

THE VIATORIAN

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ST. VIATOR COLLEGE, BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

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VOL. 44

GYMNASIUM DEDICATED AT HOMECOMING

NEW BUILDING ONE OF BEST IN MIDDLE WEST

Contains Swimming Pool, Shooting Galleries, etc.

In the general plan of the gymnasium, and in all its features it has been the purpose of the faculty and builders to allow for the expansion of St. Viator College, therefore in the new structure we find adequate facilities for all branches of indoor sports combined in a structure that equals in beauty of outline and general utility similar buildings throughout the Middle West. Nothing has been overlooked in the attempt to provide the College with a lasting asset to the interest of better sports.

The new gymnasium is 140 feet by 180 feet, and is constructed of varicolored glazed tile, brick and cut stone, built around a structural steel framing. The main building houses a playing space of 100 feet by 92 feet, and will furnish two floors for interclass and practice activities. For games the floor will extend from the front entrance to the rear walls with ample space for demountable bleachers. The entire floor is done with white pine laid over a concrete surface, with air-spaces to provide greater resiliency. The main gym is adequately lighted by side windows and mechanically operated sky lights which will allow a continual supply of fresh air and sunshine throughout the major portion of the day. Around the wall of the gymnasium is suspended by girders and hangers a modern running track, floored in hard wood and cushion cork. The gallery is also provided with a motion picture booth wherein features will be shown for entertainment during the winter months. Built around the main floor are various rooms and offices in the front portion, including the lobby which is floored in red quarried tile, and which is adjoined by the student club rooms, in which are to be found three modern bowling alleys fully equipped and furnished, five billiard and pool tables, as well as a soft drink fountain and a general store that will carry a complete line of confections and other student supplies. On the other front wing of the gymnasium is a hand-ball court with a thirty-foot ceiling. This room is floored in maple and walled with smooth concrete and is provided with a gallery for interclass hand-ball tournaments. In the rear of the hand-ball courts are locker and shower rooms both for the visitors and the home teams, in which are placed thirty showers, built of slate slabbing. There are also steaming rooms contained in this portion of the outer structure, as well as modern lavatory installations.

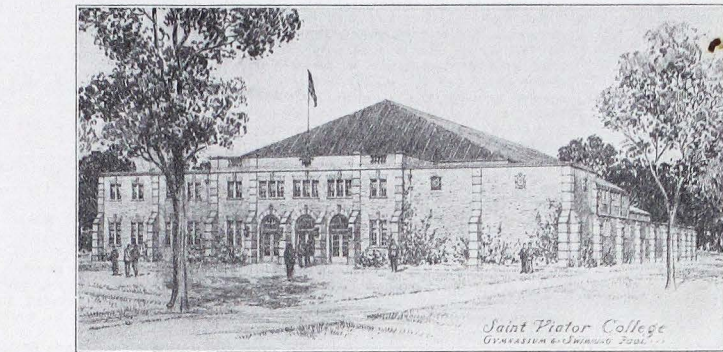
Outside of the large playing floor, the chief feature of the gymnasium is a modern natatorium, built to L. T. A. C. regulations, 75 feet by 30 feet. This pool is floored in white sanitary tile, and is provided with a violet ray filtering process, which with the ample amount of sunshine afforded by the sky-lights will give at all times the utmost in sanitation to the building, pool and all its surroundings. In the basement on both sides of the swimming pool are seventy-five foot rifle ranges which will be equipped and lighted in accordance with regulations subscribed to by the better rifle clubs of the country.

The appearance of the building is added to by the stone work which complies with the general plan of Italian Renaissance architecture. One feature of the gymnasium is its ideal location, both for football and baseball. It is so situated that it will prove easy of access before and after all intercollegiate contests. The appearance of the structure is further enhanced by the lane of maples that runs parallel to the northern wall of the building. The structure will appear at its best next spring after the sodding, grading and landscaping have been completed. The red and white of the building will present an imposing appearance with the green lawns and a perspective of leafy trees already tending to add charm to the surroundings.

MID-SEMESTER EXAMINATIONS HELD

Beginning Thursday morning the Academy mid-semester examinations were begun. They will terminate at Saturday noon.

BEAT VALPO



THE NEW GYMNASIUM

LOMBARD RALLIES TO BEAT VIATOR

Local Boys Led at Half By 3 to 0 Score

For thrills, for deep, dyed-in-the-wool interest, for genuine football strategy and execution, for spectacular aerial work as well as reckless line plunging, the game at College Field, between Lombard and St. Viator was all that one could wish. It will never be forgotten by the large crowd who saw it; it could hardly be expected to be reproduced or excelled. There were more thrills per minute, more cause for high elation and for sickening despair, as the lead alternated three times during the afternoon, than has been packed into any three games the Viatorians have played in the four years of football the writer has witnessed. "Jimmie" McGarraghy who has followed the Notre Dame team from coast to coast for the past four years said after the game: "Viator lost the game, but she won the heart of everyone of us Alumni here today. I cannot recall when I have ever experienced such sharp and sudden conflicts of emotion. I don't think I ever shall again. That's why we made up the Alumni purse for Father Kelly". (It was a hundred dollar note, we believe Frank Rainey, president of the Alumni, handed to Father Kelly.)

"Fight, Irish, Fight."

As if responding to the "Fight, Irish, Fight," which came from the core of the hearts of the thousand and more Viator rooters, the Green Wave gave a demonstration of unqualified grit and determination that was indeed inspiring. Viator was rated as the underdog; if that appellation can be interpreted in the easy code of the sport writer, the local collegians certainly merited the highest of praise for their afternoon's work. Lighter, less experienced, but possessed of a fighting spirit that has made Viator one of the most loved and most feared athletic clubs in the conference, the McAllister youngsters disported themselves in truly Viatorian style. Time and again, the well planned mass attack of Lombard crashed into the Viatorian forward wall, sometimes bending it back, sometimes rebounding from the sheer force of the terrific impact, sometimes smothered by a flank move on the part of the ever alert Viator wingmen, but never killing that remarkable fighting spirit that won this comment from Walter Eckersall, the reigning Big Ten official. "I never saw such pluck packed into one club—they are truly remarkable boys." Lombard crashed and crushed, but found only the flesh yielding when anything did yield. Just as often as the aptly styled "Lombard Roller" steamed over the Viatorians, they found instead of a team beaten into submission, eleven men roused into a fury that increased as the game progressed. There was no individual star on either side; Lombard has eleven men of exceptionally high calibre, and St. Viator, in certain departments, had

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BEAT VALPO

HOBOPARADE AND PEP MEETING ARE HUGE SUCCESSES

Much Enthusiasm Exhibited by
Paraders and Spectators

The hobo parade and pep meeting of last Thursday surpassed the expectations of even the most sanguine enthusiasts. The tireless efforts of the committee were more than fully repaid by the great success the event turned out to be. For probably the first time in the history of St. Viator College a pep celebration has received not only the entire cooperation of the faculty and students but also that of the city officials and business men of Kankakee. Taken as a whole the event was one that surely commands note in the annals of the school. The organization throughout was excellent and the exuberant spirit of the students served to prove to the doubtful that after all St. Viator is not lacking in spirit and willingness to work. Definite plans had been announced far enough ahead of the event to allow each student to know just what to do and as a result everything went off smoothly. Immediately after supper on the appointed day the corridors and dormitories became the scenes of almost frenzied activity. Burned cork, red paint, carnival outfits, flashing colors appeared from every room and before long everyone looked much more like an entrant for a Mardi Gras than like a serious student. Attired in gay outfits, the students assembled on the campus shortly after seven and prepared to go to Kankakee. Transportation was provided in many ways. Extra street cars were filled to capacity. "Collegiate" Fords, which when sent out from Detroit were intended to carry five, now carried fifteen. One even had a wagon tied on behind and pulled it loaded with paraders to the place appointed for assembly. The "Pretzel Benders" were enthroned on the hay rack pulled by two of Pat Hayes' horses. "Paddy's" little garbage wagon also carried its quota even if it was a little late in arriving. Its tardiness was undoubtedly due to the fact that the horse was not accustomed to working overtime. Those who could not squeeze on to these means of transportation either walked or hauled rides on the highway. Whatever the means employed everyone did get there, that much is certain.

The parade formed at the railroad crossing on Schuyler Ave. Leading the entire assembly was one of the Collegiate Fords seating the four class presidents. A banner bearing a greeting to Kankakee followed next and after it came the school banner carried by two huskies. Various floats were stationed at intervals in the body of the parade. With shouts and cheers and songs the paraders proceeded to Court street where a large crowd was assembled to greet them. Turning on Court the parade continued west to Station street and south on Station for two blocks. Here the paraders turned east and proceeded for four blocks to Harrison street and then returned to Court where they again turned west and

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J. CORBETT ACAD '27 TO EDIT VOYAGEUR

Academy Students Begin Work
on Annual.

At a recent meeting, the Academy class of '27 voted unanimously to continue the publication of the Voyageur, the High school annual. Immediately the class set about the task of selecting an editor and when the votes were counted it was discovered that the class had decided to honor James Corbett, H. S. '27 with this distinction. Shortly after the election, the editor met with the officers of the class and together they selected the staff that will man the 1927 Voyageur. The following is the personnel of the staff:

Editor J. Corbett
Titles E. Petty and J. Daly
Societies ... J. Meitzler and E. Riccio
Athletics S. Garneau and C. Dempsey
Chronicle G. Brady and S. McMahon
Quips and Quirks . C. Lewis and P. Cinnin
Business manager M. Slintz
Advertising F. Carney, L. Kelly
and L. O'Shea
Circulation .. E. Walkowiak, E. Drolet
and H. O'Grady
Snaps V. Jackson

According to present plans the Class of '27 will attempt to make the 1927 annual bigger and better than ever. Though the task of financing the present proposition is somewhat more difficult than that which confronted former staffs, nevertheless a campaign is already in operation which gives every assurance of success. Among the sources of revenue which will be utilized are the sale of copies and the sale of advertisements.

Alumni Association of St. Viator's Met Nov. 5

On the occasion of the Annual Homecoming, November 5th, the officers of the Alumni Association met in the Presidents' room, at 1:30 P. M. The following officers were present: Frank J. Rainey, '08, President, John E. Cox '17 Vice-President, Walter J. Nourie '10, Vice-President, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney '01, Resident-Secretary, Lowell A. Lawson, '15, Treasurer; Trustees: Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., '05, Rev. L. M. O'Connor, '07, Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84. The object of the meeting was to assign the place and time of the next Annual Meeting of the Association. It was decided that the meeting for the year 1927 will take place at the College on Tuesday, February 22. As this is a legal holiday it will give an opportunity for many of the old students to spend a day at their college home.

HOMECOMING TO BE LONG REMEMBERED

Monsignor B. J. Sheil,
'06, Blesses New Building.

In years to come, as the ebullient young reader flits and skips through the pages of St. Viator history he will meet with a day that will cause him to linger to read and reread, for that day will have been written in gleaming and glorious red. All who were so fortunate as to be present on this memorable day will remember and speak of it as being one of the most important occasions of the time they have ever spent at St. Viator. If ever a day will stand out prominently among the prominent days in the annals of St. Viator College, certainly it will be Nov. 5, 1926—Homecoming Day. From early morn till late night, this eventful day was one of continuous activity. Old Grads of the College thronged upon its grounds to re-live for the all too short space of a day that happy period of their lives spent under its maternal direction and encouragement. Undergrads individually and in groups vied with one another in showing a hearty and sincere welcome to those who had gone before them. Homecoming Day saw many old grads back at home, some after but a short absence, others after a prolonged absence, but all with the mutual desire to see and to "feel" their old home, and, incidentally to aid their Alma Mater in celebrating one of her most outstanding triumphs—the dedication of two new wonderful buildings.

Dedication Is Crown of a Great Achievement.

In early January of the instant year the unfortunate conflagration of the College's gymnasium and refectory seemed to take the very heart out of all who were directly and indirectly interested in St. Viator College. If such were the case, the dedication of the magnificent mess hall certainly raised that heart to not only its former pitch but to a new and higher level.

As a fitting preface to this auspicious occasion a procession was formed before Marsile Hall, generalissimo of all the College buildings, and, solemnized by the chanting of the Litany of All Saints, slowly wended its way to the site of the new buildings. On reaching the first of the buildings, the refectory, the procession stopped and bowed its head in reverence as Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. J. Sheil '06, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, blessed the entrance, sides and interior of the building. It then continued upon its way until it reached the gymnasium which was blessed in like manner.

Speeches Leave a Deep Impression Upon All.

In words, both heartfelt and heart touching, Monsignor Sheil, the voice—a wonderful voice—of the Alumni, tersely expressed the appreciation of the Alumni not to the College as a brick and mortar institution but to the men who were and are its life. Monsignor's earnest pleading to the undergraduates that they should strive to emulate their faculty thrilled us all with the sincere desire of doing so.

As the "vox populi" Mr. James Connor truly merits the praise of all students for so adequately expressing the thoughts of each of us. Mr. Connor spoke in glowing terms of the athletic record of the College and perorated his talk with a plea to the Alumni to consider it one of their duties to induce young men to come to Viator. With Jimmy, we hope that the dedication of the two buildings will not be the culmination of the College's progress but will only prove a stepping stone to greater and higher things.

Very Rev. T. J. Rice, president of the college, representing the faculty, extended a thousand welcomes to the returning Alumni and eloquently expressed the appreciation of the faculty for the many sacrifices made by the Alumni, in particular for the wonderful spirit they showed at the time subsequent to the fire. Father Rice, in speak in praise and gratitude of the help given to the College by its many friends, and especially of the help offered by the good Sisters of Notre Dame Convent in providing the members of the College with bodily sustenance during the distressful days of last January, gave expression to the gratitude of each and every one of us.

Rev. J. W. Maguire, in introducing

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THE VIATORIAN

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SIXTH DOWN AND SIX TO GO.

It is a rule of the game of football that a team be given four downs in which to make ten yards. In this case the referee allowed me six downs. Six weary times has the ball stood between the ten and twenty-yard line and nearer it has come each time to being over the goal line. The six downs represent six years spent within the walls of St. Viator College and the gains made on every down are the improvements wrought in this institution as the six years have unfolded themselves. When I came here six years ago in my third year in High School, St. Viator College was being outplayed in every department of the game of finance. Within the course of that year, was heard the rumblings of a change. The big drive of the Spring of 1922 was opened and although it didn't prove all that was expected, it at least gave impetus to greater things in the years to follow. The second down saw the Academy meeting very rigid and acting standard. The third down witnessed the opening of the new Biology Department and its complete equipping by Professor Kennedy until today it is one of the show places of the College. Other gains were made on the third down. Two years of college and even higher educational standards were realized.

On the fourth down in the great game of football we usually kick if we are not in the very best position on the field. Father O'Mahoney must not have thought that St. Viator College could make her downs by any line plunge so he gave the signal to kick. It was a kick that sent St. Viator College forward fifty yards. The chapel was entirely renovated. The old dusty hangings in the sacristy were torn down and replaced with the attractive lap board we see separating the sanctuary from the sacristy today, the altars received a coat of paint and elaborate etchings in gold from the hand of an artist hired to do the delicate task, new altars added and new statues donated. That punt found its way into the old gymnasium building. The Extension Fund was playing its part as a vulnerable kicker and fullback. The refectory was entirely done over, white tiled throughout and the priests' refectory added and partitioned off to afford them more privacy and comfort during their meals. This is to say but little of the improvements wrought in the main gym; the new white tiled club room, projection room, theatrical equipment and modern stage. All in all it was a kick that netted St. Viator College a splendid little chapel and a handsome refectory and gymnasium.

On the fifth down things looked bright. Fullback Extension Club and Halfback Student Spirit and Alumni Support were working in perfect union. Everything pointed to a touchdown during 1925-26. The Library and the Chemistry Department had been brought up to such a position that the institution could justly pride itself thereon. This was due to the efficient leadership of Father Cardinal and Father Marzano in their respective fields. As we have said everything pointed to a touchdown. However, Fate was playing in our line and insisted upon slugging the opponents for which we were penalized half the length of the field by the disastrous fire on the night of January 6th, 1926. All the ground gained in the previous four years seemed lost now. Nevertheless St. Viator College gritted her teeth and her come-back was phenomenal. Faced with disaster, destruction and defeat the old Halfbacks began to play their game again and with Fate removed from the line her gains up the field have been steady since that fateful January night. Month after month she has made her downs and toward the close of October, 1926 the fans saw her within five yards of her own goal line. The first week in November saw a renewed pressure in the players so valiantly playing Viator's game with the result that the line plunge of November 5th netted the desired and longed for touchdown in the form of a dedication ceremony of the two new buildings. Viator has scored, men. See for yourself at the far east end of the new campus the two splendid new structures and ask yourself if she was not entitled to a touchdown.

The ball is carried again to the middle of the field. It is getting dark now and the game has become exceedingly doubtful for our over-confident opponents from Morbidstown College. They are still a field goal ahead of us and the score stands 10 to 7. Our other worthy kicker, the Board of Lay Trustees secured us the point following the touchdown in their meeting on Homecoming Day. How are you betting now the fans ask? Will the game be called on account of darkness? Never, a Viator Alumnus replies, as long as there is a Viator team on the field. There are six minutes left to play and the ball has been passed to the six-yard line. The result of the game between St. Viator College and Morbidstown seems no longer doubtful. Viator has the ball on the six-yard line and there is every indication that she will put it over on a pass from Quarterback Friends to our trusty end, Loyalty.

The six minutes to play represents the six years ahead for our College. I cannot stay with you, fans and students of Viator. I leave the game to your immediate support after June, 1927, but I shall always be an anxious listener over the radio when Viator is playing her game and you can count on me to chip in on a little fund whenever I hear you are getting up a purse for the old school in Bourbonnais. Six years ago we saw her facing defeat and isolation, today we see her achieving victory and eminence, six years hence we shall see her "the best of her size in the Middle West."

OUR TEAM.

There were many activities in connection with Homecoming Friday, November 5th, but the football game between our Varsity and Lombard College was undoubtedly the most thrilling event on the program. The details of the game will be found elsewhere but more than that, the wonderful fighting spirit that was displayed by Coach McAllister's men deserves special commendation. In commenting on the showing of our team we are not attempting to detract any from that of the visitors, but we could not allow this occasion to pass without paying a warm and sincere tribute to those fighting sons of Viator who went down to defeat Friday covered with as much if not more glory than could have been theirs in victory.

What does it matter if they were defeated? There is something finer, something more ennobling about some football games than the cold figures on the score board. Oftentimes certain individuals wonder what there is about football that gives it such a universal appeal.

CAMPUS BRIEFS

Although a detailed account of the major events, which made this year's Homecoming such a tremendous success, is printed elsewhere in this issue, nevertheless there are many incidents which do not find space in an elaborate report, but which at the same time are worthy of mention. These may be minor in character, but they are shades of color which cannot be overlooked for they accentuate more distinctly the principal activities of an altogether enjoyable day.

No words of praise are too great to bestow upon those students who worked so faithfully at the manual tasks necessary to stage an event of this kind. The bonfire on Thursday night could not have been lighted had not the inflammable materials been gathered. Many students not busy at other tasks scouted in all directions for wood, boxes and old tree trunks and after dragging them to the destined place on the campus, carefully arranged them into a pile much larger than the one which burned three weeks previous. Then the details of the burning "V" which was lighted and hoisted skyward were carefully worked out by ingenious minds. Much canvas and paint were used by dextrous hands to make the many signs and floats swaying in the spaces around the campus. Others gained much experience in the decorative art by painting phrases of encouragement to the Varsity on the ruined walls of the old gymnasium, on the power house and hand-ball court. The parade down town owes its great success to various costumes and floats which were designed exclusively by the student body. The "Pretzel-Bender's" band, cheering and rooting also needed careful rehearsing and in this Mr. Laenhardt and Mr. Sammon displayed excellent organizing ability. Cleaning, scouring, waiting on table, sending out invitations for the dance, looking after check-rooms, selling tickets, and all the other minor details connected with the events of the day and evening meant much planning and hard work. But the willingness, enthusiasm and diligent zeal with which the students accepted their various tasks and the effects their hard work accomplished deserve the highest praise. It was this spirit of good will and personal sacrifice on the part of the students who labored untiringly that made our Homecoming this year a wonderful success.

As every College boasts of its Glee Club so also does Viator. Our silvery throated organization made its debut this season at the dedicatory exercises of the new gymnasium Friday morning. John Ellis and James Dalrymple sang first tenor while second tenor was carried by Alban Klaus and Jarlath Watson. Arthur and Murray Provancher and Mike Delaney as first basses were guided in pitch by the second bass of Joseph Harrington, John Benda and Don Laenhardt. The same spirit which led other students in their manual tasks guided these men in the exercise of their vocal cords. While the two numbers, Nevins' "The Rosary" and "I'm Longing for Virginny," which were prepared for the occasion, required several tedious rehearsals, the directors Rev. Charles Raymond and Prof. Roch enjoyed working with these men who so earnestly studied their parts that they might make their first public performance impressive.

Strains of violin monotonies, jazzy saxophone howls, strumming of banjos and much beating of drums float into the air from several rooms in Roy Hall. This is just a bit of evidence that the school orchestra, which played so well for the Senior Class reception to the Varsity a few weeks ago, is preparing for several future affairs. The orchestra is composed of Messrs. Ryan, Martocchio and Price of the Academy and McCarthy, Barnett and Larkin, College Freshmen. Many new orchestras have been secured and the organization hopes to be prepared to play at several of the class affairs during the coming season.

At a recent dance given at the Armory by the Woman's Club of Kankakee James Dalrymple was invited to sing during the dancing by the chair-lady, Mrs. Leslie Small. Mr. Dalrymple in his always pleasing voice sang several selections of the latest hits and was applauded very generously by the large number of dancers. Before the evening ended Mrs. Small told Mr. Dalrymple's manager that the Woman's Club would be very pleased to secure his services again at some future time during the season.

John Ellis and John Harrington attended the Illinois-Penn game at Urbana. They enjoyed the game very much and availed themselves of the opportunity of spending the week-end in the university city.

The College Club is deeply grateful to the following friends from Kankakee and Bourbonnais who acted as patrons

Father Bergin Addresses Large Assembly at R. I.

Rev. W. J. Bergin, c. s. v., our former president, delivered the sermon at a celebration held in Rock Island, Ill. in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the introduction of the Catholic Church into Rock Island County. Another former member of the Faculty, Rev. P. H. Durkin, was the instigator of this event and, assisted by his fellow priests in Rock Island and County, succeeded in staging the greatest religious celebration ever held in that territory. Right Reverend Edmund M. Dunne of Peoria officiated at Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at an altar erected in the front of the grand stand in the baseball park of Rock Island and in the presence of over five thousand people. A choir of seven hundred school children supplied the hymns for the occasion. Father Bergin in his sermon lauded the glorious efforts of Father John G. Alleman to whom is given the distinction of being the first priest to conduct mission services in that district.

Freshman Class Holds Meeting

The second meeting of the Freshman class was held in the College Club Assembly room in the basement of Marsile Hall on Friday, October 29th. The meeting was called for the purpose of electing the Freshmen members of the College Club Advisory Board and also of determining the manner of entertainment during the intermission at the half of the Lombard game.

Mr. James Dalrymple, president of the College Club, favored the Fresh with a few remarks in which he requested them to take an enthusiastic part in the hobo parade of the following Thursday and also to make every effort to provide a good entertainment for the spectators of the Homecoming game. Following Mr. Dalrymple's address nominations were put in order for the office of Advisory Board Members. Tom Ferris and "Jay" Watson were elected to these positions. The next business was that of determining the kind of entertainment for the game. Any excellent suggestions were given and a final decision was placed in the hands of a committee. After the appointment of this committee the meeting was adjourned.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Remember when "Looking Through the Knot-Hole in Dear Old Daddy's Wooden Leg" used to be the popular melody on the third floor?

We wonder what happened to the fuzzy little appendage that adorned the upper lip of a certain illustrious member of the Sophomore Class not so long ago. Don't get discouraged, Allan!

Between Catrabbone's Bulgarian Bologna and Armbrnater's Cheese, it appears that some of the boys are going to be forced to hit the incense box pretty hard again this week. But after all, isn't there a great deal of satisfaction in just living when one comes to the realization that they don't have to eat what appears to be such a delicacy to the two above mentioned gentlemen?

McCarthy and Madden are a good combination; they relieve each other without disturbing the efficiency of the team work.

Delaney and O'Malley have both been in every minute of the play this season, and according to the dope, have not even taken time out.

and patronesses at the Homecoming dance:

Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Cannon.
Dr. and Mrs. D. J. O'Loughlin.
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Granger.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Legris.
Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Leahy.
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sawyer.
Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Legris.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul LeCuyer.
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sawyer.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Legris.

SPEICHER BROS. JEWELERS

Complete Line of Jewelry
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KANKAKEE, ILL.

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

QUESTION

What is your opinion of the 1926 Homecoming?

WHERE ASKED

Dining Hall.

James Dalrymple, President of College Club—This year's Homecoming celebration by far eclipsed any affair that has been staged in the four years that I have been here. My congratulations are extended to those who worked so zealously to make this day a success.

Eugene Sammon, Cheer Leader—I think it was the best Homecoming in years and I hope that on Homecoming day in years to come we will be able to dedicate a new building or so.

Jarlath Watson, Freshman—The best part of Homecoming was the joy it gave the Alumni in returning to see the old place improving so greatly. As a Freshman I can say that it far exceeded my hopes of a real reunion.

Marty Slintz, Captain of Academy Football Team—Homecoming this year seemed to me to be one of the greatest I have ever witnessed. The dance and football game, which were the high points of the day, made very many young people happy.

BEAT VALPO

Faculty Is Given Beautiful Painting

A beautiful hand painting for the Faculty Dining Hall was recently presented to the College by the Dominican Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Bloomington, Ill. The painting has three mottoes printed in gold letters which are surrounded by pink roses on a dark-blue background.

The mottoes are: "The beauty of the house is order," "The blessing of the house is hospitality," "The glory of the house is contentment."

The faculty through the columns of the Viatorian wishes to voice their sincere appreciation to the thoughtful sisters.

BEAT VALPO

N. L. MARCOTTE

The Barber
Bourbonnais

STAR CLEANERS

H. E. COYER L. BEAUVAIS
Work Called for and Delivered
167 No. Schuyler Main 283

Edwin Pratt Sons Co. (Inc.)

Manufacturers of everything in Wire and Iron Work, Fire Escapes, Wire and Iron Fences, Store Fronts, Stair Railings, Steel Stairways, Vent Guards, Structural Steel Work.

KANKAKEE

Join

the

Extension

Club

If there was such a one at the Viator-Lombard game there is no doubt but that he found an answer to his query. There were thrills aplenty but thrills cannot connote the demonstration of those memorable sixty minutes. That was the worthwhile factor in the game—that is what will be remembered long after the date, the day, or the score will have been lost to the memory.

We saw our team take the field with heavy odds against them, we saw them play the game every inch of the way. We care not about the outcome because we know too well that:—

They tackled hard and low,
They played the game.
They fought to win and scorned defeat.
They took hard knocks and often gave the same.
And in life we know this game they will repeat

ARMISTICE DAY MEMORIES

(Editor's Note—We are grateful to Mr. Mario Chanoux, professor of Italian in the College Department, who contributed the following article in connection with Armistice day. Professor Chanoux served in the armies of Italy and France for three years during the World War.)

In the spring of 1918, the staff of the German army managed to put a little cheer into the hearts of their soldiers by making a bluff at bombarding Paris with the super cannon "Bertha." Certainly they needed cheering after three long years of hard fighting and untold suffering without the encouragement of any definite achievement—and added to all this was the entrance of America into the war. As a matter of fact our condition was no better than theirs, and "Doctor" Wilson's powerful injection into the exhausted body of the Allies army surely saved us from a long agony and perhaps from final death. It was at this time—May, 1918, that Germany, realizing that her last chance to reach Paris, which she had failed to grasp in 1914, had come, flung all her military resources upon that battle field. It was her last and greatest offensive of the great war.

By this time I was already an old "Poilu," having fought sixteen months against the Austrian Army on the snow covered Alps in Italy, and seven months against the German Army, in Champagne, France. I belonged to a battery of heavy artillery in "position" on the front of Rheims, "sector de Bligny." Now Rheims since 1915 had been an advanced keen wedge on the German-French front line, and the main effort of the German attack was to dull that wedge. If it had succeeded we would probably have been compelled to withdraw as far as the Marne and perhaps would have lost our last battle under the very walls of Paris. This offensive of the Germans lasted about three months, May, June and July. Their last desperate attack was flung at 11:30 p. m. on the 14th of July.

For several days we were under a storm of steel, fire and gas. Not a square yard of ground but was riddled and tortured! And the whole air about resounded with terrifying explosions. I shall not attempt to describe what has been synthetically and with horrible appropriateness termed "hell", for I do not possess the skill of my beloved master, Dante. In the midst of all this I could not help but feel that it was my turn to fall "sur le champ d'honneur." Upon the faces of my dying and dead comrades I saw written: "Hodie mihi, cras tibi." But death was not the worst thing that could happen. The echo of those awful explosions is still reverberating in my ears; the sight of that horrid scene is still before my eyes and "animus meminisse horret."

The enemy managed to advance as far south as Chateau Thierry, but they did not succeed in dulling the wedge of Rheims. This was the beginning of their "debacle". That battle passed into the annals of our regiment as "the battle of Bligny," but into the records of our battery as the "the battle of crosses." For the living had crosses over their breasts—"la croix de guerre," and the dead over their graves.

When we were giving a temporary burial to the slain of our decorated battery I heard my colonel burst forth into a "Pirrus" exclamation. And well he might for the final official report of that time read: "Front de Rheims, secteur de Bligny: 5600 morts sur le champ d'honneur."

After this American and English contingents took our place. We went back because we needed new cannons and soldiers. Once reorganized we set out eastward in pursuit of the German army "en deroute," bombarding them whenever they offered any resistance in an effort to protect the orderly retreat of the majority of their army. In Champagne and the Ardennes we dragged our heavy cannons through an indescribable chaos of desolation—a territory which for four years had been unceasingly hammered by both armies. Souain, Somme Py, Semide—and other little towns were reduced not only to ruin, but to dust. Then we came on to the Aisne river, where we fought our last skirmish, and entered the upper part of the Argonne forest. Our intention was to cross the Meuse, but a mysterious explosion sent the only bridge and part of our vanguard into the air and thence into the muddy water below, where everything disappeared. I saw a "mysterious explosion" because a bridge is not an explosive thing and the enemy was at least three miles off. I can never forgive the German army for tactics such as these. But at any rate this was the last such tragedy to befall my regiment.

That night, the 10th of Nov. 1918, we encamped in the Argonne Forest, some where by the Meuse. We found lodging inside a few dirty, half-broken barracks, that had been used as a deposit for foods by the Germans. For covering I had two small blankets. One was meant to serve as a soft mattress, and the other, knee length, as a warm protection against the cold. With helmet and gas-mask I made a pillow and lay down prepared to spend a restful night. Soon everything was very quiet. The only sound was the steps of the sentinels as they went to and fro, to and fro in their watch. But suddenly I was startled to hear a whispering or blowing noise at my ear. Then came something like a sharp kiss, not given with lips, but with teeth, over the lobe of my ears. At this, I reached for my flash light and revolver and turned rapidly just in time to surprise several great, hungry rats, with sharp, white

gleaming teeth and long tails. They were evidently just on the point of deciding whether or not they would bite the lower parts of my ears and which should be the first to do so. As I glanced about I was amazed to see a few of their brethren intent on examining the bodies of the other soldiers already dead asleep. It was a very efficient, retro-guard, that the enemy had left behind them. "Allez-vous en, petits cochons!" I advised them several times. But since they were born under German occupation, they did not understand my French, and continued to look at me with glittering eyes and contracting noses! Disgusted with the sight, I switched out the light. Then I tore my mask into two pieces which I used as protection for my ears, covered my face with a towel, placed my hands in my pocket and tried to sleep. The last thing I remember is the sensation of two or more of these loathsome creatures running up and down my leg, and the cries of two or three others who were fighting over my very chest. Perhaps they could not agree on the partition of their prey. But in spite of this I was so entirely exhausted that I soon fell into a fast sleep.

When I awoke the next morning (November 11, 1918) after a night of dreamless slumber, I found myself in the very same position as the evening before, with hands still clutched in my pockets. My precautions had not been in vain. The acid of the mask had kept the rats away from my ears and the towel saved my face. There were a few holes in my trousers and evidences of teeth marks on the cleaner portions of my boots, but the main damage was worked over my chest. I never knew before that there were pocket rats. These "sons of the underground" had entered through a large hole on the left side of my coat, found my pocketbook and reduced it and all its contents to little bits. What made my hatred most fierce against them was that they had destroyed all my letters and photographs of my family—beloved souvenirs that I had worn over my heart through the entire war. However I did not fare as ill as some of the soldiers, who overcame by cold and weariness, left their ears and faces as easy prey for the rapacious rodents.

My battery was encamped far off from the regiment's staff, and we were supposed to be sent foods for breakfast and dinner. But at two in the afternoon the soldiers were still yawning and the cook was still waiting. Now our largest horse, "Troien", had been injured the day before. The poor beast was in great suffering and the men were getting very hungry and impatient with every moment. So I decided to put an end to both his and our troubles. Those were my last shots. "Troien" was the last victim of our battery. While the soldiers, at work with axe and bayonet, were selecting the best portions of his body for our dinner, I heard someone remark: "Poor Troien! It's too bad to finish like this, but 'mors tua, vita nostra!'"

We were in the midst of cooking that bloody meat when an aeroplane passed swiftly over us. The smoke of our fire caught the attention of the aviator, and after a long turn he flew back over our encampment and when he was near enough dropped something. For once it was not a bomb, but nevertheless it caused an explosion—in our hearts! It was a monkey wrench, holding an old envelope. Between the address and the stamps was written in pencil: "Mes enfants, la guerre est finie et vaincue!" No wonder that the staff, who had heard about the Armistice before us, forgot to send food! Indeed, we ourselves almost forgot to eat our horse dinner, though we were nearly starving.

This was the end of the enemy's "debacle" begun after the battle of Bligny.

At the outbreak of the war we thought that in a few months it would be over. But after a year—two years of pain and struggle peace seemed as far off as ever. And we gradually became convinced that war was a fire without end and that sooner or later we were destined to be the fuel of that fire. We were resigned to die young or to grow old among trenches and dug-outs. The news of the Armistice was like a resurrection—a recall to life, that youthful life that we had offered as a supreme sacrifice to our country. On that day, with the prospect of release before us, we realized—we dared to reflect for the first time since the beginning of the conflict, on what a monstrous calamity is war, and what a glorious gift is life and peace. With rapture we twined the olive that peace offered us with the laurel of three years strife and sorrow.

On Armistice Day my thought goes back to those millions of young soldiers who fought the great war and did not see the day of peace—especially to those comrades of mine who are resting on the fields of Champagne and in the abysses of the Alps. To them all, for their untold suffering and extreme sacrifice for the tears of their mothers and wives: "Pie Jesu, Domine, dona eis vitam te pacem sempiternam."

M. MARIAO CHANOUX.

PAUL CLINNON TO MANAGE THE HIGH SCHOOL TEAMS

It was learned today that Paul "Nap" Clinnon was in line for the management of the Academy Athletic teams. Nap will have the guiding hand of Jo Harrington, manager of the Varsity, who has been caring for the High School schedule for the past two years. If hard work and conscientious effort count for success, Paul should make the High School schedule for basketball and baseball even exceed the excellent arrangement last year. We want the High School in the National Basketball tournament and we hope that Paul will come through with the necessary record to merit an invitation.

THE PORT-HOLE

ON ARMISTICE DAY
(In Memory of the Battle off Bligny—"the Battle of Crosses.")
My cross is above my breast
Yours is above your grave.
They gave us both a cross
And called us brave.

My comrade I ponder here,
Why I should have been saved.
Why my cross should lie above my breast,
And yours above your grave.

I have a cross and a darkened life
You have a cross and death.
And sometimes I am not sure, my Friend
But that you have the best.

You have given your life
And I the peace of my life
For my great sorrow and your great loss
They have given us both—a cross.

If anybody wants to know why Lombard beat Vitorius we'll tell them. It was those atrocious red sweaters they wore that so vexed the esthetic sensibilities of our boys that they weren't up to their game. Bury those sweaters Lombard, and let us pick you out some and we'll show you. You may play good football, but your color sense, well, it just isn't.

A POET TO HER HUSBAND.
This dear, funny man that I love
Thinks he's superior to me
Because he remembers such stupid things
As one's gloves and time for tea.

But we're both quite content
Because you see
I think he is much inferior to me
To be troubled with such insignificant things
As meals and where one has left one's rings.

We like to conduct this column, because as any one might guess, it's lots of fun. And just because it is fun we don't propose to monopolize the joy. Indeed no! We believe in the golden rule that says: "Don't talk all the time. Give the parrot a chance." We haven't any parrot, so we want to give you a chance. And anyway we're sure you'll do much better than a parrot, because all it could do would be to repeat what we say—and that's bad enough said once. So all ye who can write—whether it be gay or sad, flip-pant or reverent, sense or nonsense, verse, prose or cers libre—come forth! No longer hide your light beneath a bushel or a football, or even a hand of cards. No one need ever know who you are if you do not so desire. Just go at dead of night and stick your envelope addressed "Port-Hole" in that box on the first floor of Roy Hall, and the deed is done. Nor will any one cry "Sleep no more!" if you're quite enough. The whole thing will be hidden in inscrutable secrecy. And as for Conductor of this column finding out—there is about as much probability of that as of Mencken being elected head of the anti-Saloon League. From childhood we have hated puzzles, riddles and detective stories because we never could guess them.

THE ART OF SOMNOLENCE.
We can't say we wholly approve of the installment of beds in Father Cardinal's office. Sleep is a good thing, an agreeable thing, a pleasant thing, at times (7:30 A. M.) even a rapturous thing. But there's really no use in encouraging it to such an extent—certainly not at St. Viator College which can boast the most zealous and ardent, not to say fanatical advocates of the somnolent art.

ANNOUNCEMENT
The students of St. Viator will be interested to hear that the Bradley Street Car company is planning to install sleepers in the cars travelling between Kankakee and Bourbonnais. Besides this they intend to have a dining car attachment where they will serve meals and offer entertainment in the nature of moving pictures. In this way they hope to encourage travel between these distant points. They have come to realize that without such provision the journey proved too tedious and fatiguing, and was undertaken only by the more hardy and adventurous souls and those in love who didn't know what they were doing.

BEAT VALPO FATHER SHEEN TO CATHOLIC "U"

It is with interest that we learn that Rev. Fulton Sheen '16, has been given a chair in the Philosophy Department of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. For the past year Father Sheen had been assistant pastor at St. Patrick's church of Peoria, Illinois. Previous to that time he had travelled extensively in Europe where he gave much time to the study of philosophical problems. Last year he preached a series of sermons in London, which were highly acclaimed by the crowds that had the opportunity to listen to him.

While at St. Viator Father Sheen distinguished himself as a debater, writer and well read student.

We wish him every possible success in his new work and hope to have the pleasure of reading another of his philosophical treatises soon.

BEAT VALPO

THE 3 BLACK CATS A Short Story

"So you gentlemen are so absolutely foolish as to believe that black cat crossing your path also crosses your road of good luck."

Thomas McKann, with the calmest precision, was preparing to tear the "black cat" theory to fragments before some of its staunchest adherents. Had not the conversation in this group of Dallard Country Club members spent itself on nothing less than one hard luck story after another all evening? In almost every anecdote the black cat had played its characteristic role.

"You don't intend to proclaim anythin antioptic to the said doctrine, do you, Tom?" inquired old Dr. Diggin.

"I guess a black cat must have chased McKann's ball into the hole the other day giving him that 'hole in one'—no wonder he holds up for the eight ball pussy," chided another of the group.

"No, boys, that black cat stuff is all the bunk. If you have time for one more story I will tell you of my black cat experience."

"Sure we have plenty of time, Tom! Hey, boy, bring us some more of that lemonade!"

Twelve glasses were filled and quaffed, and then there was a pause which indicated that Tom was to begin. After lighting a cigarette and blowing forth a cloud of smoke he began.

"Well, it was somewhere in the neighborhood of seven years ago when I held down the city editor's job on the 'Rockville Times'. One Saturday night—on Sunday morning rather as it was 1:40—We only had one morning issue and that was on Sunday—the presses had just started in where the linotypes left off and everything was jake for me, because the morrow meant the beginning of my annual two weeks' vacation and I had two hundred berries in my pocket, just drew it out of the bank that very afternoon. I was leaning back enjoying a cigar and reflecting when without so much as a sound a big black cat scampered in from the hall, across the room, and out the rear door. "Being somewhat 'superstitious', as you gents are, I immediately began to hang crepes. Everything which had appeared so rosy a darker aspect. Drowning and boating accidents surged to the front of my excited mind and I saw my vacation end up in some formidable calamity. Soon, however, I summoned back some of my old spirit and descended to the street below where my Ford was parked."

"Didn't you see the kitty again?" someone inquired.

"I will come to that later. Anyway there was a distance of about three miles between the office and home and I had only gone about one mile when the old boat began to spit and sputter like a sick dog—ten dying coughs and she 'gave up the ghost'. The old cat on work seemed to take an early grip upon my doings. This was more or less my own fault. It had been such a busy day that I had completely forgotten to buy some gasoline although I had known that my supply was low. About four blocks up the street I saw the lighted signs of a pool hall, and started up in that direction to see if I might be able to obtain enough gas with which to get home.

"Upon passing near a street light imagine my feelings when a black cat scuttled right in front of my very nose."

"Was it the same one you saw before?" it seemed they all asked.

"Jumping Jupiter! I don't know about that but it surely appeared to me as if I was in for a heavy share of bad luck. It had begun early."

"Great Scott, I said to myself as it suddenly dawned upon me that I was going about unprotected at this ungodly hour in an unknown neighborhood with two hundred dollars in my possession. Black cats were supposed to be sure signs, so I just said, 'Thanks Kitty, old thing, for reminding me', and I hastily retraced my steps to the Lizzy. Under the storage battery which was located under the front seat there was a little space. Here I parked my watch and all my coin with the exception of a couple of dollars. Then in an effort to put anyone who might be snooping about on the wrong trail I spent three more precious minutes spinning the crank. Again I started and arrived at the pool hall without further excitement."

"Wait a minute, Tom, this is good," interposed one, "Some more lemon juice there, Boy!"

Again the glasses were filled and again was the story resumed.

"They did not sell gas there, but told me that eight blocks back on another street there was an 'all night station'. I bought a glass of something and left. Outside the door two men were smoking. They gave me the once over as I left."

"I had not gone more than five blocks—and let me say here that it was a dark night—when someone slipped out from behind a tree, shined a revolver and told yours truly to 'stick 'em up!' Another grapped me from behind and it didn't seem a whole long time until they had inspected my pockets

and they didn't miss a one, either. Wasn't there some swearing though when they could only find about two dollars in return for their labors! Two lousy odllars after all that work!

"What happened then?" asked Doc Diggin as Tom paused to light another cigarette.

"Oh, they told me to 'beat it' and turned me loose. I raced down to the gas station and my luck continued when I found the proprietor was an old acquaintance. He trusted me with a couple'a gallon of juice, and not without some apprehension concerning my car and that within its keeping I retraced my steps and was put into a state of considerable joy when I found the 'old boat' just as I left her."

"Did you see anymore black cats?" someone broke in.

"I didn't need to. If I hadn't seen the two I did, feeling as optimistic as I was that night (those two hundred bones would have accompanied me right into the hands of those two slugs. Why, I never thought a thing about that money until that second cat reminded me of it. Really I was almost afraid to go to bed that night without coming into contact with another black pussy."

"When my little daughter suggested bringing her little kitten on our vacation trip (and it was a black one), did I say nay? #Not on your life; and I never had a better vacation."

THE CRYSTAL-GAZER

To the Editor of the Crystal Gazer:—It was with great pleasure that I read of your intention to preserve the "open forum" style of the "Clubian" in your new publication. There is no doubt of the great good that will come from giving students an opportunity to voice their opinions publicly without fear of censure. It is with this view in mind that I am addressing this criticism of the students at St. Viator College.

Anyone with "half an eye" can see that there is something wrong with the relation between the High School students and the college men. The trouble seems to have its origin in the failure of the college students to support the Academy team by appearing at their games. This fact has been thrust at the Colege men time and again but still there doesn't seem to be any improvement. I wonder if there is more to the problem than has heretofore been cited? Have the college men a grudge against the younger students? And if they have, what has caused it? These are questions which if answered might throw some light on the difficulty.

Some are of the opinion that High School students and college men can never agree when they live as intimately as they do at Viator. Yet, since the High School is a part of the College as it now exists, I think both factions ought to make more than ordinary sacrifices in order to promote a feeling of good-fellowship between them. There will be some evidence of friction it is true (there always is when two persons or more meet) but I do not think it is necessary that these little misunderstandings should reach great dimensions.

I am a college man, as may be inferred from this article, and I would lie to see the views of some High School students on this subject reviewed in this column. There must be two sides to the issue and if we can get to the bottom of the problem we ought to start digging right now.

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DEDICATION OF NEW BUILDINGS RECALLS THE STORY OF ST. VIATOR'S PROGRESS

By ALLAN J. NOLAN

"The Brothers! The Brothers are coming!" Such was the cry which rang throughout the village of Bourbonnais on the sixth of September 1865 when Rev. Peter Beaudoin and Brothers Augustine Martei and Jean Baptist Bernard arrived from Joliette, Canada to teach the "garçons" of the village. The Viatorian Brothers came in accordance with the pleas of the Rev. Jacob Cote, then pastor of the Village Church, who realized the imperative need of men to mould the minds of the youths according to Christian principles. Father Cote generously resigned his pastorate in favor of Father Beaudoin, and became curate of St. Mary's, Chicago.

Upon the arrival of the Brothers they found this excited, cheering Bourbonnais a small hamlet, consisting of a group of modest cottages erected along a winding trail. The brothers walked from Kankakee. At the end of the road was Notre Dame convent, a school for girls. The Viatorians took charge of the district school, then taught by secular teachers, which was a two-story frame building—the genesis of our modern Viator. We learn that their first years were trying ones. They purchased the school from the board of Directors for three thousand dollars and paid ten percent interest on the debt, working off both principal and interest by teaching and manual labor. They transformed this building into a boarding school, directed by Brothers Lamarche, Martel, Bernard, Lavallie and Denis. The courses offered were wholly commercial in character. We find that the first student to board at the young institution was A. F. Labrie of Redfield, S. D. The trials of the brothers were somewhat lightened by the appearance of Rev. Thomas Roy in 1868 who came to fill the position of Superintendent. Thus Father Roy was the first President of St. Viator. He was accompanied by Brothers Guay and Magnan. The following year saw the dawn of progress. A foundation was laid, under Fr. Roy's direction, for a new building upon the site of the marker on our present campus. We quote from the Annals of the College, written by a Viatorian at that time, concerning the new project: "The main body of the building is to be 168 feet in length and 50 in width, three stories high with mansard and roof; two wings each 84 feet in length, two stories high with the exception of the mansard and roof is now completed"—this was in 1869—"and owing to hard times and straitened circumstances, the balance of the plans has not been attempted." At this time the classics were introduced into the curriculum of the institution. With this introduction a seminary was also established.

In 1871 Brothers Moses Marsile came from the Mother House in Canada to fill the Chair of Languages. With him were two Brothers, Laferriere and Gault, the latter the first appointed prefect of discipline. Very little English was spoken so the Brothers asked that the American language be used from 7 to 8 o'clock every morning. We find that with the advent of English students, English professors were also added to the Faculty. Among these are mentioned Father Bent, Mr. Kilroy, Mr. McGrath, Mr. Bimbury, Mr. Buttlemann and Father Bennett. Father Bennett died a few years ago in Aurora, Ill., Vicar General of the Diocese of Rockford. In 1874 a Charter was granted by the State Legislature of Illinois to

the young college, authorizing the conferring of degrees in Arts, Science and Philosophy, and also for the establishment of schools of Law, Medicine and Theology "if deemed necessary". With the Charter the first classical commencement was held. Three of the young men remained to pursue Theology: Messrs. G. M. Legris, Joseph Le Sage and Achille Bereron. The fourth, Mr. Fred L. Marcotte became a Medical student. During this period more lands were acquired by the sturdy pioneers. The campus of today was purchased from Noel LeVasseur, a trader in the employ of Jacob Astor. LeVasseur was the second white man in the community and lived nearby the spot where the town hall now stands. The ground was 22 acres, and sold for nearly \$150.00 per acre. Contrary to prevalent belief this land was purchased and not donated.

We read with interest the visit of Father Cote in 1877. He viewed with interest the progress and achievements the Viatorians were making with his former parishioners. Particularly do we note: "The amiable and generous-hearted Rev. J. Cote visited us on the first of May. The esteem in which he is held by this house as its founder and patron, can be best imagined from the fact that henceforth the first of May is dedicated to his memory and the name he bears as a day of recreation—Grande Conge!" The school continued to prosper during the years following. Retreats were being given annually to the clergy of the Dioceses of Chicago and Peoria. However, in 1879 the members of the community were somewhat set back by the death of Father Roy, then only thirty-nine years of age. During Father Roy's term he had secured the charter for the College and led in the development from a two story frame building to a power in the educational field of the middle West. He had guided the destinies of the institution for eleven years. His memory is perpetuated in the Roy Memorial Hall. Father Moses Marsile succeeded as second president. During his years as superior he improved the college buildings. It was Father Marsile who immediately recognized the need of a college paper, and who sponsored the first Viatorian in 1883, then known as St. Viators College Journal. The editors were Prof. John Murphy and the now Rt. Rev. Alexander McGavick, Bishop of LaCrosse, Wis. Roy Memorial Chapel was also erected during the next few years, and the wings of the main building were completed. During the years 1879 and 1906 the College expanded rapidly. In 1901 the gymnasium, a separate building, was formally dedicated.

In 1906 preparations were being made to complete the main buildings by adding a west wing. Before plans materialized, however, the building was completely destroyed by fire. This destruction was a severe blow to those men who had planned greater deeds for Viator. Their work of progress was halted; they were compelled to begin anew their labors in the field of education. Father John P. O'Mahoney, then but thirty years of age, was called upon to bear the onerous task of reconstruction. The rapidity of the work bespeaks the zeal and assiduity of the new President. Within two years two large, stately buildings, modern and fire-proof, replaced the old ruins. Father O'Mahoney left the office in 1918 with the college entirely rebuilt and with plans for her advancement beginning to

ALUMNI NOTES

On Saturday morning the twenty-third of October, St. Patrick's church, Kankakee, Illinois, was the scene of an exceptionally beautiful wedding. Mr. Thomas S. Sawyer, H. S. '24, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Josephine Louise Lecour, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Lecour of Kankakee. Immediately after the ceremonies a wedding breakfast was served at which the Rev. F. A. Rinella, c. s. v., who performed the ceremony, and many other members of the faculty were present. The Viatorian extends to Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer its felicitations.

We take pleasure in announcing to the alumni the erection of a new edifice undertaken by the Rev. Michael Ryan who attended St. Viator's about thirty years ago. The new St. Paul's Church of Macomb, Ill., was dedicated by the Right Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D. D. Bishop of Peoria, on Thursday, October 14. The Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney represented the college on the occasion.

A very great friend of many members of the faculty was initiated into the order of Benedictus on Thursday, the eleventh of November. We offer our congratulations and best wishes to Mr. James T. O'Brien and to his bride, Miss Agnes M. Smith, both of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Ryan, c. s. v., at St. Viator's Church, Chicago, Illinois.

The following clipping taken from the Knights of Columbus paper of the Springfield council concerns an alumnus of the college:

"Doc" La Charite, giant center on the Knights of Columbus football team is a former St. Viator College product, where he learned football in the hard knock school of experience. "Doc" is an exceedingly important cog in the Springfield machine, and few fans really realize the amount of experience and responsibility which a center must have to prove the right man for the position. He has the proper fighting spirit, and a natural aptitude in passing the ball. He has a high mentality and a sense of highly developed rhythm, which is so imperative in knowing just how to read the quarterback's signals, and where to faultlessly pass the ball on every play. "Doc" passes the ball consistently on long and short passes, and it is seldom that a halfback misses the ball because of a bad toss from the center. He is a strong man of defense, and equally valuable to the team on offensive play. "Doc" is one of the most popular players with the home team, the fans, the visitors, in every play, clean, smiling, a real asset to any football aggregation. He plays under the number of 25 and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds."

The University of Normal football team is very fortunate in having Howard Hoettles, '25, on its squad. Howard's position is that of tackle and from reports we understand that he is doing some mighty fine work. Nice going Howard!

be realized. During the first half decade three men held the reigns of Viator's destiny—Father Marsile who last year celebrated his Diamond Jubilee, and to whom Marsile Hall is dedicated, filled the office twenty-seven years; Father Roy and Father O'Mahoney each gave eleven years.

The World War in 1918 brought considerable changes in the curriculum of the College. The seminary was discontinued. Father James F. Ryan was elected to succeed Father O'Mahoney. St. Viator's wartime President proved himself equal to the task, and carried with him the knowledge that he had tided his college over in a time of strife and unrest. He was followed by Father W. J. Bergin, who filled the chair of Philosophy, in 1919. Scholastic improvement was the keynote of Father Bergin's administration. He initiated the school of Commerce. In this man of letters the students found a worthy model, and during his presidency they rose to national fame through their literary organ, the Viatorian.

The sixth President, Father Kirley, took office in 1921 during the time following the greatest conflict in history when business houses and institutions were fighting financial panics. Father Kirley headed the Drive of 1922. He was a man of vision, an educator and an artist. His term of office lasted only one year and Father T. J. Rice took up the work which he had started. The first years of Father Rice's term were noted for the increase in scholastic activities. On January 6, 1926 the gymnasium and dining hall were destroyed by fire. On the eve of financial progress the Viatorians were again forced to lay aside their cherished hopes. Dauntless, fearless, they viewed their losses, and led by Father O'Mahoney, Treasurer, they started their work of reconstruction. Today two new buildings have just been dedicated to the cause of Higher Christian Education—a gymnasium and swimming pool, and a dining hall, built on the Italian Renaissance plan.

Two men living on the campus have witnessed all the historical events mentioned herein; have seen the College rise from the ground only to fall and to rise again. They have seen St. Viator College garbed in glory; they have mutely viewed her cloaked in ashes. They are living oracles who tell winsome, intensely interesting stories of times gone by. They have donated their lives to our Alma Mater. One, a dignitary of the Church, is Monsignor Legris; the other, a Cleric of St. Viator, is Brother Mainville.



REV. J. P. O'MAHONEY, Treasurer.

Old Gym Dedicated on St. Viator Day 1901

Editor's Note:

(In connection with the dedication of the new buildings it was thought that it might be interesting to take an extract from a copy of the Viatorian of November, 1901, in which the detailed account is given of the old gymnasium and a few words in connection with the dedication ceremonies. The article was written by Rev. A. L. Girard of Momence who was then a student in the College department.)

"After Mass a reception was tendered to Bishop Muldoon by the young ladies of Notre Dame Academy. At 11:15 a. m. proceeded to the new gymnasium for the dedication. The new structure, which was built at a cost of \$40,000, faces the large campus. It is 90x140 feet, and built of limestone taken from the bed of Kankakee River. The interior is beautifully finished with enameled brick. It contains a drill hall 80x60 feet (besides gallery and stage), barber shop, six bowling alleys, twenty-four shower baths, twenty-four modern toilet rooms, refreshment, dressing, reading and smoking rooms, armory, a large billiard and pool room, able to contain ten tables, and a movable stage. The stage scenery, which is the work of Sosman and Landis, is such as would be a credit to any theatre. Especially beautiful are the large back curtains representing an Alpine landscape, and the drop curtain upon which is reproduced a scene on the picturesque Kankakee river.

The building is heated by steam and lighted by five hundred incandescent electric lights and two arc lamps. It will be furnished with a complete set of gymnastic apparatus. The building was constructed under the immediate superintendence of Rev. S. Boisvert, C. S. V., Civil Engineer of the College who also drew out the plans.

After the dedicatory prayers were said the College battalion gave an exhibition drill. Though laboring under the disadvantage of drilling on an oiled, hard-wood floor, they did very well. But the honors of the day were carried off by the Columbian Guards. These boys, in their neat uniforms and with shining swords excited the wonder and admiration of the audience, which greeted every new movement with hearty applause. Master H. Schanze, their new captain, showed tact and presence of mind in handling his company. After dinner, at about two o'clock,

all again assembled in the gymnasium to witness the presentation of Father Marsile's latest operetta: "If I Were a King". It is a beautiful play and the music adapted by Prof. Kelley from the "Bohemian Girl", "Said Pasha", "Ermine", etc., was so well rendered that it called for a special compliment from Bishop Muldoon, who said that the singing was the best he had ever heard at College. Especially noticeable were Messrs. Feely, L'Ecuyer, Monahan, Birren, Cleary, Carey and DeSousa. Most of these names speak for themselves to the patrons of St. Viator's College. Great credit is due to Prof. Kelly, our musical director, whose persevering efforts were crowned with such signal success, and 'tis needless to say, to Father Marsile, who rehearsed the actors and succeeded in inspiring them with a great deal of his own realism and grace. The band and orchestra were also deservedly complimented by several of the visitors.

After the Operetta Mr. T. B. Cosgrove, in the name of the students, read an address to Bishop Muldoon. The Bishop then arose and thanked all for the hospitable manner in which he had been received. He also complimented the President and Faculty upon the excellent work which they were doing, the effects of which were so visible. Then addressing himself especially to the students in an eloquent manner that was understood by the smallest Minim as well as the most dignified Senior, he granted to all two grand holidays, remarking that one of them had been especially deserved by the drilling of the Columbia Guards.

And thus the day came to a happy close."

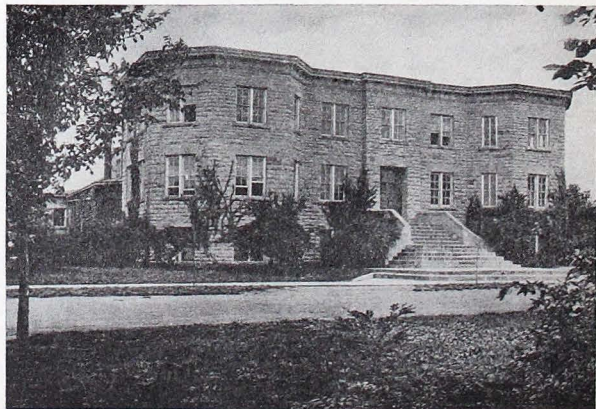
BEAT VALPO

DR. JOHN WARREN, '16, JOINS LOYOLA U. MEDICAL STAFF

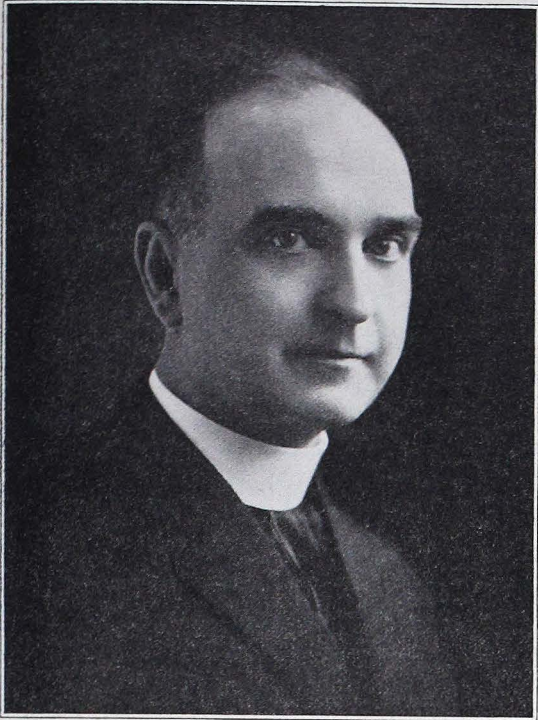
Word has been received informing us of the fact that Dr. John Warren, '10-16, has been serving as an instructor on the staff of the School of Internal Medicine at Loyola University of Chicago for the past two years. Dr. Warren has had as two of his pupils two former distinguished St. Viator students in the persons of Glen Powers and John Madden.

Dr. Warren is also on the staff of the Oak Park Training School for nurses.

BEAT VALPO



THE OLD GYMNASIUM



RT. REV. MSGR. B. J. SHEIL

STUDENT ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF GYM

By JAMES T. CONNOR.

Right Rev. Monsignor, Very Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are celebrating today the twelfth annual Homecoming at St. Viator College. Homecoming since its inception has been an important date on the college calendar but this gathering of Alumni here today has taken on an added significance. The dedication ceremonies which you have just witnessed mark a new era in the history of St. Viator—and especially in the athletic history of this institution.

For more than three decades representative teams have taken the field to defend the honor of our school. Baseball is the most ancient of competitive sports that are played here, and there are records of teams that played as far back as 1890. Football was introduced here in 1896 and basketball was inaugurated as a major sport in 1907. Since the first appearance of St. Viator on the horizon of the sport world, she has established many enviable records—achievements that no other college of its size can even approach. Countless times the almost amazing success of teams representing the Purple and Gold has been featured on the sport pages of newspapers. During more than thirty years of competitive athletics, St. Viator has been credited with twice as many victories as defeats, combining all sports from year to year. Nor does this take into account the numerous championship trophies and honors that have been given our teams and players. Yes! St. Viator has a truly enviable athletic history. But more than that, the Old School finds a greater degree of satisfaction in recalling the fine type of men that have worn her colors during those many years. It is needless for me to enumerate the great number of former athletes here who have laid aside their athletic togs at the end of their career to don the more somber garb of the followers of Christ in the Holy Priesthood. Many of you to whom I refer are present now and Viator is proud to call you her sons. Nor shall we overlook those in the other vocations of life who learned the first principles of sportsmanship and fair play within the shadow of these buildings. We have had great teams it is true but the character of the individual members of these teams is greater and when our Varsity takes the field this afternoon, they will be fully conscious of the mighty tradition that is back of them.

Nevertheless, it must not be supposed, friends, that this remarkable attainment was easily secured. Viator's success in sports has been attained at every turn by great sacrifice on the part of the authorities of the school and the athletes too. Ofttimes almost insurmountable obstacles presented themselves, funds were often needed, inadequate facilities for holding contest discouraged teams from engaging with our school. Slowly and tediously these odds were overcome and overcome without appealing extensively to the Alumni to aid in their solution.

Last January a great disaster visited our campus, destroying our newly remodelled gymnasium, the ruins of which stand a mute tribute to the elemental destruction of fire. Undaunted, the faculty and students, strengthened in hope and encouraged by the many tokens of regret and donations that poured in from each mail, set themselves to the task of constructing a new building to replace the one that was lost. The dream which for many months had the aspect of a mirage is

now realized. We are assembled in one of the finest gymnasiums that can be found in any college of this size in the state. I need not emphasize the sacrifice that its construction entailed. The financing of this building was a gigantic task and, although some of you Alumni helped materially, still there was room for grave doubt of the ultimate success of the undertaking. Heedless of thoughts of failure, those in charge forged ahead with the project and now we witness the completed thing. Truly it is a commendable accomplishment. It has been a great victory. But is the task yet finished? No! There is need and urgent need of your loyal and continued cooperation. We are fortunate in having an adequate building which can be devoted to our athletics but more than that there is and will be need of capable men to "Carry On" in the future. We marvel at the athletic prowess of Notre Dame and other prominent schools today but where shall we look for the secret of their large and widely represented student-bodies? We need but to look to their Alumni who are scattered throughout the country and observe their efforts in serving their Alma Mater. If they come in contact with a high school graduate who shows promise either in athletic or scholarly pursuits they use their influence in getting him to register at their old school. And very often they give financial aid in starting their protegee on a college career. This is not an unusual occurrence, friends—it takes place every year in all parts of our country. Notre Dame was not always a large school—it had as humble a beginning as any great institution could have. Yet through the cooperation of loyal Alumni it has come to rank with the first in our nation.

It is not my purpose to paint a picture of the future Viator attaining the dimensions of a large University—I am not attempting to build up an Utopia at which we should aim. But I do contend that St. Viator has the physical capacity for great development and advancement if you Alumni will bend your efforts toward influencing young men of your acquaintance to secure their education here. Every year countless students finish high school with an honest desire to continue higher and every year men graduate from our college who have served her well during their stay here. Consider the problem that arises annually in securing men of ability to uphold the honor of Viator in their stead. If you Alumni would honestly endeavor to guide young men that you know toward your Alma Mater, you will have no reason to regret it. You will have assured the individual of an opportunity to secure an adequate education in the true principles of Catholic Manhood and more than that you will have made a concrete display of your loyalty to the Teacher of your youth. Think of the service you will have rendered! Yours will be the joy of having aided in fitting someone for his future life and greater than that you will have established a bond between yourself and school that will be a living tie.

There is no reason why St. Viator College should not have as loyal a body of Alumni as any school in the country. The size of a school does not necessarily determine the quality of its Alumni. The generous response of a great number of you to her annual appeal for aid assures her that you ever stand ready to promote her welfare. You are gathered here today to witness the fruition

OUR VIATOR LOYALTW SONG

About two years ago the Athletic Association of St. Viator College realized the need of a College Anthem that would be an expression of Viator spirit and ideals and that would be suitable for use at all the functions of the student body. The officers of the Association therefore posted an announcement of a contest open to all students for the production of such a song. A prize was offered for the one that would be accepted. John Ryan and Jimmy Dalrymple, two of the distinguished students at that time, set earnestly to work and, after much painstaking labor, produced a spirited anthem that completely filled the bill. Up until the present time the melody of the "Viator Loyalty Song" had never been put into written form. The tune was traditional and, as tradition always does, suffered some changes in the usage of the students. In order to restore the "Viator Loyalty Song" to its former tonal beauty and to guard against any further detraction from its original form, Leslie J. Roch harmonized the song and put it in written form. The following are the words of the "VIATOR LOYALTW SONG."

Ye fighting men of Viator
With banners of gold and purple hue
Strive! Strive, with might and main,
Loyal hearts beat for you, Rah!
Rah! Rah!
Bold defiant conquerors,
Fight! Fight! Fight for Victory!
With cheers ring out one mighty shout
For Viator's VARSITY.

INVESTED WITH PAPAL HONOR

In a recent issue of the Viatorian the dignity that was conferred on the pastor of St. Joseph's church, Manteno, Illinois, was announced, and on October the twenty-eighth the very impressive ceremonies of the investiture of Monsignor Victor Primeau took place. The title of Chamberlain of Pope XI was Monsignor Primeau's when the insignia of his new dignity was received from the hands of His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein. The new Chamberlain was accompanied by the Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant, C. S. V., the provincial of the Clerics of St. Viator.

After the solemn profession of faith made by the new prelate a Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor G. M. Legris, D. D., of the college. He was assisted by the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., president of St. Viator College as Deacon and the Rev. J. P. Lagace, S. S. S., as Sub-deacon. After the Mass the sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., treasurer of the college. Many other members of the faculty were present at the ceremonies.

It is exceedingly difficult to phrase the joy we experienced when we consider the meaning of the dignity that our dear friend and neighbor, Monsignor Primeau, has received. We know that such a high honor was given to him for his zealous and untiring work for the church and his diocese, and our joy is best expressed when we ask that Almighty God will grant him a long life so that he may yet labor many years to His greater honor and glory.

Old Coach Umpires Game at Homecoming

On Homecoming Day many of the old grads were delighted to see at least one man on the field with whom they were familiar—and that was Walter Eckersall, the well-known Tribune sports writer and nationally-recozized official. Mr. Eckersall, who coached the Viator Varsity during the campaign of 1909 served as umpire during the Lombard-Viator clash on Homecoming afternoon.

BEAT VALPO

of an undertaking which should only be a stepping-stone to greater things. It is our hope that you will enjoy to the full extent the happiness that this new day has brought to St. Viator and that your joy will not blind you to the problem that still exists—the solution of which you hold within your grasp. It will mean sacrifice it is true, friends, but is it not worth it? What one of you here present is not thrilled at the news of Viator's successes? You scan the daily papers for accounts of her doings perhaps little realizing the important link that athletics constitute in keeping you close to your school. We hope that this relation will become more intimate in future years and if you cooperate in promoting a larger and more extensive student-body there is no doubt of the result. And then, with this concrete manifestation of your loyalty to focus our eyes we may look into the future and see Viator as we would like to see her—a bigger College and a better College—a College with an alumni which one of whom may make his own these lines:—
"Here is a house that armours a man
With the eyes of a boy and the heart
of a ranger
And a laughing way in the teeth of the world
And a holy hunger and a thirst for danger
Viator made me, Viator fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again;
And the best of Viator loved and led me.
God be with you Viator men.

DEDICATORY PROGRAM

Procession from Marsile Hall to Dining Hall.

Blessing of New Buildings.

Raising of Old Glory.

Address by Rt. Rev. B. J. Sheil

Address by Mr. James T. Connor.

Welcome to Alumni by Very Rev. T. J. Rice.

VERY REVEREND PRESIDENT LAUDS DEVOTION AND LOYALTY OF ALUMNI

From the temporary rostrum erected in the center of the new and spacious gymnasium the Very Reverend President eloquently voiced the gratitude of the faculty toward the Alumni and friends of the institution. Hardly had the gymnasium ceased blazing on that cold wintry morning when offers of support and expressions of sympathy gave new courage and zeal to the saddened hearts of the Viatorians. The devotion of the Alumni, Father Rice stated, was typified in the speech of one of Viator's dearest friends delivered at the New Palmer House last February. "Like Zachaeus of the Gospel," said Father Rice, "he cried in a voice shaking with emotion, 'St. Viator's has received the half of my goods in the past and tonight the half of my earthly possessions I am ready and willing to sign over now in her hour of greatest need'. It was such expressions as these that kept alive the smouldering fires of hope in our hearts; that determined us to set out immediately to replace our antiquated gymnasium and dining hall with the modern up-to-date constructions you see here today."

Distressful Days of Last January
"I do not know whether or not you all realize just what a stupendous task confronted us on the morning of last January seventh. Though we called the building a gymnasium, nevertheless it contained the kitchen, store-rooms and dining halls of both the faculty and

Father O'Mahoney and his able assistant, Father O'Connor, a new dining hall was improvised in the basement of Roy Hall where meals were served with almost the same speed and efficiency of the old refectory system. Though the task of conveying the meals from the salvaged kitchen to the improvised dining hall for several months was an arduous one, nevertheless it was done with cheerful alacrity by Father O'Connor and his assistants."

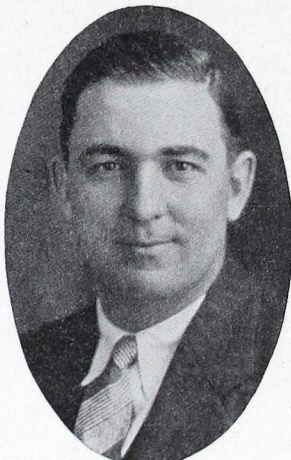
The Work of Reconstruction

"Mr. Leroy Warner of the Warner Construction Company was the first of the Alumni to come down to the old place. Like the good general that he is, he at once organized the laborers and before we could realize it the new



J. E. QUINN, Architect

buildings were taking form. At the suggestion of Mr. Warner two prominent and able architects, Messrs Quinn and McNally were selected to draw up the plans. That we made no mistake in our choice is evident to all who are here today to assist us in dedicating these masterpieces of architectural genius. I have no hesitancy in asserting that Mr. Warner has given us two



THOMAS LEROY WARNER, Contractor



F. A. McNALLY, Engineer

up-to-date buildings for half the outlay that any other builder would have demanded of us. In the name of the faculty, of the Alumni, and of the student body, I want to assure Mr. Warner and Architects Quinn and McNally that we owe them a debt of gratitude that can never be paid in the goods of this world."

New Crucifixes Are Presented to College

The Faculty of St. Viator College wish to thank through the columns of this paper the various donors who presented the crucifixes which were blessed and hung during the dedication exercises. The crucifix in the Students' dining hall was the gift of Mrs. Maude Kunkel, the College Dietician, and was given in memory of Ivan Joseph Kepner, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Kepner of Rockford, Illinois. The one in the Faculty dining hall was presented to the College by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Roy of Bourbonnais, Illinois. The third which is now in the gymnasium is ours through the generosity of Mr. Thomas Legris, of the Legris Trust and Savings Bank of Kankakee.

Extension Club Adopts New Constitution

At a meeting of the Viator Extension Club held in connection with the Annual Homecoming, a constitution was adopted for the Association, and in accordance with Article 4 of that constitution a Board of nine Directors was selected. This Board will have the full management of the funds and the affairs of the Extension Club, and will meet regularly to transact the business of the Association. The members of the Board chosen for the first year are: Rev. P. C. Conway '24, John R. O'Connor, Rev. J. V. La Marre '25, Joseph Bolger '23, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, c. s. v., '21, Lowell A. Lawson '15, Vincent Marzano, Thomas LeRoy Warner '10, Rev. E. M. Kelly, c. s. v., '09.

COLLEGE CLUB
NOTES

Due to the absence of so many of the college men on Monday, Nov. 1st, the regular meeting of the College Club was postponed until Tuesday evening.

President Dalrymple presided at the third regular meeting of the Club. The meeting was called to order at 7:30 p. m. Mr. Eugene Sammon suggested that a number of invitations to the dance be saved for any Alumni of the school that might be without them on Homecoming day. In connection with this suggestion, Mr. Warren McClelland secured possession of the floor and informed the members that there were more than one hundred and fifty invitations available for distribution because of the fact that the college men were evidently neglecting to cooperate in making the dance a success. Characterizing this attitude as a "woeful lack of spirit," Mr. McClelland concluded his talk by stating that the thing that the Club needed was someone to wake them up and get them animated.

Mr. Laenhardt, who was in charge of the "Hobo" parade, pleaded with those present to make the parade a success. He informed the body concerning the details of the affair as he had it planned, and asked everyone to secure "fitting" costumes for the performance.

Following this preliminary discussion, Rev. J. W. Maguire, c. s. v., moderator of the College Club, was introduced by President Dalrymple. Father Maguire spoke concerning the part that the college men were to have in making the Homecoming a success.

After Father Maguire had concluded his remarks, the business of the meeting was taken up again. Mr. Gallahue suggested that the goal posts on the football field be decorated with the colors of Viator and Lombard, whereupon Mr. Koch and Mr. Pfeiffer were appointed by the chair to take charge of this task. After a general discussion of several incidental affairs, Mr. Leary entered the motion that everyone in the Club should stand ready to aid the various committees in any capacity in which he might be called upon. Mr. Donald McCarthy seconded the motion and it was duly presented and passed. The meeting was adjourned soon after this motion by unanimous agreement of the group, after the necessary motion had been made by Mr. Laenhardt and seconded by Mr. Arthur Armbruster.

HOBO PARADE AND
PEP MEETING ARE
HUGE SUCCESSES

(Continued from Page One)

marched to the intersection of Court and Schuyler. All along the line of march a good crowd was in evidence. In many instances people rushed out of theatres attracted by the noise of the students. The porches along the few blocks of esidence district that the paraders traversed were crowded. The screech of automobile horns added to the din throughout the whole line of march, and at the intersection they circled the top light in the center of the street.

The climax of the parade followed with a stirring pep meeting before the many spectators. Songs, cheers and shouts filled the air and the spirit of student body seemed to be taken on by those standing about for all joined in enthusiastically. Traffic was held up in all directions and the good will of the motorists never failed. When the activities ceased at the corner there was a general rush for the college because most of the costumes were quite scant and the wearers consequently quite cold. By ten-thirty everyone had returned to the campus and was prepared for the great pep meeting and the great bon fire.

With a roaring fire to warm their chilled hand and faces and to re-ignite the flaming spirit of enthusiasm the student body met on the campus for an epochal pep meeting. The celebration was featured with many new effects. New faces and new voices were easily discernable in the crowd and the Alumni who were present must have had renewed in them the boyish spirit that was once theirs when they were students at St. Viator. The first speaker of the evening was Father Kelly. He expressed his confidence in the ability of the team and pleaded for constant light from the first whistle until the last, not only by the players but also by the rooters. Mr. Frank J. Rainey, president of the Alumni Association, promised a liberal donation to the equipping of the new gymnasium that would be increased with every score. Mr. "Jimmie" McGarraghy extended his sincere hopes for a victory and promised to yell like—(Censored)— for

the team. Father Maguire commended the students on the excellent spirit shown thus far and expressed a desire that the morrow would see an exhibition of the same splendid spirit. Coach McAllister remarked that he was glad to see his cutting remarks of the last meeting had had the necessary effect. Dr. Dooley Burke extended his best wishes for success and Father Rice followed with a short address in which he told of the new system of administration in the temporal affairs of the College and pointed out the ceaseless efforts of the faculty to better St. Viator. He extended his heartiest wishes for a victory and expressed his feeling of certainty about the outcome. Frank "Soap" May voiced the sentiments of the team in a few short remarks.

The burning of a large "V" suspended between two tall trees was the event of the meeting. It was truly a thrilling sight to behold the flaming emblem, the brightness of which was accentuated by the inky blackness of the night. The assembly broke up with the shouting of many of the College yells and the singing of the Viator Loyalty song.

The corner stone of the splendid new church of St. Philip Neri, Chicago, Ill., was laid by the Right Rev. Edward F. Hoban, D. D., on Sunday, the seventh of November. The building will be one of the finest churches on the South side. The Tudor Gothic style of architecture is predominant in the structure and the exterior will be finished in Plymouth granite and Bedford stone. A small chapel is also being built from one side the church with a seating capacity of one hundred. The Viatorian is happy to extend to Father Kinsella its congratulations.

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BEAT VALPO

Quite frequently, John Larkin of last year's High School graduating class pays business and social calls at the college. John was a member of the Voyageur staff last year and now he is bidding for the printing of it this year.

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At Forty

"At Forty" the housewife in some sections of Europe wears a black bonnet to signify the end of her youth. A quaint custom—you say—but it usually signifies a fact. Heavy tasks, indoors and out, have made her old—at forty.

Of all the uses of electricity in America, the most important are those which release the woman from physical drudgery. Electricity carries water, washes clothes, cleans carpets, cooks the family's food—better and quicker than could be done by hand.

A trip to town or an hour's rest in the afternoon pays a woman dividends in good health "at forty years." And what is youth but that?

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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LOMBARD RALLIES TO BEAT VIATOR

(Continued from Page One)

eleven men who equalled and even excelled the visitors, despite the contradiction in the final score.

Dalrymple Deadly.

Never before in the history of local gridiron games has such deadly accuracy in passing been displayed as the exhibition given by Dalrymple and his receivers. Short passes, long passes, delayed passes, everything that the aerial game permits was executed with an accuracy that has never been excelled. In the first half of the game a perfect score was registered; Meis started by taking a long toss from Dalrymple, and Delaney helped to make up certain devastating penalties with the perfect reception of four out of four passes. Lombard was indeed bewildered, and bewilderment gave way to a complete destruction of morale when Dalrymple with the accuracy of a marksman lifted the oval from placement for three points, the first score St. Viator has ever registered against Lombard.

Great Backfield.

In Coulter, Joubert, Mosher and Sandberg, Coach Bell has a truly remarkable backfield. And added to this great asset he had a highly geared, smoothly running, wall of interference that was almost impossible to stop. Viator's game suffers largely because of the lack of such a fast moving wall of interference. Dalrymple is often-times forced to make his way around the end, or up the field practically ahead of his teammates, but his great change of pace, and his body weaving help to overcome this handicap.

With the score of 3 to 0 against them, these Lombardians came out in the second half with the single intention of pulverizing the opposition. But when they smashed through they found highly tempered steel instead of the expected flesh and blood, and only the super weight and rugged bulk and unceasing pounding of Sandberg, Coulter and Hess were responsible for the change in the final result. It seemed nothing human could stand under the terrific pounding directed at the Viator defense, yet Viator held; Viator held like the "Wall of Brass" that featured the Bradley game; and it is to the everlasting credit of McAllister and the individual players themselves for the splendid condition that made such almost superhuman achievements possible. A series of successful line plunges topped off by an old fashioned cross passing to Coulter put the ball on Viators 3-yard line. Viator held twice but Mosher crashed over by the proverbial hair and Murphy kicked the goal after touchdown. The score registered 7 to 3 favoring Lombard.

Dalrymple's passing was brought into play; a steady march up the field marked twice by severe penalties, and then a delayed or mixed forward that went into the arms of "Soap" May and turned the tide of battle once more, and Viator's hopes reached new heights when the score board showed that the Hoosier had crossed the Lombard goal line for the first touchdown in the history of athletic relations with St. Viator. Pandemonium broke loose; professors lost the dignity of the pedagogue; students were hugging and pushing and screaming; even the large representation of the fair sex unloosed the cords of restraint and swelled the volume that went up from two thousand throats. The score stood 9 to 7 and that margin looked insurmountable. There was, however, always the fear of the deadly Murphy, whose toe has become famous in the last four years. A field goal would give the Lombard boys just enough margin of victory to register the credit side of the ledger Viator braced against it.

Lombard Scores.

There was fighting and tugging as was never seen before. Gains made by one side were immediately offset by gains of the other. Viator was defending the small advantage with superlative courage; and Lombard was fighting with the fierceness of a tiger. In a flash the tragedy was enacted. Murphy called for a placement from his fifteen-yard line; there was a sickening hush—even the urge to "block that kick" died away; the ball was snapped, back came Murphy's right leg, the ball flew high and clear—the referee threw his hands in the air in recognition of a score—and the dreams and hopes of the writer's four years at St. Viator were destroyed. No one will ever forget this game. Viator lost chiefly because of the lack of replacement material; the lack of a high calibre reserve force so necessary to successful football teams had not been supplied by the Viator Alumni. The letdown in the point of hope in the grand stand didn't reach the players; they fought and strained with bruises and cuts, and almost broken physiques. The hope of ultimate victory still flamed in their breasts, and they masked well the true conditions of their tired bodies. The Viatorian line was battered and beaten, but not broken. Whatever weakness was there Lombard either accidentally sensed or wisely chose for its attack. When Sandberg came crashing through the one link in the chain was snapped; a hole was wide open, and the momentum of his charge carried the Lombard fullback beyond

S-P-O-R-T-S

ST. MARY'S WIN BY LONE SCORE

After Vince Jackson had taken the ball after a baffling double pass on his own 15 yard line and had cantered 82 yards down the sloppy field he was downed by the fleet Clothier on St. Mary's three yard line and there ended the first and only threat made by St. Viator Academy in its annual game with St. Mary's High School of Bloomington last Thursday. The old punch seemed to be gone from the local line. The backfield seldom found time to get off a decent run and after Jackson had placed the ball on the three yard marker there wasn't enough pep in the gang to gain those three yards, although they had four perfectly good downs to do it in. St. Viator had to play this game minus the services of their star quarter Singler, and the loss of this heady little general was evident throughout the fray.

St. Mary's, besides having the advantage of playing on their own field were smarting under a defeat of a week previous and played desperate football; especially did they show defensive power. Their touchdown was scored late in the first period after Middleton of St. Mary's had intercepted one of Daly's passes on the St. Viator 22 yard line. Clothier, the mainstay of the Bloomington team entered the game at this time and it was only after St. Mary's had wasted three downs that they managed to get a pass safely over the goal line and here the scoring for the day ended.

This makes the series of football games between St. Mary's and St. Viator Academy an even break. Last year the game terminated in a scoreless tie. Year before last St. Viator won 20-0. What will the outcome be next year?

the secondary defense which had been drawn close to plug up the much and sorely tried line. Sandberg crossed over for the last touchdown on a 35-yard run and Murphy kicked the point. It was the last score of the game and Lombard led 17 to 9.

Dalrymple threw passes in the remaining minutes in a vain attempt to gain back some of the lead. John Bowe, whose ability at taking tosses has always been an outstanding feature of his work, missed two of the prettiest passes ever thrown by Dalrymple. Bowe has been out for a week or ten days and this together with the long hard run of forty yards that he had to make before the catch was perhaps the underlying cause of his error. Dalrymple, as though Fate had already marked up the Lombard victory, took Delaney's beautiful arch of thirty-five yards on the dead run and, before he could tuck the ball in, two Lombard heavyweights crashed into him, spilling the catch. Costigan snagged one from high in the air, and another fierce tackle upset the last, brilliant attempt for a Viator score.

Lombard (17)		Viator (9)
Murphy	LE	Dunn
Evans	LT	Bielli
Antrim	LG	Herbert
Bradley	C	O'Malley
Coyle	RG	Madden
Reed	RT	Lassus
Lewis	RE	Meis
Joubert	Q	Walsko
Coulter	RH	Dalrymple
Mosher	LH	Delaney
Sandberg	FB	May

Substitutions: Lombard: Wade for Evans; Lang for Lewis; Lewis for Lang; Evans for Wade; Hess for Bouberg; Nestle for Coulter; Coulter for Nestle; Wade for Mosher; Mosher for Wade. For Viator: Costigan for Dunne; McCarthy for Madden; Bowe for Meis. Touchdowns: Sandberg, Coulter May. Points after touchdown: Murphy (2). Field goals: Dalrymple, Murphy. Ref-

Green Wave Goes to Dubuque Thursday

With Columbia scheduled for Armistice Day at Dubuque, Valparaiso at the city of the same name on the 20th, and DePaul at Chicago on Thanksgiving Day, St. Viator swings into the tail end of its schedule prepared for a glorious and triumphant windup. Despite the fact that the great showing of the team against Lombard last Friday raised the optimism of the Viatorians to a very high pitch, Coach McAllister is fully conscious that he is meeting a team next Thursday that is as dangerous as a handful of high tension wires. Columbia has taken the last four games with quite a margin, and the momentum of such a string of victories may be the urge that will make an otherwise tame Columbia team a fighting squad of wildcats.

In McAleer, Columbia's right half-back, St. Viator will have a busy day; this lad skirts the ends, throws forwards, and slips through the line with tantalizing success. Marcano is their plunging fullback who emulates the great Sandberg we saw performing a la Five Yards McCarthy. Otherwise things are much the same as other years with the Columbia—and Viator always had an upper hand in the point of talent. Columbia, so it is reported, has a skillful overhead game. Few interceptions have been made against them in the last four games, but as many passes, if not more, have been grounded as have been completed. Of course, St. Viator just at this point in the season is at its greatest degree of efficiency, and there is every reason to look forward to good news burning its way over the long distance when Dubuque calls St. Viator College.

THE OBSERVER

Wasn't that a sweet pair of ends McAllister started? They must have been hiding under the provincial bushel. Meis and Dunne have talent; they'll make it hot for Bowe and Costigan from today on.

A beautiful defensive play for Dunne! Three Lombard men charging before the fleet and elusive Coulter, yet Dunne leaped up and got his man. "Royal Mounted" stuff, egad.

Leahardt is back to stay—make no bones about that!

Bielli certainly used his hands to great advantage—and doesn't he shake the pedals well?

Herbert played that last quarter on sheer nerve; so did Leahardt—in fact everyone just dogged it through, but Lombard never seemed to sense it. A tribute to the fighting qualities of the Viatorians.

And some wise hick said "I don't mind Viator coming to the inevitable co-educational stuff, but when they have girls on the football team— Oh, My! Charlie." And May was a full-back at that.

eree, Brick Young, Illinois Wesleyan. Umpire: Walter Eckersall, Chicago. Head linesman: Lipp, Illinois. Time of game 1 hour and 50c minutes. Weather clear, field hard and dry.

GAME PLAY BY PLAY

Lombard received and elected to kick-off, taking advantage of a very favorable breeze and the downgrade of the field. Dalrymple made an easy catch of the kickoff and returned it five yards.

(Continued on Page Eight)

ST. BEDE CONQUERS ACADEMY, 14 TO 0

If St. Bede's Juggernauts had invaded our midst in typical modern style the wounds of defeat would not have been so bitter, nor so difficult to heal. They were bent on destruction and they certainly accomplished their mission. It was our third trimming, and our casualty list sort of foretold the ultimate outcome, for it is a difficult if not impossible feat to take youngsters out of plaster casts and off crutches and send them into a football game and expect them to win. And such was, comparatively speaking, the condition of the Barrett Boys when they took the field against St. Bede. Jackson was just about ready, tho another week would have healed him up entirely; young Sullivan needed another week; several men in the forward wall were not in the pink—but they pleaded with the coach and shammed their true condition. Result was not only the loss of several men for that game, but the elimination for the season of Singler, the battering of Cy Daley, and a field of wrecks that practically exhausted the entire squad in the matter of replace-

ments. Bill Barrett was on the verge of calling in the Acs when the final whistle relieved the situation.

Viator wasn't ready for such a sparking, galloping, pounding, bone crushing outfit as came from St. Bede's. Bill has some big men in his squad, but St. Bede's topped him a few pounds more, and when the casualties began to come in they came in great numbers. It is to the great credit of Captain Slintz and his gang that they remained in so long and held the score to two touchdowns. Daley did everything that a good offensive man could be expected to do, and Singler, while he was in, was a team in himself on the defensive. Burns of St. Bede's was the outstanding performer. He carried the ball in great style, and his ability to leap away or over a tackle was as neat a performance as has been seen on the local field this year. He certainly will be among football's Great when he reaches the University grade of scholastic endeavor. The sport writers will feast on the caption possibilities such as "Burns Burns His Way Thru All Opposition." The Viator Academy wishes him much success and complete immunity from accident. Burns, Matthews, Daley and Singler—What a Backfield!

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LOMBARD RALLIES TO BEAT VIATOR

(Continued from Page Seven)

following immediately with a run around right end for three more. Delaney punted and made 35 yards against the wind. Coulter made two yards around his right end; Sandberg was spilled for a loss. On offense put the ball back to Viator's 45-yard line. A pass, Coulter to Lewis made seven yards; a Lombard fumble was recovered by the same team for a loss of 20 yards. The stands rocked with cheers. The next play was spilled before it got underway, but Laenhart was caught holding and given a penalty of 15 yards. Coulter made three yards through the line; Lombard penalized 15 yards. Dalrymple made five yards after the catch. Herbert's offense cost five yards, but Delaney regained the loss on the next drive through the line. Delaney's punt put the ball in play on Lombard's 45-yard marker. Coulter made five yards through the line, but Madden leaped in on the next play and scrambled over a loose ball. May made five, Dalrymple two, and Mike Delaney took Jimmie's pass for a first down. Delaney's plunge was nullified with a five-yard penalty; he was given the ball again without gain. Dalrymple shot 20 yards to Meis, but a subsequent penalty of fifteen yards killed the hope of a touchdown. Dal made three yards through Bielli. A field goal from the 35-yard line missed the cross stick by a foot. Lombard kicked to Dal who got ten yards before the tackle out of bounds, then he took it for 1 yard and Walsko sneaked through for three more. The quarter ended here. Delaney made three yards through Herbert, and then swung out for Jimmie's toss of 20 yards. Walsko made four through center. Delaney essayed two tries at the line without result. Dalrymple dropped back to the 35-yard mark and registered the first football score against Lombard. Score 3 to 0.

Viator Kicks.

Delaney made a nice hoist to Murphy who was nailed before he could take a step. The ends were coming down fast and the tackling was deadly. Mosher and Sandberg divided a three-yard gain between them and then Delaney caught the punt. May made six yards thru O'Malley. Delaney plunged through Bielli's position for two and Dal over-ran his interference around right end making only two yards. Delaney's punt had distance but was veered out of bounds and went for only 30 yards. Joubert followed his right tackle for 7 yards, and Sandberg made the first down on the next two plunges. Evans dropped back of the line of scrimmage and plowed through for four, followed by Coulter around right end for first down. This Coulter boy can certainly run; he has the deceptive stride of a Grange, with the red head's rugged frame. Once under way it takes a good man to down him, and the tackle must be made on the fly. Coulter again went thru right tackle for three yards, but on the next play Meis dived at Sandberg's ankles and buried him where he stood; Sandberg to Lewis made seven yards. Then Lombard punted. Dalrymple received, made a yard through the line on a bad pass from center; Delaney made three, and then punted to Coulter who shook off three tacklers before he went down under a heap of flying green jerseys. There was no doubt about Coulter's being stopped, but there was considerable doubt about his getting up. He got up and about 35% of Lombard's efficiency got up with him. Meis stopped Coulter again. Meis seemed to be breaking through and getting his man in Royal Mounted style. Murphy missed the cross bar in his 40-yard field goal. He had height and distance, both of which are like the cheek without the sinature. The half ended with the kick. Score Viator 3, Lombard 0.

Viator Kicks Off.

Coulter took the kick-off and ran through the entire team to Dalrymple, playing safety who made a sensational tackle. Viator took the ball on downs. Dalrymple made 15 yards around right end. McCarthy relieved Madden. May made five through center and Dalrymple hit the same spot for first down. Viator failed to make the necessary yardage and kicked to Mosher. Time taken out for Herbert. Helped by the wind and a long bounce and roll, Lombard put the ball on Viator's 15-yard line. Mike's punt against the wind made only 25 yards. Coulter made 5 through right tackle; Mosher was stopped on his first attempt, but followed

immediately for 20 yards on a pretty fake line buck. Mosher and Sandberg made two yards each. Third down, two yards to go for touchdown—Mosher plunged and when the scramble was untangled the referee signalled a touchdown. Murphy kicked point after touchdown. There was a peculiar lull in the sidelines—a feeling of something empty. It was the ghastly fall of the high hopes of victory. Score Lombard 7; Viator 3.

Fourth Quarter.

The third quarter ended with the ball in Lombard's possession about midfield. Bowe who went in with Costigan to cover the wing positions capped his great defensive work with a sparkling tackle of Mosher. Bielli leaped through at Joubert and tossed him for a loss. Several line plays put the ball on Viator's 25-yard line. Murphy dropped back for a place kick and missed by about two striped lines. Dalrymple's 35-yard toss to Bowe was a certain touchdown had not Murphy interfered with the Viator end. May's 4 yards went for naught on a 15-yard penalty. Dalrymple was hurried on a scheduled forward pass, but managed to reach May with a ten-yard flip, and the new full-back had nothing else to do but run for the right end of the field, which he did negotiating the 50 yards and a fraction, this amid the pandemonium that broke loose all over the field. Hoosier stock broke through par, and Viator hopes hit the clouds. Viator missed the field goal. Score Viator 9, Lombard 7.

Lead Alternates Again.

The lead was short lived. Yet it served a great end in providing thrill number steen in the nth degree. The afternoon was crammed with excitement, but this was the thrill of thrills and the crowd went wild. McClelland, the Viator trainer, sat on a visiting celebrity's new derby hat; the restraint of the clerical visitors disappeared in the wild atmosphere of joy; and Alumni poured out freely into the grey derby of their president, Frank Rainey. Harry Bell, the Lombard coach, had his entire squad racing into divers directions. Refs came in rapidly, and with it new life. A Lombard line play and forward went for naught. Viator was penalized 15 yards. Coulter made 13 yards through left end. Delaney stopped Coulter on a run around right end. It was a beautiful flying tackle, accuracy plus power. May was stretched in the play. Murphy dropped back. It might have been a fake forward with anyone but the great Murphy back there. High, direct and with the wind, the ball sailed true to Lombard victory for three big points. Score Lombard 10, Viator 9. In the thrill of disappointment, again the change of leadership.

Delaney caught Lombard's kickoff and returned to his own 35-yard line. Delaney to Dalrymple incomplete; Bowe went down with the speed of a und, ten, twenty, thirty, thirty-five yards, and the ball with precision of a bullet followed after; Bowe turned, touched the ball and dropped it; it was a hard run and a difficult catch to make. Lan who replaced Lewis at right end intercepted the next toss. Coulter ran into Costigan who clamped on to him. Sandberg plunged through the line and didn't stop until he crossed 35 yards for a touchdown. Murphy kicked point after touchdown. Delaney caught the kickoff; Dalrymple heaved to Bowe again on another long run and the pass was incomplete; Costigan took a long heave over his head and dropped it on a tackle. Delaney tossed to Dalrymple who dropped the first catch, for him, this season. The last pass to Bowe was knocked down and Brick

HOME COMING DAY TO BE LONG REMEMBERED

(Continued from Page One)

the various speakers was his characteristic calm and witty self. Any event of importance at St. Viator would seem strange were not our Father Maguire on hand to take some part in the celebration.

Double Quartette Renders Selections.

Between the various speeches the Glee Club under the leadership of Rev. Father Raymond, rendered versions of the Viator Loyalty Song and "The Rosary." One and all joined in on the second verse of the Loyalty Song, filling the nooks and corners off the gym with reverberating acclamation. The College can be boastfully proud of their Glee Club for the two numbers that the members gave were most applaudingly received.

Immediately following the speeches, a large American flag was blessed and raised to its place on a flagpole extending upwards from the facade of the building. The silence that accompanied the ceremony was broken by loud and acclaiming strains of the Star Spangled Banner.

Alumni Banquet Served in New Refectory.

The Alumni Banquet, the acme of culinary art, was served at twelve-thirty in the newly blessed mess hall. The reminiscent speeches that usually accompany the Alumni Banquet were dispensed with to suit the circumstances. Needless to say, the opportunity of sitting at the same table and of hobnobbing with friends of College days was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Football Game Draws Big Crowd.

The football game with Lombard drew the largest attendance ever seen on the home field. Lombard was greeted with a big surprise in the game for they experienced a difficult task in defeating our boys. Victory was within our grasp several times but fickle Dame Fortune seemed to possess an unaccountable antipathy toward us. The loss of the game in no way dampened the exuberance of spirit that manifested itself throughout the day. All eagerly looked forward to the next number on the program.

The Dance.

The annual Homecoming Dance was given in the new gymnasium and, as is attested to by everyone, was one of the largest and best Tapsichorean events that has ever taken place here. The music rendered by the Illini Rhythm Kings was animated and animating, proving equal to the importance of the occasion. As large as the crowd was, it could not complain for lack of room. The gymnasium is large enough to hold any crowd that might gather at the College for an event, and has solved the problem of finding an adequate and suitable place for holding College and Class dances. The student body is proud of its new gymnasium and mess hall.

Young blew his rusty whistle and called it a day. It was a glorious day and Viator looked greater in defeat than Lombard did in victory. The Underdog was not a whelp; he was just a misjudged thoroughbred. Lombard 17, St. Viator 9.

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Brother Suprenant Takes Trip to South

Brother J. E. Suprenant, prefect of the second corridor during the past school year, departed in company with his parents on last Thursday for a winter's sojourn in Florida. Upon leaving he was not certain as to what part of the state they were to make their destination but he presumed that it would be St. Petersburg.

During the past few months Brother Suprenant has been suffering with severe attacks of neuritis, and was forced to spend the greater part of his summer vacation at St. Joseph's Hospital, in Chicago. Because of his cheerful disposition he has been very popular about the campus, and there were many voiced regrets when the students learned of his departure. We all unite in wishing him a speedy recovery and a happy winter under the balmy skies of Florida.

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