

CHORUS ON RADIO

**REV. WILLIAM J. CRACKNELL, C. S. V.,
WAS ORDAINED DECEMBER 17 BY
MOST REV. JAMES A. GRIFFIN, D.D.**

Registrar Will Be Ordained at Springfield; To Say
First Solemn High Mass at St. Philip Neri
Church, Chicago, at Noon, December 18

Rev. Bro. William J. Cracknell,
C. S. V., registrar, at the College, was



ordained to the
priesthood by the
Most Rev. James
A. Griffin, D.D.,
at St. Joseph's
church in Spring-
field on Saturday,
December 17th. Father Cracknell
said his first
Solemn High
Mass at St. Phil-

ip Neri's church
on the south side
C.S.V. of Chicago at
noon on Sunday, December 18th.

Studies Interrupted

Brother Cracknell has attained his
goal only after long years of study
interrupted by several lapses of
health. He entered the Sulpician Sem-
inary at Baltimore about nine years
ago, but on account of illness was
not able to resume his theological
studies until September, 1931. His
many friends will be indeed gratified
to hear that his improved health has
permitted him to be a candidate for
ordination.

Enviable Record

Brother Cracknell joined the Com-
munity in 1918 and was graduated
from the College with a B.A. degree
in 1923. Some of his studies were
done at Columbus College in Cham-
berlin, S. D. After he was reluctant-
ly forced to leave the seminary to
recover his health, he began his
duties as Registrar and also taught re-
ligion and Latin in the old academy.
It was through his zeal that the St.
John Berchman's Society was found-
ed. He still remains as moderator of
this group of students. Under his ex-
pert guidance regular monthly class-
es in the ceremonies of the Church
have been held. Under the direction
of Msgr. G. M. Legis, D.D., Father
William J. Bergin, C.S.V., and Father
Joseph A. LaPlante, C.S.V., he was
able to resume his studies about two
years ago. He received his minor or-
ders last spring in Chicago and his
major orders on December 8th at
Springfield.

Seniors Will Serve

The seniors of the College will
assist in the serving of his first Mass
next Sunday. They are Raymond G.
Wenthe and J. Kenneth Bushman,
who will serve as acolytes, and Gill
Middleton, who will act as censer
bearer. All three students have been
active members of the St. John
Berchman's Society. Mr. Wenthe is
the present president, and Mr. Mid-
dleton was its leader for 1930-1931
and 1931-1932. As this issue went to
press it was not definitely known who
would be Father Cracknell's decision

(Continued on Page Six)

DAY STUDENTS TO HOLD DANCE AT K. OF C. HALL

December 27 Date Set For
Holiday Dance; Carpenter
Furnishes Music

For the first time in the history of
St. Viator College the day students
are going to play the part of the
genial host in the social world. Final
preparations have been made for the
event, which is going to go down in
the history of the college as the Day
Students' Holiday Prom. This dance
is going to be held at the Kankakee
Knights of Columbus hall on the 27th
of December. It is hoped that this
affair will prove to be a great suc-
cess, as the day students would like
to have it established as an annual
meeting of all the old friends of St.
Viator of the surrounding territory.

This last week has seen the final
decisions of the several committees
handed down in order that the regu-
lar progress of preparation might not
be retarded. Last week the orchestra
committee, composed of James Crow-
ley, Edward Gorman and Tom Cooley,
met and decided upon the orchestra

(Continued on Page Six)

Rev. J. J. Farrell, C.S.V., Dies at Chicago Hospital

The Rev. John Joseph Farrell,
C.S.V., whose death after an illness
of two and a half months, occurred
at St. Mary of Nazareth hospital in
Chicago December 13, will be buried
from St. Viator's church, Chicago, at
Bourbonnais, Illinois. The Solemn
Requiem Mass will be said at 10 a. m.
December 17, in Chicago.

Father Farrell was born in Chi-
cago on August 24, 1883. He studied
at St. Viator College and made his
theological studies at St. Viator's
Seminary. After his ordination, he
taught English, religion and history
at St. Viator Academy. He was ap-
pointed assistant to St. Viator's pa-
rish in Chicago. He served as chap-
lain to the Sisters at Palos Park for
three years, and then returned to St.
Viator parish. Last March he under-
went a serious operation in Roches-
ter, Minn. Having suffered a relapse
in September he was confined to bed
in St. Mary's of Nazareth hospital
until his death. The Rev. John P.
O'Mahoney, C.S.V., Provincial at St.
Viator College, and Rev. A. F. Rin-
ella, C.S.V., were with him when he
died.

*The Staff of the Via-
torian Extends to
the Members of the
Faculty, the Stu-
dent Body, Their
Parents, Alumni
and Friends its
Wishes for a Merry
Christmas and A
Happy New Year*

HEAD OF HISTORY DEPT. GIVES TALK IN CHICAGO DEC. 11

Rev. E. V. Cardinal, C.S.V.,
At Monday Evening Club,
St. Philip Neri Church



Reverend Ed-
ward V. Cardinal,
C. S. V., Ph. D.,
on the evening of
December fifth
was the guest
speaker at the
Twenty - sixth
meeting of the
"Monday Evening
Club" at the Par-

ish Rectory of St.
Philip Neri Church, Chicago, of which
Msgr. Wm. U. Kinsella is pastor. Fr.
Cardinal is head of the History De-
partment of St. Viator College.

"The Secret Archives"

The subject of the address which
Fr. Cardinal delivered at this time
was "The Secret Archives Of The
Vatican". Fr. Cardinal became very
familiar with these interesting arch-
ives while he was working on his do-
ctorate thesis which he received from
the University of Illinois this year.
In his search for material for the
treatise on Cardinal Campeggio he
spent much time in the secret arch-
ives which of late have been opened
to those students of history whose
investigations are aided greatly by
the invaluable historical documents
which have been preserved there for
centuries. The letters were written
in code and the study of this brought
him into contact with matter hither-
to unknown regarding the activities
of the papal legate to the court of
Henry VIII, Cardinal Campeggio.
The year which Fr. Cardinal spent
in Italy made him familiar with the
archives and this familiarity together
with his ability in oratory made the
speech very interesting as well as
enlightening.

WCFL PROGRAM DECEMBER 18; "THE SHEPHERDS' WATCH" GIVEN ON KANKAKEE AND CHICAGO STAGES

Masterly Rendition of Medieval Drama Recreates The
Spirit Of The First Christmas Day

DIVISION PLANS VOTED DOWN IN LITTLE 19 MEET

Present System of Play
to Remain

Fred Young's plan to divide the
Little Nineteen Conference into two
or more groups to make it less un-
wieldy was avoided by representa-
tives of twenty-one schools meeting
at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago on
December 2. The resolution to sepa-
rate the five Normal schools was
voted down. The professors and coach-
es voted instead to recommend that
the Conference conform to the stan-
dards of intercollegiate athletics as
set down by the North Central As-
sociation which place athletic control
into the hands-of-the-faculty.

The Big Ten regulations in con-
nection with the use of the pivot were
approved along with the new ten sec-
ond rule. The Conference basket-
ball coaches also drew up agreements
as to the division of offensive zones
in certain courts.

Summer Baseball Permitted.

According to Prof. J. A. Campbell,
the new President of the Conference,
the adoption of the North Central

(Continued on page Six)

VIATORIANS TAKE IN LOCAL FRAT DANCE

Yes, a gala evening and a joyous
party was the Organon fraternity
dance held at the Kankakee hotel on
the evening of Saturday, December
3. Several of the Viatorians, non-res-
idents, however, for the Saturday
night ban still exists for the resi-
dents, showed their faces about the
premises and spent a bit of the time
reminiscing.

One of the first that we were to
see were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Craw-
ford, seemingly having a good time.
In this party were Tom Cooley and
his lady friend. Even our old friend
and freshman, Dave Richwine, was
tripping the light fantastic over the
marble floor of the gold room. Jim
Crowley seemed to be having a good
time despite the fact that he had a
haggard look on his face, which we
might explain comes from those long
hours spent in the study hall prodding
over his books. Ah, and we must not
forget to mention the post grad, J.
Burke Monahan, who, wherever he
goes, spreads his beaming and happy

(Continued on Page Six)

The Maestricht play, "The Shep-
herd's Watch" given by the Dramatic
Club of St. Viator College was pre-
sented at the Luna theater in Kankakee,
December 16 and 17 at 8 o'clock in the
evening, and at De Paul auditorium,
Webster and Sheffield, in Chicago,
December 19, 20 and 21. Under the
personal direction of the President of
the College, Very Rev. J. W. R. Ma-
guire, C. S. V., the work reached
a high state of dramatic perfection.

The chorus, which was directed
and trained by Rev. Eugene Supre-
nant, C. S. V., and Miss Harriette
Gillette as a part of the play has
been accorded the highest praise by
those who have heard it in rehearsal.

Chorus Broadcasts

At 8 o'clock on Sunday evening,
December 18, the chorus presented
a number of the old English carols
over radio station WCFL. At this
time the club had presented the
drama twice in Kankakee.

The program which lasted for
one-half hour, featured the solo of
Miss Greta Cardoso, "Now Rise UP
Ye Shepherds" and a part of the
solo work of Mr. Donald Anderson
in the carol, "While Shepherds Watch
Their Flocks by Night", in addition
to several of the carols in which the
entire chorus sung.

The work which Fr. Suprenant
and Miss Gillette have done with this
group has been truly outstanding, and
has led to the general expression that
it should not cease with this produc-
tion, but be continued as one of the
most vital of collegiate interests. The
dramatic work is of such high merit
it is certain that "The Shepherd's
Watch" will not be the last of its
kind.

Meany was Manager

John Meany was manager of the
production and made several visits
to Chicago for the purpose of making
arrangements. He was assisted by
Ralph E. Hoover, publicity director of
the College.

First Friday Devotions Held

First Friday devotions were ob-
served on December 2, according to
custom at the college, with general
reception of Holy Communion by the
entire Catholic student body at the
7 o'clock Mass and exposition of the
Blessed Sacrament in the College
Chapel throughout the day with the
students acting as the Guard of Hon-
or. In the evening Holy Hour devo-
tions were held.

The VIATORIAN

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WHERE IS ITS PLACE

From time to time there arises the question "why is not a rudimentary study of music included among the requirements for a bachelor of arts degree?" For all we know the question remains unanswered—nor do we mean to propose a reply, but we merely broach the question again.

That music is an art is an incontrovertible question, yet every year we find educators conferring the all-too-inclusive degree "Bachelor of Arts" upon young men and women who have no more than a shallow and haphazard acquaintance with music.

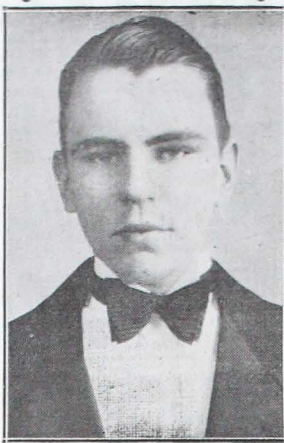
Why does Josiah Appleberry, B. A., 1931, impatiently turn the dial of his radio from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony to the more soul-stirring tenor of "Sugar Blues?" Simply because Josiah was not taught a cultural appreciation of music during his sojourn in college; yet this same gentleman, who is held in open-mouthed awe by the folks back home makes it his business to see that his own "Appleberry" never appears in his own handwriting save between "Josiah" and "B. A."

Sometimes there is set up the defense that a knowledge of music is in many cases impractical, and therefore should not occupy an important place in the college curriculum. Learning does not need a practical applicability to be of value. We are not yet prepared to adopt a utilitarian philosophy.

Another answer to our question which falls short of validity is the proposition that music is a fine art, and that being so it lies above and beyond the ordinary college courses, and is a subject for advanced study. Music forms a vital part of the life of the individual; when the soul seeks peace and relaxation, there is nothing so fitting and so efficacious to gratify its desire as melody, and it may as well be good melody as trash.

We do not ask that the student be given a detailed and comprehensive familiarity with the subject, but rather that there be infused into him an intelligent and critical appreciation of good music. Until that time, Josiah Appleberry will continue to turn the dial.

DEBATES



ROBERT A. NOLAN

NOLAN-MAHONEY
DEBATE MUNDELEIN

Opening its season with two successful radio debates over Station WCFL, Chicago, the Bergin Debating Society will suspend its activities until after the Christmas holidays. A number of radio and platform appearances have been arranged for the team by Robert A. Nolan, debate manager, and the season will be resumed on January 15th when the Berginities meet a yet unnamed opponent in Rockford on the question of the cancellation of war debts.

Gill Middleton and Ralph E. Hoover were St. Viator's representatives in the first debate of the season, a radio appearance with Loyola University. The question under discussion was the six hour day, with St. Viator upholding the affirmative. Although the debate was a non-decision affair, the masterly rebuttal delivered by the seasoned Middleton left St. Viator partisans confident for the coming season.

Robert A. Nolan and Joseph Mahoney, having more foresight than the end-of-nose thinker, Hoover and Middleton, were rewarded by being selected to appear against Mundein College on the following Sunday. The debate, likewise broadcast over WCFL, marked Mahoney's first appearance on the college platform, and his excellent speech marked him as valuable varsity material. Although a strong case was presented by the Mundein team, Nolan successfully eluded the logical traps set for him by the girls, and, having also been cruelly unimpressed by their charm while before the microphone, presented a rebuttal that displayed all the power of his trained mind and marked him as a debater of the highest calibre and value to the team in its struggle for another conference championship this year.

Alumni Notes

Three former Viatorians were engaged in a basketball duel at the armory in Kankakee last week. Puff Romary, of last year's graduating class played a flashy brand of ball for the Diamond Oilers, but his efforts weren't sufficient to stem the tide when Al Furlong and Red Hayes got clicking for the Duffy Florals of Chicago. Both Furlong and Hayes are also playing with the Hennepin-Shields quint in the Chicago K. C. League. In addition, it is noised about, Furlong was signed to play with the Oilers who divide their schedule between Kankakee, Joliet and Aurora.

Werner Salg, 32, dropped in for a visit last Sunday. Looking quite prosperous in a new fur benny and piloting a snappy new coupe, he tells

us he is employed by a charity organization in Chicago.

Brother John Stafford, C. S. V., is still an important factor in what promises to be an outstanding debate squad. He has supplied the team with much valuable data direct from the Nation's capital.

Don T. Anderson, 32, who is doing some post-grad work while assisting Coach Corcoran was scheduled to sing a solo when the Viator Bee Club went on the air last Sunday evening. Don's an old hand at the art, having sung weekly from the studios in Cicero, Illinois.

And here's a piece of news! We just learned that Joseph Logan, 31, who has a position with the Belmont Products Co., in Fort Wayne, is the nephew of our own smilin' Jim Foohey, '35.

All the Sheas have deserted Fort Wayne for the sunny climes of Tampa, Florida. Herb, '32 left these parts only a few weeks ago, to join brother Ed, '31 and the rest of the family. Young Dick, '35, is holding down the family seat at Viator.

Frank Carroll '31 is "going about his Father's business" with no little success, so they tell us!—Which reminds us to mention that Chuck Carney, '32 was a spectator at the Duffy-Oilers game here last week.

Dr. No Yong Park, author of "The New China," gave an address on the Manchurian situation to the students of Bradley Polytechnic Institute of Peoria on December 5th.

Monmouth College "Oracle" prints a letter from Chick Sale, while "Bradley Tech" displays an interview with one of America's greatest showmen, Clarence Darrow.

The editor of Southern Illinois State Normal's paper bemoans the fact that the students won't support anything cultural that will distinguish them as being above average. The situation is not peculiar to southern Illinois alone.

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Well, everybody, Christmas! Owing to the depression, ye Viatoriana has decided to follow the lead of the government, of business, and private individuals and re-trench this year. Hence you get no "Merry" with your "Christmas" this time. Come around next year and we'll see what we can do about it. But for right now, we can wish you that unwell-known "pocket full of money," and assure you that we are hoping for, and using every influence to bring about "Beer by Christmas."

But let's get down to work—may we remind you again that this is a joke column. Although one lad has offered to return the price of subscription for this paper, and give one hundred dollars in cash besides, to anyone who can prove that he or she has at any time laughed at anything printed in this column, or in any way satisfied their appetite for hokum from this source. The department maintains that here are no jokes—that humor arises only in connection with situations, and who can create a nice, humorous situation in such little space? Yeah, I know it's not little to you. But ye editor demands an effort, so against our better judgment, we submit anything that might follow.

Hoover: "What is the motive of the composition of Tschaikowsky I just played?"

Monahan: "It sounded like revenge."

But you'd have to be there to appreciate that one. You can see for yourself how futile the endeavor.

* * *

And this might be funny to you, but Schultzie won't like it.

Spreitzer (Monday nite): "Say, Inez, do you know the difference between a taxi and a trolley?"

She (unsuspectingly): "No."

Spreitzer: "Fine, we'll take a trolley."

* * *

This bit of tragedy was found in a note book under Latin Verbs—Flunko—flunkere—faculty bouncem.

* * *

Sad Misunderstanding—The fellow that asked the young lady if he could see her home, and she said, "Sure, I'll send you a picture of it."

* * *

Earnest Young Stude: "Why do you call your wife Angel?"

Bitter Alumnus: "Because she's always in the air, always harping on something, and never has anything to wear."

* * *

Baker (on a visit to the infirmary): "Good moaning, boys. Good moaning."

* * *

Prof: Can anyone give the derivation of the word "auditorium?"

Eddie: Sure, it's from "audio," to hear, and "tarsus," bull—, a place where you—

Prof: Tha's enough, Mr. Hunt.

* * *

May we remind the co-eds, upon the quest of the Seniors of Roy, that there remain but sixteen more shopping days of this leap year.

* * *

Chemistry Prof: "What is HNO₂?"

Bimmerle: "Oh—er—er, its on the end of my tongue."

Prof: "Well, spit it out, its nitric acid."

* * *

Willie was asked how he was making out in school and replied that his teacher had recently asked him where he was born. He said he knew it was the Women's General Hospital but not wanting the other kids to think him a sissy, he told her the Yankee Stadium.

* * *

"Where did you get the diamond, Ike?"

"My brother died."

"I don't understand."

"Oh, he left three hundred dollars for a stone."

Day Hopping

Well, the senior league has swung into action with plenty of pep and zest and from all indications the day hops seem more than interested in what happens in the gym. Approximately half the games have been played in the first division and with a few exceptions the battles so far have been nip and tuck.

For a while it looked as though the day hops were just going to furnish a pleasant workout for the Roy hall teams, but finally things began popping, and the dodgers began marking up victories. Walkowiack's quintet pried the lid off the victory column by smothering Charlie Byron's cagers, 25 to 7. Clancy's outfit, lacking in everything but fight, continued the noble work by trimming Kelly's basket-keepers, 13-11.

The results show that up to December 7 Clancy's team has lost one game and won one. Walkowiack's quintet has lost two and won one. LaRocque's cagers have lost two. Both Clancy and Walkowiack have to play six more games while LaRocque is engaged in seven. To predict that the day hops will finish at the bottom of the league would be folly. The season has just commenced and with a little more practice there should develop at least one winning team from the ranks of the hoppers.

A dance, described as one of the most stupendous affairs ever given by any Viator college organization, will be staged by the dodgers December 27 at the K. of C. hall. Carpenter's Melodians, a classy band from the Knickerbocker hotel in Chicago, will furnish the musical notes. And, by the way, Charlie, there's going to be a lady entertainer. Will you be there, Charlie?

Welcome to our midst, Mr. Rutecki. We of the day hops feel greatly elated that you, known to many as "Bowerhouse" Rutecki, should honor us with your presence, and we are sure that with your guiding spirit we shall attain heights never before reached by us, and all that sort of boloney.

Congratulations, Mr. Lesczewicz, to you and your band. Not bad at all, not bad at all.

Don LaRocque has emphatically stated that there wasn't any such thing as Santa Claus, and there never will be. Now now, my dear children, don't be misled by such statements. Milo Schosser and Dick

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Schneider are sure they saw St. Nick standing on the corner ringing a little bell. So there, Mr. LaRocque.

So you're going to stay home New Year's Eve, Mr. Devine. And to think we may have beer by then. Whata life, whata life.

It has been said before, it is being said, and it will be said, so there isn't any harm in saying, "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

Faculty members, alumni and students of Loyola University took part in the recent celebration of the two hundred and fifty-eighth anniversary of the landing of Father Marquette in Chicago. Some of the services were held at the Michigan avenue bridge.

The daily student publication of the University of Michigan recently defended the Pope's attitude towards the insolent Mexican political leaders.

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Mary P. Cruise

Aeschylus held that suffering is the price of wisdom, and like the soldier that he was, he would have man pay the price with unflinching courage, thinking not of the greatness of his pain, but only of how he might bear it most nobly. Sophocles, the restrained, the remote, essayed no conflict with the fates—he bowed his head in acceptance of their decrees and said, "Thy will be done." Both contemplated the spectacle of suffering—one questioned, and found an answer which all the ages since have been unable to disprove, the other merely admitted the existence of the fact, and offered no explanation. But neither knew the meaning of pity—Aeschylus because he was primarily a fighter neither asking nor giving quarter, Sophocles because he was primarily an artist, to whom pain was a phenomenon which provided vast stores of material for his use. Tragedy of the Aeschylean and Sophoclean type lies in that high plane where the winds of mighty emotion sweep into our being and carry before them every atom of feeling, leaving us emotionally empty. Oedipus and Cassandra stand on the heights where the sonorous music of the spheres drowns out the sad, sweet minor strain of wailing that comes up from the valley below, and where the healing rain of tears never falls. It remains for Euripides to explode the depths, and thereby to earn the significant title of "poet of the world's grief." With infinite tenderness he has drawn the picture, not of strength afflicted, but of weakness bowed under a load of sorrow which it has done nothing to deserve. The desolation of the old woman bereaved, the despair of the helpless maiden, the bewildered pain or children too young to understand—these are the materials which the poet of pain has used to such immortal purpose. Not the tragic, but the sad; not the awful tortures of the Titan, but the small, unbearable stings of the aged and the pathetically young.

Even in the terrible and bloody scenes of the "Media" we catch numerous glimpses of that wonderful sympathy and compassion. Aeschylus would have made Medea after the pattern of Clytemnestra—determined and unfaltering from beginning to end. Medea, as Euripides conceived her for all her dark and sanguinary character as a sorceress, never allows us to forget that she is thoroughly human. She continually draws back from the dreadful deed of killing her children each time that she has made up her mind, and upon one occasion, she says

"Oh God, the glow
Of cheek on cheek, the tender touch;
and oh
Sweet scent of childhood."

What a small, intensely pathetic touch is that last line! And later, when she confronts her husband, after she has triumphed in her revenge, she cannot forget that she has loved Jason, and even gives us reason to suspect that she loved him yet. How humanly she defies his hatred—and adds, as any woman might have done "But, oh, thy voice, it hurts me sore."

—a cry of pain which only Euripides would have put into her mouth. The dreadful description of the death of Glauke and her father ends with these tender compassionate words
". . . And there they sleep,

At last, the proud old father and the bride,
Even as his tears had craved it,
side by side."

There are, of course, many displeasing features about the "Medea," chiefly matters of technique. The introduction of the characters is not at all subtle—it just happens. More-

over, the opening speech of a new scene usually betrays a knowledge of what the preceding speaker has just said which can only be accounted for if we suppose that the newcomer on the stake was listening at the keyhole—notably in the case of the attendant in the first scene. The entrance of Egeus is not quite credible—that he should come along at exactly the moment when Medea needed a place of refuge—and that the only thing she needed to secure before her vengeance could be accomplished. Besides, it seems a trifle strange, though, of course, not impossible, that Egeus should have returned to Athens by way of Corinth, a somewhat circuitous route. Another thing which is, however, more a matter of taste than of technique, is the marked lack of restraint in the messenger's speech and in the last scene between Jason and Medea. The abundance of "gory details" has little in common with the classical tradition, and the effort to shock the nerves rather than stir the emotions is unworthy of a Greek. In the use of dramatic foreshadowing, however, Euripides builds up the usual skillful crescendo. In the use of contrast, chiefly of character, he also shows considerable ingenuity—Glauke and Medea, a powerful antithesis in both character and situation. Medea, cast-off, smoldering with rage, sullen, her only hope for the future the fulfillment of her desire for vengeance—even physically we picture her as dark, tall, magnificently proportioned, while Glauke is slight, fair, girlish, even as she is happy in her love, and hopeful for greater joys to come. There is a lesser contrast between Jason and Medea—she, uncompromising and vengeful, he eager to make peace.

There can be no doubt that Euripides is a master at characterization. Medea alone is a deep study—the contrasting elements in her character have already been touched upon. Yet she can never be called inconsistent and in that very fact the master hand of her creator is apparent. She is a loving mother—yet the murderess of her own children; a suffering wife, who, I am inclined to believe, still loves her husband, yet plots his ruin. He has hurt her—she has so loved. Truly, the words of the leader of the chorus are singularly applicable—indeed, they contain the key to her character:

"Dire and beyond all healing is the hate

When hearts that loved are turned to enmity."

Jason seems a hard, cruel, ungrateful species of man to us, but we must avoid the error of judging him by modern standards. Medea was a metic, a foreigner, and, to the Greek mind, there was nothing unnatural in Jason's effort to make a better marriage. His answer to her charge of ingratitude, that he has given her a home in "a good Greek land, not barbaric," and thus has more than paid his debt to her, carried far more weight with a Greek audience than with us. Medea herself reproaches him, not for having sought another bride, but rather for having deceived her as to his wish to marry again:

"Wert thou not false, 'twas thine to tell me all,

And charge me help thy marriage path, as I

Did love thee; not befool me with a lie."

Another startling point of view to us, but apparently not strange to the Greek. It is easy to believe, from what we know of woman's position in the Greek world, that Euripides' defense of Medea aroused a storm of indignation in Athens when the play was presented. Yet, we of today grow in-

dignant over Jason's speeches to his wife—indeed, the pendulum has swung a long way in the other direction. Aristotle himself, some fifty years after Euripides, doubted whether woman had a soul. All the more tribute to the far-sightedness of our dramatist, his sympathy, understanding, and courageous defense of woman. Medea's famous speech to the chorus, in which she scornfully tells of a man's belief in his own superiority over woman, could only have been written by a wise, tolerant lover of all humanity regardless of sex. Note also the attitude of the chorus in upholding Medea throughout. Not that Euripides was consciously an advocate of women's rights—he was ever the artist first; but with his tremendous capacity for sympathy with the suffering and the downtrodden, he could not have failed to pity the narrow lives of the women of his time. He realized with Medea

"God made the woman, things most vain

For help, but wondrous in the paths of pain."

Out of that pagan silence a voice had been raised to declare the value of every individual—and it was to be many a long year before the stillness would again be broken.

The examples already given to substantiate various points in the discussion may also serve to illustrate the poetic powers of Euripides. There are a number of the speeches of the chorus, however, which are much more beautiful. Take, for example, the description of Cepheus, in which Aphrodite has dipped her hand—it really becomes an exquisite pen-picture of the goddess herself:

"For her breathing in fragrance is written,

And in music her path as she goes,

And the cloud her hair, it is bitten
With stars of the wind-woven rose."

The last two lines contain a figure unusual among the Greek dramatists—far more like one of our own English poets. Even in detail Euripides declares his modernity. The play is full of strange, unforgettable phrases, like the following

". . . the wonder of the dead,
Haunting a music still."

In brief, the Medea is not of uniform excellence—it is uneven, of imperfect technique, and not sufficiently restrained for the strictly classical tragedy. But there is about it something of the wild, sullen beauty of Medea herself—its sudden, glowing splendor of language, its lovely lyric poetry, and the warmer, more intimate human touch that is Euripides' own. In his magnificent plea for womanhood, all the more forceful in the mouth of such a woman, there is revealed the eternal questioner, the man, who, says Aristophanes, "taught the Athenians to think, see, understand, suspect, question, everything." And over and through all that critical attitude is the aching pity of "the poets of the world's grief"—a pity which made of criticism not merely a destructive force, but a creative power which must clear away the old, the wrong, the untrue, before it may build upon the naked truth the edifice of another fairer, truer, loftier, mode of thought.

St. Bernard's Auxiliary
Has Junior Contingent

The "young folks" or the Irving Park district have been enrolled as Junior members of the Auxiliary benefiting St. Bernard's hall. They, very appropriately, made a "sweet" debut and promise to keep smiling "sweetly" on St. Bernard hall.

The fourth visit, since September, of the Auxiliary was marked by the same lavish generosity as the preceding ones. We have become veritable "enfants gates." Once more through the columns of the Viatorian we wish to thank the Auxiliary and assure all its members of our deep appreciation.

THE DECLINE OF THE HOBO

If we had the patience of a Thornton Wilder and weren't afraid of being accused of rank plagiarism, we'd like to trace back the life story of each of those tramps who appear daily at the College Refectory in search of something to eat, and set all of the collected tales down in one exciting volume. We'd like to know whether they are tramps by profession, or whether they are the unfortunate victims of a disrupted economic system. Unlike the Ancient Mariner, they are most recent in relating personal experiences—perhaps because such recitals would seriously interfere with their masticatory processes. After they have finished eating, and have "licked their platters clean," each one rapidly departs uttering some peculiar jargon of gratitude. Only a few of old-timers ever come back. Indeed, the hoboes comprise a most interesting group of human beings.

Some of them are surprisingly young, some are prematurely old, some are fairly well dressed, while others are only protected from the elements and the cinders of the roadbeds by a conglomeration of clothes or rags. No matter how different they may be in their physical make-up or attire, all of them appear to have a weary and hopeless expression in their eyes and upon their faces. In this one aspect they are quite different from the smiling hoboes of the years gone by. In fact, they no longer have a sense of pride in their profession.

Up until recent years the knights of the road have been the only real troubadours that this country has ever possessed, but since the advent of around-the-corner prosperity, their ranks have been overrun by large detachments from the disgruntled army of the unemployed. This constantly increasing influx of inexperienced newcomers has frightened the very souls of the genuine tramps and has shattered most of their traditions, thereby allowing the seeds of deterioration to creep into their ranks.

Before 1929 the life of the American patron of the side-door Pullman was glorified in an idealistic manner by such "authors" as Jim Tully, while their songs were constantly on the lips of those who believed themselves possessed of the wanderlust; but now relief agencies portray their hardships, while their songs have taken on the aspect of dirges. At one time the peculiar sign language of hoboland attracted the notice of all and incited constant curiosity; its way-side settlements were veritable fairylands; and the manner of the lives of its constituents was looked upon as embracing much of the ideal. But now the glamor of a tramp's life has been removed, simply because industry has preferred to close down rather than to limit the numbers entering into this restful state.

Since it would be entirely too commonplace to blame all this on the depression, it might be admitted that the railroad and the automobile have much to do with the disintegration of the hobo. In the days of Cooper's Nathaniel Bumpo, the tramp actually hiked from village to village, but upon the coming of the Baltimore and Ohio, he became the unwelcome guest of the railroads. Today he sometimes carries a suitcase, covered with stickers, instead of a small bundle tied to a stick, and accepts rides, preferably in Packards and Lincolns. He has lost that democratic spirit which allowed his predecessors to converse with the common man and to be satisfied with anything which came his way.

When General Coxey lead his famous hobo army to Washington, he was not troubled very much by any extreme radicalism that may have

crept into his men, but was instead urged on by their optimism. His men retained their pioneer spirit by marching on foot, while the recent marches upon Washington have been made principally in cars and trucks. Progress? Perhaps, but such a transformation has done much to aid in the decline of the hobo empire. Pseudo-Communism among the neophytes has also injected dissatisfaction into the whole framework of hoboism.

Before the delicatessen made the American people salad conscious, the average tramp would be perfectly satisfied with a crust of stale bread and a sackful of assorted vegetables, but nowadays he asks for cake to "top off" his meal. He no longer cooks his own meals, but relies primarily upon the deftness of the housewife to operate a can-opener. He has forgotten his own independence and has become a slave of the very society from which he has bolted. He has discarded the ethics of his profession and has substituted his own selfish code instead.

It is not possible for the youth of today to glimpse the real vagabonds of the days of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer—instead the boys and girls must be content with Chaplin's portrayals of such a character. Now that the colorful hobo has gone the way of the cowboy, America has lost one more source of potential poets and singers.

The modern tramp has forsaken the countryside and the beauties of nature for the pavements and smoke of the cities. He has sacrificed his birthright in order to be closer to the comforts which civilization has produced. He no longer philosophizes upon a glorious sunset, but instead he talks politics and business. In fact, he bears little or no resemblance to his predecessors who were thrilled by the very sight of an open road and by the very thought of being alive.

If the unemployed of today would accept at least part of the tenets of the hoboes of yesterday, it would not be long before some national confidence and well-being would be restored.

We, as a nation, seem to have forgotten that there is indeed much that is true contained in that part of the hobo's credo which reads, "Don't take life too seriously, you'll never get out of it alive."

Things Catholics

A graduate of Regis College of Denver, Dr. Martin D. Curran, has been elected to serve the long term office of regent at the University of Colorado.

It is reported that when the Archbishop of Cincinnati, the Most Rev. J. T. McNicholas, O.P., finished his address at the recent national convention of the American Federation of Labor he was lustily cheered.

Francis J. Sheed, prominent London Catholic Evidence Guild member, has just completed an interesting series of lectures at St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Carlton J. H. Hayes of Columbia University, one of America's most prominent historians, recently began a series of lectures on sixteenth century European nationalism to the students of Loyola College of Baltimore.

The University of Dayton's debating society has arranged eastern, western and southern trips for its members in March, 1933.

Basketeers Swing Into Action

SIX VIATOR MEN PLACED ON ALL CONFERENCE TEAMS

Emerson Dexter, Center, on First All-Conference Team Of F. Young; Bomba, Bernard, Gibbons, Atkins, Westray

Despite the fact that St. Viator played but three games in the Little Nineteen Conference this year, six members of the Irish outfit have been named for places on the honorary All-Conference teams selected by a consensus of the opinions of sports writers and officials of the Conference. Emmerson Dexter, St. Viator's peerless center, was selected for the regular post on the first All-Conference eleven, Fred Young, Sports Editor of the Bloomington Pantagraph saying, "Dexter is the one center who played flawless ball all year." Dex is but a Sophomore at St. Viator, but has been one of the mainstays of the Viator offense and defense throughout the past two seasons. His passes were consistently accurate all year, he was down under punts as fast as the ends, and his defensive play was without an equal in the Little Nineteen.

Joe Bomba and Dave Bernard were selected for posts on the second team. Joe was shifted from tackle to end in mid-season, and took to his new position so well that he was placed on the second team. Had he played at end all year, he might have been a first team selection. Dave Bernard, the sensational Viator full-back, although but a freshman and in his first year of college competition, attained the high honor of a second team selection. It was Bernard who startled Chicago fans by running back the opening kick-off of the second half of the De Paul game 99 yards for a touchdown.

Bill Gibbons, Frank Atkins, and Ken Westray were given honorable mention in the All-Conference selections. Gibbons has been a consistent end for four years. His particular specialty is getting down under punts to spill the opposing safety man in his tracks. Atkins is a member of the Hunt-Dexter-Atkins combination that made the center of the Viator line the most feared in the Little Nineteen. Westray stole the long-run crown from Bernard by making a 193-yard run against Charleston for a touchdown.

The Day Student teams have not fared so well in the first few weeks of play, but after that "rough and tumble" game between McNally and Walkowiak, in which Mac rallied to a 17 to 14 victory, we have sufficient reason to believe that Wally's squad is a threat at all times, to all teams, and will bear close watching in the future by those confident gentlemen who now rank first in the League standing.

Joseph Carol Degnan, '32, on December 11 left St. Mary's hospital, Kankakee, where ten days previously he underwent an operation for removal of the appendix. He returned by motor to his home in Chicago immediately.

Holy Name Sunday, the second Sunday of each month, was marked by general reception of Holy Communion at the low Mass, which on these days is held at 7 o'clock and takes the place of the regular student High Mass at 8:39 o'clock. It was celebrated by Rev. James Lowney, C. S. V.

Sports - Shorts

After the first two weeks of play, it appears that the co-operation of the entire student body will make the I-M Basket League of '32-'33 the most successful in the past several years. To date the games have been played promptly, and it appears that the day students are taking a very particular interest in this sport; moreso, than they have in recent years.

CRITIQUE

Dear Editor,

What has happened to the customary round of card parties and smokers that made so many Saturday evenings sources of pleasure rather than of restraint within the walls of Roy Hall? Have the coeds forgotten that they have a duty to perform in the way of staging card parties. They together with the debating team have usually managed several of them. And the success of the party given by the Mother's Club should be an incentive for the continuance of such affairs. Certainly, there is no lack of response on the part of the inhabitants of Roy Hall. And the activity of the College Club seems to have ceased when its President was so unfortunately forced to withdraw until next semester. His return will surely bring with it renewed activity on the part of that most important club. At the present all interest is centered in such all engrossing matters as bowling leagues and basketball leagues and of course, the play, but after the holidays there should be some function to brace the student body for the gruelling semester exams. How about it, Sigma Upsilon Sigmas, and College Club?

Dear Editor,

The Critique column has contained a number of criticisms of the letter published concerning the apparent lack of manhood on the part of resident students. Perhaps, the whole matter was taken too seriously. Rather does it seem to me that the letter was published with reference to a few individuals for the purpose of exposing their affaires d'amours to public amusement if they were not already.

Many who were here in other days say that the present attitude of students compares favorably with that of the "good old days," about which one of my profs in high school once said that the best thing about them was that they were gone. Be that as it may, there is very little to be criticized in the conduct of the men today. Seldom have there been better teams put on the field to represent their school in football than in recent years, and the general intellectual attainment has been high. The social standing, one of the three ideals of activity in a properly balanced college has reached that level where it seems to increase it or to decrease it would be to destroy the harmony of the whole.

Dear Editor,

As a very small criticism of your paper does it not seem that too much importance is attached to the gossip of the campus. It is true that the column known for many years as "Campus Briefs" has attained no little fame, or infamy—if you happen to have been one of the victims of its all seeing inquisitiveness and general garuloussness. This does not refer to me personally, but after all,

One has only to glance over the scores of the games already played, and he will immediately realize that the teams in this year's race are very evenly matched. Most of the eighteen games already played have been decided by one, two, or three points. All of which points to the calibre of the teams, and the keen competition existing between them.

A great little team captained by "Ghost" McNally has turned out to be the surprise of the League. He does not boast a squad of great height, but such men as Shukes, Skedel and Maguire have the speed and the ability to "sink 'em", which goes to make up a sure winning combination. This team has "breezed through" three easy victories, and only met stiff competition in a game with Walkowiak's "Sharp-Shooters". At present, this team, alone, remains in the column of the undefeated.

Individual high-scores are having quite a tussle in the race for high point honors. Among the leaders we find: Atkins 29 points, Hayes 26, Meany 21, and Maguire 19. But it is too early to make any predictions as to who will be high scorer in the league. This will only be decided when the last game has been played, and the points are counted.

And now for a little news concerning the progress of the Bowling Tournament. The two teams captained by George Fleming and Jim Foohey are leading the field with 9 wins and 3 losses. The closest competitor to these gentlemen is Hoover, with 4 wins and 5 losses. There are several contests remaining on the schedule, but the winners will be determined before the Christmas recess.

High scores in the Tournament have been made and shattered daily by some of our prominent "pin-busters". Here are a few of the gentlemen who have bowled 200 or better: Foohey 211, Fleming 207, Ed Hunt 202, Hoover 200, and E. O'Mara 200. Hoover is still aiming at that 300 game. Yes, it has been done 'Erbbie, but not in the manner in which you throw your "snake-ball". I would advise a few lessons from that authority on the game, Edward Hunt.

Following, are the best individual averages of the bowling contestants: Fleming 166, Foohey 165, Hoover 157, and Ed Hunt 154. Those roomies, Fleming and Foohey, seem to have a monopoly on Bowling honors among the students.

It must be remembered that our parents and friends receive copies of these issues, and sometimes the consequences are most difficult. Perhaps, if Mr. Hoover would confine himself to generalities it would be more to the achievement of the common good.

BLUE DEMONS AND IRISH OPEN THE VIATOR SEASON

Coach Jack Corcoran Has Had the Team in Practice Three Weeks in Preparation

Campus-Briefs

At last the old Masetro has gone and done it . . . after taking his rundredth oath that he was through, Handsome Herbie from Hoopeston has finally given up the old column . . . probably that handcuff threat had something to do with it . . . don't go away, though, we think he'll be back in the next issue . . . hope so, anyway; it's no fun writing this . . . we can understand now Herb's penchant for Black ties . . . talking about black, Jim Hunt in the infirmary last week got a visit from the dignified members of senior class attired in cap and bells—beg pardon, we mean gowns . . . after they left his temperature went up to 102 . . . can't say that he blame him . . . they remind us of an undertaker's convention, too . . . Quite a number of the boys have been over there resting up for the strenuous Christmas vacation just ahead . . . Bill Fleming can look right out the window and read the inscriptions on the tombstones in the churchyard . . . he says he's memorized all but four of them, and swears he won't leave until he makes it unanimous . . . Jerry Sullivan was all set for another week in there, too, but his supply of pajamas ran out . . . Just dropped in 202 to pass the time of day and found Nolan standing before the sink making wolfish noises . . . nothing to be afraid of though . . . he was just oiling his tonsils for that big, broadcast over WCFL . . . Charley has it figured out that if all the bottles of gargle lotion consumed by Bob in the last week were laid end to end along Court street a big dent would be made in the depression by the work the garage men would get repairing tires . . . Bob hasn't decided yet whether the Listerine company or Pepsodent will get the benefit of his testimonial . . . You never can tell about these debaters . . . We asked Middleton if he enjoyed himself when he was in Chi for the debate last week . . . he didn't have much to say . . . but when the conversation turned to theaters he seemed to have an uncanny knowledge of the location of various burlesques in the Loop vicinity . . . now don't misunderstand . . . we wouldn't want to create any false impressions . . . "Four-nights-in-a-row" Burns just came in to borrow the "straight edge" and incidentally to tell us again that all four only cost seventy cents . . . What'll he do Christmas vacation? . . . If the mail from Joliet keeps on coming like it has since the Junior Prom, Congress won't have and trouble balancing the budget . . . Ellis was the first to get his . . . But Hayes, Byron, Wolfe and Sully weren't far behind . . . Jerry and Hayes are wondering, though . . . both of their letters were on the same kind of stationery . . . Hayes has only been around about three weeks but he's been averaging three letters a day . . . it must be great to be popular . . . Well, let's get on Degnan now . . . I've been waiting for this chance . . . Now that he's on his feet again we can write about him . . . and about the beautiful fragrance of chrysanthemums and tulips and pansies that permeated his

De Paul Demons will open the 1932-33 hoop season on the local court Thursday evening, December 15th. Viator's new net mentor, Jack Corcoran, has had his men out for the past three weeks getting in readiness for this tilt, and instituted more intensive preparation last week by cutting his squad to fifteen.

With seven dependable veterans left from last season's outfit, the locals are expected to make more than a fair showing against the Chicagoans. Laffey, Karr, Baker, Dexter, Harding, Atkins and Westray form the nucleus around which the present entry is being built. Among the new men, Smith, Drassler, Murgatroyd, Krauklis and Cooley look quite promising. Of these, the first three have turned out for the varsity before, but look more promising this year. Smith is a former Manteno C. H. S. flash, Drassler once cavorted for the old Academy, Murgatroyd made hoop history for Rountt of Jacksonville, Krauklis went strong for eD La Salle of Chicago, while Cooley was a member of Northwestern's frosh squad a couple of years ago. The coach's younger brother, Ken, is another neophyte who looks good in the early practice sessions.

Corcoran turned out a first class eleven this fall and it is thought that with the veterans on hand he will have as classy a cage entry that ever came up against De Paul or ever breezed through the Little Nineteen. Of course, he will have a difficult time to fill the shoes of Puff Romary, but Corcoran's genius for developing new material will do much to fill the gap left by the '31-'32 captain. The fans are all hoping that the same determination that aided the coach in his own football and boxing career will be a factor in producing a winning combination.

Coach Jim Kelly's De Paul outfit comes with two victories already in the bag. Elmhurst College proved to be the first victim last Friday night when the Demons gave them a sound spanking without exerting any effort. The net artists from the University of Western Ontario, rated as Canadian champions, came out on the short end of a 39 to 24 score on Monday night in the first of a two-game series in Chicago. Pete Barskis, a substitute center, hit the net for five field goals, while Jim Gorsky, a forward, was a close second with three baskets and a free throw. Lauritis, one of De Paul's last year's stars, went scoreless.

However, it may be that the De Paul aggregation will not be so formidable off their own court so early in the season. A fighting Viator quintet might easily upset the dope bucket. The intense rivalry that has existed between the two schools since Ray Dahman's machine upset the Chicagoans in two games two years ago will undoubtedly be very much in evidence Thursday night. The Green Wave is out to avenge the three drubbings of last year.

The De Paul game will be the only contest for the Viatorians before the Christmas vacation. Before starting on their Conference schedule after the holidays, they will encounter St. Thomas College of St. Paul here on January 4th.

(Continued on page Six)

Campus-Briefs

(Continued from page Five)

room . . . by the way, he was right at home down at the hospital . . . he was in room 204 . . . Rutecki came to see him every day . . . until the bananas were gone . . . Powerhouse has a notebook full of phone numbers too, since he has been visiting Joe . . . Ask Rue about his new watch . . . More scandal! . . . Will this never end? Another partnership has been dissolved . . . Cronin is revelling all by himself in 222 now . . . Be careful, John . . . Phelan and Mahoney have been stepping out lately . . . incidentally, Handsome Jackie from Peoria is bringing many gray hairs to Jim Hunt and the fellow who sleeps on the south side of 210 . . . he's had her out a few times since the Junior dance . . . and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth . . . well, more POWER to him . . . Winnie doesn't appreciate Big Bomb's fatherly attitude . . . says he even has to get per from his roommate to go out in the village to see— . . . your guess is as good as mine . . . How much is a V sweater worth in the open market? . . . a certain cab driver downtown knows . . . but you can find out all about it in 327, too . . . Ken Corcoran is looking for a companion to share the bliss of 329 with him since Rue joined the "Back-to-the-village-movement" . . . anyone with a radio is eligible, says Corky . . . Joe Gorman (call me "Meatballs") would do well to stay away from wakes in the future . . . by official count of Corridor Statistician Ed Hunt he lost three more hairs that night . . . that one with the curl in it was among them . . . you know, the one that the coeds liked so well . . . So Joe is training one of the dozen remaining . . . he wants to keep his popularity . . . "Mickey" McGuire isn't sure that it's safe to room with "Doc" Ellis the way the boy has been going . . . and threatening his roommate, too, 'tis said . . . Hell Week started officially last Thursday . . . Hell Week in name only . . . times have changed . . . we can remember Furlong and "Fat" Carroll . . . The column wouldn't be complete without mention of those gorgeous pajamas of the Degnan . . . too bad he didn't have 'em when the parade came off . . . Most people thing Schultzie's only love is the Purple Peak . . . they don't know from nothin' . . . that green hat get's 'em . . . why, I can remember one evening at Court and Schuyler . . . but he can't take it . . . so if he'll quit writing things about us in Drama we'll say no more . . . A big scoop will come in . . . Hoover and his brother-in-law are sharing the same "slave" for Hell Week . . . might as well keep it in the family . . . well, there ought to be enough dirt here to poison your minds for the holidays . . . if you want more read Sport Shorts . . . Take back this brain child of yours, L. E. (what does that mean?) . . . I'm through.

Well, gentlemen, ye old editor just couldn't keep his nose out of a single issue of this thing . . . not when ye old reliable schnozzle turns up such a juicy bit as this. Taken bodily from the Dear Old St. Francis Interlude, page three, Boots from Sunny column (and Boots, as an ancient Viatorian fan, will get this news twice):

Yesterday I was walking down the corridor and heard love songs being crooned in Peg Mahoney's room. It being my business to develop a nose for news, I stopped to listen. Periodically, there came sounds of low, thrilling conversation. Spasmodically, names were mentioned—it sounded like 'John', 'Jerry', 'Harry', 'Norb', 'Charley', and 'Jim'. It thinks to me-

DONALD ANDERSON



SECOND SHEPHERD

THE PASSING OF AN INSTITUTION

Bus Replaces Trolley of Last Century

On the 30th of November one of the most touching scenes took place that has ever come before the eyes of so many people. As you probably know by now, we have a brand new bus that makes its way to Bourbonnais instead of the old (iron horse) street car. Yes, a sad story it is of the last day's service of that street car. At 6 in the morning of the 30th the conductor turned on the juice and with its head hanging low and seeming to know that it was doomed, the Toonerville nosed out of its stall. At 10 in the morning its picture was taken with the entire crew by one of the local newspapers. This is something that had not happen to it since it had made its initial run some twenty-five years ago or more. By 6 in the evening the atmosphere around the car was so depressing that one could not help but let a few very suppressed tear drops trickle down the cheek. It was as though the hum of the motor seemed to be repeating but one word. Doomed! Doomed! But we could see that the old faithful was determined to go through to the last minute that it was asked to respond.

At 11 in the evening, with a few select passengers aboard, and a recording of the "Te Deum" in the background, aerman, for the last time, sounded the bell that warned passengers that the car was to leave. Yes, to the barns it was going, never again to see the light of day. After the key turned in the latch we thought we heard the old trolley saying words to this effect: "Ah, woe is me, ungrateful is mankind; for years I have sheltered from the weather, saved footsteps and time, but now because a modern comes along I must be forever condemned to oblivion. Ah, woe is me." Then with hesitating steps the conductor turned his back upon the sad scene and wiped his dampened cheek, set out for home, never more to return.

self, here's a big story, with lots of names in it, breaking right under my nose. So in I walks—and whom do I see? Marie Irwin, Frankie Heim-sath, Peg Mahoney, Mary Comegys, Helen Frances Shaeffer, and Al Henderson, in a huddle, discussing the after feeling of a Junior Prom at Viator . . . as I have mentioned before . . . sometimes we wonder".

Thankee, Sunny! You will be out-Briefing the Briefs before long!

"THE SHEPHERDS WATCH"

MISS GRETA CARDOSI



The STORY

In the drama of the birth of the Redeemer of the world the spirit of the Middle Ages, the ages of faith, is revived beautifully. The drama is in marked contrast with the modern drama which has been evolved through, centuries from it. Simplicity and deep religious fervor combined with a highly dramatic power of language of the play an experience not soon to be forgotten, and therein lay the cause for its reproduction this year.

Soloists

Donald Anderson, who takes the part of the second shepherd, is also soloist in the chorus, and was featured in the broadcast of last Sunday, as well as in the drama. Mr. Anderson, formerly of the Paulist choir of Chicago, is possessed of a rich bass voice that has caused him to be sought for every vocal presentation at the college. Raymond Wenthe had the role of one of the three kings who came to present the homage of the old to the new type of wisdom and grace that is found in the Royal Infant they seek. Miss Greta Cardosi appeared to the shepherds in the fields where they are keeping watch over their flocks and gave them the joyful news of the birth of the Messiah whose coming they have been discussing. She was heard in this solo over the radio station WCFL December 18.

DIVISION PLANS

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code will not affect competition of freshmen or the playing of summer baseball, both of which are tolerated in the Little Nineteen. The proposal had been before the annual meeting since 1928.

William A. Harmon, coach of Illinois College until this year, was elected as athletic commissioner to take the place of C. W. Whitten who vacated the position on September 1st.

Wesleyan Prof. Re-Elected.

Fred Muhl, former Wesleyan coach, was re-elected to the eligibility committee along with A. V. Swedberg of Augustana, and C. E. Horton of State Normal. Other officers elected were Vive-President, William McAndrews of Southern Illinois State Normal; Secretary, V. F. Swaim of Bradley Polytechnic Institute; Treasurer, L. M. Cole of Millikin University.

Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., President, Rev. E. M. Kelly, C. S. V., Director of Athletics, Coach John Corcoran, and Assistant Coach Don Anderson represented the College.

The little tot, in spite of Miss Legris' efforts failed to appreciate the masterly work of the St. Viator Choristers.

RAYMUND WENTHE



FIRST KING

DAY STUDENTS

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whose services were to be employed. The choice was that of Carpenter's Royal Melodians, a nine-piece organization which has been playing several of the north shore hotels in Chicago. An entertainer will also be on hand to provide more amusement for the guests.

Invitations are being distributed among those not attending St. Viator, as it is to be understood that anyone from school wishing to attend this dance may do so without a bid. The bids are very attractive and the Messrs. Legris, Hicked and Snow are to be congratulated on their fine selection.

The decorations will be in order with the seasonal colors and it is to be understood that the A. of C. hall will look like a veritable Santa's work shop when the decorations' committee has finished their work. Those who have this task in hand are William Clancy, Miss Mary Cruise and Miles Murphy. John Ripstra will be in charge of the cloak room on the evening of the big even. This dance as are all functions of the college under the auspices of the college club, being under the general supervision of the executive committee of the day students

REV. WILLIAM

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sub-deacon and master of ceremonies. They will, however, probably be chosen from among his confreres.

Liturgical Authority

Brother Cracknell has always been held in high regard by both faculty members and students. His smile and his willingness to co-operate have won for him many steadfast friends. He is an authority on liturgy and has communicated much of his knowledge in this subject to his fellow Community members and to the students. His ordination will give the Viatorian Fathers a very valuable priest.

The Independents had their first scrimmage Thursday afternoon, under the direction of Coach Corcoran. This team will play several of the preliminaries to the Varsity home games during the coming season. Coach Corcoran already has a game scheduled for the Independents on the eve of the first Varsity game which will be with De Paul on next Thursday evening.

We see by a local paper that one of the Viator students is a follower of Bach.

And that makes us wonder if the editor of that paper referred to the musician or intended it at a abbreviation of Bacchus. It might have been latter.

VIATORIANS TAKE

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personality all over the gathering. Nor must we forget to mention the fact that the co-ed contingent was well represented in the persons of Genevieve Adams and Evangeline Legris. Naw, fellows, I won't tell who with because that wouldn't be fair to the home town boys who have a hard time keeping step with the campus romances. Yet I might mention that if one might takes the pains to look up who is the sports editor of the local daily he might find out who is taking advantage of Joe Degnan's operation, and, by the way, wasn't there a diminutive Devere had attending S.V.C. last year. We also saw Paul La-Rocque in the crowd demonstrating his terpsichorean ability, if any. Tom Ferris, '32.

Some of the boys received severe shocks as to the correct avoir du pois of their lady friend as the admission for the frolic was one copper coin for each pound of fair lady escort. This is one instance where some men had to have the courage of their convictions.

ON A TROLLEY

With the discontinuance of the trolley line between Kankakee and the main entrance of the college, we mark the passing of the old and the coming of the new. For a half century students have availed themselves of the certain if slow transportation offered by the trolley. The somewhat antiquated cars were amusing to the new students. The rolling motion of the cars was disconcerting to many. The slowness was irritating to everyone, but with its final trip one more link between the last century and the present in the history of St. Viator was broken. The present system of snappy motor bus service meets the approval of all, but the familiar quaintness of the old service is lost forever.

The Passing of The Old

One more institution which was never possessed of any usefulness has disappeared from student life of the college. It belonged to the ancient barbarian custom of "hazing". It was the well known practice of flag-rushing. Its discontinuance this year is the source of general relief. It marks a new trend in student thought, a keener sense of the responsibility of college life. Its place is taken by an attitude of helpfulness toward the freshmen that is proper to the upperclassmen toward the freshmen. It enables these younger men more readily to achieve the true realization of the great opportunity a college career offers them for the achieving of intellectual, moral, and social advancement. It is often remarked by alumni that they considered their collegiate days as their happiest, and such they usually are for it is then that the fruits of education are first being brought to their full perfection, it is then that the most lasting friendships are formed and then life makes its most glowing promises of earthly and eternal happiness.

Meany Is Manager

"Doc" Meany is gaining quite a reputation as a referee. He is officiating at League games, C. Y. O. games, and some of the St. Pat's home games. Probably the reason for Doc's sudden ascent in the world of officialdom, is due to the fact that he is so easily distinguished from the players because of his—er—ah—shall we say, "bulk figure".

And Joe Bomba's giggles nearly disrupted the "Shepherds Play" when it was presented at the local theater. That a Niggah sure was laughin'.