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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.

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GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY HEADQUARTERS

In the Grunewald Cave
The Georgetown College Journal Staff, 1918-1919.
ONTRASTING Georgetown with other large non-Catholic colleges one great fact in differences has singled itself out from all the others. At Georgetown the line of distinction between classes has never been drawn so tautly that it could not be broken. It is a great difference and a great advantage. Too many times has this been discussed both pro and con, so that we feel a mere statement of opinion, minus any of the well-known supporting arguments, is sufficient. But although it is a great advantage it is not an unalloyed good, for wherever concessions are made it is human to desire and seize more.
When a Freshman class arrives at Georgetown, it is a heterogenous body drawn from every nook and corner of the land, with different ambitions, different hopes, different ideas, different purposes, very occupied in the commencing of the necessity of acclimation. There are a handful who because of natural qualifications as leaders pilot the class through their Freshman year with few if any absolute breaks between different parties. A class undivided is the ideal, but how rare are the classes that weather their four years without this undesirable division, which seems almost to be necessary. After the first few initiatory pranks the class soon learns that the Sophomores are after all amicably interested in their welfare, and the confidence inspired by this display of helpfulness is just what is best at Georgetown. The Freshmen-Sophomore meet in the later fall is a proof of the cheerful rivalry between the two classes. But right there comes the danger of an excessive interclass intimacy. It is unwise for a Freshman to seek his comrades from the Sophomore class and not from his own. It is the placing of self above one's classmates that is inadvisable, the detracting of unity from a body whose greatest benefits are to be derived from unity.

In Sophomore year this tendency toward upperclassmen intimates becomes greater and although we may be committing the fallacy of post hoc, ergo propter hoc in saying that it is a remote cause of bitter fights between class factions, nevertheless that is our firm conviction. Born of the friendly competition of Freshman-Sophomore events, if the Freshman class, become Sophomore, does not divert its attention to the incoming class, an intense rivalry, often provocative of the deepest and most ineradicable feeling, ensues between Sophomore and Juniors. Thus the latter are perverted from their whole-hearted support of the Seniors,—a support which is greatly desired not only by the Seniors themselves but by the college as well—for the purpose of repulsing attacks and, if the spirit of the class is resentful, to counter-attacks. And when the two classes have advanced a year, as Seniors, the one fails to get any support from the Junior class, while the latter is setting a precedent that is perilous to the most flourishing of college spirits.

Class lines have their good, and an absolute breaking down of them would be well-nigh disastrous. What advantage Georgetown has, is that they can easily be broken, which, naturally, does not also say that they should frequently be broken. Unity in the class is an attribute too greatly to be sought for it to be lightly disregarded, and a breaking of class lines is usually followed by a loss of harmony, although we cannot assert that lack of unity is always traceable to this cause.

By no means is this editorial written as an infallible statement of cause and effect. Not only young in years but in experience, we can
only express our opinions—for what? Perhaps merely for the purpose of expressing them, perhaps because of a sneaking hope in our heart that they may be taken for advice, perhaps because we delight in rambling on, perhaps— But enough! They are written, and we are sorry if we have trod on anyone's toes.

Parrots

She was a new girl, he told us, and consequently if he would add his name to the roll of her friends, forsooth, it was necessary to tea, theatre, dine and taxi her until this high tide had shot him forward over the ridge of mere acquaintanceship. We resignedly handed him over the bill that had snobbed the dollar greenbacks in our wallet and thoughtfully admitted he was right. When he had gone we recalled that his was not the only case on record,—there were numerous others. But why? A girl herself, wise in the ways of her own sex and wiser in the ways of the opposite, with a good quantity of natural shrewdness stopping just this side of sophistication, suggested the solution.

We are parrots. Not that we hang head downward from a perch or peck at every passing finger, but that we deliver the few phrases and clauses of our stock perpetually. If there is one who is often in our company and our stock of trade is low, we usually arouse murderous designs in the mind of that poor listener. What we lack is originality in conversation and by “we” is not only meant the male but the female as well. To whom the fault owes its origin, is unknown. Perhaps the male, calling on the female, made a bright original remark that set her laughing. As he liked the way she smiled he searched his mind for something else brilliant. But no! his daily, monthly, or maybe it was yearly, burst of wit had occurred and his mind was empty save— Good! there was that joke his chum had cracked the day previous. A modest beginning and innocent, yet it was the beginning. Young people soon finding they had exhausted everything amusing and had played their stock in trade to monotony (always irksome to youth) perforce must join the throng, journey theatreward and see someone whose business it is to be funny.

College men should need no urging in this regard. With four years' stay in an institution, even if they have allowed themselves to be only slightly wet by the stream of knowledge playing over them, they should have that pride in themselves and their education as to wish to give everyone with whom they come in contact the impression that they are more than a joker, a weaver of trite phrases and expressions, more than a parrot, everlastingly saying, “Polly, want a cracker?”
Criticism of the Critics

Scribbling away on, over and around manuscripts, totus in illis, we were suddenly aroused by a protest at our desk: "O turpissime rerum! why have you no short stories in the Journal? Is it that you think the short story has no place in literature?" We patiently sat through the long tirade that followed. Why this? Why that?

The Journal has often been kicked in this fashion; it now takes a bite at the legs of its tormentors. Perhaps if the critic who so most ably delivers his opinions on our shortcomings would dam this stream and thus divert the waters of his genius over the fields of literature, he would do away with the necessity for his questioning fault-finding. He would go farther and himself fill the gaps. But alas! it is these geniuses who contribute nothing, not even in the way of class notes. And the remainder of the hosts, in chorus, chant “I can’t write” and forthwith sits down and proceeds to satirize conditions, defects and incidents in all manners of witty articles, doggerel, verse, parodies and even farces. Wake up and cease pouring the oil of self-deprecation on the waters troubled by ambition. Take your pen in hand and let us be the judge, and if your pride is susceptible to wounds, we promise you that we will wear kid gloves. Help us silence our critics or silence yourself.

Our Little Brother

He isn’t very large, but as he was born only several weeks ago we can’t expect more. However, he promises to grow and even, with a swirling of his tiny fists, to become as big as his brother. The christening ceremonies bestowed upon him the name of The Hilltopper and now every Tuesday evening an eager mob, penny in hand, await the sale of what, according to its own four pages, is the “newest, newsiest college paper.” Undertaken by the Class of Journalism, the little paper purports to give the college news of the week in the style that will most appeal to its readers, and so far has been eminently successful.

Are we jealous? Not at all. The good to be done by The Hilltopper cannot quite be estimated, and it is a good that cannot be accomplished in any other way here at Georgetown. With a full half month elapsing between its trips to the printer and back, the Journal is unable to give the useful information of near future events, which should be spread in the student body. It is the task that we have always felt incompetent to perform and have consequently made no attempt towards its accomplishment. So The Hilltopper steps forward and offers its young shoulders for the bearing of the responsibility. We
congratulate its progenitors with all the sincerity of an interested well wisher and hope for it many years of successful weekly appearances.

The Editor.

To a Picture Frame

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

Little frame of gilded wood,
You are cynical indeed;
You who hold such loveliness
In your arms—and never heed.

No emotion do you show.
Not a spark of Venus’ fire
Glows within your senseless frame,
‘Though you hold my heart’s desire.

Through the night and through the day,
You may hold her in your arms,
O most fortunate, most blest,
Guarding her from fears and harms.

Tell me, then, oh, loyal servant,
Tell me why I trust you so—
Trust you with my chiefest treasure.
Whisper now—and whisper low.

Thus I spoke, and came an answer
In a soul-destroying roar:
“She’s the sixth—not half so pretty
As the five I held before!”

—Paul D. Page, Jr., ’21.
Asleep in France

The boys who will never come back,
    The boys of the Great Advance,
Who died for Freedom's sake,
    Asleep in the fields of France.

They died that we may live,
    They gave that we may reap;
Content and holy rest they
    In the fields of France asleep.

Their ashes are part of France,
    The land of Joan the Maid;
As hers was their dauntless spirit
    With hers their ashes are laid.

For them our tears we stay not,
    But not of grief our tears;
For theirs is glory's blazon,
    Through Freedom's eternal years.

The Rosary of their names
    Tenderly, proudly we tell,
Who gave their all to Freedom,
    On the fields of France who fell.

They sleep in the fields of France,
    They wake in Heaven's demesne,
And they walk with Joan the Maid
    In the splendor of their sheen.

And they shout with the Sons of God,
    Shout that they have given
Their bodies for Freedom to earth,
    And their souls for Truth to Heaven!

—Condé Benoist Pallen, A.B. '80, A.M. '83, LL.D. '89.
Overnment ownership is a bird that has for many years been chirping around council chambers where the railroads have been under discussion. Government control and operation, though of more recent advent, has secured a roost which possesses many indications of permanency. Whether the younger bird will soon have the older as his roost-mate will no doubt depend upon popular approval of the match. But, whatever future developments wait behind the scenes, no harm can be done by giving front-stage to a few general facts and complications involved in the plot.

Fundamentally and essentially, the rendering of transportation service is a function of the government. The Supreme Court has explicitly so declared in one of its decisions, while the principle has for years been acknowledged in all public treatment of the great carriers. Through the Interstate Commerce Commission, Public Utilities Commissions and other such institutions, the government, either federal or state, with many unfortunate conflicts of jurisdiction, determines whether or not a particular railroad shall be constructed and how it shall be constructed; they control the issue of stocks and bonds for financing this railroad; it regulates the rates of transportation which it may charge, and decrees upon what schedules it shall operate its trains. There is no prerogative of control and operation which the government was not actually exercising even before the formal assumption of war-time control on December 28, 1917. Quite naturally then, arises the question, if the government finds such close supervision indispensable under private operation, and, if the rail transportation service has long been acknowledged as being, in essence, a function of government, why would not this function be most efficiently and most satisfactorily discharged by the government itself?

For the benefit of those of conservative inclinations, it may be well to indicate a basic weakness of the old system of government supervision and private management. Division always tends towards friction and ineffectiveness. The division between the supervising authority, the government, and the owning and operating authority, private corporations, and the total lack of harmony of feeling and action between these two elements has, especially in recent years, retarded the proper expansion of the rail carriers. Service has been inadequate and regulators
have been antagonistic rather than beneficial. It would therefore seem that the reasonable route to real adjustment lies in a unification of control and operation. No business organization attempts to function with these two elements of control and operation in separate hands. What phase of railroad business precludes the adoption of the same principle in its activities?

The people have never learned to view the railroads in any other light than as a utility which should contribute to the prosperity of the country by ready transport. From the very beginning the railroad has been fostered by the state, the supreme depository of the people's rights, originally by liberal franchises and advantageous charters. The state made generous grants of land and concessions because it discerned in its protege some advantage to its people. But as years sped on, the franchises so graciously bestowed have been degraded and diverted from the objects for which they were given. They have become valuable instruments in the hands of unscrupulous magnates and operators for the watering of stock and the personal aggrandizement of influential individuals. The spoiled and pampered child has turned upon its fond parent, the people—these same people who have lavished their best gifts upon this unfaithful child to promote prosperity as well as to cater to the comfort of those who use the railroads for business or for pleasure. They granted them freely but now they demand the just privilege of a voice, an effective influence in the management of their patronage.

Scientific diagnosis of the problem reveals a crying avidity for centralized control and unified operation. Experience has shown that the railroads, like the post-office, constitute a natural monopoly. In the true nature of things, traffic should follow the arteries of commerce and there should be no necessity for the elaborate organization of departments whose sole duty is to solicit shipping trade.

But no angle of the problem portrays in such sharp lines the public character of the railroads, nor demonstrates so forcefully the need for government control and operation as the question presented by the short line—"the weak sister." There are more than 700 such lines in the United States, many in the Southeast. They vary from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty miles in length. They connect with trunk lines but are financially independent of them.

In the past they have managed to eke out a precarious existence, but due to the recent increase in operating cost they have come to the pass where they are no longer able to pay expenses and daily does the Interstate Commerce Commission receive information that one or more must liquidate, tear up its tracks and sell its property. What holds for the
financial status of the short line can be predicated with almost equal verity of a number of long lines.

But to the communities which they serve this apparently minor class of railroads are as vital as life itself. Abandon these roads and so many towns and people are cut off from the rest of the country and, in fact, from the rest of the world. The cotton raised in that locality cannot be sent to the mills and the outside producer is unable to transport clothing, machinery or provisions to supply the demands of the inhabitants of the same marooned section. It is impossible to shake the short line free from every other railroad. It forms an important thread in the whole transportation network over the entire country and it must be regarded in this situation.

This colossal conflict of public and private interest is susceptible of only one complete solution. Relief can come only through centralization of control and unification of operation. This is evident. The Scylla and Charybdis lies in the realization that no such plan can be feasible or safe which is not at least chaperoned by the supreme custodian of the people's rights and welfare. The railroads must be operated as a whole, not sectionally. Just and reasonable rates must be impartially applied so that every part of the transportation system of this country must contribute properly to every other part.

Such a plan of unification of operation and control would redound with benefits to the public. In his report, Mr. McAdoo has given seventeen advantages that were observed during war-time government control and operation which would remain even during peace times. Some of them are:

1. The maintenance of the permit system so as to control the traffic at its source.
2. The maintenance of heavy loads for cars.
3. The pooling of repair shops.
4. The elimination of circuitous routes.
5. The unification of terminals.
6. The consolidation of ticket offices.
7. The utilization of universal mileage tickets.
8. The maintenance of the uniform classification of freight.
9. The utilization of water routes for the relief of crowded rail lines.

Again, the question of labor is most perplexing. Transportation is no longer looked upon as a commodity offered for sale. It is a service that is vital to the very existence of the country. The woolen mill or the steel works can shut down, but the railroad must keep running. Some plan must be devised that will protect the public from the evil
consequences of the very prevalent altercations between the private operators of a public utility and their employees. The public cannot permit its most vitally necessary servant to "lay off," while railroad managers and railroad workers are adjusting hours and wages. The very frequent occurrence of strikes and lockouts is evidence par excellence that private interests cannot fix wages for railroad labor. They can be justly determined only by the power that fixes rates, the government.

With the signing of the armistice, it became apparent that the day was not very far off when final disposition must be made of the railroads. The act of Congress by which the government took over the railroads provides that within twenty-one months after the declaration of peace the railroads shall be returned to the private operators. Shall we turn them back as they were before, or is it not apparent that wise legislation is demanded to correct many flagrant evils of the old regime and substitute a new and efficient system? The latter seems to be the choice and demand of the press and even of the railroad executives themselves.

The editor of the Railway Age thinks that greater Federal legislation is necessary and welcomes it in part because it would be accompanied by financial aid from the government. The New York Times observes that "the great extension of expense due to increased wages and higher fuel costs" will exceed by a round sum the increase of gross income and it points to a final net lower than the year before. In view of Mr. McAdoo's suggestion that "if no decision is reached he may be compelled to cut the Gordian knot by simply putting the roads back where he got them—with the owners," the Chicago Tribune inquires, "Does this settle anything?" Current Opinion finds itself able to say that "No one, not even amongst the railroad managers, is heard advocating this course," namely, to restore the railroads to their owners to be operated as before. The New York Times thinks that immediate return of railroads would create "intolerable confusion."

Plans have been forthcoming from all sides, but seem to follow the same general lines of which that submitted by the Association of Railway Executives, representing ninety-two per cent. of the railway mileage of the country, is typical. It provides for a new government department of Transportation. Its head shall hold a portfolio in the President's Cabinet and shall enjoy the same powers over the railroads as other Government Department Secretaries exercise in their respective fields. The Interstate Commerce Commission shall continue to exist in the capacity of a Court of Appeals from the legislation of the Department of Transportation. In this system, the country shall be divided
into a number of regions, say twelve, over which there shall be Regional Commissioners. These Regional Commissioners shall enjoy powers and duties very much akin to those of the Regional Directors of the Federal Reserve Banking System. The New York World terms this plan as "bolder, more progressive and more in line with experience and public interest than anything yet suggested by any ostentatious representative of the people."

Another proposal provides for the establishment of one large organization which shall absorb all the property of the old companies. It shall be capitalized at an amount representing the depreciated value of the old companies and the cash paid in by the new organization. It shall conduct the railroad business as the agent of the Director General and in return it shall receive a certain percentage of the gross revenue. This amount will be used to pay operating expenses, including taxes and depreciation. The remaining income will be disposed of as follows:

First, a dividend will be declared upon the capital stock not in excess of five per cent. Any sum still remaining will be deposited in a guarantee fund for the payment of future dividends. This guarantee fund, however, will never be allowed to accumulate to more than ten per cent. on the capital stock, or the amount of a dividend payment for two years. The next two per cent. will be divided equally between the government and the railroad company, the next three per cent. will be portioned off one per cent. to the company and two per cent. to the government. Should undivided earnings still remain, they will be distributed one-quarter to the railroads and three-quarters to the government.

Neither of the foregoing two plans should destroy private initiative. The people will thus be assured of all the advantages of private operation while at the same time enjoying the adequate protection of the government.

Under the second plan, capital stock, constituting the basis for dividend payments would represent actual money. Dividends, while reasonably certain, could never be excessive. Rates would probably aim at a dividend of approximately six per cent., but, if exceeding this figure, the earnings going to the company could never approach prodigality. The guarantee fund insures dividends during periods of low or even absent net incomes, thus affording the rate-making body opportunity for intelligent observation and action. Moreover, under a contract like this, there is a certain reward for all economical management, and there is an inducement offered to private capital for expert operation.

Prophecy would be energy thrown to the ever-changing winds of current events, but the vane of public opinion points with steady constancy to a mean arc between the practical and temporary ownership of today
and the loose government supervision of yesterday. It may be named Federal Control, but the term will bear a significance that is new and not yet wholly understood.

On the plea that the chain is no stronger than its weakest link it would seem that at least the principle which came to the rescue of the privately operated railroads in the hour of their collapse, namely the government, would be a good accession as insurance against sudden collapse in the event of some future and less exacting strain.

Whatever plan is accepted for final adoption, it is clear that it shall be one "which will make possible the continuous, systematic and co-ordinated development of railway and other transportation facilities in the interest of private profit; which will guarantee equality of rates as between communities, industries and individuals; which will make it certain that private initiative in railway administration shall serve the public rather than prey upon it; which will insure the making of rates on the principle of maximum public service rather than of maximum private profit; and which, in general, will proceed on the theory that a railway is a public utility affected with a private interest rather than a simple piece of private property." The railroads are the servants of the people. Their service will reflect the character of their treatment by their masters. The only proper agent of the people in administering the necessary remedies is the government.

Memory

The maddening lift of your lashes,
The sunshine adream in your hair,
The depths of your eyes, beguiling and wise,
These,—they have made you fair.

You tell me that I have forgotten
The tale of our happiest years.
But when life's last cup I am drinking,
In that moment I'll be thinking
Of your smile—and your tears.

—Paul D. Page, Jr., '21.
Belgium's Soul

Open your gates that our legions may pass,
   With largess of gold we'll repay,
We strike at our foe where his weakness lies,
   Bar not our path lest we slay!
Open your gates to the Legions of Thor,
   Ye stand in the way of our might,
We march on our foe where his weakness lies;
   Bar not our path lest we smite!

Ah! proudly she stood to her plighted troth,
   Nor blanched at the sight of the hordes;
Her honor was pledged and upward flashed bright
   In the flame of a thousand swords;
Though they blast her body with Hell's own lust,
   Better that bitter dole,
Than a body unscathed by the Devil's mark,
   At the price of a blackened soul.

They trampled her down with their iron hooves,
   They smote and they slew and they burned;
She faltered not as she stood at the stake,
   And their largess of gold she spurned;
The Martyr of Nations her honor stands clean
   Under her dreadful dole,
Though her body be broken and branded by Hell,
   Belgium has saved her soul!

—Condé Benoist Pallen, A.B. '80, A.M. '83, LL.D. '89.
IN pre-war days writers were wont to sigh for the times when men were bold and chivalrous and when Sir Knight sallied forth proudly upon his gallant charger to fight for God and for country. It was apparently their belief that manly courage and brilliant feats of arms were things of a bygone day, which had disappeared with the legendary heroes of the age of chivalry.

The World War came, and at first this contention seemed in part borne out. A system of trench warfare or of bombardment with long range guns did not afford opportunities for the spectacular feats of individual bravery which characterized the battles of other days. In all justice, however, it was acknowledged that the highest sort of courage was required to confront unflinchingly the new and terrible weapons which human ingenuity had devised.

Suddenly all eyes were raised to the heavens, there to witness in the desperate battles of the airmen instances of audacity and courage far surpassing anything history had ever before recorded. The valiant knights of the air had for their mounts swift, graceful creatures of wood and cloth and steel. Their weapons were machine-guns that spat forth death with unbelievable rapidity, and the vastness of the sky was their battle-ground. Their very flight presented dangers which few would choose to encounter, whereas their every combat meant certain death to the loser, hopelessly plunging down with the speed of lightning to be burned and crushed beyond all power of recognition. Heroes they were, these birdmen, men of cool head, steady hand and heart unafraid, and the greatest of them all was a frail young man, hardly more than a boy, yet with a record of achievement which all must envy. At the age of twenty-two he had engaged in between six and seven hundred aerial combats, was officially credited with fifty-three victories, and in reality had brought down at least seventy-five enemy machines. In spite of his tender years, he held the rank of captain in the French Army, was an officer of the Legion of Honor, and the possessor of a multitude of medals and decorations, expressions of the admiration of grateful peoples. The story of his brief but glorious career is a flat contradiction to that theory which we have indicated, and it should arouse in us the most noble emotions.
Georges-Marie-Ludovic Jules Guynemer was born in Paris, on Christmas Eve, December the twenty-fourth, 1894. He was the only son of Paul Guynemer, a retired officer of the French Army. Frail, almost anaemic from his earliest days, he nearly succumbed to the maladies of childhood. As a consequence of his delicate health, he was indulged and pampered by his mother and sisters to an extent which would have utterly spoiled the average child. In spite of this fact, he was of a most charming disposition, and even as a young boy gave evidence of that virile spirit and strong will which were later his striking characteristics. At the age of six or seven he began his studies at home, under the direction of his sister. No small factor in his early education were the walks which he was accustomed to take in the company of his father through the historic city of Compiègne where the Guynemers had their home. Finding it necessary that the lad should go away to school, the elder Guynemer determined to send him to Stanislaus College where he himself had been educated.

Guynemer entered Stanislaus College at the age of twelve. The records of his first year show him to have been intelligent, energetic, fair-minded but at the same time noisy and insubordinate. Although not very industrious, he was possessed of an ambition to be first, which may be measured by his success in winning first prizes for Latin and for Mathematics. It was the yard, however, and not the classroom, which revealed his true character. He did not care for quiet games, but threw himself wholeheartedly into those which required agility and skill. Although his physique prevented him from being a leader in the games, he was always an active participant. His agility and strategy contributed to making him an excellent fencer, and he handled a rifle very well for a lad of his years.

An interesting sidelight on Guynemer's character may be obtained from his choice of books. While never a great reader, he was extremely fond of warlike tales and stories of adventure. He was a particular admirer of bravery in others and although of a proud nature, he was at the same time frank and generous. All his comrades liked him because of his loyalty, and because he was never known to stoop to anything which might be termed dishonorable.

Guynemer's college course was subject to frequent interruptions due to ill health, but in spite of all difficulties he continued his studies. Entering the "Ecole Polytechnique" he began a course in mathematics and science. Of an inventive turn of mind, he never tired of performing experiments in physics and chemistry, nor of tinkering with machinery. He soon learned to drive an automobile, and rapidly became an
authority upon the subject among his comrades. While here at school, he formed a friendship with Jean Krebs, son of that Colonel Krebs whose name is so intimately connected with the early progress and development of aviation. It was Jean Krebs who first instilled in the mind of his young friend the desire to become an aviator, and it was to Krebs that Guynemer owed the foundation of that technical knowledge which was later to contribute so much to his success. Krebs also joined the aviation forces, and rendered valuable services as an observer, up to the time when he was unfortunately killed, in making a landing.

Guynemer's invincible energy, his deep interest, and his burning desire to learn made him as ardent a student of the airplane as he had been of the automobile. In spite of all obstacles, he succeeded while still in school in making a flight as a passenger from the aerodrome at Compiegne. After he had finished his course at the "Ecole Polytechnique," when asked by his father what he intended to be, he replied, "An aviator." Nor could he be persuaded to abandon his choice, although his parents opposed it.

In July, 1914, Georges Guynemer was at the sea-shore at Biarritz, on the Bay of Biscay. The young man was traveling with his family, apparently taking a long time to consider what should be his next step in life. While at Biarritz, his main occupation was to stroll around on the beach, which afforded an excellent landing place for airplanes. He considered it a day well spent when a machine chanced to alight there, and he might examine it lovingly, while plying the pilot with questions. But even while the sun shone brightly in Southern France, the European horizon was clouding. The Archduke of Austria had been assassinated in Sarajevo, and the echo of the shot that killed him was traveling around the earth, along with ominous rumblings of war from Eastern Europe. In France, the atmosphere grew daily more tense, anxiety was written on every face and on the second of August, the order came for a general mobilization.

That order awoke Guynemer from his dreams. His only desire was now to serve France, and he proceeded at once to the nearest recruiting station to offer his services. Here a great disappointment awaited him, for the examining physicians found him unfit physically for the arduous life of a soldier. However, it was contrary to Guynemer's nature to give up so easily. He persuaded his father to use all his influence to get him into the service, but this attempt was no more successful than the first. So with bitter disappointment in his heart, Guynemer returned to Biarritz. It was there one day shortly after the Battle of the
Marne, that while wandering alone and disconsolate upon the sands, he perceived a French military airplane landing not far away. Seized with a sudden inspiration, he asked the pilot how he might enter the aviation service. He was advised to go to Pau and see the captain in command there.

It was a different Guynemer that returned to the hotel that evening with the announcement that on the following morning he was leaving for Pau. This new ray of hope had driven away the gloom of the last two months. So it was that the morning following, the captain in command of the field at Pau received the visit of a very determined young man, who had insisted upon being admitted, even when told that the captain was too busy to see anyone. By arguments, and by pleading when arguments failed, Guynemer finally prevailed upon the officer to accept his as a student mechanic. Then he proceeded triumphantly to Bayonne, where he had been twice rejected, signed his enlistment papers, and received his orders to report the following day, November 22, 1914, at the aviation camp.

The young student mechanic's technical knowledge stood him in good stead during these first days, enabling him to grasp more quickly that vital knowledge of the construction of the airplane. He was forever asking questions, investigating, experimenting, learning, with the result that inside of two months, he was nominated student pilot. Here again Guynemer exhibited a remarkable aptitude for the work. His instructors could find but one fault in him, that he was too daring. His first flight in a three-cylinder Bleriot, took place on the 17th of February, 1915. It was not long before he was considered proficient enough to be sent to Avord, there to take the final tests before obtaining his pilot's brevet. As usual, he went through these tests brilliantly, and on the 25th of May, he was sent to the aviation reserve, from which he was transferred to the squadron M-8-3, later to become so famous as the "Squadron of the Storks."

Corporal Guynemer, for such was his rank, found himself at once literally fighting for hearth and home. The lines over which he flew daily were the lines protecting Compiègne, his native city, while such historic places as Laon, La Fere, Chauny, Noyon, Ham and Peronne were the objects of his reconnaissances. So it was, that in lieu of the visits which military discipline forbade, he in his flights made it a point that Compiègne should always be on his itinerary. One wonders whether or not his parents were reassured by the aerial acrobatics with which he always entertained them while flying over his home, even though he took the precaution to drop notes assuring them that all was well.
Guynemer’s first flights were made in observation planes for the purpose of obtaining photographs of the enemy lines, and it was on his third flight that he received his baptism of fire. His coolness in this trying situation drew words of praise from the officer who accompanied him. Later when asked what impression the shells made upon him, he replied, “None, except one of satisfied curiosity.” But if his curiosity was satisfied, the same cannot be said for his ambition. He longed to pilot a battleplane, to fight a duel in mid-air, to bring down a boche, and his longing was soon to be satisfied. It was on the 19th of July that the future Ace won his first victory. He describes it himself: “While flying low near Coucy, perceived an Aviatik flying towards Soissons at a height of about 3,200 metres. Followed him until he passed our lines, then putting on speed manoeuvred into position 50 metres above him to the rear and to the left. At the first volley, the Aviatik lurched and we saw fragments flying through the air. The German returned our fire with a rifle; one ball hit a wing, another grazed the head of Guerder, my companion. At the last volley, the pilot sank in his seat, the observer raised his arms, and the machine crashed down, head first, in flames * * *” The twenty-year-old victor received a letter of congratulation from the commander of the 238th Infantry, the “Medaille Militaire” and an official citation.

Frail body won a victory over dauntless soul in the days following this first victory. The arduous life of the soldier had begun to tell on Guynemer, and he was soon forced to rest for several weeks. Shortly after returning to duty, he again distinguished himself by successfully carrying out an exceedingly dangerous expedition. He was obliged to fly over the German lines, land there, and then return. This exploit won his second citation, and his promotion to the rank of sergeant. But Sergeant Guynemer was not satisfied with this success. He wanted to bring down another boche. Fate seemed against him, for time after time his machine gun jammed and allowed the enemy to escape. So with his characteristic determination to overcome all obstacles, he devoted himself to a thorough study of the machine gun. He spent hours trying his weapon, disassembling it, assembling it again. Here was the secret of his achievement. He never admitted himself beaten; for him there was no such thing as failure. He made his mistakes the stepping stones to success. This work on the machine gun was the prelude to a series of brilliant victories, which led to his receiving the coveted Legion of Honor on the day he reached his majority, December 24th, 1915.

About this time, a crucial battle of the great war was being fought at Verdun. General Petain, realizing the situation, decided that a concentration of all available air forces was necessary on this front. So
the "Storks" were summoned to Verdun, and on the way, Guynemer, now an Ace, brought down his eighth enemy plane. Immediately upon his arrival, he plunged into the thick of the fray. While attacking two enemy machines, his own plane was badly wrecked, and he himself seriously wounded by pieces of flying metal. Although well-nigh blinded by blood, he manoeuvered to escape the second of his adversaries, and made a good landing at Bracourt. As a result of his injuries, he was evacuated on the 14th of March to a Paris hospital, where he stayed a long time; so long that when he rejoined his squadron, it had left Verdun, and was operating on the Somme front.

French aviators never allude to the battle of the Somme without a smile of satisfaction, for it was the occasion of France's greatest aerial victories. The swift French Nieuports and Spads, manned by the best fliers in the world, possessed the complete mastery of the air. The Germans dared not venture forth, except in groups of five or six, whereas, the French fliers were so audacious that they even made a practice of flying low over the German aviation fields, in spite of murderous fire from anti-aircraft guns, and downing the enemy machines before they could get fairly off the ground. And of all these splendid air-fighters, Guynemer was the king, the Ace of Aces. To what can we attribute his success? Not merely to his skillful piloting, nor to his accuracy with a machine gun, but to his daring tactics, his complete disregard of danger, his ever-present thirst for the fight.

During his stay on the Somme front, he won over twenty victories, and was made a lieutenant. On one occasion, after sending down three successive enemy planes, he himself fell, hit by a shell from a French "75." The French artillerymen ran to recover his body from the ruined machine, but to their amazement they saw him slowly extricate himself and rise to his feet. Incidentally, this was the sixth time that Guynemer had successfully made such forced landings. Is it any wonder that the French people believed him to be not only invincible, but invulnerable? In another battle, his machine gun jammed after the first ten shots. Nevertheless, by clever manoeuvering, he forced the boche to descend within the French lines and surrender his machine.

The next great battle in which the "Storks" participated was on the Aisne, although before this they spent some time on the Lorraine front. Daily aerial warfare grew more dangerous, but the "Storks" were undaunted. Von Richtofen's "flying circus" caused them no dismay; their audacity increased as the Germans became more prudent. On May 25th, 1917, Guynemer accomplished what, at that time, was considered the most stupendous feat of the airman. In that one day, he added
four more victims to his large score, two in the morning, one at noon, the last toward evening.

Henri Bordeaux described Lieutenant Guynemer as he saw him in May, 1917. "He was tall and of slender build, with a long oval face, regular features, a rather sallow complexion, and very piercing black eyes. He seemed the very incarnation of nervous energy." And this slender young man was to receive yet greater honors than he already possessed. On the same day, he received the English Distinguished Service Cross, and his commission as captain. On the 11th of June, he was named Officer of the Legion of Honor. He had won forty-eight victories, and was but twenty-two years of age! He was the idol of the nation, and it is a proof of his strong character that all the homage, all the praise, all the honors, left him totally unspoiled. He never wore his decorations, of which he had a great number, tokens of appreciation from all the allied nations. When it was proposed that he should retire from the fighting and supervise construction work, he indignantly refused. His only venture in this field was the designing of what he called his "magic machine," a plane to which he owed his 49th, 50th, 51st and 52nd victories.

Guynemer's last battles were fought in Flanders, then the scene of the war's most desperate struggles. The fight was waged as fiercely in the air as on the ground, pitched battles taking place between German and Allied squadrons. Witness the battle of July 13th, in which thirteen German planes were destroyed, and sixteen forced to land. Nor was Guynemer idle. He would make as many as three and four flights a day, flying sometimes five and six hours out of the twenty-four. But fortune seemed to be against him. His machine guns would jam, or his engine go wrong, until he began to believe that misfortune was pursuing him. In one day, such things happened to him three times. When the cooling system of his engine went wrong, he came down and borrowed the machine of an absent friend. Bullets penetrating the motor of this plane forced a second descent. He borrowed a third, and came down shortly after his ascent, with the machine in flames, resulting from a leaky carburetor. Three flights, three forced landings in one day! Guynemer was disgusted.

The day following this incident, September 11, 1917, while in temporary command of the squadron, he thought it his duty to give the example, so forth he went, accompanied by a young lieutenant. While flying over the German lines at Poelcapelle, he spied an enemy two-seater. Signalling to his companion his intention of engaging with it, Guynemer attacked. He first endeavored to shield himself in the sun, then dart forth suddenly, but the sun retired behind a cloud. The only
remaining course was to attack from the front, zigzagging in order to avoid his enemy’s fire. But, like Alexander refusing to attack Darius under cover of night, Guynemer might well say, “I will not steal the victory.” Instead of zigzagging he flew directly toward his enemy, with the speed of a bullet, and opened a terrific fire. But the boche went into a tail spin and eluded him. Deaf to the voice of prudence, Guynemer refused to abandon the conflict. Leaving to his companion the task of dispersing an oncoming fleet of German planes, he darted in pursuit of his fleeting adversary. The young lieutenant saw him disappear and that was the last that was ever seen of Georges Guynemer. Neither his body nor his machine were ever found or accounted for. Whether he was shot down in flames, or met a watery grave in the ocean, no one can tell. His death remains a mystery, but the proud nation that mourns his loss prefers to believe that the Ace of Aces reached such lofty heights in this last flight, that he was unable to descend. “Il s’est envole an ciel,” they say, “He has flown to Heaven.”

In the crypt of the Pantheon, wherein repose the ashes of France’s great men, a grateful people has decreed that a marble slab shall perpetuate the memory of Georges Guynemer as one of the country’s greatest heroes. We cannot but agree with Henri Bordeaux who suggests that no more fitting inscription could be chiseled in the marble than the words of Guynemer’s twenty-sixth and last citation:

“Died on the field of honor, the eleventh of September, nineteen hundred and seventeen. Legendary hero, fell gloriously from the heavens after three years of ardent fighting. Will remain the purest symbol of the qualities of the race; indomitable tenacity, fierce energy, sublime courage. Animated with the most unshakable faith in victory, he leaves to the French soldier an undying remembrance which will exalt the spirit of sacrifice and arouse the most noble emotion.”

Alas! Alas!

We had a Latin theme today,
And yet we shall have one tomorrow.
In spite of all that we could say,
We had a Latin theme today.
No matter how we hope or pray;
And to our great dismay and sorrow,
We had a Latin theme today
And yet we shall have one tomorrow.

In all our experience, and we are willing to grant that it is not very extensive, we have never seen anyone take such a spineless, weak, open-to-personal-attack position as that assumed by the Ex-man of the Campion from Prairie du Chien. He rightly quotes us as saying that the "Exchange Column is a tradition" and goes on to say that it is a tradition, like burning widows in India, which is better abolished." In the first place his simile is as drunken as it is odious to anyone interested in the column. Does the Ex-man of the Campion hold that there is good in burning widows? He must or his comparison will not hold water for according to his next sentence the department in question does do a good. He tells us that "the point in its favor is that it is the least read page in the magazine." Absolutely false when applied to every college journal as our slim experience has taught us. But the wonder of it all is that the Ex-man continues this inhumane column merely because it is a tradition. Hasn't he the courage to fight for the erasure of this blot on the history of college journalism or, not being able to win his point single-handedly, at least to have the moral consistency to adhere to his principles and refuse to take a part in Exchange crimes? We greatly condemn and despise his submissiveness and sourness towards college magazine work in general.

The Campion has been more fortunate in its selection of Editor for we found the editorial department very good. It is not our custom to mention the work of a member of the faculty, but we feel that we can
break it for this once in order to recommend to any, having an oppor-
tunity, the essay "Joyce Kilmer and Campion." It was intensely inter-
esting. "To Ireland, 1919," considered as a lyrical contribution, is sin-
gularly beautiful, but the exhortation conveyed is not very wise. Melodi-
ously "The Lake" paints for us a poetic picture; "To a Tree" displays
a keen imaginative sense combined with true poetical expression; and
"To the Moon" and "Spring in January" were merely fair. One thing
we would suggest is in the way of more dissimilarity in titles. When
we came to the bottom of a page in the perusal of "A Square Peg in a
Round Hole" we turned and began a wild search for the remainder of
the story, but eheu! our search was in vain. Consequently we find
ourselves speechless when it comes to criticizing. We expected a dé-
nouement; we found none; we are still confused and consequently will
seek "sucease of sorrow" in "Shell Shock." "Shell Shock," "Not
Friends.—Pals" and "The Lost of the Sea Serpents" cannot be called
short stories and we refrain from a review of them as something else.
Bring your magazine up to your poetry's standard, Campion.

It is a disappointment that the Trinity College Record has not done
more for good poetry. In the first place in its table of contents (or
should we say the cover of contents?) it has left out "Mother," which
we considered the best poetical offering and then it has given the first
places to verse that are only conventionally so called. "Mary" and
"Traveler Between Life and Death" were only good. "College Poetry
and Fiction" was a well-written review of two books of interest to all
college magazines. What we have said about the Record's verse cer-
tainly cannot be said about its essays, for they were excellent. While
"Ire and Irelnd" had a tendency to be bombastic, nevertheless it,
"R. L. S. and J. M. B." and "Post-Bellum Philosophy" fell in line with
the excellency of the review. "O'Reilly—His Bone," promised by its
title to be interesting as a short story but disappointed, whereas "The
May Cycle" acted in vice versa fashion. A good editorial column com-
pleted for the Record a creditable issue.

With one exception the editorial column of the Morning Star for April
could not be improved upon and that exception is the fact that they
are left untitled as a rule. Why is it that we find every little scrap of
verse headed by some title while at the same time the editorials are so
wofully slighted? The first editorial pointed an accusing finger at us
for we were neglecting our work and preparing for a nap when we
came across this dissertation on "Spring Fever." Wherefore we thank
you. The opening poem "Most Precious Blood," very good as a whole,
had some beautiful touches as "through ageless age aglow" and "like a
thirsting rose drinking the warmth of sun." Fair is all that can be said
of "Our Star of Hope," "Mother" and "The Month of Mary." Showing a deep ethical insight into many of the problems of human society, "The Lay Apostolate" is a very readable essay. "Mother" (a rather hackneyed title in your issue for April), "Louis the Monarch" and "Masonic or Catholic," like the trio of poems, take a step backward. When we come to a contribution like "Overladen Atmosphere" we are in the dark. It is certainly not a short story, there being no pretense to a plot; it is doubtful if it could be termed a sketch: were we arranging the magazine we would put it in the joke column and sound a warning to the readers lest they expect too much from an article that is mildly amusing because of its woful attempts to be amusing. While we are not eulogizing the plot of "The Locket," we do say that correctly treated its different incidents could have made a clever bit of reading, but miserabile dictu! those incidents joined one another with the ingenuity displayed by the colors of a child's first paint book. Again don't have your characters quote poetry to one another; we are afraid that it is not permitted in the best circles because it might cause the quotee (pardon the coined word) to lose all his culture and spoil some of his environment.

In the Villanovan for February we found an excellent editorial "Lest We Forget." Its predecessor "The Peace Conference" was also very good. The thoughts of these two were developed with a simplicity that is both absorbing and delightful. The introduction to "Only a Matter of Form" was skillfully done, but it seemed to us to be somewhat misleading and joining what follows in a rather uneven transition. Not that the essay itself lacked any of the introduction's good points; au contraire, it possessed them all. We felt, however, that even in the body of the essay itself there was the same rough passage from one thought to the other. "Striving to Forget" appealed to us as the best poem of the issue, although "The Ploughman's Lèsson" is also good and displays promise. Don't get the idea that an essay should be lengthened by the insertion of long quotations. This is the mistake of the "Nineteenth Century Poetry in America." Says the author, "Evangeline' is probably our greatest poem" and proceeds to give us a quotation from it consisting of fifteen verses. Then five lines on the "Song of Hiawatha," twelve verses from the poem, four lines on "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and nineteen verses from that work. And thus through the essay, the quotations given being introduced with no or scarcely any apparent purpose. For once we found a really clever title in "Blame it on Plato," but after we had read the short story it headed we were not willing that Plato should take the blame. The plot was moth-eaten and despite any cleverness of description, that weak point could not be hidden. "Snap Shots" was good as a descrip-
live sketch. "Maria of Rome," of course, cannot be judged as we were politely informed in the middle of a sentence that it was "To be continued," but it can be said that the serial ought to be debarred. We fear the author will get himself in difficulties with his Roman atmosphere in spite of the plentiful scattering of Christianos ad leones!" Quick narrative often requires short snappy sentences, but an excessive use is made of them here.

Melancholy

Grey melancholy skies,
   And a veil of rain;
A weary wind that cries
   Like a child in pain.

Clouds gather in my heart
   That is dull with woe.
We are so far apart
   And I love you so.

Black shadows spot the floor
   In the firelight's glow.
My heart is weak and sore
   For I love you so.

Sadly I sit and dream
   Of the long ago.
Your kiss—was a rainbow's gleam,
   Yet I love you so.

Grey melancholy skies
   And a veil of rain;
A weary wind that cries
   Like a child in pain.

—Paul D. Page, Jr., '21.
Andrew Jackson Shipman. Entered the College from Lewinsville, Va., November 13, 1871. Received his A.B. in 1878, his A.M. in 1887, his LL.D. in 1911. His legal studies were made at the University of the City of New York, where he graduated in 1886. For two years he was editor of a country newspaper in Virginia and then became an assistant inspector of coal mines in Ohio. He next was in the United States Customs House service in New York. For some years following he was in the law office of E. S. Ives, and after devoting two years to his own private clients, entered into a partnership with E. L. Mooney and a few years later, in 1895, Charles Blandy was taken into the firm. Not only was he a director and promoter of the Catholic Encyclopedia but he contributed a number of articles on the Greek rite. He made a deep study of the cause of the Ruthenians and never spared himself in advancing their interests and protecting them from aggression. He studied their languages and made several journeys to Europe, traveling in Austria, Hungary, Russia, Turkey, the Holy Land, Greece, Italy, Germany, France and Spain. From 1901 to 1904 he was president of the New York Alumni of Georgetown. He died in New York on October 17, 1915.

James M. Spellissy. Entered the College September 27, 1853, from Philadelphia, Pa. He graduated in 1855, with the degree of A.B., and received his A.M. in 1856. He entered the profession of journalism and purchased the Catholic Herald of Philadelphia, the title of which he changed to that of the Universe. He published a translation of “Balmes Logic.”

William S. Walker. Entered the College from Natchez, Miss., June 6, 1838, and graduated in 1841, with the A.B. degree. He served in the Mexican War and at the storming of Chapultepec, he was the first to scale the walls. For this gallant action he was promoted to a captaincy. During the Civil War he was a brigadier-general in the Southern army and lost a leg in action. He died in Atlanta, Ga., June 5, 1898.
Patrick Walsh. Entered the College from Charleston, S. C., January 19, 1860. With seven others from his class, First Humanities, he left to join the Southern army.

Robert Walsh. Entered the College from Baltimore, Md., June 21, 1797. His father was Count Walsh, Baron Sharron, serving in the French contingent formed of the famous Irish Brigade. He was chairman of the board of trustees who built the Baltimore cathedral. Robert began his education at St. Mary's in Baltimore. While at Georgetown he was selected when only twelve years old to deliver an address before General Washington. After his college course, he studied law and then travelled in Europe. He then returned and practiced law in Philadelphia, but an affection of the ear caused him to give up law and turn to literature. In 1811 he started the first quarterly published in the United States, The American Review of History and Politics. Subsequently, in 1821, he founded and edited the National Gazette. In 1845, he was appointed United States consul at Paris and remained at that post until 1851. He served at Naples, Brazil, Santiago de Chile; was a special agent to the Island of San Domingo to fix the boundary between that island and Haiti; was sent as a commissioner to investigate the canal questions in Nicaragua. Harvard conferred the degree of LL.D. on him in 1819. His five sons were students at Georgetown. Mr. Walsh died at Paris on February 7, 1859.

William W. Watson. Entered the College from Point Gibson, Miss., July 8, 1843. He left when the Mexican War broke out and saw service along the Rio Grande. He was killed in the attack at Camargo. Shortly before his death he became a Catholic.

George Frederick Weaver. Entered the College from Washington, D. C. While on the "Hornet" in the harbor of Key West he contracted yellow fever, died and was buried at sea.

Philon Charles Wiederstrandt. Entered the College from Talbot County, Md., December 20, 1791. He was the second student to be enrolled. His mother was a near relative of Archbishop Carroll, the founder of Georgetown. On March 16, 1798, he was appointed a midshipman at the age of twenty-two on the "Constellation," under Commodore Truxton. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant June 25, 1800. In May, 1806, he was put in command of the brig "Franklin" and later of the "Argus." In 1809, he took command of the flotilla at New Orleans where he remained until the spring of 1810. At that time his health was so impaired that he resigned his commission and returned to Baltimore. He was there and served with the defenders of the city when it was attacked by the British in 1812. He moved with
his family to Louisiana where he died May 12, 1857. Two of his grandsons were here in 1848.

**William Henry Whiting.** Entered the College February 3, 1838. Graduated in 1840, receiving the A.B., and in 1850 with the A.M. He was born in Mississippi in 1825. His father was Lieut.-Col. Levi Whiting, U. S. A. William went to West Point and finished in 1845. At the beginning of the Civil War he entered the Confederate army as a lieutenant. He was in command of Fort Fisher when it was captured by General Terry. In the assault he was severely wounded and was taken prisoner. He died a prisoner of war on Governor's Island, March 10, 1865.

**John Willis.** Entered the College from Orange, Va., September 20, 1858. He left college to enter the Southern army. He served in the 7th Virginia Infantry.

**William T. Wotton.** Entered the College February 5, 1852, from Prince George's County, Md. After two years at college he left and later joined the Southern army, serving with the First Maryland Battery. He was killed in action June 14, 1863, at the engagement at Kearnstown, close to Winchester, Va. He and all the men at his gun were slain.

**Manuel Piarrazabal.** Entered the College from Santiago, Chile, September 15, 1851. Received his A.B. in 1852. He became Governor of Santiago, Chile, and senior member of the Chilean Senate. Later he became Premier of Chile. He died in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City, February 14, 1896.

**Felix Cypriano Zegarra.** Entered the College from Lima, Peru, September 14, 1859. Received his A.B. in 1864, his A.M. in 1865, and his LL.D. in 1877. His father was at the time of Felix's entrance at Georgetown, minister plenipotentiary to the United States. Shortly after his graduation in law at the University of Lima, he was appointed secretary of the Peruvian Legation in Chile. In 1888, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the United States. He died in Lima, April 4, 1897.
From present indications it seems that the commencement exercises of the Medical and Dental schools will not be held in conjunction with the Arts and Sciences and the Law Departments in June. The time lost during the influenza epidemic is a considerable handicap to the men and it is thought that lectures and laboratory work will continue until the end of June and that the commencement will be held during the first week of July.

It was the good fortune of the Senior class to be present at the recent meeting of the District Medical Society held at Wardman Park Hotel, April 30, 1919, in honor of the eminent surgeon, Dr. John Deever, of Philadelphia. The invitation to the class came through the courtesy of Dr. William Gerry Morgan, president of the Society, and professor of Gastro-Enterology at the Medical School.

Dr. Casimir F. X. Leibell, '16, has passed with success the state board examinations of the District and will enter private practice in the city as an associate of Dr. John C. Constas.

Dr. John D. Thomas, former professor of Physical Diagnosis, has returned from abroad.

Word has reached us of the promotion of Dr. John Madigan to the rank of major with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

Dr. Patrick S. Madigan, '12, a lieutenant in the Medical Corps in France, is the proud father of a twelve-pound baby. Our sincere congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Madigan.

Dr. John F. Moran, professor of Obstetrics, has returned after a short vacation spent at Jamaica.

The Class of '19 will be widely distributed during the coming summer months. John Shugrue, Charles McDonough and Charles McEnerney
will act as interns at the Georgetown University Hospital. Joseph Edward and John Nelson will be stationed in the same capacity at Providence Hospital in this city; Ralph Carbo at Garfield Hospital, also in the District. Monteville Ewing, Albert Marland and Walter Rap­port will be interns at the Washington Asylum Hospital. William Corcoran will be at the State Hospital of Scranton, Pa. Joseph Nagle will be at St. Elizabeth’s Hospital, Youngstown, Ohio, and Grafton Brown at Atlantic City, N. J.

Law Notes

Frederick J. Fees, '19.

The April prize debate was held in the Law School auditorium on April 24, 1919. The question read, Resolved, That all proposed amend­ments to the United States Constitution should be ratified by three­fourths of the individual states through a direct vote of the people thereof.” For the affirmative side of the question there were Mr. Joseph C. O’Mahoney, ’20, and Mr. Edward J. Callahan, ’21. On the negative side were Mr. Robert M. McGauley and Mr. Cornelius P. Carl, both of the Class of ’19. The question was decided in favor of the affirmative and the individual honors and the faculty prize of twenty-five dollars went to Mr. O’Mahoney. A large number of friends and students was present. Mr. Charles J. Creegan, ’19, acted as chairman of the evening.

The William Howard Taft Chapter of the Phi Alpha Delta Legal Fraternity entertained a number of brothers and friends at tea on Easter Sunday.

The Delta Theta Phi entertained at tea on Sunday, April 13th.

Lieut. Paul Sweeney, A.B., ’16, ex-Law, ’19, spent a recent week-end at the Fraternity House at Dupont Circle. Paul made the trip via the air and argues that it is the only safe and speedy way of traveling. We admit the speedy part of the argument, but we just can’t see the other attribute.

The Senior Prom, held at the New Willard on May 2, 1919, was a marked success.
Home News

Edward C. Klein, Jr., '21.

The Hilltopper

What might be termed a rival paper put in a sudden and agreeable appearance just before Easter. The Hilltopper, as it is known, is a product of the Journalism class. This paper attracted attention about the second week of April. At that time it was a typewritten resumé of college activities, written in real newspaper style. This embryonic attempt soon sprouted forth and, on April 16, 1919, the first printed edition of The Hilltopper, the Georgetown College weekly, was placed on sale amid wild enthusiasm. The paper is alive with current news and quadrangle gleanings and shows real effort on the part of the staff. The Class of Journalism, which originated the idea and has personal supervision of the editing of the paper, deserves sincerest congratulations and hearty commendation on the success of their production.

Easter Holidays

Wednesday, April 16, 1919, found the majority of the student body packing suit cases, shaking hands with the few unfortunates, and making desperate efforts to catch early trains for a rapid departure. The vacation, though terminating on April 23, served as a happy diversion from the long winter siege of study.
The monthly inter-class elocution contest was held in Gaston Hall on Monday, April 7. The Freshman talent again was manifest, Mr. McGowan, of that class, being the winner with a superb rendition of the Arena Scene from "Quo Vadis." Mr. O'Connell, also of the Freshman class, with his recitation of "The Fool," by Service, was the choice for second honors.

Woodstock Aid Association

Woodstock College and the Novitiates at Poughkeepsie and Yonkers, which are the seminaries of the Society of Jesus, are in sore need of help for their maintenance and continuance. To meet this need, the Woodstock Aid Association has been established by Rev. Father Provincial, the dues of which are but one dollar a year. Rev. H. I. Storck, S.J., has been appointed Director of the movement at Georgetown. Pamphlets and cards have been sent out to all friends of the Society and contributions solicited. At a meeting held in Gaston Hall on April 14, the appeal was supported by several members of the college and great enthusiasm was aroused. All the classes pledged their conscientious support and energy. May the efforts of the student body bring success to Georgetown’s contribution to this worthy cause.

Biological Club

The club met on the evening of April 4, with Mr. Gonzales giving a paper on "Hereditary Deficiencies and the Sense of Smell." Mr. Lally followed with a complement of this essay. The president appointed a committee of Messrs. Moran, Casey, Leonard and Klein to make arrangements for the annual field day.

A brief meeting was held on April 11, to discuss plans for the May outing. It was decided to hold the picnic at Great Falls on May 29.

Gaston

Gaston Debating Society held a spirited debate April 7. The question read, "Resolved, That special provision be made at the Peace Conference to secure self-determination for Ireland." Messrs. J. McGowan and F. Walsh of the affirmative were so convincing in their arguments they had no trouble in defeating the strong negative team of Messrs. J. McDonough and S. Rourke. Mr. McGowan was awarded individual
honors. A favorable report on the inter-society debate was received from the White at this meeting. Messrs. Donnellan and Miller were admitted into the society.

At a short business meeting held on April 14, final arrangements were made for the debate with the White Society.

Ordinations

Among those who are to be raised to the priesthood in June by Cardinal Gibbons at the annual ordinations of Woodstock Seminary are the following former professors of Georgetown: Mr. Charles G. Herzog, S.J., Mr. Arthur J. O'Leary, S.J., Mr. Leo A. Dore, S.J., and Mr. Henry P. Wennerberg, S.J. Mr. William H. Graham, S.J., who graduated from Georgetown in 1905, and who taught here for four years, will be ordained a priest at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

Senior Notes

U. R. Awntheepan, '19.

It was two o' clock in the morning when suddenly "The Hampshire is sunk!" rang through the Senior corridor. The well-known phrase, translated by the frightened minds of the aroused Seniors into "Your pastor's a skunk," sent them to the east suite to find that it was only Skull having his yearly nightmare on Kitchener. Poor "K. of K!" Doesn't he deserve a rest? Must the much-chewed ears of the inmates of third Ryan also suffer the blasting roars that have frequently caused our skyscraper friend to be evicted from numerous theatres?

We can't precisely blame the queer actions of the man from Wells on his Easter vacation, but there are others who have placed themselves in the calcium light by their eccentricities during the holidays. T. W. A., the much pampered baby of the class, travelling under the name of Tommye Aaron, journeyed New Yorkward. Virtuously he allowed no maidens to seduce him to the shades of a park, but a devotee of higher pursuits, he measured off the lobby of the Pennsylvania Hotel, found its cubical contents, filled it figuratively with a stronger than two per cent. solution and then proceeded literally to empty it. Result,—Pud passed his analyt. condition, after reading tomorrow's newspaper today.

The Goof's higher pursuit was pressing family affairs which again detained him in New Britain. Having tried to drive his car with inter-
changed spark plugs to the Politani, Tubby (The Li’l Grabber) arrived, minus the car, four days late. Perhaps his tardiness was due to his interest in his new course as a car starter, which he immediately utilized at Maculata by calling “Drive on. I’ll wait for the second load.”

Naturally when one speaks of Tubby the transition a minore ad majorem results and we find “Vutch” flapping his wings in the woods of St. Mary (might as well be Siberia). By the by, the Vutch has taken a pledge not to drink any more gargle solution. Such self-advertising is not necessary, however, as Schnorky is a very able henchman. “If you’ll pardon the slang expression,” Schnorky is all there in spite of the fact that he has memorized (don’t say, oh! don’t say memorize. Say commit to memory.) his class schedule. His other great work was the composing of a paper read by Lew Daily at the recent Sodality Academy. However to the contrary notwithstanding, Mr. Daily’s gestures were very appropriate, his voice had great carrying power, his articulation and enunciation were excellent and, although he hesitated a few times and his appearance was imposing, the performance was on the whole very creditable and promising in one so young.

Another speaker, whose shimmying on the Philodemic floor has won him much perfunctory applause, is confronted with a triple dilemma—either he will be Mayo Bros.’ only rival or a second Silk O’Loughlin or an understudy of Al Jolson. Having displayed his cheap wit and Gayety ideals à la Billy Watson in several plays and soothing the entire Ryan Building with the harmonies of his discordant voice, stimulated by his monthly coat peeling, we would suggest the stage (open air).

Our eminently practical major, who distinguished himself in the recent war at the battle of Camp Alexander and who was cited for bravery in instructing negroes on the niceties of field etiquette, has likewise developed visionary tendencies. King Perrick has planned a bridge that will eclipse the marvels of engineering of Hell Gate Bridge. If he were only as successful in the social line as he is in the parliamentary we feel that the fair sex, albeit the fair Terry and the irresistible Catherine, would also flatter Heinrich into loaning them his car. Was Reiss to pattern after the dizzy social pacer, Kirwin, we fear he would spend many an Easter vacation in the hospital. It is only Raynor’s marvelous physique, his pair of coquettishly enticing pools of azure (we mean his eyes, you Perrick) and withal his Romanesque nose and his Spartan understanding (this time we mean his legs), all charms enhanced by his subdued purple, green and gold necktie and soft folding khaki shirt, that enable him to reap his laurels.

Yet if Reiss seeks another model there is one present in the person of Zoo. This social lion has been moving quite a bit of late, having
changed his stand from 14th and F to 13th and F and also his residence from Newport to Pasadena. The latter change, we understand, is due to the distressing fact that Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont neglected to engage the service of Stan as a footman at her last dog show. Nineteen Nineteen is consoled for Prom has promised to stage a come-back by chaperoning the nurses at their annual commencement.

We thought that the Nineteeners' regimentals had been laid away, but Dimpled Bob felt that the marine green better contrasted his rosy complexion and so we find M. Zuger stalking prey on Connecticut Avenue for his cohorts Whalen and Mooney. Auray lacks Bob's dimples and his fulsome ness and sweet Bertha Mooney has found no spring substitute equal to the attraction of his fur coat, so you see it is the old axiom, "in union there is strength." Nor is Bob's the only case of the revival of the uniform for Genial Gene, our society debutante, late of the District, dashes out Maculata way with boots and spurs ashining. M. le Sieur Compte, another of our D. C. members, finds that he cannot attend the concerts and symphonies due to a stronger attraction at home. Joe goes to Scranton no more, for he has his birdie caged.

One of our class has already heard the call of the wild (not Skull's voice). Geo. D. is preparing for South America. George's handwriting in South African gibberish has much puzzled the faculty. MacGuire is accustomed to go lallygagging every night—sometimes on Eleventh St., sometimes on Washington Circle. It might be mentioned that his uniform has as yet seen no moth balls. Bob Convery is suffering from insomnia and feeling that no one but himself can effect a cure has decided to study medicine. But we feel certain that he will have all his office hours in the afternoon. T. Crimmins Burke, the banana fiend, is going to raise his favorite fruit in Latin America, once he gets his degree. This, of course, is a certainty, as Tom is notoriously conditionless. As far as we are able to discover, Swede Anderson's only qualification for work is that of being best man at weddings. Of course, he might be able to consume the wedding cake, but that is a natural habit and not an acquired one. To be proverbial, however, he means well. Dear good friends, bethink you! One of our classmate's beloved has hied herself to a nunnery and on top of that July the first is fast approaching. Aye, our serene youngster from being a misogynist is even now a misanthrope. No need to mention names. There is only one Mississippi. Pray for him.
Lent with its multiplicity of sobering influences tended to center the interests of our class within the college campus. Considering the fact that "late sleeps" during Lent approach zero as a limit, many of us were relieved of our night permissions. Some who did get permission were not always successful in using it to advantage. How did it feel to be "campused," Oswald? Novel? Oh, yes, but so enervating! Even Jim McCann managed to absorb some of "the sweet spirit of Spring." Basil? Yes, even sedate old Mac fell a prey to the alluring—music of the party.

Just before we all dashed home for a hurried Easter vacation, our thoughts were prevented from rambling along the idealistics paths of the future by one of those well-timed and famous finals in Physics. Riley repeatedly asserted that he knew nothing at all about mirrors; however, there is room for doubt there. Claude claims that he "pulled a bone" in that examination. That probably means ninety-five instead of the coveted one hundred! As Burtle would say "but not vice-versa." We had better not say any more about this examination for we have not yet ascertained our marks.

With the cessation of inclement weather, inter-class baseball started with a rush. Lyman, the "Smoky City" twirler, fairly dazzled the Seniors with his speedy delivery. Luckily "Pop" managed to stop betting on "Bleedy Nose" long enough to come out and help his class win the league. "Gus" Bourneuf gave us astounding proof that golf is not the only game in which he displays proficiency. Though "Pop's" fast pitching caused "Gus'" hand to assume unnatural proportions, nevertheless "Gussie" stood by the ship. Of course, we won the game, even though Norman was a bit worried at the start. After having played in the big leagues it must be rather hard to view a game less seriously.

Two of our friends from the Middle West have been absent for several weeks. Dwyer anticipated the Easter recess by leaving for home to undergo an operation. The operation was a minor one, though convalescence was slow. By an untimely trick of fate "Bill" Donovan broke his ankle during the holidays. That means no golf "Bill" for some time to come. But most emphatically no golf among the hills and ravines of the Columbia Club.

Access to outdoor life has its effects on everybody. Dunn and "Joe" have begun the fad of wearing canes about the campus. No doubt this
is the result of army life, for officers do find it hard to go about with idle hands. Dezell has developed a tan of Moorish hue. From F street? Oh, no, from canoeing. Manager “Derry” of the Varsity nine, though he accompanied the team on its victorious trip to the South, cannot boast of a similar complexion.

“Red” McDonough, handicapped as he was by an unfortunate accident of one of his team mates, ran a very fast quarter in the relay race for the South Atlantic honors at Franklin Field in Philadelphia. You certainly put up a spirited fight to regain the distance lost. Even “Bud” will vouch for that. “Natz” and “Tom” Dean were seen on the track but a few weeks ago; better look out “Red”—competition. By a rather impromptu election which was shorn of all formality McQuade was elected captain of our class nine. “Mac” covers second, and though the play may not come his way, nevertheless, you know that he’s on the field. “Talk it up, boys,” that’s what instils the friendly rivalry so essential to a game.

Sophomore Notes

Wilfrid E. Colvin, ’21.

“No news or what killed the dog,” is about the best heading we can think of to fill up our required space.

Since the holiday is still prevalent in the minds of most of us it might be well to say something about that topic, although the delicate matter of vacation is quite too far above the level of this “humdrum” life to contaminate these pages with Utopian splendors. Be it said, however, that a great calamity, second only to prohibition, befell the liquor trusts. McElhenny was sick a greater part of the period. It should end with a period here but let us benignly add that he luckily stumbled over a new form of tonsilitis, the symptoms being a sore throat. The disease has become contagious. “Fuzzy” Dwyer hasn’t recovered yet from taking the “bumps” of the Big Village. It’s “Remember—Hayward” now in the “bovine league” and the vicissitudes and charms of Churchill’s are weighing upon “Fuzzy’s” conscience.

“Apparel oft proclaims the man,” as the hallowed Elizabethan playwright once said. But we retaliate in the present instance that “exceptions prove the rule,” when we refer to the fancy togs the Freshman Treasury threw away on its ball team. Pretty classy stuff, but it takes the “Muggins’ Alley” Sophs (or “gas lot”) to show the rest of the league how to play ball. On the subject of the “pill” let it be remarked that the
Duke of Cornwall’s team is playing “varsity” ball. Leading the league at the present moment by two games is pretty good in this league. Bennis, Butruyn, Coughlin, Regan, Sisk, Smith and Walsh have been doing grandstand plays.

Around the track Soph representatives have been jogging for the Hopkins meet. Enumeration follows. Manager Smith has been “working” hard and is a “little” worse for his Quaker City trip. He tripped all right. True to his love for Greek, Smith would stop at none than the “Adelphi” Hotel. By the way, let everyone know that a majority of Sophs were responsible for putting the track in shape.

We would speak of the distasteful were we to question why our representative to the Penn meet was not given the reward of his hard work. However, if Carlin, McCahill and McElhenney put on the spikes, there certainly would be no uncertainty about the matter. We here take the liberty of mentioning the worthy coach of the team, Mr. Cox. Charlie has been trying to discover who the Soph was who pledged him for $5,000 worth of Victory Bonds at Keith’s last week. Charlie swears he will sell the unfortunate all of his S. A. T. C. paper.

Swerving to the court we find the class represented by the Butler brothers, Wimsatt and the Brooklyn “bums.” In this matter we find the Freshmen doing the British trait. Yet with all their flannels and form we are ready to give challenge with such amateur champion eligibles as Carlin, Etzel, McElhenny, Morris, Shattuck and last, but far from least, Joe Sisk, etc.

Mr. Wimsatt wishes it to be made known through these columns that he offers a Sophomore yachting party to the A.B. class in his launch provided the class furnish the “vittals” and drinks.

While the Senior Prom has become general comment we ourselves feel impelled to consider whether to hold to Wilson’s policy and declare 13 as lucky or to be refuted by the undecisiveness hinted at in the May. Even those of our members in sore straits have determined to don the “tux” and offer their services as waiters.

Whereas no one has yet investigated Walsh’s Aviation Fund, and although he has warned us that any hint as regards his incompetency of financial stability and integrity is a matter of “life’s blood ’ere morn,” yet we suspect——!

Welcome back to Bill McNamara as the erstwhile reporter’s hearty spirit was certainly missed. Harry Rowen breezed in on us one morn-
ing, having just returned from overseas' work in the Hospital Corps. Harry says Red Cross nurses never double-crossed him. Now that his brother is back, Paul is afraid to wear his whipcord.

B. S. Whispers: Butruym, Cardilla, Leonard and Wilson have been pledged to the Phi Beta Pai Fraternity of the Medical School while Begg, Hawkinson, Hacking, Klein and Tom O'Brien have chosen the "Better 'Ole," enlisting in the Phi Chi.

Our Own Theatrical Notes:

John Barrymore, when in his Sophomore year, "got the gate" for breaking a pitcher of water over a skip's head. For this "jest" John joined the ex-Collegiates. Strange to tell, quite a few 50c. tickets to "Our Little Brother" were purchased but a great many of the pastebords were picked up un torn. Truly Walker was "white" and a little "brud" to some of our friends. Some of our class fellows tried to get jobs as "extras" in Mantell's mob scenes but the gentleman refused, stating that Georgetown had broken up one of his shows in 1908 yelling madly about Virginia and that a certain John McQuade had "queered" the show last year.

The big debate of personal interest is soon coming off. The triumvirate, Grove, Klein and McElhenny, are certainly worthy of the honor of representing '21, and although it will be an "Irish" fight we hope a Sophomore will come out of the fray "crowned."

"Li'l heart breaker" De Witt, true to his military ambitions, put a "trifling sum" on "Dear Old General's" nose over at Bowie last meet, but evidently he didn't soar high enough, for "American Ace" came breezing in handily, and Paul's stakes were left at the post. Not content with this, the "amateur gentleman" wended his weary way to Havre de Grace, where there are fast horses, strong nectar and a third nomenclature pre-eminent. The man from the "Lone Star State" in the nick of time remembering the celestial aphorism of his native State, proceeded to wager on the lucky hunch. Placing his "mazuka" upon the steed "Starcraft," out of "Star Shoot," he felt jubilant but there were no "stars" in the bunch of nags and he felt quite "lone" after the race—so much so, that he would have liked to have "shot" "Star Shoot."

"I wish I were a youth again." Keep on wishing, Paul.

**Freshman Notes**

**JOSEPH F. LITTLE, '22.**

We wish to remind "Diogenes" that though a Freshman's knees may shake while competing in public elocution it seems to be an asset to
his oratorical abilities, while in the case of this embryo writer,—well, it is unjust to talk about one’s neighbors and furthermore he needs encouragement. Neither must we forget to bestow our hearty thanks and congratulations upon Messrs. Joseph McGowan and Joseph O’Connell. It is to the superb speaking qualities of these two gentlemen that we owe our more recent victory.

Three times have the Freshmen won in baseball. The team is rapidly becoming an object of fear to its opponents and a source of joy to every Freshman. Business High School, the Seniors and the Juniors all in turn realized the superior qualities of the representatives of ’22 and each bowed its head to the inevitable.

Freshmen, beware of outside allurements! Already the class is sorely puzzled over the actions of two of its members. Twice a week “Bill” and “Vic” set out on a mysterious pilgrimage to the shrine of some goddess. Whither? Alas! ’tis known to none, but nevertheless these innocent young men are unmindful of the counsels of Horace and the sentiments of Euripides and are swiftly being led astray by the wiles of this new divinity. ’Tis said that Simon the “Cave Man” has forsaken his primitive environments and under the tender guidance of a fair keeper was driven over the city in a modern automobile.

“Friends, go up higher” is a phrase in the students’ refectory. Ah, ’tis true; perfect in modesty as in all other qualities, the Freshmen daily humble themselves in a quiet, unobtrusive manner only to be exalted by their practice of this great virtue. It is sad to note that others of less favored orders misconstrue this practice and in their blindness and stupidity claim that ignoble greed and gluttony rather than humility influence the members of the Class of ’22. Oh, no, my friend, it is naught but the practice of this virtue, and we fervently pray that some day even you may acquire this great and noble practice.

Why do the Sophs always cheer the loudest when it is announced in the Refectory that all suspended students will receive night permission? We would also like to know why the boys walk through “Peacock Alley” on their way to the White House Lunch.

Daniel, like his ancient namesake, in the den of Nunnally’s with the fair-haired lioness, braves all the accompanying dangers and being fortified by “Quelque Fleures,” daily proves that he is home among the wild.

Now that the R. O. T. C. has been issued bayonets, Brennan finds the steak much more tender. We wish to extend our hearty congratulations to “Uncle” Ed McNulty; it will be named Edward. Was it really a mistake which caused Buckly to desert the boat and his comrades? Possibly during its voyage the vessel was outside the three-mile limit.
and hence the last amendment to the Constitution could be disregarded. Kunkel says statistics prove that tennis balls were forty per cent. cheaper in 1835 than at the present time. Too bad you did not invest then, Ray; your serve might not prove so costly now.

Joe McDonough has placed his entire knowledge of military tactics at the disposal of the League of Nations. While awaiting a reply, he will reside at the Old Soldiers' Home. It is odd that Mike Murphy is never suspended for studies or John O'Neill for demerits. Flaherty announces that at his request "Count" Antonio Di Zazzalli will remain neutral in the event of a war with Italy. "Lizzie" is also said to have added a tearful plea to Flaherty's supplication. Brennan and McLean are said to have "swapped" their R. O. T. C. uniforms with beneficial results to both.

The Class Circus: Ryan standing at attention, McDonough's gestures, Zazzali answering a question, Shanley's overcoat, Reilly doing the hundred-yard dash and Ferris' derby.

Can too much be said in praise of our highly-esteemed classmate, Robert Le Gendre? Surely not for the man who has brought so much credit to the Freshman class of Georgetown. As winner of the Pentathlon at Philadelphia he has won national fame, and though our poor and insignificant words cannot add in any measure to the rewards he has received, yet we wish to extend our sincerest thanks and congratulations to him who has placed Georgetown and her Class of Twenty-two before the eyes of the entire world.

An Old, Old Thought

Into the lands of anywhere,
Far from the earth below,
Forth will I and my spirit fare,
Dreamwards we will go.

Forget the world and everything,
While up and up we fly;
There to make myself a king,
And think of the bye and bye.

—O. D., '20.
'75. John D O'Hara was in town during the last week of March, playing with "The Eyes of Youth" company at the Belasco.

Ex-'77. J. Davis Broadhead, who was a student here in the early seventies, was one of the judges at the Hamilton debate. Judge Broadhead is an attorney for the Bureau of Alien Property Custodians.

Ex-'93. William P. Doran, who was honor man in mathematics in '91, spent an afternoon in April at the College renewing the memories of old times and friends. He is now located at 210 Hoyt St., Buffalo, N.Y.

'95. Major Daniel J. McCarthy, whose honors we have been pleased to chronicle heretofore, has been decorated by the Serbian government with the highest decoration at the bestowal of that government for medical services. Major McCarthy has been a member of the Red Cross Mission to Serbia since last summer. Prior to that time he was in the Red Cross service in Rumania where he did valuable work. At the time Rumania fell before the Prussian armies, he had considerable difficulty in getting out of that country.

'99. We reproduce in this column the citation of Colonel E. C. Baker, the son of the late Dr. Frank Baker, professor of anatomy for so many years at the Georgetown Medical School.

"Colonel E. C. Baker. As commanding officer of Evacuation Hospital No. 6 at Chateau Thierry from June to August, 1918, Colonel Baker
so promptly arranged his hospital under most difficult conditions, and, with great resourcefulness and good judgment, made such use of the inadequate means at his disposal that he was able to receive and evacuate after splendid treatment and in perfect order a large number of wounded from the Marne offensive at a time when that section of France was greatly demoralized."

'98. After his efficient services as Director of the Draft in the state of New York, Martin Conboy has been appointed one of a committee of three to review court martial proceedings during the war.

'05. William H. Graham, Jr., S.J., who was prominent in athletics while at Georgetown and was captain of the crew the year they finished second at Poughkeepsie, will be ordained to the priesthood in June at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

'03. We have the following details of the life of Howard D. Pritchard who died of influenza and pneumonia on November 18, 1918. He was born in Lisbon, Ohio, September 26, 1875. From the High Schools of his native town he went to Wooster and Ohio State Universities. In 1903 he graduated from the Georgetown Law School. After practicing at Lisbon for one year he went to Cleveland as assistant manager and attorney for the American Surety Company in which position he remained until 1907 when he became president of the Coughlin, Pritchard Company, agents for the American Surety Company. He was president of the Casualty Underwriters' Association in Cleveland from 1915 to 1917. He is survived by his wife and one daughter to whom the Journal expresses its deepest sympathy.

'06. Dr. John A. Foote, who was an associate editor of the Journal in his college days, contributed a highly interesting article to the January number of The National Geographic Magazine for 1919. The title of the contribution was "Medicine Fakes and Fakers of All Ages. Strange Stories of Nostrums and Kingly Quacks in Every Era and Clime." We congratulate Dr. Foote upon this treatise and hope to see more of the fruit of his pen in the future.

'08. Mr. George H. Mullins and Miss Catherine Ledwich were married at St. Paul's Cathedral, Yakima, Washington, on April 13, 1919. The Editor offers congratulations and best wishes to the bride and groom.

'12. Frank Ryan writes on April 9, 1919, that "the news of John Crosby's latest success will be interesting to the Journal readers. At a banquet on St. Patrick's day in Pittston, Pa., he delivered an address which proved a positive sensation. On a recent visit to that place I heard nothing but glowing accounts of his accomplishment. All I met there were enthusiastic in their praise of him, apparently glad to meet someone who had known him personally and anxious to speak of the
great impression he had made and to learn more of his past record and achievements. It is safe to suggest, for they are quick to tell you in Pennsylvania, that no one has ever scored so pronounced a success in that part of the country. He had distinguished company, for Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, was another speaker. He spent most of his time paying tribute to the eloquence of Crosby and complaining that it was futile to bring him such a distance to attempt to contribute to the success of the affair, already assured by the incomparable efforts of Mr. Crosby."

'12. Arthur M. Zinkham has returned with a wound stripe. He is stationed at Fort Washington.

'14. Bill Martens came back to Georgetown a week after he had been discharged from the army. Bill was through all the battles with the 27th division in France and Flanders and was untouched.

Ex-'14. On his way South, Louis Sill spent several days at the College. Louis has just recovered from a dangerous attack of pneumonia and has been discharged from the army.

'14. "Nine Point Harry" Costello, Georgetown's premier football "ace," has again been honored by a foreign government. This time, with a number of other American officers, he has been decorated by the Russian government for gallantry in action. Costello is a captain in the 339th Infantry, "Detroit's Own," on the Archangel front. Twice before he has been decorated by other governments. Both France and England have honored him with medals for bravery.

Captain Costello, whose home is in Meridien, Conn., was graduated from Georgetown University in 1914, after four of the greatest seasons a Blue and Gray gridiron star ever had. He was known as one of the greatest football players in the country and was picked by Walter Camp as quarterback on the all-American team. For three years, by his individual play and wonderful kicking, he defeated the University of Virginia practically single-handed, for the South Atlantic title.

'15. Dr. J. Chester Brady has been honorably discharged from the army and has resumed his practice at 28 New York Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

'15. After spending a year and a half in France with the army, J. Elliot Wright has entered the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown.

'15. Lieut. John J. O'Day is field secretary and managing director of War Savings for Hudson County, N. J., with headquarters at the Fuller Building, 1 Montgomery St., Jersey City.

'15. Michael Donohue has accepted a post in the American Embassy at Rome. He sailed early in April and by this time has arrived in Italy.
Michael was in the army for many months, first in New York and at the
signing of the armistice he was at the Officers Training School for Field
Artillery at Camp Taylor, Ky.
15. William P. Herbst has been recalled from sea duty and stationed
at the Great Lakes Training Station.
15. Ensign John B. McGuire, after serving some months as an in-
structor in Naval Aviation at Pensacola, is with Wm. R. Grace Co., New
York City.
15. Chester Von Kamp visited the College on Palm Sunday. He
had just been discharged from the hospital and was under orders to
report to the new U. S. S. Hovan.
Ex-15. William K. Glennan graduated from the Officers' Material
School at Hampton Roads, Va., on April 16, 1919.
16. Leo Klauberg writes that he was in Paris on leave and also saw
Chateau Thierry and Rheims.
16. The JOURNAL extends sincere sympathy to D. Loughran Daly,
whose mother died recently.
17. Jack Breslin is at present a member of the Military Police at
Brest, France.
17. Rufus Lusk has returned to America and has accepted a position
with National Thrift Board Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York City.
17. James Rea has resigned from his position at the American Con-
sulate in Tampico, Mexico. While in Mexico he met Harry Weems, Ex-04,
who is protecting his property from the bandits.
17. Bill Feeney is managing an oil plant for his father in Blacks-
boro, Texas.
17. Tom Prendergast has returned from France and is in a hospital
in New York, recovering from the effects of a recent illness. Tom wrote
that he met Hugh Doherty on board the boat, the “Santa Teresa,” in fact
found him serving Mass one morning.
18. Curtis Breaux has resigned from the consulate at Naples. On
his way to America he met John Cunningham, who at that time was tour-
ing Italy.
18. The first note of importance among the Eighteeners is the mar-
riage of Bill Barry. The time, the place and the girl? April 21, 1919.
Washington. Miss Grace Emily Hewitt. Miss Hewitt is the daughter
of Mr. Frederick Hewitt of the National War Labor Board. John
Keenan, of Peabody, Mass., was best man. Among the ushers were Bob
Mooney, William Argy and Edward Rourke. Mr. and Mrs. Barry will
reside in Peabody, Mass. The JOURNAL sends its warmest congratulations
to Mr. and Mrs. Barry and hopes that their future will be bright
with much happiness.
Ex-'18. Congratulations are in order on the marriage of Jerome F. Sullivan and Maria Regina Haslan in the Cathedral at Savannah, Ga., on April 22, 1919.

Ex-'18. Warwick Montgomery writes on March 27, 1919:
“A few days ago at breakfast, a big fellow sitting opposite me, stared hard at me for a few minutes and then said: ‘Are you young O’Brien from Baltimore?’ I told him that I was not but that I often went with Van while at G. U. Then he asked me if I knew him, but I could not place him. He turned out to be Ed Ward, the former famous football player. We talked about old times over a tin cup of ‘frog’ coffee and a Chesterfield cigarette. He had lost two brothers in France. He said he had played football against Frank Green and four other G. U. men who were playing on Frank’s divisional team, and that there was a G. U. man on every divisional football team in France.”

Warwick is studying at the Toulouse University and seeing France in his free time. He has sent us views of Biarritz, Pau, Narbonne, Bayonne and Benoite Vaux.

Ex-'20. Joe Cissel has landed from abroad and has been back to visit the College.

It is a great pleasure to reprint the following citation of Dr. Wilmer, the professor of Ophthalmology in the Medical School.

“For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. As surgeon in charge of medical research laboratories, air service, American Expeditionary Forces, since September, 1918, he has rendered most distinguished service. His thorough knowledge of the psychology of flying officers and the expert tests applied efficiently and intelligently under his direction have done much to decrease the number of accidents at the flying schools in France and have established standards and furnished indications which will be of inestimable value in all future work to determine the qualifications of pilots and observers. The data collected by him are an evidence of his ability, his painstaking care, and of his thorough qualifications for the important work intrusted to him. The new methods, instruments, and appliances devised under his direction for testing candidates for pilots and observers have attracted the attention and been the subject of enthusiastic comment by officers of the allied services and will be of great importance in promoting the safety and more rapid development of aerial navigation.”
Commencement Week, June 13 to 17, 1919.

The reunion of Georgetown War Veterans will be the feature of the week.

June 13, Friday, 5 P. M.—Junior and Senior Exercises in Gaston Hall and in the Quad. Address by George E. Hamilton, A.B., '72; LL.B., '74; A.M., '82; LL.D., '89; Dean of the Georgetown University Law School. 8.15 P. M.—Class Day Exercises in Quad.

June 14, Saturday, 2 P. M.—Senior Games on Campus. 8 P. M.—Smoker and Alumni Meeting.

June 15, Sunday, 10.30 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Eugene De L. McDonnell, S.J., A.B., '85. 7 P. M.—Reception to Senior Class in Library. 8.15 P. M.—Open-air concert in Quad.


June 17, Tuesday, 4.30 P. M.—Commencement Exercises on Campus. Address by Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney General of the United States.

June 18, Wednesday.—Court Martial Proceedings against all Georgetown Veterans who failed to answer the Roll Call. All are hereby called to the colors. Don't wait for invitations as yours may go astray. Remember that many addresses were changed during the war.
SHARE IN THE VICTORY
SAVE FOR YOUR COUNTRY [WSS] SAVE FOR YOURSELF
BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Robert Le Gendre and the American Pentathlon

Robert Le Gendre, our Freshman athlete, is the sensation of the college world. He is the American Pentathlon champion. His name takes rank with those of J. Howard Berry, three-time winner of the event, and John Bartels of Penn, champion of last year who bowed to the prowess of Le Gendre.

If ever an athlete deserved the unanimous congratulation of Georgetown’s students, alumni and friends, surely that one is Bob Le Gendre. Having trained with persistence and diligence since the middle of February, Bob was ready—though no one of us dreamed it would come to pass—to give a remarkable account of himself to the athletic world by carrying off first honors in the Pentathlon, the feature attraction of the 28th annual relay carnival of the University of Pennsylvania on April 25, 1919.

Bob arrived at Franklin Field almost unknown to the crowd, and unheralded and unannounced. He had no more than a splendid high school record. He was as one Philadelphia paper put it "a 100 to 1 shot." Another sports writer said, "Against the cream of all-around athletes from every college of note from Dartmouth to Missouri, Le Gendre quickly established supremacy, despite the fact that no less than three Pentathlon records were broken that afternoon."

"The field was in no condition," said the Washington Times, "to stage a meet. A driving wind blew a flurry of sand and dust throughout the afternoon over the numbed athletes. Overhead hung a foggy, watery sky and to the misery of the fog was added a smoky mist, while frequent flurries of snow kept the gladiators shivering. It was nearly dark when
Charlie Cox gathered his 180-pound, six-foot-two freshman in after winning the big event of the day.

The fact that Bob competed against a fast field with such men as Bartels of Penn, Butler of Dubuque, Lewis of Missouri, Thompson of Dartmouth, Gilfillan of Notre Dame, adds all the more to his glory. Bob amassed a total of 14 points, winning first place in the 200-meter run, second in the broad jump, discus and 1,500-meter run and seventh in the javelin throw. His nearest rivals were Bartels with 20 points, and Lewis with 21 points. In the broad jump Le Gendre leaped 20 feet 11 3-4 inches, two feet less than Butler, the giant athlete from Dubuque who broke the Pentathlon record with a jump of 22 feet 2 1-2 inches. In the final event, the 1,500-meter run, Bob fought all the way only to be nosed out at the tape by Jordan of Dartmouth. The feature of Le Gendre's triumph was the 200-meter run in which he did the quick time of 22 and 3-5 seconds, only 1-5 of a second behind Berry's 1917 performance.

There is hardly reason for the Journal to say more about Le Gendre for all the sporting sheets of the country were ablaze with his name. He has brought fame to Georgetown and Georgetown thanks him. Yet we feel that every alumnus and friend of the Blue and Grey should know of this latest laurel brought back to the College on the banks of the Potomac. When Bob came back and made his first appearance in the Ryan dining hall a ringing and prolonged "Hoya" greeted him and cries for speech were only hushed when he arose and said "Georgetown is my college. All that I captured yesterday is due to Georgetown."

Relay Team

The day following Le Gendre's great victory, Georgetown sent her relay team to Philadelphia to compete in the South Atlantic title event. Fate played an important part in the Blue and Gray defeat, when McCann, the lead off man, dropped his baton on the breakaway and before he could recover it, the Hopkins and Catholic University runners were twenty-five yards in the lead. The Blue and Gray starter made a gallant effort to make up the distance, but only succeeded in winning back half the distance. McDonough, running second, ran a good race, but was only able to pick up a few yards. Le Gendre brought the crowd to its feet when he put all his speed into play to head off Van Ness, of Hopkins, and all but realized his ambition. McNamara was unable to gain on Smith, Hopkins' star anchor man, and lost out by a few yards.
Sad and true it is that Georgetown lost the annual South Atlantic relay to Johns Hopkins at Philadelphia, but the Blue and Gray avenged this defeat when they overwhelmed the entire Hopkins track team with an avalanche of 62½ to 36½ points in a dual meet on varsity field Saturday afternoon, May 3. A large crowd packed the stands, all anxious to see Bob Le Gendre, the Hilltoppers' Pentathlon hero, in action, nor was the crowd disappointed, for Bob started right off, winning the first event. Bob Le Gendre was easily the individual star of the meet, and his all-around athletic ability, practically won the laurels for the Blue and Gray. The giant Hilltopper captured first in the 100 and 220 yard dash, the broad jump, the javelin throw and tied for first place in the high jump. Georgetown's black horse was Coughlin, who, although he had been in training but one week, won second place in the javelin throw and discus. Weller also gave a good account of himself, getting third in the broad jump and tied for second in the high jump. McCann, McNamara, McDonough, Sweeney and Griffith deserve honorable mention for their splendid work of the afternoon. The summary follows:

100-yard dash—Won by Le Gendre (G. U.); second, McCann (G. U.); third, Griffith (G. U.). Time, 10 1-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Le Gendre (G. U.); second, McCann (G. U.); third, McNamara (G. U.). Time, 23 seconds.

440-yard dash—Won by Smith (J. H.); second, McDonough (G. U.); third, McNamara (G. U.). Time, 52 seconds.

880-yard run—Won by Smith (J. H.); second, McDonough (G. U.); third, Bartells (J. H.). Time, 2 minutes, 5 seconds.

Mile run—Won by Graves (J. H.); second, Bartells (J. H.); third, Milliken (J. H.). Time, 4 minutes, 50 seconds.

Broad jump—Won by Le Gendre (G. U.); second, McDonough (G. U.); third, Weller (G. U.). Distance, 21 feet, 5 1-8 inches.

120-yard low hurdles—Won by McCann (G. U.); second, Le Gendre (G. U.); third, Wood (J. H.). Time, 15 4-5 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Leadbetter (J. H.); second, Le Gendre (G. U.); third, Sweeney (G. U.). Distance 38 feet, 2 7-8 inches.

Javelin throw—Won by Le Gendre (G. U.); second, Coughlin (G. U.); third, Leadbetter (J. H.). Distance, 122 feet, 7 inches.

Discus throw—Won by Leadbetter (J. H.); second, Coughlin (G. U.) Distance 123 feet.

High Jump—Le Gendre (G. U.) and Evan (J. H.) tied for first; Weller (G. U.) and Ward (J. H.) tied for third. Height, 5 feet, 2 inches.
GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Baseball

St. John's

The Blue and Gray was victorious over the St. John's College team by an overwhelming score of 17 to 4. St. John's used three pitchers but none of them were effective, the Georgetown batters pounding them at will. On the other hand, the Cadets were unable to touch the offerings of Zazzali and Hyman, who pitched superb ball. Frees and Dudack were the individual stars of the game, the former getting three hits and the latter two.

ST. JOHN'S

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Totals........................................ 36

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Totals........................................ 36

Run totals: St. John's .......... 1 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4
Georgetown ................. 0 6 0 2 1 2 2 4 x—17

Runs—Semler, Welscher, Horine (2), Dolan, Caffrey, Fees (3), Dudack, Sullivan, Flavin, McMahon, Lonschak (3), Kenyon, Buckley, Zazzali, Walsh (2). Errors—Semler, Fitzgerald, Trovinger (2), Everett, Brown, Smith, Fees (2), Kenyon. First base on errors—St. John's, 2; Georgetown, 4. Left on bases—St. John's 7; Georgetown, 5. First base on balls—Off Custis, 2; off Smith, 2; off Zazzali, 1; off Hyman, 1. Innings pitched—By Custis, 1 2-3; by Smith, 4 1-3; by Roberts, 2; by Zazzali, 4 1-3; by Hyman, 4 1-3. Hits—Off Custis, 2; off Smith, 7; off Roberts, 2; off Zazzali, 3; off Hyman, 4; Struck out—By Custis, 1; by Smith, 3; by Roberts, 2; by Zazzali, 3; by Hyman, 9. Three-base hit—Dudack. Two-base hits—Sullivan, Fees, Hyman, Zazzali. Sacrifice hits—Fees, Donnellan, Zazzali. Stolen bases—Semler, Trovinger, Batty (2), Caffrey, Fees (4). Double play—Sullivan, Kenyon, Walsh, Lynch. Wild pitches—Custis, 1; Smith, 2. Passed balls—Smith, 1; Roberts, 2. Umpire—Mr. Betts.
The Georgetown baseball fans were given a real treat when the Varsity and Delaware College met on the diamond, the Blue and Gray winning by a 10 to 0 count. Hyman pitched superb ball, allowing but four scattered hits throughout the entire nine innings. On the other hand the Hilltoppers pounded the three opposing twirlers for 11 safe hits, Fees and Kenyon each getting two safe blows in four trips to the bat.

Georgetown began to set the game on her victory shelf in the first inning, when Fees hit to center, Dudack walked, Sullivan made a timely single driving Fees in and Sullivan cleaned up the sacks with a three-base hit. In the seventh inning alone Georgetown got five hits and netted as many runs.

The score.

<table>
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Georgetown Delaware

Runs—Donlan, Fees (3), Sullivan (2), Flavin (2), Kenyon, Buckley. Errors—Person (2), Wilson, B. Carter, Rich, McCartle, Dolan, Flavin. First base on errors—Delaware, 2; Georgetown, 4. Left on bases—Delaware, 5; Georgetown, 5. First base on balls—Off Work, 3; off McKenney, 1. Innings pitched—By Work, 4; by McKenney, 3; by Rothrock, 1. Hits made—Off Work, 4; McKenney, 7. Struck out—By Work, 4; by McKenney, 2; by Rothrock, 1; by Hyman, 12. Three base hits—Hyman, Sullivan. Two base hits—B. Carter, Donnellan. Stolen bases—Donlan, 2; Fees, 4; Flavin, Walsh. Umpire—Mr. Betts. Time of game—2 hours and 15 minutes.
Virginia Military Institute

Georgetown started its annual southern trip with a victory over Virginia Military Institute by a score of 9 to 2. The Southerners were unable to hit Hyman’s curves, getting but five hits from his delivery throughout the entire nine innings and seventeen being retired by strikeouts. The Blue and Gray drew first blood, driving three runs over the plate in the fourth inning through timely hits by Hyman, Dolan, Fees and Dudack. In the seventh, eighth and ninth innings the Hilltoppers made victory certain, collecting a brace of runs in each of these innings.

The score:

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<td>3 0 10 0</td>
<td>4 3 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan, cf</td>
<td>Walsh, 1b</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 2 2 0</td>
<td>4 0 3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingram, ss</td>
<td>Hyman, p</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 1 1 2</td>
<td>4 3 1 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals: 33 5 27 14

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V. M. I.</th>
<th>Georgetown</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0 0 1 0 0 0</td>
<td>1 0 0 2 2 2 9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Virginia Polytechnical Institute

Georgetown continued its winning streak by defeating the strong Virginia Polytech nine on the latter’s field by an overwhelming score of 15 to 4. Gene Finnegan, who has just returned from France, held the box for us. Gene’s pitching was of a high calibre and he not only struck out eleven Tech men but also got two pretty hits at opportune stages of the fray. The Virginia team gave a poor exhibition of fielding and hitting while the Hilltoppers drove the ball to all parts of the diamond for fifteen safe hits. Dudack made a sensational circuit drive with two
men on the bases, while his teammates, Kenyon and Walsh, both hit well, the former getting two doubles and a single and the latter contented himself with a triple and a pair of singles. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>R.</th>
<th>H.</th>
<th>E.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. P. I.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Batteries—Finnegan and Kenyon; Matthews, Merrick, Willey and Stump. Umpire—Miles (Tech).

In their second encounter, the Virginia boys were anxious to avenge the defeat of the previous day, but the best they could do was to hold Georgetown to a 5 to 3 score. The Tech players put up a game fight to carry off the honors, but after nine innings of the liveliest baseball were forced to succumb to Coach O'Reilly's proteges. Georgetown scored twice in the second inning when Hyman drove a sharp single to right, Sullivan doubled, scoring Hyman and Walsh's timely double sent Sullivan home. A triple by Fees and a single by Kenyon drove another run across the plate for the Hilltoppers. The Blue and Gray settled all disputes for supremacy when in the seventh singles by Hyman, Donnellan and Flavin sent over the winning tallies. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AB</td>
<td>H</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitmore</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooks</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wharton</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapman</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clay</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marye</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kibler</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stump</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>V. P. I.</th>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AB</td>
<td>H</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Richmond College

Georgetown finished its southern trip in a blaze of glory, winning from Richmond College by a 9 to 0 count. Zazzali, who pitched for us, allowed but two safe blows. The Virginians fielded raggedly, piling up eight errors. Kenyon and Walsh played well, the former driving the ball over the left field fence for a home run and the latter getting a single and a double. Georgetown scored in every inning but the third and fifth. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
<th>RICHMOND</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>AB</strong></td>
<td><strong>H</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolan ...</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fees ...</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dudack ...</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon ...</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lonchak ...</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan ...</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flavin ...</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donnellan ...</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walsh ...</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zazalli ...</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals ...</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fordham

Revenge is sweet indeed! Visions of last fall must have come to many as we watched with pleasure the downfall of our old rival. Although the weather was cold, the Blue and Gray was well supported with ardent rooters anxious to see the reputed Fordhamites in action. A strong northwest wind was blowing, which annoyed the outfielders of both teams. Without a doubt it was the cleanest and fastest game played this season, and after nine innings of superb baseball the Gotham lads were forced to succumb to the Varsity. The New Yorkers came to Georgetown with a great reputation, having the previous day defeated the Baltimore Internationals by a 9 to 7 score, and the Hilltoppers' prospects of victory were none too bright. Fordham started off strong, scoring in the first inning, when Keough walked, was sacrificed to second, and scored on Halloran's sharp single to right. Georgetown came right back, driving a run across the plate in the second frame, when Finnegan walked, was sacrificed to second by Sullivan and scored on Flavin's hit. The Blue and Gray tallied again in the third, fifth, sixth and seventh innings respectively. The fielding of the home team was of big league
calibre, while their hitting was excellent, collecting eleven safe hits from the opposing pitcher. Bill Dudack was the individual star of the team, getting a triple, a double and two singles in four trips to the bat, as well as scoring three runs. Walsh also played well, getting two singles. Gene Finnegan’s pitching was the feature of the game, allowing but five scattered hits. The score:

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GEORGETOWN</th>
<th>FORDHAM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>AB</strong></td>
<td><strong>H</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolan, 2b</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fees, ss</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dudack, cf</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon, c</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finnegan, p</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sullivan, rf</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flavin, 3b</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donnellan, lf</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walsh, 1b</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweetland, c</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


**Naval Transport**

On Saturday, April 6, the Varsity journeyed to Newport News, Va., to play the Naval Transport team and won its eighth straight victory by a 9 to 0 score. In the ninth inning alone the Blue and Gray scored six runs on hits by Fees, Dudack, Hyman and Flavin while Walsh cleared the bases with a sensational triple. Hyman pitched a wonderful game, allowing but one hit and striking out fifteen Transport players. Dudack, as usual, had a big day at the bat, getting three hits in as many times up. The score:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Georgetown</th>
<th>Naval Trans.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Runs—Dudack (3), Hyman and Lonchak; Underhill and Bradbury.
Following the Hopkins track meet, the varsity baseball team played the North Carolina State nine, and won in a closely contested game by a 5 to 4 count. Georgetown scored two runs in the first inning on two North Carolina errors, and by hits by Fees and Sullivan North Carolina came back in the fourth and scored three runs. The Blue and Gray scored again in the fifth, surging ahead in the eighth, when Donellan drove Flavin across the plate with a sharp single to left. The opposing club tied the score in the ninth, making it 4 in all. In the latter part of the ninth Jimmie Sullivan hit safely, was advanced to third and scored when Murray, the opposing pitcher, balked. The score:

**GEORGETOWN**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>AB</th>
<th>H</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dolan, 2b</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fees, ss</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dudaek, cf</td>
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<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenyon, c</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyman, p</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sullivan, rf</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flavin, 3b</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donnellan, 1f</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walsh, 1b</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong></td>
<td><strong>30</strong></td>
<td><strong>5</strong></td>
<td><strong>27</strong></td>
<td><strong>11</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**North Carolina State**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>AB</th>
<th>H</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>A</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hudson, lf</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norwood, cf</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Johnson, 3b</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Johnson, rf</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burns, 1b</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Murray, p</td>
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<td>2</td>
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</tr>
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<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sipe, ss</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong></td>
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<td><strong>27</strong></td>
<td><strong>11</strong></td>
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