

# The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 36

Winter Number, 1919

Number 2

## The Sea-shell's Message

Who sent thee here, my pretty shell,  
Afar from the glistening sand,  
What message dost thou bring to me  
From the ocean's wind swept strand?

And tell me, art thou murmuring,  
Or is it the wild sea's roar—  
Perchance 'tis the sighing of thy heart,  
To behold the sea once more?

My message's from thy dearest friend,  
From his brine-kissed, seaside home—  
"May your joys be as vast as the ocean,  
And your cares as light as its foam."

Though I long for the billowy ocean,  
And pine for the white sea sand—  
I am happier as Friendship's messenger,  
Than I was on the ocean strand.

J. A. W.

## Joan of Arc

R. L. R.

IN defining America's intentions relative to the European war, President Wilson made it clear that all real Americans "desire peace by the overcoming of evil, by the defeat once for all of the sinister forces that interrupt peace and render it impossible." When the peace of the world was shattered by lawless autocracy, the American people did not cease in their desire to regain peace by the annihilation of those powers that rendered it impossible, but they earnestly took up arms and did not sheath the sword until they had these desecrators of the rights of humanity begging for mercy. America has always defended right, and when the occasion presented itself her ideals withstood the acid test of trial. Quickly she rallied her sons around her and placed the sword of justice in their eager hands, and bade them bare their breast to the enemy's fire in order that they might strike forever from the feet of all nations the fetters that centuries of covetous greed had forged. The story of how America rushed to the rescue of the Allied powers and saved the world from the sway of the sword needs no retelling. But, let us take a retrospective glance and see what one certain individual did in defense of those same great ideals for which Belgium and France have sacrificed and died. And when there was danger of their succumbing to the enemy, America aroused herself, stood erect and in the majesty of her might and strength, and in the name of humanity hurled the gauge of battle into the face of this proud and haughty enemy that was drunk with military power and mad with the lust of conquest. The brain and brawn of America's young manhood stayed the arm of the German war lord and saved the world from the rule of might. But what America has done for the preservation of the modern age from the contamination of the sword was done for the mediaeval age by the peasant girl of Domremy, Joan of Arc.

Joan of Arc was the first great warrior for the freedom of nations. Previous to her all great warriors were conquerors. Alexander, Caesar and William the Conqueror were the avowed champions of conquest and gain, whose sole aims were the fettering of weaker powers and the exaction of tribute linked with their own thirst for military fame. Their banners were never unfurled in the cause of freedom, love for right nor for that greatest of national ideals, democracy. But it was a woman, a mere child,



who first directed the forces of her country against an unjust aggressor, and who first struck the shackles of subjection from the feet of a less powerful nation. It was a woman who first undertook a war for humanity. Joan of Arc in the vastness of her natural reasoning was firmly convinced that "Providence never sent a few men into this world ready booted and spurred to ride, and a million others ready saddled and bridled to be ridden." Yet in direct opposition to Providence her country was saddled and upon her back with boots of injustice and spurs of oppression sat the conqueror. She felt the anguish, pain and degradation to which her beloved country was being subjected. She heard her country crying out in the throes of subjection, "Give me liberty, or give me death." With fast beating heart she bent her head to listen and through the trees came the wafted voice of the messenger of God, commanding, "Go on, daughter, go on."

Would she give that country liberty or would she give it death? There could be no doubt as to her choice. It was the voice of God that called. Quickly she arose, put on the fearful habiliments of war and set out on her mission of humanity. The remaining days of her short life were devoted to the mighty task of mastering might by right.

For this sacrifice of her life she has won the applause of admiring men, one of whom says: "The character of Joan of Arc is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension of the result. Judged by any of them, judged by all of them, it is flawless, it is still ideally perfect, it still occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment." Greater praise than this cannot be given even to the most pampered darlings of history.

Who was Joan of Arc and what did she do? She was a simple shepherd girl, a child, unlettered, ignorant of the arts of war, unknown and without influence, and yet she saved France from degradation, shame and subjection. She declared that she knew not A from B and yet she persuaded the authorities of the state to intrust her with the control of the army. She was commander-in-chief of an army and only seventeen years old. She made an army of desperate and impious men religious, and unfolded to their minds lofty ideals. She gave courage to cowards and turned robbers into fervent patriots and honest men. She unified the discouraged and scattered remnant of an army that knew nothing but defeat and she solved most intricate problems of military stratagem. She met the rain of arrows and bullets as if they were but a mockery and animated her soldiers so that one fought with the strength of ten. She spoke and acted like a general and did the work that would have exhausted strong men. She drove the enemy from besieged cities and in a few weeks turned the tide of a war that military geniuses had failed to master during the course of a hundred years. Uncounseled she faced



the most learned doctors of the universities; defied a court room full of judges and suffered martyrdom "for tenets she would not forsake,"—in short, she acted as the need of the hour demanded and all this when she was but seventeen years of age.

Is it possible that the dauntless courage of a shepherdess should strike panic into armies? Can the faith of a maid break the iron-bound will of grim visaged war? Can the tide of human events be turned by a little girl? Can the fate of civilization depend upon the generalship of a maid? Can the natural reasoning of a child confound the subtle logic of university doctors? The most authentic facts of history verify affirmative answers to these questions.

But the most wonderful act of all is that she accomplished these things in the face of direct opposition and cruel persecution and even when France was most degraded. Centered around the weak-minded king were counselors who were sworn enemies to Joan and her holy cause. They labored incessantly for her destruction. From the moment she first sought audience with the king until they had her tied to the stake, these unsympathetic men were unceasing in their desire to thwart her plans and to persecute her. Besides being handicapped by these enemies of her own household Joan was hindered from the speedy accomplishment of her mission by the existing political conditions of the country. France was in a miserable state of turmoil and disorder. The realm was torn by furious factions of Burgundians and Amagnacs and gradually became involved in a civil war. The English became mercenaries of the Burgundians, and in expectation of the French throne, they sent large numbers of soldiers into France. The kingly power was being bartered by the queen Isabella. The army consisted of but a scattered remnant of the nation's forces and the entire country was devastated by guerilla warfare. But panoplied as it was in rusty armor and dull swords Joan rallied the army around her and led them forth to meet the English. Her very presence and the waving of her banner inspired courage and hope into the hearts of the despairing French and fear into the hearts of the proud English. Town after town which the enemy had seized fell, and with the raising of the siege of Orleans the zenith of Joan's military triumph was reached. The strength of the English power in France was fast dying, never more to revive.

Half of Joan's mission was now accomplished but there still remained the crowning of the young Dauphin, the rightful king of France. The coronation took place soon afterwards in the Cathedral of Rheims. Joan, who believed her mission now fulfilled, desired to return home. But the king detained her. The English were not yet driven from France, so when Compeigne was in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy, Joan again took up arms to fight for France. During a sortie, whether



through design or panic, the gates of the garrison were closed. Joan and a few of her soldiers were left in the open field and fell captives to a troop of Burgundians. She was sold to her arch-enemies, the English, for the vast sum of \$110,000. The English were willing to pay such an enormous price for so deadly an enemy.

Here her martyrdom began and it did not end until its consummation at the stake, eight months later. The ascent to her Calvary was preceded by her trial, "the most tragic mockery of justice ever recorded in history." The infamous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, corrupted by English money, dared to assert that as "the witch" had been captured in his diocese she must be tried before him.

Accordingly the trial commenced in all judicial pomp, but it was not to judge this lovely lily, but by a preconcerted plan to pronounce sentence of death upon her. She was condemned even before she was captured because in reply to one of her official letters the English had said: "If we catch you we will burn you." But the court dare not condemn her without some pretext. The charges brought against her were heresy, witchcraft and the wearing of men's apparel. There was positively no grounds for the first two charges and the nature of her mission warranted the wearing of the male garb. Her judges numbered sixty of the most learned men of the Universities; they "were men on whom Cauchon could rely." In the pride of their intellect they reasoned that by their subtle questionings they would entrap her in a contradiction or they would force her to make some foolish answer. Joan was but the unlettered shepherdess, whilst they were the savants of the age. Yet, without counsel, she easily parried their attacks six hours each day for months and in the end they were forced to acknowledge that she had baffled them. A historian records her trial thus: "When one inquisitor became worn out in the strain of trying to entrap her, another would take his place. They had her mind continually on the torture rack, and in striving to break it were themselves broken."

Her martyrdom was by no means limited to the court room, for whilst she was imprisoned, she suffered most excruciating agonies. She was chained to a pillar and confined in an iron cage. At night she was bound to her bed which was but a plank. This pure-minded maid was constrained to endure the vulgar language of drunken guards, who, day and night, kept a constant watch on her. During her imprisonment she was visited but once by a person of her own sex. It is not possible to describe the physical sufferings that Joan endured during her imprisonment. Her mental sufferings also defy description. Strong men often break down in a few days under the cross-examination of attorneys. But here was a maiden, one of God's gentlest creatures, who, after a year of hard campaigning and after months of enervating



imprisonment, endured and replied to the double-edged questions of her malignant judges. For months these judges wheeled into line their heaviest batteries from the arsenals of their logic and subtle reasonings and ineffectively bombarded the impregnable fortresses of this girl's faith and natural reasoning. She who had only to wave her banner and the enemy fled panic-stricken, had but to open her mouth and her judges were confounded. The ease with which she avoided the snares set for her by the crafty interrogators amazed them and the wisdom of her answers astounded them. But Joan attributed none of this to herself, her trust was in God. She firmly believed God had sent her to fulfill a Providential mission and like St. Paul she reasoned that "if God be with me who shall be against me?"

Finally, the day came when Joan was condemned to suffer death by burning. A day which at that time was looked upon as marking her downfall and the triumph of her enemies. Things have changed since then, in fact, they are the reverse, for now the day of her martyrdom is regarded as the day of her triumph and the downfall of her enemies. Deserted by her soldiers; forgotten by the king for whom she had won a crown; forsaken by her friends and defended by no one, this poor, innocent lamb was led to the slaughter with no hand stretched forth to help her. In the beginning of her trial there were a few who had sufficient manhood in them to protest against such a vile deed but they were quickly silenced by the powerful and influential Cauchon. But can we wonder that when Joan fell into the hands of her enemies she was abandoned by the people whom she had saved and by the king she had restored to a throne, when her Master before her had been forsaken by all and even thrice denied by one of his best-beloved disciples when He fell into the hands of His enemies? Why are we amazed to hear those who at the deliverance of Orleans cried, "Vive La Pucelle!" and a few days later shouted, "Burn her, burn her!" when the very same tongues that made the streets of Jerusalem resound with loud Hosannas and "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," not five days later clamored, "Crucify Him, crucify Him?"

It was on the 29th of May, 1431, that Joan of Arc, guarded by eight hundred soldiers, was led to her execution. But let us speak but briefly how this maid of seventeen, worn out by sickness and the coarse prison food until her frail body was a physical wreck, was shackled with heavy chains and dragged like a criminal to execution; and how this fairest flower was crushed beneath the cruel heel of ruthless power; and how in all meekness she lifted her flame and smoke-wreathed face to heaven and prayed for her executioners. Joan died in ignominy and her ashes were thrown to the winds but her name and the story of her life will live forever, honored by all truth-loving and ideal-inspiring men and women.



The murder of Joan of Arc rests equally on France and England, the one should have ransomed her; the other should have given her the justice of a fair trial. The French remained indifferent to the fate of their rescuer and for this they needs must incur some guilt of the murder. The English allowed their hatred for an enemy to outweigh justice and they thereby contract part of the blame. But by no means can this fearful outrage be imputed to the Catholic Church, as some historians have asserted. 'Tis true that the infamous Cauchon was a Catholic Bishop and that it was he who brought about the burning of the Maid of Orleans. But the sin of this one member cannot be ascribed to the Church. It was Cauchon who killed Joan of Arc and not the Catholic Church. Joan herself exculpates the Church when she said as the executioners were tying her to the stake, "Bishop, I die by you. If you had put me in the hands of the Church I had never come here." The trial and the jury were Cauchon's and not the Church's. Joan had appealed that her case should be taken before the Pope but Cauchon would not give ear to her. He knew full well that if the representative of Him who will one day judge the world with equity should hear of Joan of Arc, he would deal justly with her and thus frustrate his own well-laid plans. The Church was not even consulted nor did the news of Joan's trial and martyrdom reach Rome until long after her death. 'Tis true that the jury which pronounced Joan as deserving of death was composed of the most learned theological doctors of the university of Paris and members of the French hierarchy. But it is likewise more than true that these men, no matter what their erudition or ecclesiastical dignity might have been, did not constitute the Church's tribunal and hence could not validly act in the name of the Church, unless delegated by the Pope. They were fawning flatterers who rallied around the infamous chief when he was bribed by English gold to secure "men on whom he could rely," and by means of a mock trial catch the fair young warrior "upon the hip."

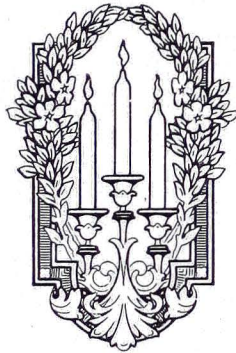
When the Church received the information of Joan's trial and death she immediately examined the processes and to the shame of her enemies and to Joan's greater glory branded a hundred and one of the articles as errors and the whole trial illegal. A new trial was called and after extensive investigation and consideration the Pope's commission unanimously declared "the whole process a fallacy, fraud and deception done and committed by Pierre Cauchon." So it was not the Church that executed Joan of Arc, but "a conspiracy of learned political brigands," headed by Cauchon, who were traitors both to France and Catholicism.

The Church never showed any malice towards Joan of Arc. As soon as the news of her death reached Rome a movement was initiated to rectify the illegalities of the first trial. In the re-



habilitation processes, the decision of Cauchon was reversed, and he and his jury were condemned as "unfaithful, unrepresentative, unjust and unfit" and were cut off from the Church. Since that time the Church has been most solicitous in bestowing honors upon the Maid of Orleans, the crowning act having been reached on April 11th, 1909, when Pope Pius IX passed the solemn decree of her canonization and added a new name to the calendar of the Saints, Joan of Arc, patroness of France.

Such is the life, trial and martyrdom of Joan of Arc. She was a proof to the mediaeval age that might can be mastered by right. America is a proof of this to the modern age. Joan of Arc and America are honored and admired by all the world because "Pro Humanitate" is written beneath the deeds of both. Joan's banner raised over Orleans waved away the despair of the oppressed and down-trodden of the mediaeval age. It filled the hearts of war lords with fear and symbolized right and the right of everyone to justice and liberty. America's banner symbolizes all that Joan of Arc's did and has saved not a nation, but a world from the galling yoke of servitude.



"Not making his high place the lawless perch  
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground  
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years  
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

—Tennyson



## When Shall It Be?

When shall it be, O God,  
When shall it be?  
That Thou wilt gently call  
My soul to Thee?  
O God, will it be soon,  
Or must it be—  
Long years aweaving on  
Life's tapestry?

Will't be in silent night?  
Perchance 'twill be—  
Or when the voiceless dawn  
Caresses me?  
Will't be at blaze of noon  
Or shall it be—  
When twilight's sable robe,  
Enfoldeth me?

When it shall be, O God,  
I may not know—  
But if it be to-day,  
Thou wilt it so.  
Or must I weave on, till  
My skein is spun—  
If so, teach me to say:  
"Thy will be done."

J. A. W.



## Algy and Percy

J. GLEN POWERS

ALGERNON Marmaduke Spooftington Van Amsterdarn was a misfit. Aside from a falsetto voice and a loop-hound figure his most striking ear marks were a lisp, a monocle, a taste for passionate socks and the knack of always being where he was not wanted. He was known to be a parlor rough-neck for an acquaintance had once heard him say "darn" and use abusive language to the gold fish. Algy haunted drawing rooms and to cap the climax had the temerity to fall in love.

Algy was in love with a beautiful young lady who was mildly aware of his existence. Some one had introduced them, but she, believing it to be a practical joke, had not given the matter a second thought. But Algy was doomed from the first. At once life became tragic to him and more bearable to his friends. No more did he haunt the gilded palaces of pleasure or worship at the dazzling shrine of beauty. The candy, flowers, and other time-honored trappings of love matches threatened to separate him from his only friend, his money. On the other hand, the sweet young thing read the card attached to these offerings and passed the flowers to her maid, the candy to the butler's kids and the theatre tickets to the ice man. Algy lived on in blissful ignorance. In time he passed the sonnet composing stage and came down to earth. A few weeks later he was successful in securing an invitation to one of HER receptions. That evening was blissful. After she had three times mistaken him for an extra butler and twice for a hall boy, he was fortunate enough, with the aid of ten or twelve acquaintances, to convince her that he was a guest. Thereafter Algy became a regular fixture like, let us say, the door mat. Both received about the same treatment.

Madelaine Van Twitter Argyle-Smythton (for that was our heroine's name) bore Algy's visits, sonnets, conversations and invitations with the sweet resignation of a martyr. He was one of the discomforts of high society, as necessary as pink tea and grand opera, and about as interesting. The poor dub bought a bale of theatre tickets, a conservatory of flowers and the output of a candy factory. He burnt out a gross of batteries on the door bell and had worn out six pairs of the footman's shoes answering the same. More than one servant left the service of the fair lady with a deadened conscience attributed to the little stories



with which they forestalled the love smitten yokel. But Algy was resolute.

One night—Ah! Madelaine sat in the warm glow of the open fire. How ethereal her beauty! How majestic that divine figure. The flitting beams played about her golden hair, giving it the tinge of burnished brass. The beauty of the room, with its wondrous furnishing, seemed squalid in comparison with her charm of face and figure. Algy's heart went pitter-patter. The mad desire to throw himself at her feet and the stern necessity of scratching the back of his neck struggled for the mastery. "Madelaine," he sputtered, "I er—er—er—" Just then the butler announced Percival Fitz-Doggone Hunqueaches. With a squeal of delight Madelaine jumped to her feet and hastened to meet the young Adonis entering the room. Percy had the features of a god, the physique of a Greek athlete and the manners of a wrist slapper. The only occupation he indulged in was spending the paternal fortune. The rest of the time was occupied in displaying his wardrobe, attending social functions and impressing maidens with his god-like beauty. Madelaine fell into his arms. He—poor Algy—kissed her. Somehow or other they noticed Algy in the foreground. "Isn't it rather late for you to be out?" queried Percy, with withering scorn. With a terrible cuss word the broken-hearted Algy raised his arm—and—and—received his hat from the servant. His love was hopeless, almost as much so as himself. There was nothing for him to do but go back to his old existence.

War was declared. Four months later Madelaine, in a Red Cross uniform, and Percy, in the regalia of an officer, passed Algy. Algy was in the draft but it wasn't half as chilling as the look she gave him. "To think," sighed she, later to Percy, "you and I are sacrificing all, while that man does nothing. But," with a sigh of resignation, "it is noble to give our all for those who know not their duty." Percy, with a wonderful build for a uniform but no inclination for bullets, smiled with condescending scorn and calm self-approval. It was, indeed, a noble thing to sacrifice one's self upon the altar of patriotism. Madelaine slaved fourteen hours a day, showing off her uniform at various teas, dances, receptions, and bazaars, and a half hour trying to grasp the intricate art of rolling a bandage for the Red Cross. Percy had also condescended to go to the assistance of his country. Though he hated dirt and walking and such plebian matters he went to Washington and came back a Lieutenant. Algy was no warrior. His friends pitied him. But that did not worry Algy. Better an object of pity than the makings of a funeral. He tried to protect himself from the draft by an ample covering of Red Cross, War Work, and Liberty Bond coupons. But if you stay in the draft long enough you are bound to get results. Algy got them.



Life became a nightmare to our hero. He learned to cuss, to quake in his boots at the strident voice of the sergeant, to tell his left foot from his right and he gleaned something of the gentle art of peeling "spuds." But despite all this he was a miserable failure. Whenever he executed a command correctly the drill sergeant sat down and wept for joy. It was the matter of half an hour for him to assemble a pack, and of two hours to get into his leggings. No one was safe within twenty feet of him on the bayonet run. To crown all, he called a major, corporal. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. As he spent most of his time in K. P., it was decided to make the appointment permanent. Algernon Von Amsterdarn, the fastidious, the squeamish, who had never before done anything more exerting than punch a sofa pillow, was a "Knight of the Kitchen." His friends lost track of him for he, weary of mind and body, spent all of his spare time sleeping. When he was ordered to France he went, stoically sending a lone telegram to the steward of his favorite club.

Percy labored zealously for the cause of the Allies. His life was a trying one. Each day he must wind his wrist watch, sit at a desk and draw designs on his blotting pad. In the evening he, despite his fatigue, must don his full regalia for dinner and Madelaine. He was a constant delight to the dear girl. She gazed soulfully upon his expensive and faultless uniform, his shining boots, his insignia and especially the spurs, for they were her conquest. She had insisted upon them and Percy, finding what an assistance they were in keeping his feet from sliding off the desk, had lovingly acquiesced. Yes, indeed, Percy was a real hero. He spoke knowingly of the strategic features of each advance, of his approval of Foch, of his misgiving of Pershing tactics. Surely he, a member of the Intelligence department, was in a position to speak authoritatively of such matters. Army life was a hard grind, you know. And he knew it when he was ordered to France. After desperately interviewing fourteen senators, nine or ten congressmen, six or eight magnates and quelling a burst of hysterics from Madelaine, he faced the inevitable manfully. If his country needed him in Paris to list the hotels and living quarters of his brother officers he must go. It was his duty. At the dock he kissed Madelaine, the weeping, the clinging, dashed his arm across his eyes, turned tragically, slowly from her arms, lifted his eyebrows pathetically and galloped up the gang plank. Madelaine's grief was terrible—he had to cross in a common transport.

Three months later Percy was on his way to the front. He was carrying a dinner invitation from his general to the French commander. His heart thrilled with emotion. He would be in the midst of the fight. (The general's headquarters were seven miles behind the actual front and two shells had landed there only a



week ago.) The staff car slowed its pace. They had come upon a regiment bound for the front lines. They were soon winding carefully in and out among the supply trucks. About ten minutes later the car's right of way was blocked by a queer vehicle, much like those little kettles on wheels used to melt tar in. It was drawn by six mules which the driver was cursing beautifully and prolifically. Something about that high-pitched voice was hauntingly familiar to Percy. The driver of the rolling kitchen turned to adjust the short piece of stove pipe. Percy gasped. It was his rival, Algy. Algy, the chauffeur of a "goulash cannon!" A moment later he was ambling behind the six mules. A burly roughneck on a truck bellowed at the driver of the staff car to move on. Percy turned to tell the man his place, but a transport officer told him to dry up and get back to home and mother. When Percy did get back to Paris he wore a wound stripe. He had been terribly shocked and his feeling severely wounded. In answer to his next letter Madelaine made many clever and caustic comments on Algy's status in the army that were exceedingly amusing.

Six weeks later Algy was in the Argonne, dodging shells, making "mulligan" and chaperoning his mules. His outfit was camouflaged and dug-in. About a half mile away was Hell's Corner, an exposed break in the natural defense, continually combed by machine gun fire and perpetually stormed by shells. A change in the front had brought the Yank lines about 600 yards beyond the continually stormed spot. The men holding the lines beyond were under a terrible handicap. The casualties in this sector exceeded those of any other section of the front. The enemy appreciated the precariousness attending the defense of this line and made it practically impossible to relieve the men. Ration parties were few and far between and passed back and forth in the night only to bring up artillery supplies to the batteries beyond the break.

A great offensive veered around this spot shortly after Algy's arrival. The Huns raked "Hell's Corner" with machine gun, H. E., and rifle. The wearied fighters, straggling back, brought news of the terrible odds against which the men beyond the break were contending. It was a hopeless fight to save a valuable position. It was temporarily secure for only the day before a dare-devil had driven a truck load of "ammo" through and half of the truck and all of the driver were now scattered over a great portion of "somewhere in France." The next day the situation was critical. The men had "ammo" but they had held out against the Germans for four days without a bit of food. If they received nothing for another 24 hours they would have to fall back. Hunger exhausts and weakens beyond the staying power of deathless courage.

It was "Hell's Corner" where death squatted on every square



inch of ground that spelled destruction. Algy listened. He filled his "cannon" to the limit with iron rations and prayed that the busy shells would not find him out. Percy had thought a real thought.

About nine that night the crouching artillery outpost pricked up their ears at some very unusual sounds. Across the shell-torn stretch straight for "Hell's Corner" dashed a curious vehicle which left in its wake the odor of mulligan, sundry curses, the screams of terrified animals, the rattle of harness and sparks. They thought at first it was a fire engine and desperately rubbed their eyes. Excitement conquered amazement.

"Where's the —— fool goin' with that blinkety-blank boiler factory? The crazy nut!" bellowed one.

"What is it?" yelled a second. "He's tearing for the corner of the ridge."

"By the lord, Harry! It's a goulash cannon," yelled the third, above the din.

"A goulash cannon???!!!!!"

"Sure! See the little patch of red where the fire box is? I'll bet the lad is trying to bring up rations in a goulash cannon." The voice trailed away in a kind of sob. The three stared after brave but foolish doughboy, trying to bring up rations in a field kitchen. Why, he'd never get six feet beyond the corner.

"He'll get his in a second."

"There, he's around the corner and tearing out for the trenches. A shell 'll get him in a few feet."

"How is he going to get around those shell holes? He's some mule skinner if he goes ten feet without upsetting."

"Look at that shell burst. It got him."

The men listened and strained their eyes to see him in the next flare of a star shell. But bouncing, jerking, swaying, the "cannon" rattled on its way, shooting sparks like a young volcano. Another furious shell burst and the artillerymen saw the crazy contraption veer into a shell hole and right itself with a jerk. The driver maneuvered his team of mules with wonderful skill.

"That's a 100 yards covered. Another 150 and he'll hit the third line reserve."

In the flares they saw the grotesquely outlined cart dash headlong into a shell hole (groan). A shell burst fearfully near. The mules pitched and struggled to their feet, dragging the kitchen after them. The sagging figure on the driver's seat stiffened and swung the animals' heads to the trench. The men in the trench gawked awestruck at the apparition looming up in the glarish light of shell and rocket. A grizzled sergeant shouted to his office, "It's a goulash cannon. How'd the crazy mutt get this far?" But the officer was not concerned with that side of the question. A rolling kitchen, even in the impossible setting of



No Man's Land, meant food. And food meant hanging on for a day more. A fury of shell fire roared around the fool lucky cannon. Another hundred yards and the reserve trench would be reached. They were almost there. A terrific burst roared about 15 yards from the cannon. The driver was blown through the air into the barbed wire beyond the trench. The cart slid sideways, rolled over and toppled into the trench. With a wild cheer the hungry fighters passed along the bullet-riddled iron rations. It was the matter of a minute to drag the driver to the shelter of the trench. Two days later the Yanks smashed through, Berlinward.

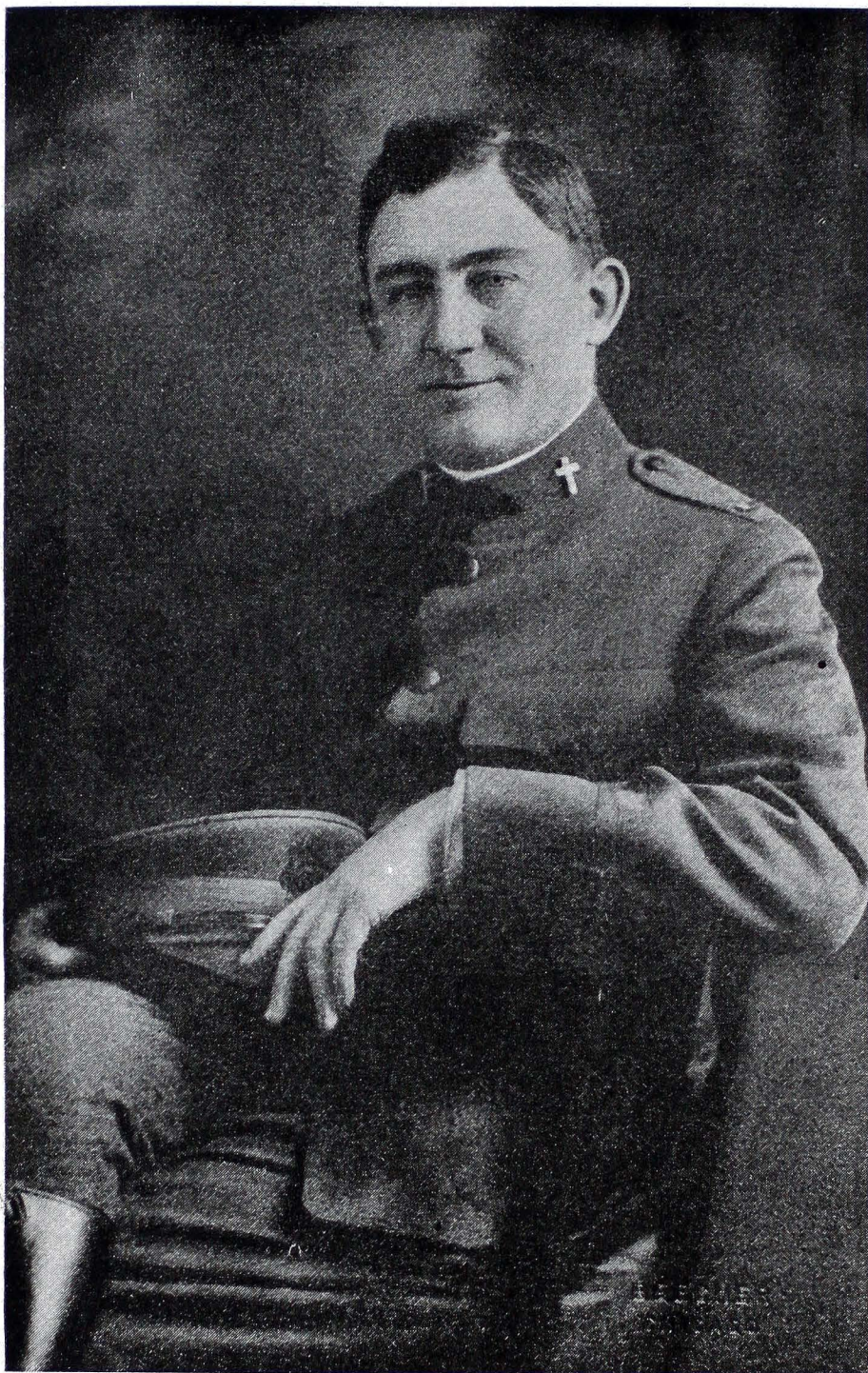
Peace was declared. Percy and Madelaine sat before the library fire. They humorously spoke of Algy who was probably making goulash in France. Of course, all of the soldiers, especially the common rabble, could not be heroes like unto Percy, who flaunted a hard-earned service stripe and a lot of souvenirs purchased in Paris. He had been commended by his superiors—commended for immediate shipment home to get him out of the way. Percy, with a warm sense of duty done, was again basking in the sunshine of our dear heroine's smile. The marriage would be in a few days.

It was the evening of her marriage day. The bride and groom were looking over the wedding presents. The last was a little package that had come in the morning mail. It was addressed to the bride. Disdainfully she opened it. What gift could such a small package contain? She drew forth a small plush case and expectantly opened it. Resting on the satin was a small bronze cross—the Distinguished Service Cross of the United States. Through her tears she read the small note enclosed: "Private A. Von Amsterdarn died in this hospital of wounds received in battle. Shortly before losing consciousness he was awarded the D. S. C. for extreme gallantry in battle. His last words were that it be sent to you."

---

The riches of a commonwealth  
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health,  
And, more to her than gold or grain,  
The cunning hand and cultured brain.—Whittier





THE REVEREND JOSEPH P. MUNDAY,  
Chaplain.



## Funeral Oration\*

REV. JOHN P. O'MAHONEY, C. S. V.

**F**OR what have I in heaven? And besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever. Psalm 72:25, 26.

In selecting this text to sound the keynote of the life of our departed friend, my choice is determined by the fact, that, a few years ago, Father Munday, after repeating these words, exclaimed: "This surely is the cry of every priestly heart." An intimate friendship, a friendship more precious than silver or gold and more lasting than death, a friendship the seeds of which, sown in his boyhood days grew with the ripening years until it blossomed forth and bore fruit in his manhood, confirms me in the conviction that all the years of his young life were attuned by this noble aspiration to the higher life with Christ in God. The companions of his youth, the friends of his manhood, the co-laborers of his priesthood, the students who received the inspirations of his teaching and the people who received the benediction of his priestly ministrations, all unite with me to-day in declaring that his every effort was consecrated to God and his one desire was that God should be his portion forever. This priest of God whose lips were eloquent with the word of God, whose hands so often lifted up the chalice of Salvation, whose heart always throbbed with love of God and humanity is now silent, motionless, still, yet he never more eloquently uttered the cry of his soul, "What have I in heaven and besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever."

In striving to interpret the life of Father Munday in the light of the high ideal to which it was consecrated we are actuated by no love of vulgar praise, when praise is but a shallow mockery and "the sound of flattery soothes not the dull, cold ear of death," but we are moved by the hope of our own edification, for his life is a living sermon and that life speaks most eloquently in the silence of death. His life was ennobled because in all his strivings he sought God. From the dawn of reason to the noon-day sun of young manhood when his temporal life was merged into the splendor of the eternal day he had but one aim and that was

---

\* Delivered by Rev. J. P. O'Mahony, C. S. V., at Father Munday's funeral.



to know Jesus Christ and Him Crucified, to make Him known and loved by men.

His first outlook upon life was from the vantage ground of a Christian home, a home dominated by the sublime principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, a home in which the one concern of a saintly mother and a virtuous father was to bring up children in the fear and love of Almighty God. Back of that home there was the noble tradition of a long line of Catholic ancestry which glorified the cause of truth, justice and humanity and taught the lesson that sacrifice is the true test of human worth. In the Catholic school at Litchfield, Illinois, his native town, his teachers, the Dominican Sisters, those noble virgins who follow the inspiration of the glorious Saint Dominic, reiterated the lessons of his home and impressed indelibly upon his youthful mind the idea that the life of man on earth is a warfare. Hence, when he came to man's estate we find him consecrating his young manhood to the service of God in the cause of truth. The purpose of life was ever before his mind and consequently he bent every energy to know God more fully so that he might love him more ardently and serve him more devotedly.

The first personal problem which confronted him was to know the special design God had in creating him. In the solution of this problem he was aided by the wise counsels of good parents and the careful training of Christian teachers. Under their faithful guidance he turned aside from the various avenues that would have led him to earthly success and directed his steps towards the sanctuary. The priesthood became the goal of his ambition and in accordance with the true ideal of that vocation implanted in his heart by the traditions of a faith which feels that the highest royalty is the royalty of Jesus Christ he put forth every effort to prepare himself fittingly for this crowning glory. For many years he labored patiently to put on Jesus Christ and after two years of study at St. Francis College and a brilliant career extending over eight years in St. Viator College and Seminary, the anxious hopes and fervent prayers of his youth found their consummation in his call to orders. At that eventful hour, despite his long years of preparation, he prostrated himself before the Altar of the Lord protesting his unworthiness; but as he came with clean hands and a pure heart God poured upon him the oil of consecration and made him partaker in Christ's eternal priesthood.

Then, when he might have felt like many another youth that the bondage of school life was over, he hearkened to the scriptural promise that "those who instruct others unto justice shall shine as stars in the firmament" and to prepare himself for the career of teacher, he entered America's greatest Catholic School, the University at Washington. After distinguishing himself there to the extent of winning a fellowship he went to Rome, the



heart of Christendom, so that in its world famous schools he might attain the perfection of scholarship. When he returned, with characteristic loyalty and devotion, he offered to his Alma Mater, St. Viator's, the fruit of his long years of study. During his five years in the Chair of Theology at St. Viator's Seminary he devoted all the powers of his brilliant mind and all the zeal of his generous heart to mould and fashion young Levites into worthy priests like unto himself, faithful images of the Eternal Exemplar, Christ Jesus. At the command of his Bishop, despite his love of teaching and the extensive preparation which he had made for this as his life work, he returned to his native diocese to assume the charge of a parish. Here the zeal of the teacher was transformed into the devotion of the Good Shepherd who knows his flock and leads them into fresh pastures. While engaged in parish work, his country's call, the clarion call of justice and humanity, re-echoed throughout the land and, in response, with an Americanism in keeping with his Catholicity, he volunteered his services to do all that a Catholic priest could do to up-build and maintain the morale of our magnificent army. In the Catholic education which he received he imbibed the true spirit of patriotism. For him duty to God and country went hand in hand; the virtues of patriotism and religion were one and inseparable; love of country was no effervescent sentiment, but an eternal religion. He felt, that whether he knelt with body bent before the altar of his God or stood with head erect beneath the starry folds of his nation's flag, in either posture he but recognized a power divine and in his devotion, whether it be called patriotism or religion, he but felt that transforming power which alone begets nobility when in very deed he realized that with God or country "to serve is to reign." With a spirit such as this, the tediousness of a Chaplain's round of duties in the home cantonments, where every one is fretting and fuming to get into the glorious action of a just war, did not dampen his ardor, but, while putting forth every effort to bring personally, as he told me, the ministrations of religion to our religiously abandoned soldiers in Siberia, he used, for the benefit of our splendid young Americans at the Great Lakes that wonderful influence over youth with which God had blessed him. There, as he went about among the sailors like his Divine Master who went among men doing good, while administering the last rites to a victim of that dread plague whose ravages rival the awful devastation of war, he contracted the malady and after a few days at his home, a few days which were for him a beautiful preparation for death, when fully conscious he received all the last sacraments, he went forth in answer to the command of that Captain to Whom he had sworn allegiance in his youth and to Whom he was never fore-sworn. Thus closes in its thirty-third year the mortal career of Father Joseph Munday, a young man, in the prime of life; he had but just scaled the hill tops of life and was looking down the



valley of expectation. Life's full fruition he had not yet tasted. By nature and grace, by learning and refinement, by his manly life and priestly living, he was destined to achieve what the world calls success but by his devotion to duty he sacrificed his earthly future to merit, from the Master Whom he served, that "well done good and faithful servant" which will secure to him an eternity of bliss.

As a man Father Munday had the heart of a boy, a heart full of fun and frolic. He lived in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and by his very life preached a religion which brought heaven down to earth and lifted earth up to heaven. His heart was so charged with virtue that goodness radiated in all his actions. Unselfishness was so natural to him that he always dealt in generosity. He specialized in dispelling sorrow and was never so happy as when he could make tears give way to smiles. His loyalty to his friends was like his devotion to his own family, always so genuine that it never need have recourse to subterfuge. Kindness in him was second nature and his kind deeds bespoke a mind which was ever the peaceful home of kind thoughts. The natural in him was so good that it was a splendid foundation for the beautiful superstructure of grace which God built thereon.

As a priest, Father Munday was ever conscious of the responsibilities of his sacred calling. He kept ever before his mind the parting admonition of Christ to His ministers, "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," and he strove manfully to be able to say to his spiritual children, "Be ye followers of me as I am of Christ." Thus while leading to higher worlds like his Divine Master he led the way. He kept his eyes ever fixed on the perfect model the Eternal Priest Christ Jesus, and though he knew full well that he could never scale the starry summit of transcendent perfection whereon the Divine model was enthroned, yet he kept ever climbing so that he might reflect more fully the splendor of the light which beamed from the Divine countenance. The words of Christ, "As the Father hath sent me I also send you," ever resounded in his ears and sank into the very depths of his soul and with them came the consciousness of his sacred office. "As the Father hath sent me I also send you," that is, with the self same mission which I received from the Eternal Father I send you forth into the world. As the Father hath sent me to bring the fullness of truth to mankind, so I send you to teach men all things whatsoever I have commanded you. As the Father hath sent me to take away the handwriting of sin which stood against the human race, so I send you to remove from individual souls the burden of crime, to heal the humble and contrite of heart. As the Father hath sent me so that from the rising of the sun until the going down His name may be great among the Gentiles and sacrifice may be everywhere, so I send you to offer in His name the clean oblation.

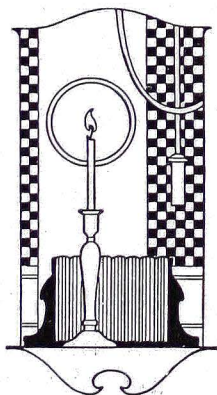


This mission which Father Munday received in common with every priest of the Catholic Church imposed upon him a task before which the bravest spirit might have quailed and the loftiest genius shrunk back abashed, for it was no less a task than the conquest of a world. Unbelieving, adulterous generations are perpetually asking for a sign, and the priest of God must continually hold aloft the sign of the Cross which contradicts the world. In the fulfillment of this duty Father Munday exercised a zeal which compelled him to give the best that was in him to the service of the Lord. His duty told him that he should preach the word of God, his zeal compelled him to preach the word with eloquence; his duty placed him in the class room, his zeal compelled him to fill the hearts of his pupils with a burning desire for knowledge; his duty placed him as the shepherd in the midst of his fold, his zeal compelled him to go forth in quest of the stray lamb and return with it bruised and bleeding on his shoulders; his duty led him to the altar, his zeal compelled him to pour forth his soul in supplication as he offered up the clean oblation for the conversion of a sinful world; his duty called him to the confessional where he was brought down to the depths of human shame and sorrow, his zeal ever compelled him to spend himself and desire to be spent so that he might bring the sin-laden, the sorrowful, and the weary into the sunlight of God's love; his duty called him to the bedside of the dying, his zeal compelled him to sacrifice his life to bring the sacraments to the plague stricken. He served his God—at the altar offering up the sacrifice of vicarious atonement and bringing down upon mankind the blessed fruits of Christ's redemption—in the confessional, listening to the story of ruined lives and blighted hopes in order that he might heal the humble and contrite of heart—in the pulpit that he might bring the Gospel, the glad tidings of truth to the people that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. His was the work of Christ, to teach, to forgive sins, to offer sacrifice. It was his to bring forth Christ in the hearts of the people, to make the voice of Christ resound in hearts "that had grown weary of noises that fretted the soul with their din," to extend the healing, helping hand of Christ to the weak and heavily laden who had grown weary of places "where they met but the human and sin" to make those who pined for the Perfect feel that where the voice of Christ is and the Hand of Christ, there also is, his abiding presence. Oh! blessed ministry which ennobles even those who only stand and wait. The same high ideal which guided Father Munday's steps to the sanctuary shone out brightly in the firmament of his priestly life, and hence we feel confident his priesthood on earth was but a preparation for the eternal priesthood which he will share with Christ around the altar upon which is offered the Eternal Sacrifice, for he is a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedeck.

We, his friends, will miss the warm clasp of his hand, the



love light of his eye and shall listen for the word which he never more will speak and consequently, in their great sorrow we extend to his family the sympathy of friends who share their grief. We feel sure that the faithful servant's reward belongs eternally to him who has exemplified that love greater than which no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend. Yet we know that our departed friend may need our prayers, for it is difficult even for the holiest to pass through this wicked world without bearing its taint. The eyes of God are so pure that they cannot look upon the least defilement and yet even the souls of the saints may leave this world with the shadow of sin upon them. Before the perpetual light shines upon them, these souls must be purified even by fire. The suffrages of our prayers, the merit of our good works, the penitential prayers and masses of the Church can mitigate their sufferings and shorten the time of their imprisonment. The test then of our love is, not the tears that we shed nor the praise in which we indulge, but the spirit of helpfulness which manifests itself in hastening the day of their deliverance. Our departed friend needs our prayers and I am sure that if those lips which are now sealed in death could plead with us they would say: Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, hasten the day when I can meet my God face to face for now, even more so than when I was on earth, my soul cries out to the Lord: "What have I in Heaven? And besides Thee what do I desire upon earth? Thou art the God of my heart and the God that is my portion forever."

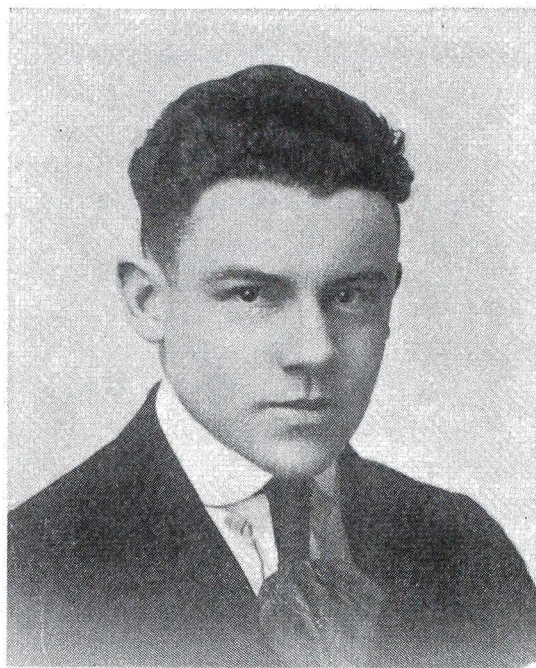




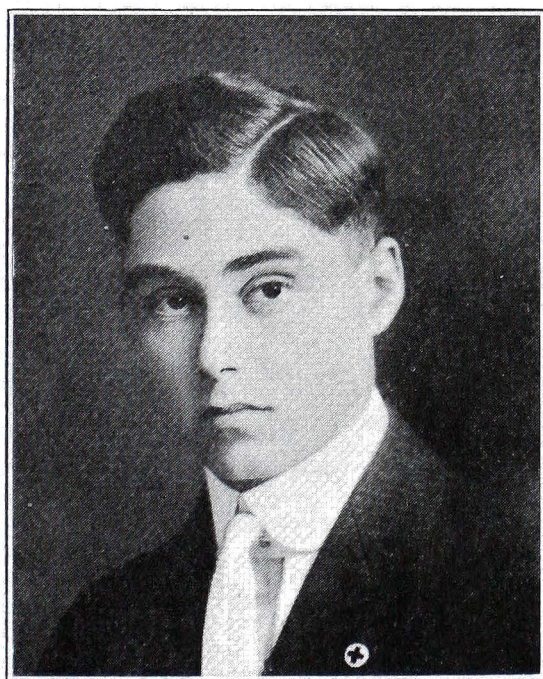
## Honor Roll



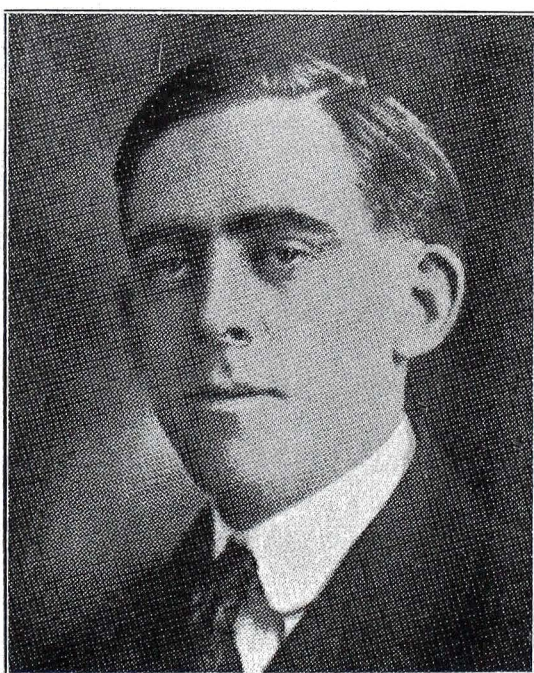
CORPORAL S. NEWELL CALKINS



PETER F. BOYLE



MAXIMILLIAN LEGRIS



DENNIS P. MCCARTHY



## "Our Heroic Dead"

What a noble and valiant sacrifice it is to offer one's life freely for the sake of his country!

### **Corporal S. Newell Calkins**

S. Newell Calkins, a noble son of Viator, in the prime of life, sacrificed his life while striving to help his country.

Newell attended St. Viator college a few years ago, pursuing the commercial course. After leaving college he remained at home where he strove to help his parents by tilling their large tract of land. This duty of filial devotion continued until September 18, 1917, when he was called to join the colors. He was sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa, where he became a member of the Machine Gun Company of the 349th Regiment. From Camp Dodge he was transferred to Camp Pike, Arkansas. He had been at Camp Pike but ten days when he was taken ill with measles and pneumonia. After a brave but futile struggle of six weeks to regain health, he finally succumbed to the malady. He died on December 13, 1918.

To the beloved parents and relatives of our hero we wish to extend our prayerful sympathies in the hour of their bereavement; and moreover let them be assured that his memory will ever be present in our prayers for our departed hero.

### **Private Dennis H. McCarthy**

The Angel of Death has again sounded his clarion and has taken away another loyal and valiant son of Viator, Private Dennis McCarthy of Anaconda, Montana. The news that his name was to be inscribed on the roll which honors our heroic dead came as a shock to those that knew him.

Dennis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCarthy, was a high school student during the scholastic year of '13 and '14. He was an exemplary young student; at all times quiet and industrious. His genial disposition and loyalty won for him many steadfast friends. His zeal for study and his respect and obedience to his superiors and teachers made him the object of admiration, respect and love. He was the pride of his family and an honor to his college.

In the early part of war he enlisted at Camp Lewis. Through some defect he was honorably discharged. However,



when the selective draft was made, Dennis responded and was accepted. He, with many of his companions, was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Mo. He was suddenly taken ill with pneumonia, and struggled bravely to overcome his sickness but it was futile. He died exactly eight days after he had arrived at camp. By a singular blessing his parents reached his bedside before his death.

'Tis, indeed, a great loss to lose an only son, but the noble parents of this brave son should, in this hour of sadness, be proud that they are the parents of one who was willing to serve both his God and country and that he died in the cause of both.

We wish to extend to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCarthy our heartfelt sympathies. We also wish to assure them that his memory will ever be present in our mind and that his friends at St. Viator shall not forget him in their prayers.

### **Private Maximillian Legris**

Little did the parents, relatives and friends of this brave soldier realize that the Angel of Death would call him so soon to his eternal abode.

Max entered service in August of 1918, and had been under intensive military drill but a few months when his company was deemed fit for overseas. He and his company were transferred to an embarkation station in New York. Just before boarding ship he saw his father and mother who had gone thither to see him off. He seemed very well at the time and was glad to have the opportunity of serving his country. His ship left port about the 28th of September. A few days later a card was received saying that the ship had reached foreign port safely. Not long afterwards word reached here that Maximillian had been taken down with the influenza while on board and had passed away. He was buried at sea a few hours after his death. It was indeed a sad and untimely death, for Max was young and full of vigor. However, it is a consolation to know that he died in the friendship of God, having received the last rites of the Church. A few words, taken from a letter written by his corporal, will convince us of his happy death. "He died in all the rites of the Church. Father McIntyre, our Regimental Chaplain, administering the last Sacraments the night before his death. He died as he had lived, happily."

All who knew Max admired him for his gentleness, affableness and spirit of labor. He was the consolation of his parents and all admit that his character was without a blemish. To the parents of this true and loyal son, the Faculty and Viatorian extend their heartfelt sympathies at their great loss.

### **Peter F. Boyle (Navy)**

The untimely death of Peter F. Boyle, H. S. '14, which took place at the Great Lakes Naval Station, was a distinct shock and



caused heartfelt grief to his numerous friends at St. Viator College.

Peter Boyle, a native of Ottawa, Illinois, completed his high school course here in 1914. After his graduation he returned to Ottawa where he was employed as a stenographer in one of the large concerns of that city. He enlisted in the navy at the Naval Station and was making rapid progress. The sudden and widespread epidemic of influenza claimed him as one of its victims. He died in October, 1918. To his parents and relatives the many friends of the departed hero wish to extend their prayerful sympathies.

### **Lieut. Andrew Gunderlac**

News came to us that Lieut. Andrew Gunderlac, '07-'08, was killed in the last air raid against the enemy. In this fierce struggle Andrew Gunderlac showed his ability in bringing down several of the enemy airplanes. At length he was spied and was killed while maneuvering in the clouds.

### **Frank Seybert**

In the memorable battle of Chateau Thierry, Viator's well known football star, Frank Seybert, made the heroic sacrifice. Although we sadly mourn the loss of such a congenial companion and admirable character, yet it gives us joy to learn that one, so deserving, has been chosen by Providence to represent Viator in the turning battle of the war. Frank, known at College as "Fat," was a favorite. He blended the qualities of an excellent athlete and student. His manly deportment won for him the respect of the student body and the esteem of the faculty. The sad news of his death caused many expressions of heartfelt sympathy, and there is no doubt that his memory will live for many generations at Viator. As he lived, so he died, manly, courageous and sacrificing.

Mention has already been made of Jerry Lynch, Elroy Langlois, Edward Crane and Walter Evan, Viator men, who gave their lives that others might live.

---

Knowing that the life of every nation, as of each individual, is a battle, let us remember, also, that the battle is to those who fight with faith and undespairing devotion.—Curtis.



## Letters from "Over There"

My dear Father O'Mahoney:

I wrote you a short note on the boat and posted it immediately upon landing. I hope you received it. Since then I have not been long enough in one place to write letters.

At present I am stationed at a little town called St. Jean de Monts. I am the first Catholic chaplain that the boys have seen at this camp since the beginning. I arrived on a Friday afternoon, and Saturday morning I posted notices about the camp and that night I had an immense crowd for confession. Some of the boys stood in line for four hours waiting their turn. The following morning I said Mass in a Y. M. C. A. hut and fully half the men went to Holy Communion. The Anglican Chaplain tells me there never was such a large crowd at a religious service since the camp was established. The boys here have not had an opportunity to receive the sacraments since the camp was established.

I have met with the same courtesy and consideration here as at Camp Custer. The Catholic boys, who constitute fully one-third of the camp, gave me an enthusiastic welcome, but best of all they went to confession and received Holy Communion in large numbers. Of course, one must put up with many inconveniences, but I was never more happy in all my life. The first night in camp I had no mattress. The following day two of the boys got a bed-tick from the quartermaster, took it to a neighboring pine forest, stuffed it nicely with long, clean pine needles and that night I had a fine bed. I should have said there was no straw or other material in the camp which might serve to stuff a mattress. They had to rake up the pine needles with their hands. That one incident tells more to my mind than whole reams of description. You will understand how happy a priest feels to know that he is bringing the sacraments and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to men who would otherwise be deprived of them.

More than anything else in the world, our boys desire the ministration of the priests. Up to the present time we have not really a sufficiently large number of priests. I am happy to say, however, the situation is steadily improving. Just now I am trying to serve three camps within a radius of ten miles.

I cannot tell you anything about the war because as a matter of fact we know much less about it over here than you do at



home. But I may say that war is stripped of all its tinsel and glamour and revealed in all its repulsive and hideous reality. We are all willing to go on with this awful thing until the ends for which it is waged are fully attained, but there is not a man who will not be heartily glad when it is all over and we can return home again.

You will be pleased to know that I met James Daugherty and Walter Nourie and spent a few hours with them. Jim's wound is coming along nicely. I missed Harris Darche only by two hours. Now my chance of seeing him on this side are rather meagre.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,  
William J. Bergin

---

Dear Brother:

Would have answered your welcome letter sooner but I have been kept pretty busy. You see we had the Germans on "the run" and just had to keep them running and, believe me, they are still running.

I'm in the best of health and I am unable to express my happiness in words. You may wonder why all the joy. Well, I am off on a furlough and am up in the Alp mountains staying at a little mountain resort called Aix-les-Baines. So you see I am many miles from the trenches. My furlough will be up in three days and then I will have to go back to my regiment.

I don't think I will again have to go thru what I have already, for this war is just about over, and it will not be long until the boys will be homeward bound. I'll not forget a visit to St. Viator's when I get home. I have not met any other St. Viator boys since I met Ed. O'Connor. By the way, Ed. is up here with me.

Well, brother, I certainly am glad I didn't miss being "over here." I know what life really means now. This war has taught me a valuable lesson. But besides this I have also gotten plenty of amusement out of it. When "Old Fritzie" starts to send his compliments it is very interesting, I should say amusing, to stand there and wonder where the next one is going to drop. Believe me, when he begins to get your range some deep thoughts enter your mind. Many times I have broken off from deep contemplation to "duck" into a shell-hole.

Now, brother, I must close, for the dinner bell is ringing and it is not going to be gold fish salmon, either. With my kindest regards to all at S. V. C.

As ever yours,  
Martin J. Mentgen

---

Saarburg, Trier, Germany

Dear Brother Landroche:

I was very glad to receive your last letter. It reached me in Sjeicher, Germany. When I wrote you several months ago I



had no idea that your answer would find me in Germany. The last eleven days of fighting was the hardest of them all. It was hike and fight and hike. We certainly had the Germans on the run. Our battalion was in it up until the last minute. We were then near Paulay, France. At about 10:30 on the morning of Nov. 11th, a chaplain told us that there would be no more fighting after eleven o'clock. Some of the prisoners we captured also told us that the war would be over on that day but we didn't believe them. The Germans did not cease their artillery fire until the very last minute. Every once in a while one of our men would say, "Wouldn't it be great if the war would end at eleven o'clock!" At about five minutes to eleven a runner from the battalion headquarters brought the message that the armistice was signed and that the war was over. We didn't know what to do, we were dumfounded. Some of the men cried, and others shouted for joy. It was hard to believe that the war was over; it ended so suddenly.

After the firing ceased, we marched on to Germany. We went through Stenay, France; Virten, Belgium; Bertington and Luxemburg, in Luxemburg; Speicher Trier and Saarbourg, in Germany. We had Christmas dinner in some of the private German families, but there is now an order forbidding us to take or receive anything from the people.

Now that the war is over, the next question is, "When do we go home?" There is a rumor that we are going soon but it is hard to tell just when.

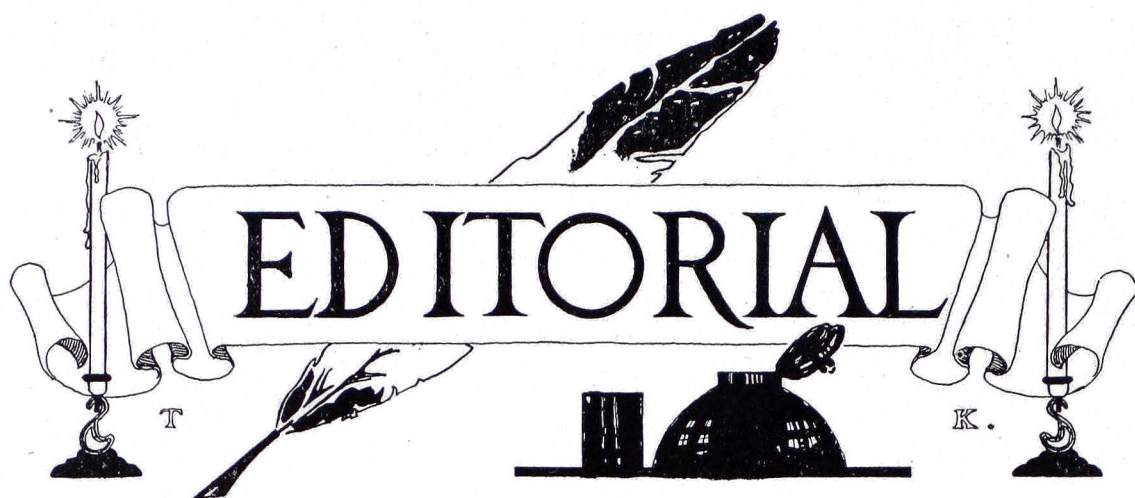
I am sorry that I haven't met any old St. Viator boys or professors. I certainly would like to meet some.

Well, brother, I guess I'll have to call this a letter and close.

Your friend,

Sergt. Bill Bayer.





## The Viatorian

Published Quarterly by St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

PUBLICATION OFFICE, BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	J. JOSEPH SMITH, '19
Exchanges.....	DANIEL A. O'CONNOR, '20
Athletics.....	JOHN H. NEWMAN, '21
Viatoriana.....	J. GLEN POWERS, '21
Business Manager.....	GREGORY A. GALVIN, '19
Inter Alia.....	J. ROBERT ELMSLIE, '19
Alumni.....	ARTHUR J. LANDROCHE, '19
Alumni Ass't.....	ROBERT L. RUSSELL, '21

Entered as second-class matter January 12, 1917, at the Postoffice at Bourbonnais, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

*Subscription price, One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies, twenty-five cents.*

*All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager, The Viatorian, Bourbonnais, Illinois."*

### Ireland's Hopes

AS we again draw near the day that recalls to mind the great Apostle of Ireland, we wonder, if at length we shall see the dawn of that new and glorious day for the sons of Erin break upon the horizon. One year ago we cherished the fond hope that with the overthrow of what we then believed to be the seat of autocracy and menace of freedom and justice, self-determination of small nations would be granted, and all men would be given the right to select their own form of government. It was the promise of this divine right of the people that loomed before the Irish, who for nearly eight centuries have been struggling for freedom. It shone as a beacon of hope that would guide them to the harbor of safety. Fondly cherished hopes revived and sparks of dauntless courage and chivalrous sacrifice were enkindled at



the setting forth of this humanitarian motive for bearing one's breast to the steel of the Hun. Proportionately the Emerald Isle has given far in excess of her youth's blood to the armies which achieved the final surrender of Germany. With the signing of the armistice based upon President Wilson's fourteen points the hopes of the Irish people ran still higher and the morning sun of the long expected day of freedom for the sons of Erin seemed about to break upon a peaceful world. The peace delegates convened but sad to relate the land of martyred heroes was given no distinct voice at what we hoped would prove the table of justice. Has the serpent of injustice proved to be a hydra, and has the war severed but one of its many heads? Will the hopes of those who dwelt in the darkness of tyranny for the last eight centuries, and who have aided in securing liberty and justice for others now be shattered? Can the newly liberated nations stand calmly by and allow still, what they have been freed from, to be inflicted upon those who so recently shed their blood to free them. Where now is the generous spirit that prompted a Pulaske to cross the seas that freedom might be born in America if tyranny prevented its birth in Europe? To permit Ireland to suffer such injustice is worse than the cowardly surrender of the Hun. It will stamp the war as the most egregious failure in history. The cynical diplomacy which an oversight of Ireland would display would far eclipse the valorous deeds of the war.

---

### Senior Memorial

THE memory of our heroes who fought in the great world war will live long after their bones are interred in the soil. Their deeds have saved humanity from the thralldom of tyranny and oppression, and they cannot be forgotten with the passing of a generation—nay of a century. But to live in the memory of men as something merely that has happened, or to be written in the history of nations to be learned by those coming after us is not sufficient in these days when practical results are demanded. Why hide away such inspiring works? No efforts should be spared to write and record fully the heroic deeds of the war in our histories, but we should do even more. The lessons of true love of country, of devotion to the cause of humanity, of respect for the call to sacrifice all, should be taught daily to the many; that the sublime ideals may ever be held aloft, that justice may be meted out, and that the sublime aspirations of our great statesmen should be attained. All should learn these lessons and practice them from their earliest years. The virtues exemplified in the actions of these brave sons of freedom are virtues of every day life. They are not for war time only; they are needed in peace as well.

Now, that we may bring about this desired result it may be



suggested that the Senior classes in the different colleges give for their memorial to their Alma Mater some fitting monument bearing the names of those who left from their respective schools to join the ranks of our victorious army. This memorial will aid greatly not only in recalling the virtues of those who have gone before, but will be a daily inspiration to the coming generations of students to follow their example. It will prove a consecrated shrine from which there will continually emanate the high ideals for which those men have fought, and it will serve as an ever vigilant teacher pointing the way to sacrifice and obedience. Such a work should not be limited to the efforts of the Senior class, though it is fitting that they should strive to direct it. Every student, every member of the faculty and every alumnus should lend a helping hand that the monument be really an inspiration. Tempus fugit, therefore let the Senior not delay. Another month and the many things in preparation for graduation will be upon him. Prompt action on his part will attain results worthy of a wide-awake prospective graduate.

---

### True Patriotism

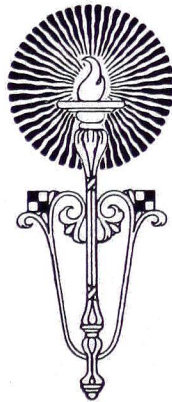
**I**S patriotism mere sentimentality? Is it the passing effect of the sound of a brass band and the martial tread of soldiers' feet? Is it the ready hand clap at the orator's fiery eloquence? Or does it consist in standing at the sound of our national anthem, or in doffing one's hat as the starry banner is borne in triumphal procession? Such acts are not to be contemned. They are praiseworthy and deserving of practice. They spring spontaneously from the heart of the true patriot and can be found in every fond lover of his native land. But true patriotism is more, it demands more, it is more substantial, it spells sacrifice. It cannot live but in the exercise of sacrifice, yea sacrifice of treasures, of pleasures, of liberty, of blood and even life itself. Most people agree that these requisites are necessary in time of war, but in time of peace the actions of many indicate that this spirit of national charity should also be set aside with the habiliments of war. Remove the enemy from the frontier, take away the terror of an invading army and their patriotism ceases to live, it is relegated to innocuous desuetude.

The fact that such a class really exists is very evident. In a word, their presence is too pronounced to allow them to go unnoticed. Can we not trace bolshevism to them, can we not look at them for the many uncalled-for strikes and revolutions that threaten the peace of the world? While the war raged and the fear of an external foe enkindled their atrophied love of country they remained subject to the laws and dictates of reason and government. But with the advent of peace and the convalescing conditions of the nation their patriotism waned. Greed and sel-



fishness replaced it. Love of country and order gave place to love of disorder and anarchy or whatever follows in the wake of their mad rush to "get more."

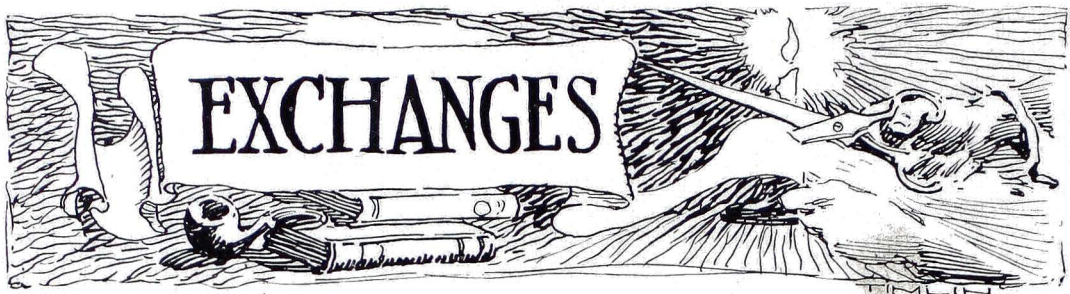
He who would deem himself a patriot must remember that love of country is evidenced by sacrifices not only in war but also in time of peace and national weakness and unrest. He must be as ready and willing to give up treasures, pleasures, blood and even life itself in peace as in the days of war. However, this love of country should not lead us to a state of passiveness that would allow unjust lawgivers to work tyranny and oppression. It should not cause us to submit to citizens being robbed of their inalienable rights. It should not make us stand idly by and permit the enactment of laws favoring the capitalists to the detriment of the laboring classes. No, the truly patriotic will see to it that such is not the case; he will nerve himself to utmost sacrifices to prevent such disaster; he will fight to the death for the overthrow of such unjust proceedings; all this he will strive to accomplish in an orderly manner and not as the bolshevists or anarchists or rabid socialists would have us do.



New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.

—Lowell





SERIOUS, sober and sedate is the November issue of the "Solonian," coming from Quincy College and Seminary. Perhaps it was the character of the times that influenced the minds of our friends. Be that as it may, we note the absence of any thrilling short story from a Quincy pen, and are further saddened out of sympathy for the boys who have no college jokes. "Luther and the Reformation" is a well written article that clearly points out the absurdity of this apostate's pretensions as a reformer. "As the shepherd, so the flock," quotes the author, and then proceeds to establish the fact that since the private life of Luther was so despicable, since he himself was naught else but a man of sin, it was utterly impossible for him to lead others upward on the difficult path of virtue. History testifies that such was the character of this man, and the result of his life was not reformation but destruction. The "Influence of the War upon our Public Life" teaches a lesson on the effects of the war. The writer points out that the war has had many salutary effects on American life, realized in the reconciliation of labor and capital, in an enhancing of the dignity of American political life, and in the development of a more humane spirit among our people. We agree with the writer that these advantages and many others offset the sufferings of body and soul which the war has entailed. It seems to us that the article entitled "America, its Progress and Growth," is rather a dry enumeration of some of the inventions of the past century. It does not give proof of very careful editing. The writer of "The Muse's Bit" shows a true devotion to the cause of poetry. We think he is well grounded in his contention that poetry has been an important factor in the winning of the war, for it has contributed to the making of the "morale" in our men. Well worthy of note is the following statement: "It is a significant report which reaches us that of the books drawn from cantonment libraries by soldiers, two-thirds are of poetry and of these not a few are of the classics." Evidently our boys have sought the refining influence of poetry. The poetry in the "Solonian" is uniformly good, but the "Indian Summer" attracted our special attention.

---

"Our Church Bells" is an interesting and instructive article in the December issue of the "St. Vincent College Journal." It



recalls to our minds the sacredness of all things connected, however remotely, with divine worship in the Catholic Church. We justly honor the blessed bells:

"For bells are the voice of the Church;  
They have tones that touch and search  
The hearts of young and old."

"The Proper Object of Success" is a scholarly tract dealing with a subject that appeals to every man. Atlas might indeed regard his strength as the "summum bonum," Croesus his riches, Aristotle his learning, Alexander his fame, and Shakespeare his literary genius; but we who have none of these accomplishments or appendages will readily admit in principle at least that our ultimate good is to be found in none of these finite goods, but in the supreme and eternal beatitude found in God. It is surely not illogical to prefer the greater good to the lesser, the infinite to the finite. So much has been written of late concerning the grand old cathedrals of Europe that it is quite appropriate to be entertained with an article such as "The Cathedral of Canterbury," wherein an eye-witness describes with minute attention the glories of an edifice that reflects the learning and culture of ages past which have been too often calumniated and misrepresented. "The Nuns and the Epidemic" is an editorial that gives a well-merited tribute to the heroic Sisters who ever prove their worth in great emergencies. The "College Comment" takes care of the lighter side of the magazine, and were there added a short story or two we would pronounce the "Journal" complete in every detail.

---

The reading of the Duquesne Monthly for December is both a profitable and pleasurable task. After perusing the paper on "The Influence of Life Insurance on Systematic Thrift" we wondered if the author was not connected with some insurance company. At any rate his arguments in favor of life insurance are so persuasive that we do not see how they could be resisted. "The Smothered Spark" is a short story that would appeal to any patriotic American boy. The wide-awake hero, Ralph Hailey, certainly deserved the reward that was accorded him for his cleverness and devotion to his country. Mr. P. E. Curry has given us an exhaustive treatise on "Tobacco," a subject which cannot fail to interest men. The diligence of the author in compiling this work is to be commended. One would never think that the weed or pipeful of tobacco that he inhales so thoughtlessly was the subject of so much care and attention on the part of others. The conclusion of this article we note is contained in the January issue. The plot of the short story, "A Refugee Angel" is simple but well developed. It is a very appropriate "war story." The editorials sagely discuss topics of the most vital interest at the



present time. One must feel a thrill of pride upon reading items such as "America's Contribution," which makes him realize fully the brilliant victories our raw soldier boys have won from the trained warriors of Europe. And then in gratitude to these heroes we will certainly follow the advice of Mr. Kronz and "Send Cheerful Letters" to the boys with the colors. They surely have deserved this slight service at our hands. We are, alas, only too prone to forget this obligation and grow careless in its discharge. You are not over-generous with your poetry. Duquesne, and you, too, seem entirely to forget the humorous side of life.

---

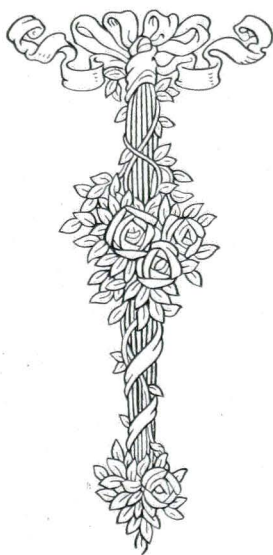
The "St. John's University Record" for January is an orderly little paper that says things well and to the point. The author of "Ireland and the Peace Conference" very properly argues that "Ireland is a well-defined nation, ruled against her will by another nation." As a nation she has never rested content under British rule, and from the very fact that she is a nation her people never will be resigned to a foreign dominion. Neither the physical size nor the revenue of Ireland is of any importance, but the spirit of the people is the pulse of nationhood. Small nations do indeed need the protection of their more powerful neighbors insofar as this implies the recognition of their sovereignty, but any attempt at domination is an imposition. "Betrayed Confidence" is a well-developed short story dealing with a by no means unusual sociological problem. There are many "Jim Molesworths" in the world who have been cheated out of the product of their brains and industry, and it is regrettable that they have not had a kindly "Dr. Burton" to champion their rights. "The Ghost that Paid" is an interesting one-act comedy in which the vein of humor is well sustained. The care-free college boy on a holiday is well depicted, but the boys of St. Anslems were more fortunate in the termination of their escapade than college boys generally are. In the editorial on "The Execution of the Saloon" that sordid institution is "weighed in the balance and found wanting." The several states of the union have placed their seals on this verdict and it is forthwith to be put into execution. The successful abolition of the saloon will be one of the great achievements of the present century, but let us bear in mind that the task is only well begun. Hitherto our government has been gratifyingly successful in carrying out measures of the greatest importance to the commonwealth, and we have every reason to believe that equal success will attend her in this move. The "Record" heralds the new year with a very appropriate poem entitled, "The New Year" wherein the child of 1919 is reassured in the great task that lies before him. "It Roves a Doubtful Sea," is a short poem that brings clearly to our minds the seriousness of the times in which we live and the dangers which threaten the



ship of state. Nevertheless as the author points out, with God, the Spiritus" at the helm we know that all things will work together unto good. We are happy to offer our congratulations to the editors of the "Record" on the excellence of their magazine.

---

The "Viatorian" is also pleased to welcome among her exchanges the following: "The Prospector," Mount St. Charles College, Helena, Montana; "The Laurel," St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y.; "The Creighton Chronicle," Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska; "St. Mary's Chimes," St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana; "The Exponent," St. Mary College, Dayton, Ohio; "St. Mary's Messenger," St. Mary's College and Academy, Monroe, Michigan; "The Morning Star," Conception College, Conception, Mo.; "The Academy," St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minn.; "St. Thomas Purple and Gray," St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn.; "Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly," College of St. Scholastica, Duluth, Minn.; "The Saint Francis," St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.; "The Buff and Blue," Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.; "The Forum," Manteno High School, Manteno, Ill.; "The Canisius Monthly," Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., and "The Georgetown College Journal," Washington, D. C.







### Feast of St. Cecilia

The feast of the patroness of music was celebrated with fitting solemnity by the students of the Music Department on November 22nd. Under the direction of Mr. J. R. Elmslie the following program was given:

1. "Star Spangled Banner".....Ensemble
2. "Tone Poem" (Roberts).....Orchestra
3. "Ode to St. Cecilia".....Quartette
4. Piano Solo, "Marceau de Concert".....H. McCormick
5. "Sextette from Lucia".....Orchestra
6. Vocal Solo.....Mr. Welsh
7. Piano Duet, "Love Song and Valse from Faust"  
L. Poudrier and E. Surprenant
8. Cornet Duet, "A Dream".....Kessler and Connell
9. Double Trio, "Ave Maria Stella".....College Sextette
10. Piano Solo, "Rigoletto".....E. Surprenant
11. "Title's Serenade".....College Orchestra
12. Piano Solo, "Last Hope".....M. McCormack
13. String Quartette, "Airs of the Allies".....Violin Class
14. Piano Solo for left hand, "Andante Finale".....Mr. Howard
15. "Caliph of Bagdad".....Orchestra
16. Oration, "The Spirit of Music".....Rev. John Nawn
17. Exit March, "March aux Flambeaux".....Orchestra

### Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin

The feast day of the purity of our holy Mother was duly celebrated at St. Viator. After a solemn Mass sung in the College Chapel the students and members of the S. A. T. C. unit marched in military order to the Grotto of Our Lady of Bourbonnais



where they assisted at the crowning of the Statue. Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., delivered a most touching sermon in which he paid a most glowing tribute to the Mother of God and to Motherhood in general.

### **Ordination**

On the eighth of December at Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Chicago, Patrick Buckley was elevated to the sacred order of priesthood. The new Levite was for several years a student of St. Viator's. He left our midst to continue his theology at Kenrick Seminary where he completed his studies last December. Father Buckley celebrated his first Mass December 16th, at St. Columbanus Church, Chicago. The faculty and student body join in wishing Father Buckley many pleasant years in the fields of Christ.

### **Viator's Quartette**

On Wednesday, February 5th, the city of Cullom, Ill., dedicated an Honor Roll to the young men of that city who had entered military service. At the celebration St. Viator's quartette played a conspicuous part. Many compliments were passed to the young men for the splendid efforts and the quality of their voices. While in Cullom the members were the guests of Rev. Father White, pastor of St. John's, who gave them a splendid spread.

The quartette is composed of the following young gentlemen: Messrs. Lawrence Poudrier, Harold McCormack, Eugene Surprenant and John Connors. The young men and their director are very grateful to Father White and the citizens of Cullom.

### **Students' Annual Retreat**

Our annual retreat has come and gone and has left us a better group of humans because of it. The retreat was preached by Rev. Father Hilary, President of St. Cyril's College, Chicago. The great number of daily communicants and perfect attendance at the exercises showed the earnestness with which the boys entered into the good work.

### **Holy Hour**

On the second Sunday in January our very Reverend President, Father Ryan, instituted the People's Eucharist League and its Holy Hour devotion. Father Ryan pointed out the advantages of being a member of this pious association and we feel sure that every man in the institution will heartily welcome the opportunity to enroll. The staff of the "Viatorian" will do all in its power to assist in this praiseworthy undertaking.



**Mr. Hoare**

It is with great pleasure that we welcome Mr. Myles Hoare as our new assistant Prefect of Discipline. Myles has been a student here for several years and last year upon the advent of war enlisted in the navy. Upon his discharge he returned to Viator to resume his studies. His gentlemanly demeanor and good common sense has aided him wonderfully in his new position which we hope he will continue to hold with the greatest success.

**Visit of Rev. Lieut. J. F. Moisant, C. S. V.**

On Tuesday, January 21st, St. Viator College was honored by a visit from Rev. Lieutenant J. F. Moisant, C. S. V., one of the chaplains furnished by the college to the United States Army. Father Moisant has seen eighteen months of service on the Pacific coast and in France. In a talk addressed to the student body the Reverend Chaplain pointed out the necessity and importance of the physical, intellectual and moral training they are receiving. He cited several examples which have come under his personal observation during the past two years showing the advantage the educated man possesses over the uneducated man in the United States Army. The former has risen from the ranks to positions of honor and trust, whereas the latter has remained and will remain a private. One must be physically sound, he said, that he may endure the hardships of army life and especially of active service; intellectually trained to think quickly in trying circumstances, and morally true to be able to satisfy army discipline. These advantages are the fruits of education and are acquired only by application, study, attention to duty and obedience. There was a time, remarked the speaker, when a soldier was not considered of much account by his fellows unless he had a record in the guardhouse. But that time has passed. The soldier of to-day who has to be punished in the guardhouse is disgraced and despised by the men of the army.

Father Moisant highly praised the work the United States Government is engaged in for the education of her soldiers. The plan now being put into operation includes every member of the army. If a man has no education, he must begin to acquire knowledge; if he has a little, he must gain more, and if he is well educated, he must still improve. It is evident that the Government regards the mental training of soldiers as a matter of the greatest importance. And this work must be begun with the boys and young men who are at present attending school and college. They are the soldiers of the future, and hence their training is a matter of great concern to our country.

Father Moisant also commended the conduct of the Government in regard to the chaplains in the service. They are now given complete control over the direction of the moral welfare of

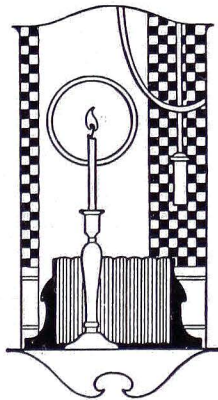


their charges. The chaplain is endowed with extraordinary powers which enable him to investigate all charges preferred against the conduct of his men, and thus not only assist them to correct their faults, but also guard against any injustice. The chaplain has charge of the amusement of the soldiers, and it is his duty to provide proper and wholesome recreation for them. Here again our Government has shown its wisdom in guarding against irregularities which are so liable to creep into the lives of men during leisure hours.

We were glad to welcome back this son of St. Viator, and although he could not tarry long with us, we highly appreciated his visit, and cherish the words of advice which he gave us as precious souvenirs.

### Doctor O'Hagan

Dr. O'Hagan, noted lecturer and traveler, entertained the students of St. Viator with his admirable lecture, "Dante and His Time," on January 27th, in the College auditorium. The lecture was very instructive and was punctuated with many tinges of excellent humor. He dealt principally with the condition of affairs at the time when Dante was engaged in producing his "Divine Comedy." Doctor O'Hagan is the author of many literary productions and was at one time the editor of "The New World."





## Obituary

*"Have pity on me, at least, you my friends."*

### Rev. Louis Goulette

"Earth! From high and lowly station  
Thy children chant in lamentation,  
To harps with muted strings;  
The singing birds have hushed their tone,  
The very zephyrs seem to moan,  
While mortal requiem sings."

The Viatorians mourn the loss of one of their valiant and most esteemed members in the person of the Reverend Louis Goulette, who died in Chicago of a complication of diseases on the 5th day of January.

He was educated at St. Viator's and obediently hearkened to the call of the Master, crowning his student life by entering the novitiate of the community. He thus sacrificed his pure young life to a noble cause—the Catholic education of youth. In his chosen work throughout his, but too short, career he proved himself a zealous religious and saintly priest.

He meritoriously earned the profound love and sincere esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

Father Goulette possessed rare musical talent, which as a true Viatorian, he unstintingly applied to the promotion of aesthetic ecclesiastical singing. The many public concerts and Church choirs which he organized while acting as curate of St. Edward's Church, Chicago, invariably proved successful.

In the exercise of his sacred ministry Father Goulette endeared himself to his flock by his assiduous attention to the sick and unfailing solicitude for the unfortunate. These and other beautiful traits of Father Goulette's character were well brought out in the funeral oration of his college friend, Father William Cleary, and of his Provincial, the Very Rev. E. S. Rivard, C. S. V.

After a Solemn Requiem Mass, celebrated in the Village Church, where his remains rested for two days, he was laid among his religious brethren who sleep in the community cemetery overlooking the Kankakee river.

In him the Order lost a true and worthy son and in their bereavement the staff of the "Viatorian" offer to them their deepest sympathies and most sincere promises of prayers for the repose of his soul.



### Milton Heaney

On January 18th death claimed another son of Viator and by his death Alma Mater can add another gold star to her already gold spangled flag. Mr. Milton Heaney, who for several years was a student of St. Viator, died at Fort Sheridan after a protracted spell of sickness.

It was sad news, indeed, to hear of his death. Milton was a great favorite of the faculty as well as of the student body. His gentlemanly deportment and genial company gained for him the esteem of all. To his bereaved parents and relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathies.

---

### William J. Onahan

In the death of Mr. William J. Onahan, of Chicago, St. Viator's saw the passing of one of her benefactors. Mr. Onahan was well known throughout the country for his charity to Catholic institutions and for his devotion to the Church in general. Pope Leo XIII conferred upon him the dignity of Papal Chamberlain and Notre Dame awarded him the Laetare Medal. The deceased is survived by an only sister with whom we condole in her sad bereavement.

---

### Thomas Hogan

It is with much regret we chronicle the sudden death of Thomas Hogan, a former student, who died suddenly at St. Thomas Military College. The funeral was held from St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, Rev. Father Rice, C. S. V., preaching the sermon. Both Colleges were represented by members of the faculty and students.

---

### Daniel E. Bergan

Among the old students that fell a victim to the attacks of that dread disease, the influenza, we sorrowfully record the death of our beloved friend, Daniel E. Bergan, Manhattan, Illinois. During his three years attendance at the College, Daniel (Danny), by his unassuming manners, virtuous traits and winning personality, won both the loyal friendship of his fellow students and the love and esteem of his teachers. The faculty and student body were present at the Mass celebrated in the College Chapel for his departed soul; and through this column of the Viatorian extend to his bereaved parents and sisters their heartfelt sorrow and prayerful sympathy.



**Francis J. Thomas**

We are deeply grieved to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Francis J. Thomas, of Momence, Ill. Francis was a member of the S. A. T. C. Unit and had made many friends among his soldier companions at St. Viator. The funeral was attended by a squad of his former classmates who acted as pall bearers. To the bereaved family the faculty and student body extend their sincere condolence.

---

**Stephen A. St. Aubin**

To our beloved master of Athletics, Rev. Captain Brother St. Aubin, the faculty and students wish to extend their heartfelt sympathies on the occasion of the death of his brother, Mr. Stephen A. St. Aubin, who died in Chicago on January 8th. Our Very Rev. President sang the mass of requiem. The remains were interred in Mount Olivet cemetery.

---

**Rev. Charles C. O'Brien**

The Rev. Charles C. O'Brien, former pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Merna, Ill., died October 25th, 1918, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Bloomington, Ill. The funeral was held from the hospital chapel Tuesday, October 29th, with Bishop Dunne officiating. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery, Peoria, Ill.





## Alumni

Lately it was the great privilege and pleasure of the members of the faculty and older students to have with them their dear old friend, Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., pastor of St. Viator Church, Chicago, Ill. When Father O'Mahoney stopped to see us he was on his way to Irwin, Ill., there to bury his nephew. Indeed many hearts were pulsating merrily when they exchanged greetings with him. It is the earnest desire of all here that he make his visits more frequent.

Ensign William J. Roche, A. B., '18, U. S. N., spent a few pleasant hours at the college recently while on his way home from the East. Bill enlisted in the Radio Department of the navy at the Great Lakes Naval Station in December of 1917. After passing a successful examination he was sent to Harvard University to pursue an officer's course. His ability to lead and direct others was soon realized and he was subsequently made an Ensign. Bill tells us he will remain in the service for a few more years.

Sergeant August DeClerk, on his way home from camp, paid us a short visit. He was stationed at Columbus, Ohio, where he was perfecting himself in the art of sharp-shooting. We feel sure that if "Gus" had been across, the HUN would not have had time to RUN.

Lieutenant Thomas P. Grant announces that he has returned to Chicago and has resumed the practice of law. His office is at Suite No. 1005, Rauborn Building, 56 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Lieutenant James L. Dougherty, '08, has returned from the battlefields of France where he was engaged in active service for almost a year. In one of the engagements against the Prussian he was seriously injured in the right leg by shrapnel. Lieut. Dougherty is now at Fort Sheridan awaiting his discharge which will be given him as soon as his wound is completely healed.

In the person of the Rev. Edgar J. Bourget we come to realize the greatest organist of the Middle West. Aware of this fact, the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago, appointed Father Bourget organist at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago.

At the event of the blessing of the new organ in the Cathedral Father Bourget directed a sacred concert which proved to



be a great success. He received hearty congratulations from many connoisseurs of music in United States and Canada.

After an absence of one year Edwin Mortell, H. S. '14, returned to St. Viator's to greet his old friends. Soon after the United States declared war Edwin enlisted with the Marines. He was put through intensive drill and was soon sent overseas as a gunner. He belonged to the company which operated the "Monster" 58 mi range gun. Edwin had been overseas since August and saw active service soon after he landed. He fought in the battle near Verdun. Shortly after the armistice was signed he was permitted to return home.

Timothy D. Sullivan, A. B. '17, the Thespian star of St. Viator, surprised his many friends a fortnight ago by returning to his Alma Mater and renew old acquaintances.

In the summer of 1918 Tim entered the service. He received his military training in a Southern camp. Much to his delight he was soon sent across with the Dixie Division where he was engaged in active service for four months. Subsequent to the signing of the armistice, Tim was delegated to accompany his commander to Tours and Paris, acting as his interpreter.

Professor F. J. Murray, who has been instructor and coach of the West Milwaukee High School, enjoyed a short visit with the members of the faculty during the Xmas vacation.

Berard "Mose" Mombleau, Ph. B. '17, with his usual smile greeted his friends at St. Viator just a fortnight ago. "Mose" is pursuing his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Incapable of resisting the attractive influence of his Alma Mater and his many friends, Thomas "Toby" Shea, A. B. '18, returned to enjoy a few pleasant hours at St. Viator. "Toby" is now in theology at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

Thomas Kelly, '15-'18, graced our campus and halls by his ever smiling face a short time ago. "Tom," together with Charles Hart, '17, Fulton Sheen, '17, Thomas Shea, '18, Edward Kelly, '18, is attending St. Paul Seminary. Tom is finishing his first year in theology.

The many friends of Thomas Cavanaugh, '15-'18, had the pleasure of entertaining him a short while ago. Tom told us he was on his way to an Eastern college where he intends to complete his philosophical course.

Rev. James V. Greene of Bloomington, Illinois, has recently undergone a serious operation on his throat. We are told that he was very near death's door. The physicians and surgeons had given up all hope of recovery. Despite all he regained consciousness and is now well on the way to complete recovery.

Chaplain Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney, who was formerly assistant at the Cathedral of Louisville, Kentucky, is now a K. of C.



Chaplain and is stationed at the Submarine Base, New London, Conn. Recently at a concert given by the War Camp Community Service of that city, Chaplain J. P. O'Mahoney was called upon to address the people. He paid a glowing tribute to the sailors and the care they received from the government. He said: "At no other time in the history of the world did men of the navy receive such care and attention as is given to our sailors to-day. They deserve the very best and are worthy of it. But in spite of all this attention bestowed by a considerate captain, efficient commander and officers, the sailor has a heart that longs for the warmth and love of home.

"I believe if we would look upon sailors as the youth of our government committed to the care of our government for a while and begin to realize that away back home there is a tearful mother, faithful wife, or a loving sister watching and praying for the absent ones, we should be more lenient in our judgment.

"The sailor is a manly man and I know that they are as honorable and virtuous as men in any other sphere of life."

Chaplain J. P. O'Mahoney has won for himself the love and esteem of all the sailors there. How could it be otherwise with him. He is very affable and his spirit of sacrifice and benevolence would lead any one who knew him to love and esteem him.

Joseph E. Landroche, '15-'17, has recently accepted a position with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. He is now stationed at Marshall, Minnesota.

Daily do we read and marvel at the courage and valor of our American boys. A remarkable instance of this courage and valor is found in the person of a son of Viator, Sergeant William I. Walsh. "Bill" and his company had been keeping the heads of the Huns beneath the trench parapet by a constant volley of shells. For four days and nights they kept the enemy on the qui vive. A burst of shells coming from the Prussian killed his companion, wounded Bill severely and entombed him. Bill remained helpless for four days. While in this condition he was gassed. Finally members of his company succeeded in reaching him and carried him back to the nearest ambulance. He is now in a base hospital in France on the way to speedy recovery. With such daunted courage it is no wonder that victory was ours!

Private Arthur Dufault of Kankakee, Ill., after an absence of nineteen months, returns to College to resume his studies in the Commercial branch. Arthur had been attending College in 1917; when war was declared, filled with that spark of patriotism, he enlisted under the colors of his country on July 2nd, 1917. He entered the Medical Corps at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. He remained there but a week when his company was transferred to the Medical detachment of the 10th Division, 29th Machine Gun Battalion, at Camp Funston, Kansas. For eighteen months he was disciplined in military tactics. Preparations were being



made to go overseas, but they were stopped by the signing of the armistice. Arthur was discharged soon afterwards.

John Broderick, '15-'17, master electrician for the year 1917, informs us that he has undertaken the arduous profession of a real estate man. If you wish to buy "lots" of lots or have your life insured, see John. Subscribers are urged to patronize our advertiser.

Conrad Clifford, '11-'13, after a long absence of five years, returned to-day to talk it over with his friends. Most of those were members of the faculty. Conrad has been active in the labor of the field ever since he left college.

Great was our surprise and greater still our joy when we heard of Professor E. Kenyon's recent promotion. For four years Professor Kenyon taught English in the College Department. His success in this field of labor, also in Latin, Greek and German, is unsurpassed. After his fourth year of professorship here at college his health failed and he was compelled to return home. While there he busied himself teaching minor courses. When the selective draft was made Prof. Kenyon answered the call, was accepted and went through the military discipline for several months.

When men were chosen for the Peace Conference, Professor E. Kenyon's ability and knowledge of French and German were realized and he was chosen to act as interpreter at the peace parley.

Cupid of Love is ever awake and ever victorious with his love darts. On October 31, 1918, Dr. Victor N. LaMarre was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss L. Dorothy Raymond of Chicago, Ill. The ceremony took place at St. Anne de Brighton Church, Chicago.

To these young people who have fallen victims of the god of love the Viatorian wishes to extend its most earnest wishes for a happy and successful life.

Among the Reverend gentlemen and alumni whom the President and Faculty had the pleasure of entertaining were the following: Rev. J. P. Kirley, Chamberlain, S. Dakota; Rev. Thomas O'Brien, Warsaw, Illinois; Chaplain J. B. Shiel, Great Lakes; Rev. J. J. Corbett, C. S. V., St. Edward's, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Ambrose Granger, St. Rose, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Bennett, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. William Granger, St. Joseph's, Bradley, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Surprenant, Beaverville, Ill.; Rev. Fr. Kurthoff, St. Mary's, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. Gerald Bergan, Peoria, Ill.; Rev. A. Mainville, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. Martin J. Spalding, Bloomington, Ill.; Messrs. Raymond Kavanaugh, James Kavanaugh, Joseph Reading, Louis Daugherty, Fulton J. Sheen, Frank Libert, John Ostrowski, John V. Walsh, John Gallahue, James Corbett, Donald Kirley, and Claude Granger.





TO Coach St. Aubin's insistence on team play we owe the whirlwind entree of the High School into the basket ball season. Their brilliant, harmonious work has offset the disadvantage of their light weight, and though they have fought against odds in every engagement thus far, they have not lost a game. A tardy commencement has prevented their being represented in the Catholic High School League. It is, however, the intention of Manager Sweeney to challenge the winners of that division to dispute their honors. At the present rate there is little doubt but that Captain Delaney's bunch will gather in the laurels.

Irwin 26; St. Viator 28

On January 18th the High School opened its 1919 basket ball season in hurricane fashion by defeating the speedy Irwin five on their own floor by the narrow margin of one basket. The game was the opener of the season for both teams and consequently was fiercely contested. It was fought nip and tuck from start to finish, the lead constantly changing from one side to the other. Irwin was quite facile in shooting baskets but was weak on team play. Hester, the star forward of the country five, showed unusual skill in registering nine scores from the field. Divine, playing center, put in two from the middle of the floor. Lyons, the speedy Viator forward, set a record of twelve field baskets out of the thirteen made and added two more by the foul route. Lyons scored the winning basket from a bench on the side of the floor. Kearney and Delaney played a brilliant defensive game.

The lineup:

Viator		Irwin
Lyons .....	R. F. ....	Hester
Fitzgerald .....	L. F. ....	Provinsul
Delaney .....	C. ....	Divine
Kearney .....	R. G. ....	Ulrich
Freehill (Walsh) .....	L. G. ....	Devine, M



Field Goals—Hester (9), Divine (3), Lyons (12), Fitzgerald (1).

Free Throws—Provunsul (2), Lyons (2).

Referee—Treely.

St. Viator 25; Irwin 10

The first game at home was a return game with Irwin which proved a more decisive victory for the High School boys. During the first few minutes of play it threatened to be a stiff battle. The score see-sawed for a while and then Viator started the fireworks by piling up thirteen while Irwin scored only eight. In the second half the home lads had things their own way and held their opponents to a single score while they ran twenty-five. Towards the end of the half Coach St. Aubin sent in the second string men who easily kept their opponents from scoring. Lyons again starred for his team by his clever floor work and accurate shooting. The defensive play was considerably improved and this fact is responsible for the low score of the visitors.

The lineup:

St. Viator		Irwin
Lyons .....	R. F.....	Hester
Fitzgerald .....	L. F.....	Provunsul
Sweeney .....	C.....	Divine
Delaney .....	R. G.....	Ulrich
Kearney .....	L. G.....	Devine, M.

Field Goals—Lyons (8), Sweeney (2), Delaney (1), Kearney (1), Hester (3), Provonsul (2).

Free Throws—Lyons (1).

Referee—McDonald.

St. Viator 36; Chicago Heights 18

The game with Chicago Heights was one of the cleverest, cleanest and fastest seen on Viator floor in many moons. When the visitors entered the gym there was a general groan of disappointment from the crowd; for every man on the team seemed over six feet tall. Their basket shooting, too, was exceptionally accurate. The High School came on the floor with a determination to win in spite of these odds and this they calmly proceeded to do. For about the first quarter the game waxed interesting indeed. The visitors started the scoring with a beauty from mid-floor, and half a minute later added another. Then the High School boys found their range and climbed up slowly, finally leading their opponents by a score of 14 to 6 at the whistle for the half. The second half was easy for the Viator boys. Confident of victory they played calmly and systematically, utterly bewildering their opponents by their perfect team play. But if team play was the feature of the game there was no lack of individual starring. Fitz played under, over and all around his



herculean opponent; Lyons drew seven scores and kept his guard guessing all through the game. Sweeney played center and showed his real ability for the first time registering seven long range dew-drop baskets; Delaney and Kearney contributed not a little to the victory by perfect vigilance over dangerous adversaries. The enthusiasm that greeted every score surpassed anything ever heard at a high school game in Viator gym.

The lineup:

St. Viator		Chicago Heights
Lyons .....	R. F.....	Conroy
Fitzgerald .....	L. F.....	Steitz
Sweeney .....	C.....	Malcolm
Delaney .....	R. G.....	Schmidt
Kearney .....	L. G.....	Greely

Field Goals—Lyons (7), Sweeney (7), Fitzgerald (3), Kearney (1), Conroy (4), Steitz (3), Malcolm (2).

Referee—Steele.

St. Viator 47; Kankakee 14

The Kankakee-Viator game was an easy victory for the High School. Only for the first few minutes did the issue remain in doubt. The Kanks started out with two ringers before the home team found its range, but a moment later the Viator boys found their stride and started to mount. For the rest of the game the balance hung low on the local's side. Howard Bushell, crack forward of last year's quintette, made his reappearance in this game and soon showed that six months in his country's service had not retarded his prestined speed. He registered ten field tallies and dropped in three free throws. The perfect harmony of the team won the game and kept the score of the visitors low.

The lineup:

St. Viator		Kankakee
Bushell .....	R. F.....	Smith
Lyons .....	L. F.....	Radeke
Sweeney .....	C.....	Rice
Delaney .....	R. G.....	Walters
Kearney .....	L. G.....	Vaudolale

Field Goals—Bushell (10), Sweeney (5), Lyons (4), Fitzgerald (2), Delaney (1), Smith (2), Radeke (2), Rice (1).

Free Throws—Bushell (3), Vaudolale (4).

Referee—Welland.

## THE SENIOR BASKET BALL LEAGUE

A more interesting series of basketball games has never been staged at Viator than those played by the senior league this winter. The league was launched late in December and proved a source of interest to the entire student body. The teams were evenly matched and the battles hard fought. The Marines took the last game from the Warriors and won the cham-



pionship in a furiously contested battle by the narrow score of 15 to 12. The Marines, the Warriors, the Recruits, and the Home Guards were all in the final struggle. The Allies alone, crippled early in the race by the loss of two good players, were out of the reckoning.

The final standing:

Teams	Captains	Won	Lost
Marines.....	Sees .....	4	1
Pershing Warriors.....	Lyons .....	3	2
Recruits.....	Sweeney .....	3	2
Home Guards.....	Fitzgerald .....	3	1
The Allies.....	Anderson .....	0	5

### Academic Activities

St. Viator Acks 11; Kankakee 5

On January 19th the Academic basket ball team treated the Kankakee Specials to a handsome trimming. The game was played on the home floor and the Acks showed their metal from the start. A basket by Langan of Kankakee in the first minute of play aroused the ire of the home lads and they held their opponents till the end of the game without another score. Three free throws on technical fouls added the three points to the visitors' score. Cooney and Clancy did the scoring for the Viator lads, each ringing two from the floor. Heintz drew a neat one from the field and put away a free throw. Danner and Graetz played the guards in varsity style and succeeded in keeping their opponents in check.

The lineup:

Academics	Kankakee Specials
Heintz .....	R. F. .... Cryer
Cooney .....	L. F. .... McKormic
Clancy .....	C. .... Langan
Danner .....	R. G. .... Domansuski
Graetz .....	L. G. .... Burns

Field Goals—Cooney (2), Clancy (2), Heintz (1), Langan (1).

Free Throws—Heintz (1), McKormic (3).

Referee—Landroche.

### THE RETURN GAME

On January 25th the Acks met Kankakee in a return game at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and established their superior ability in an unequivocal manner by neatly trimming them to the song of 16 to 14. The Acks played true to old form and clinched the victory only in the last few minutes of play. Cooney and Heintz did the scoring for the Acks while Danner played a star role at defensive work.

Kankakee Specials.....	14
Academics .....	16



## THE ACADEMIC LEAGUE

A fierce battle is being waged in the Academic quarters for the championship of that division. The league is composed of four teams, all of whom are fighting hard for the pennant.

## PRESENT STANDING

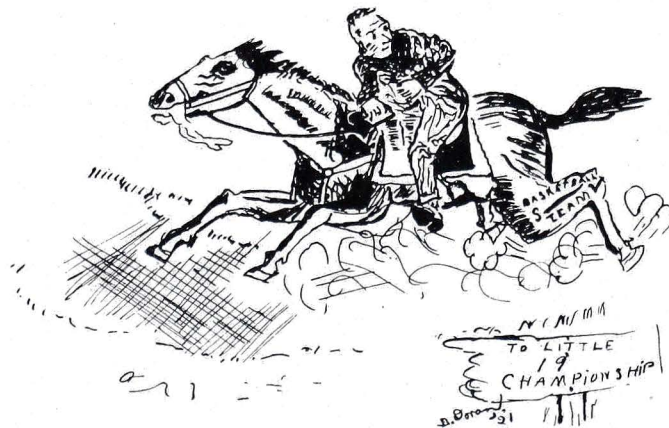
Team	Captain	Won	Lost	Average
Juniors.....	Artery .....	4	0	1000
Maroons.....	Greene.....	3	2	666
Invincibles.....	Keough .....	2	2	500
Shamrocks.....	O'Loughlin .....	0	4	000

## SENIORS vs. ACADEMICS

In two games with the seniors the Acks broke even, losing the first and winning the second. Great enthusiasm greeted these games and the Acks are looking for an opportunity to play the rubber.

First game: Seniors 14; Academics 7.

Second game: Academics 24; Seniors 11.





# VIATORIANA



## THE QUALMS OF LIFE

A match, a pill and a shady nook  
A nervous being and a haunted look,  
A cloud of smoke, a muddled brain,  
'Tis the life of a senior over again.

## SECOND SPASM

A black-robed figure appeared in the door  
The cubes just rolled a little four,  
A scurrying of feet and a short turmoil,  
And "to the victor belongs the spoil."

## SOUND ADVICE

The Allied bosses are up a stump,  
Just how to hand K. Bill his bump.  
They knit the brow, they rack the brain,  
But they find their dope is far too tame.  
Says a pale, weak youth of cadaverous mein  
Here at St. Viator so often seen,  
"If you'll get K. Bill and avoid rebuke  
Make him listen an hour to Clennon's uke."

Teacher: In summer iron expands and in the winter—  
Galanti: It disbands.

"Oh, Where! Oh, Where can my hanky be,"  
Wailed Mathew Walsh to Pat Swee-nee.  
With a piteous sigh and a doleful weep,  
Patrick answered: "Out in the street."



Heard in M. Hall: My arms are weak but my feet are strong. So get out.

---

Bro.: Who knows Irving's dates?  
Lancaster, in the act of raising hand.  
Bro.: Only one? Well, Lancaster?  
Lancaster: I don't, Bro.

---

### ANSWERS TO THE DULL

P. D. Q. Yes, indeed, Scut has a neck. Though none has ever seen it.

Mystified—We cannot state positively, then, what Abe was looking for. He is not absolutely certain himself.

---

Some say, yes; and some say, no. What are you going to do about it? Up against it.

---

M. M., to group of students: I must go over to see Joe's two sons—one of them is a daughter.

---

The head reels wild, the jaw is numb,  
The refulgent stars blink one by one.  
The shoulders slump, the head rolls back,  
He's had a smoke and a Prefect's whack—Poor Ac, Poor Ac.

---

Bill: Do you believe in evolution?  
Sam: Sure.  
Bill: What's your proof?  
Sam: Jansen. His ancestors' feet were encased in wood and now the wood is enveloped in his dome.

---

Jack: Ron is cutting his wisdom teeth.  
Sam: He needs 'em.

---

### AT OUR MOVIES

Applause.  
'arry: You'd think they'd paid their jit to get in.

---

Gens: Prof. was pretty good.  
Jay: He knew nothing, but he used to tell it cleverly.

---

Prof.: What's at the end of the atmosphere?  
J. J.: A lot of ragged edges.



Jack (after reading sensational sheet): There are some pretty good atrocities to-day.

---

Prospective Student: Say, how far gone is the physics class?

---

Coach (gazing at illuminated gym): Gee! There must be a game to-night.

---

Bro.: What are fetters?

Parowski: Well—er—er—er you see 'em on chickens.

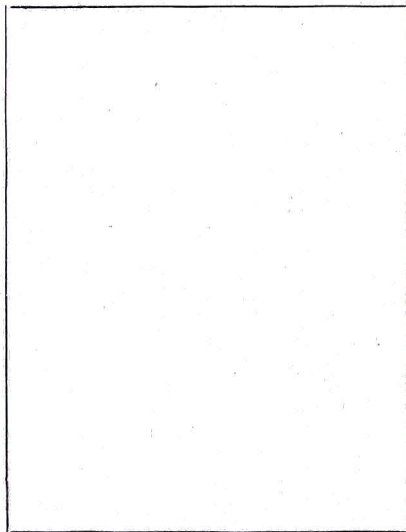
---

### ECHOES FROM THE ACS' DRILL FIELD

Keep your heads up! Forward 'arsh! Come on! Cut out the fooling! Fo' the luva mud! Shut up! One! Two! say, you'll get a kick in the pants if you don't cut out the foolin'! Three! Four! Koll-umns— Get in step there—left! Ma—Ya big— Don't land on me. Well, get in step. Well, you bunch of bone-heads. I said LEFT. I'm going to see Father Hazen about getting out of this lousy drill. Cut out the barking! You're lucky they ain't got no guard house here. Say! that camel in backa me is walking all over my back. One! Two Three! Four! Cut out the talkin'! Aw, whose talkin'?

---

Jay P.: It is my ambition to get my picture in the Viatorian.  
Thoughtful Editor: Dear youth, your ambition is realized.



JAY P.