them—it must bear the word that there is Universal Membership in the Red Cross—their Red Cross.

Let us make our second Christmas at war a Red Cross Christmas—with full membership in every American home.

All you need is a Heart and a Dollar

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

December 16-23

Contributed through
Division of Advertising

United States Gov't Comm.
on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by

Georgetown College Journal
Washington, D. C.
The football season opened in a blaze of glory on November 9. Here is what the Washington Star said about the game:

"Georgetown's football team opened its season with a score against Fort Myer that probably will not cause many more service elevens to hunt the Hilltoppers for a game; 87 to 0 was the result. Georgetown started off with a rush and before five minutes had crossed the goal line for the first touchdown. Immediately after that it began another drive down the field and by smashes into the line and end runs Buckley was again over the line for the second touchdown. The end of the first half found the embryo soldiers with five touchdowns—33 points.

"In the second half the Blue and Gray opened up its style of play and scored eight touchdowns. The backfield was too much for Troop H. Buckley, Carlin and Smith were a team in themselves and gained many yards between them. It seemed like the old combination when the ball was snapped from Buckley to Flavin and from Flavin to Buckley for forward passes that gained 20 to 40 yards. Twice when Georgetown was inside the 30-yard line Buckley shot a pass to Flavin, who ran 20 yards for a touchdown. Flavin shot a pass to Buckley, who sprinted 25 yards for a touchdown."

Zazalli ................ Left end ................ McCracken
Ahern ................ Left tackle ................ Roth
Goggin ................ Left guard ................ Bustako
Heaphy (capt.) ........ Center ................ Wilson
Flaherty ............ Right guard ................ Neal
Moran ................ Right tackle ................ Todd
Reed ................ Right end ................ Busking
Flavin ............... Quarterback .............. Jones
Carlin ................ Left halfback ............. Lilly
Smith ................ Right halfback ............ Mahoney
Buckley ............... Fullback ................ Green

Substitutions—Fort Myer, Delp for McCracken, Kaiser for Wilson, Jarenski for Neal, Morgan for Busking, Seaman for Todd, Ider for Lilly, Shoshenike for Mahoney, Manhuer for Green; Georgetown, Lynch for Zazalli, Zazilli for Lynch, O'Rourke for Ahern, Ahern for O'Rourke, Fery for Goggin, Goggin for Fery, Kelly for Flaherty, O'Connell for Kelly, Flaherty for O'Connell, LeGendre for Morgan, Moran for LeGendre, Etzel for
Reed, Cavanaugh for Etzel, Reed for Cavanaugh, Hyman for Smith, Daily for Hyman.


The second game, on the following Wednesday, likewise resulted in a victory for the Blue and Gray. The account published in the Washington Herald follows:

"The S. A. T. C. of Georgetown University defeated the Marines from the Marine Barracks in what was little more than a practice game for the Blue and Gray by 81 to 0. The backfield quartet of the Hilltoppers was too much for the visitors and they gained consistently through the line. Flavin and Smith made end runs of 25 and 80 yards, respectively. Carlin, with Buckley, made many yards. Hyman made a long forward pass to Daily on which Daily made 20 yards. Hyman made the longest run of the contest when he skirted right end for 45 yards. Buckley made a run of 30 yards for a touchdown. Reed caught a forward pass on which he ran 25 yards for a touchdown."

Zazalli .................................................. Left end ............................................. Little
Ahearn .................................................. Left tackle ......................................... Drumm
Goggin .................................................. Left guard .......................................... Pierson
Heaphy .................................................. Center ............................................ Flynn
Flaherty .................................................. Right guard ....................................... Wade
LeGendre .................................................. Right tackle ...................................... Lyons
Reed ..................................................... Right end .......................................... Cahill
Flavin .................................................. Quarterback ....................................... O'Connell
Carlin .................................................. Left halfback ....................................... Conklin
Smith ................................................... Right halfback ..................................... Warner
Buckley .................................................. Fullback ........................................... Garman


CHARLESTON NAVY YARD

The third game gave us a specimen of real football. This was by no means as easy a victory as the two previous games. The true Georgetown spirit revived and carried off the day. The proceeds from the afternoon were donated to the United War Workers' Campaign. The clipping herewith printed is from the Washington Post of November 17:

By A. L. KNAPP of the Washington Post

Georgetown rose to real football heights yesterday. Held scoreless in the first half and retaliating in kind on the Charleston Navy Yard eleven, the Hilltoppers got their
scoring machinery in working order in the third period, kept it going in the final quarter and finished the game against a powerful service combination on the long end of a 13-to-0 score. LeGendre started the collegians toward their first tally when he received the kick-off in the third quarter and ran the ball back to midfield. The collegians then rushed the ball to the 20-yard line. Here Carlin made a neat forward pass to Zazalli, who raced over the goal line. Goggin missed the goal.

The other touchdown came in the fourth quarter after Charleston tried a forward pass. The ball landed in Flavin’s arms. He ran 25 yards, and a few rushes put the collegians on the 10-yard line. Murray Daily carried the ball through center for the second touchdown. Goggin kicked the goal. This score came near the end of the game. Neither team had a chance to score in the first half. The visitors had only one scoring opportunity in the entire game. In the third period they rushed the ball to the 20-yard line. Here the Georgetown line braced, and the Navy assaults failed. Buckley and Goggin were the stars of the game. Goggin kicked his team out of tight places, while Buckley made many gains by line plunges.

Georgetown. Positions. Charleston N. Y.
Zazalli.......................... Left end.................. Norris
Ahern........................... Left tackle.............. Bowld
Goggin.......................... Left guard.............. Fanning
Heaphy.......................... Center.................... Amos
Moran........................... Right guard............. Palmer
LeGendre........................ Right tackle............. Collete
Reed............................ Right end.................. H. Vandiver
Lynch........................... Quarterback.............. E. Vandiver
Hyman........................... Left halfback.............. Wilson
Carlin........................... Right halfback......... Moore
Buckley........................ Fullback................... Echols


LEAGUE ISLAND

Defeat came at last on November 23d. It was at the hands of the strong team from Philadelphia, the League Island Marines. With two of our best backs and our punter on the injured list and not permitted to get into the game, we went out and put up a good, stiff fight. Everybody admitted that. Why, when the Blue and the Gray held the “Devil Dogs” in the last few minutes of the period, they proved that the victory was not to be given away, but bought at a high price. Some extracts from the Washington Post will tell how the fight was made and lost:

“Starting shortly after the kick-off, the visitors were not long in shoving the pigskin across Georgetown’s barrier. Georgetown’s team, outweighed many pounds to the man, showed its characteristic gameness and succeeded in forcing a transfer of the pigskin. But the success was short lived, as the efforts of the Hilltop backs to gain met with a stonewall defense. The ball changed hands again and the Marines were on their way for the first score. A forward pass netting 30 yards turned the trick. Zimmer, right halfback, executing a neat pass to Ziebsley. Receiving the kick-off, the visitors resumed their hammer-and-tongs attack down the field, only to be halted by
stubborn resistance in the last minute of the period with the ball less than five yards from the goal line. The second touchdown followed a series of line plunges down the field, and the third resulted out of another forward pass from an open formation, Right Tackle Higgins carrying the ball over. It was Cornog's line plunging, aided by that of Zimmer behind a whirlwind interference, that added a touchdown in each of the third and fourth periods for Dickson's team.

"Georgetown's touchdown came in the final quarter after an exhibition of game fighting in the face of odds. Heaphy, Daily and Smith were the Hilltoppers' most conspicuous factors, the first named on the defense and the other pair as ground gainers. Hampton at quarterback played well on the offense, but experienced one of his off days in punting. His mediocre kicking, however, was due in a large measure to the powerful charging of the visiting forwards. The line-up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>Zazzali</td>
<td>Left end</td>
<td>Proctor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ahern</td>
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<td>Budd</td>
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<tr>
<td>Heaphy</td>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Moran</td>
<td>Right tackle</td>
<td>Oliver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reed</td>
<td>Right end</td>
<td>Higgins</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hampton</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
<td>Pearce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galloli</td>
<td>Right halfback</td>
<td>Zichsley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carlin</td>
<td>Left halfback</td>
<td>Simmer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Daly</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
<td>Hall</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


FORDHAM

By William B. Hanna, of the Washington Post.

New York, Nov. 28.—There are no more zealously fought football games than Fordham and Georgetown have when they meet. They had that sort today at Fordham Field and the figurative sparks that flew were characteristic. Fordham had the better drilled team and beat the Washingtonians for the first time in nine years. The score was 14 to 0, and the two touchdowns from which the fourteen points emanated were both made in the second period.

Fordham's execution of forward passes, swiftly and accurately done, was the best seen in or around New York this season. They were thrown and caught cleanly, caught on the run with the receiver scooting along from his momentum, grabbing the ball out of the air en route, then darting away before anybody could get hold of him.

Twice Georgetown had the ball inside Fordham's 10-yard line, but Fordham's splendid defense prevented rushing the ball any farther, and the forward pass was so poorly done by Georgetown that that way of crossing the goal line was denied them.
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

There was enough of a drizzle to send spectators, who were not numerous, to the grand stand, but not enough to bother the players much. The losers made a mighty good brace in the second half and had the better of that part of the game, this due mostly to the rare skill at running back kicks of Donnelleen, who was only a substitute quarterback at that. Fordham had to be watchful to prevent this slippery sub from getting loose. Flavin and Carlin were other rattling good backs on Georgetown's side.

The line-up:

Fordham (14).
Garvey .................................. Left end .......................... Cusack
Mahoney .................................. Left tackle ...................... Ahern
Farrington .................................. Left guard ..................... Groggin
Van Wie .................................. Center .......................... Heapby
Rose .................................. Right guard ....................... Moran
Walters .................................. Right tackle .................... LeGendre
Corsello .................................. Right end ....................... Reed
Manly .................................. Quarterback ..................... Hampton
Frisch .................................. Left halfback ................... Carlin
Golden .................................. Right halfback ............... Flavin
Gannon .................................. Fullback .......................... Buckley

Score by periods:

Fordham .................................. 0 14 0 0—14
Georgetown .................................. 0 0 0 0—0