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FAC ET SPERA

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Our New Leaders

The many friends of St. Viator College and the Viatorians will rejoice at the selections made in the various appointments to the several offices of the Clerics of St. Viator throughout the World. Of especial interest to the American Province is the election of the Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant, c. s. v., as provincial of the Chicago Obedience. Father Surprenant was elected to succeed the Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, c. s. v., former provincial of the Viatorians, who has been appointed Assistant Superior General, with residence in Belgium.

VERY REV. W. J. SURPRENANT, C. S. V. Provincial

Father Surprenant, the new Provincial was born in 1881 at Lake Linden, Mich., and received his early education in the parochial and public schools of his native place. He entered the community in 1897 and made his studies preparatory to the priesthood at St. Viator College, being ordained in 1907. The same year he was appointed director of studies at St. Viator College and held this office until 1909, when he was appointed the first president of the newly opened Columbus college at Chamberlain, South Dakota. It was largely due to his zeal and enlightened guidance that this young college grew and flourished.

In 1913 Father Surprenant was recalled to St. Viator College and afterwards fulfilled pastorates in Plankinton, South Dakota; Beaverville, Illinois. In 1920 he was appointed pastor of the Maternity of the B. V. M. Church, Bourbonnais, Illinois. For the past six years Father Surprenant has been a member of the Provincial Direction of the Order and hence is well acquainted with the various problems of the Chicago Province. That the new Provincial is well qualified to assume the responsibilities of a leader is best evidenced in the fact that he is highly qualified both as a splendid teacher, and as a man of superior spiritual qualities. With his broad experience as a pastor of souls and as an instructor experiences, gleaned in the performance of parish work and college duties, Father Surprenant's term of office promises to be one of both material gain and spiritual increase for the Clerics of St. Viator and Viatorian Schools.

The Viatorian and the Faculty of St. Viator wish to extend to the Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant their heartiest congratulations and felicitations. 'Ad Multos Annos.'

VERY REV. E. L. RIVARD, D. D., c. s. v.**Assistant Superior General**

Rev. E. L. Rivard, c. s. v., was born in Bourbonnais, Illinois and received his preparatory studies at the parochial school and at St. Viator College from which he was graduated in 1882, and ordained from the Seminary in 1885. His post graduate courses were pursued in Rome at the Canadian College, where Father Rivard received the Doctorate of Theology and also that of Philosophy. After his return to America he occupied the Chair of Philosophy at the College and Seminary as well as being Dean of the Department of English. Father Rivard is a deep student of Dante and has published a Volume of Essays on the Florentine Bard entitled "Views of Dante." He is also the author of several other works.

Father Rivard was identified with the progress of St. Viator College until his superiors appointed him Provincial to succeed the Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, c. s. v., in 1912. During his tenure of office as Provincial, the society has grown and expanded its activities, a fact no doubt which actuated the General Direction of the Congregation, in his recent appointment to the office of Assistant Superior General. Altho his many friends and, especially his confreres are sorry that his new office requires his separation from his friends and country, yet they realize that these are necessary for the well being of the society and that he can thereby labor more effectively for the glory of God and the welfare of the Institute. We wish the Very Reverend Father abundant success in his new office. 'Ad Multos Annos.'

VERY REV. MICHAEL ROBERGE, c. s. v.**Superior General**

To the Very Reverend Michael Roberge, newly elected Superior General of the Clerics of Saint Viator, the Viatorian presents its homage of fealty and wishes the most sincere for many years of service in the onerous role to which he has been called.

To most of us Very Reverend Father Roberge is a well known and beloved figure. Within the last few years the late Superior General Father Robert sent him to us on two occasions in the role of visitor. He was sending one who knew how to capture our hearts by the greatness of his fraternal love for us and the wisdom of his counsels in our difficulties. In those days we came to know Father Roberge intimately, to esteem his solid virtues and to respect him for what he was—a man of God.

Great then was our joy when the news came that this noble son of Viator was elected to rule our destinies during the next decade. The services he has rendered the community in the va-

ious positions he has held bespeak much of his term as Superior General. Almost from the beginning of his life in community he has held positions of responsibility, positions that called for tact and judgment, for firmness yet fatherly kindness. It is with thirty years of experience in such offices that Father Roberge now assumes the heaviest of them all, that of Superior General.

The burden of Superior General indeed falls on a man well endowed to bear it. After brilliant courses of studies in Humanities, Philosophy and Theology in the seminary of Joliette, Canada, Father Roberge was sent by his superior to Paris, France, where he crowned his studies with degrees taken in literature.

Soon after his return to Canada he was appointed president at Joliette Seminary in the Province of Quebec. In 1913 he was called to assist Father Foucher, the Provincial of the Canadian Province, in the direction of the Montreal Province. Five years later the General Chapter of 1918 called upon him to be assistant to the Superior General. On the death of the latter in 1922 he became the administrator of the community until the chapter was held last summer.

The members of this assembly recognized the great merits of Father Roberge and called upon him to preside over the destinies of the community for the next few years.

The charge is an honorable one, no doubt, but at the same time it is one of great responsibility and worry. This is fully realized by the Viatorians. We rejoice at the honor that comes to so worthy a father, we pray that God may render his burdens light by the unction of His grace. "Ad Multos Annos."

THE BIRCH TREE

*Majestic birch tree, glistening bright
A pillar of pearl, in soft moonlight
A stalwart warrior, in silver dressed
Proud pompous knight, with leafy crest.*

*Of trees the fairest, in woodland bower
Tiled with emerald, an ivory tower
Bewitching birch tree, glistening bright
Art like a spirit of calm delight.*

J. A. W.

TO FRANCIS THOMPSON

*Like God who takes dull clay
And in His wonder way
Doth gleaming garments make
For men to wear through life
And animateth each
With His immortal breath
To make them live alway
In paradise or death,
So you have taken words
As lifeless as the clay
And curved and twirled and spun
Them into magic shapes
And touched them with the wand
Of your soul's splendid thought
Until they breathed and glowed
And leaped with vibrant life.
He taught you how to set
Your mortal melodies
Into the cadency
Of high infinity
And He grew lonèsome for
Your voice melodial
And called you back to him
In heaven again to sing!*

E. M. R. '27.

The Master Stroke

Homer E. Knoblauch, '25

"But dad, if you only knew how I love her!"

"Tut, tut there! You talk as though I wasn't a boy once myself." The older man, long seasoned to the caprice of his twenty-year old son, glared at him angrily. "You must think we are a bunch of old fogies without a taste of youthful experience, but there's where you don't know what you are talking about. I went through the mill without the advice of a kind father like you got, but believe me I'm going to see to it that you don't do anything the family'd be ashamed of." He chewed on his stogie savagely. "It wasn't necessary to tell me that you are love sick. I realized that there was something in the wind a long time before you came prancing in here to get my assent to your marrying some girl you haven't known three weeks yet. Anybody who walks around in a daze like you have is either in love or in debt, and one's worse than the other. I tell you there isn't anything to this marrying business. I'm darn sorry I ever married, but I didn't have the sense then I got now. Look at your brother Fred. He was just like you; bound to have some petticoat mixing up in his affairs. I knew it wouldn't work and told him so, but he was headstrong and went ahead and got married anyway. It wasn't long before he found that I was right, and got a divorce. Now if you'll only listen to me...."

"I know, dad, but love's something you can't buy in cans, or manufacture, or invent. It's got to come naturally. What does nationality matter when there is affinity? I love her, and I'm positive she loves me, so what else is necessary?"

"Humph!" The old man tried to puff on his cigar, but it had gone out. Instead of relighting it, he threw it disgustedly in the tray and selected another. Lighting it, he stood up.

"What do *you* know about this girl?" he fired at his son. "How do you know but what she is a poor, ignorant, trifling...."

"Stop Dad! I won't listen to another word if that's the way you're going to talk. I know that I've had some foolish ideas, and that sometimes I act a little hastily, but I'm terribly serious about this! I know that Maria couldn't do anything that wasn't right. She works to support her mother and I'm mighty proud of her for it. Ever since I can remember you've been a woman-hater, but that isn't any reason why I'm going to stay single all *my* life. Young as I am I've found out that a wife isn't the dollar and cent proposition you think her to be. And if I can't marry

her with your assent, why I'll soon be old enough to do it without!" He stopped, for the first time realizing that he had openly rebelled against the sovereign word of his father, and waited for the explosion. Much to his surprise none came, so he dared to strengthen his bulwark.

"Why, dad, if you only knew what a wonderful girl she is! She's the dearest, sweetest," But the dulcet adjectives he craved were not at his hand.

Old man Masters, not unworthy of the name "Foxey" Masters that a few of his competing realtors had maliciously bestowed upon him, having discovered to their loss his keen insight and speculative ability, saw that he had played the wrong card. In all his life Ray had never proved so confoundedly obstinate. The lioness cuffs an incorrigible cub, but if its spirit is not broken at the end of the chastisement, wins it over with a little display of affection. Masters realized that he wasn't gaining much ground, so he put his air of pugnacity aside for a moment, and his voice became almost kindly.

"Yes son, you may be right. She may be all that you think she is. She may be a good girl in spite of the fact that she entertains in a cabaret, and she may be a model of virtue and purity even though the odds are a hundred to one against her. Now if she is all that you say, you couldn't find a better girl if you hunted the world over, and I won't mind letting you pull the 'Till death you do part' stunt. But you want to make sure of her; make certain that she isn't fooling you. You want to know her like a book before you let some pious preacher tie the knot. Now what I suggest is that we go down to the place she works in tomorrow night and let *me* look her over. I can soon tell you what brand she is after I see her, and if she's what I expect of a girl that I want to be my daughter-in-law, I'll say well and good! But if she turns out to belike the rest of them, you've got to cut her out. Is that a bargain?"

"Foxey" Masters' ability to figure ahead had once more served him in good stead, and he had conceived a scheme that was to prove its merits. On the whole he was a fair minded man and would have scorned the course of action he planned in another; but his strong bias, coupled with a desire to let his son seek his fortune unhampered, as he called it, with a wife, and especially a foreign wife, blinded him to his own rash judgment. Or that his warped philosophy would possibly be wrong, he never would deign to consider. Was not his past record in business a living monument to his ability to guess rightly; and was not marriage purely a business proposition? Then of course his reasoning was sound! All is fair in love and war, he argued to himself, and he, "Foxey" Masters, originator of stratagems in

the world of real estate that had proven overwhelmingly successful, was about to launch an enterprise that would, without a doubt, prove another sweeping victory to his credit. His words grew even a shade more kindly and he placed a hand affectionately on his son's shoulder.

"You and I would both be sorry that I'd ever brought you clear over here to Spain with me if you'd go and do something you would be mighty sorry for later on, wouldn't we, Ray? You know I want you to always feel that I tried to do the right thing by you, and make you happy."

Moved by this seemingly direct appeal to his own interests, Ray nodded.

"There! I knew you could listen to reason! We'll go there tomorrow night then. Now trot along—I'm busier than blue blazes with this Morton deal." And "Foxy" Masters suddenly began to find a batch of loose papers lying on his desk extremely occupying. Ray was about to say something more, but he suddenly changed his mind and stalked out of the office.

As the door closed behind him the old man dropped the papers that had served as his "busy" plea, and his jaws set with a snap. "Imagine any bigger piece of damfoolishness than that!" he exploded. "He'll be the death of me yet with his crazy ideas! Why he isn't hardly dry behind the ears yet, and wants to get married! The idea! Get married! Want to get hitched up to some blankety-blank Spanish girl I'd be ashamed to take into my house. Imagine two people living under the same roof and not understanding a blame word the other says! I bring him over here to keep those Broadway flappers away from him and then let him turn around and let some darn fool foreigner marry him! Why he must think I'm a damn fool. I won't stand for it, that's all. As sure as my name is Masters I won't let him pull off anything like that! I'm running his future for him, and the sooner he finds that out the better for him. How can a man get anywhere in the world with a wife? Why he can't! It's impossible! But he'll find out that he has got to get these idiotic notions out of his fool head or I'll—I'll...." And so the old man raved on until the twilight blended into darker shades, and the star dusted heavens above were bathed in the silver splendor of a Spanish moon.

The next evening found father and son entering the *Cafe Barca*, one of the most extravagant in Salamanca. Altho very attractive to the eye, there was a certain sort of sordidness about the crowd in which they mingled that made both men pass rather hastily thru the *entrada*. There was a feeling of uncleanness about the whole affair that Masters couldn't repel, but like a dose of bitter medicine, the quicker swallowed, the less pungent

is the odor and the taste. Once inside they looked about them uncertainly. Ray seemed to share the spirit of the place, but the old man thought that he perceived a kind of pervading spirit of animosity in the revelry. Overhead, colored lights, stretched like ropes of dazzling jewels reflected down upon the bizarre though beautiful costumes of the gay and happy throng, who were sipping rich delectable wines and dancing fantastically to the sensuous music of an Oriental orchestra.

A happy-go lucky-looking young Spaniard, noticing the pair's bewilderment, beckoned to them; and when they approached, invited them to share his table with him. "Foxy" accepted with alacrity, and his son followed suit.

"I suppose that you are come for the same reason as I," introduced Jesu Velazquez in fairly good English, "to see the most charming *senorita* Maria entertain with her dancing? Ah, yes, I thought as much. There is no man in the land who is not charmed with her beauty. Perhaps'—and his tone became a little more confidential—"Perhaps you desire, and I'm sure you will desire it, I can have you meet this charming girl."

"And how could you have us meet her, *senor*?" interrupted "Foxy."

Jesu's fingers lightly strummed on the polished surface of the table. Then he looked keenly at the boy who was staring straight at him, and a knowing smile fled across his lips. "I flatter myself that I am intimately acquainted with Maria," he answered. There was trace of mischief in his voice. "And I fancy that it can be very easily arranged, as Maria is very fond of *Americanos*. If I remember rightly, her first husband was—

"*Her what?*" angrily exclaimed Ray, the color rising to his cheeks. "You—you don't mean to tell me—!"

"Oh yes, *senor*, she has been married several times, but that need not concern you. Her present husband is a merchant and his business frequently takes him to foreign lands. In the intervals, Maria—" He broke off suddenly as if reluctant to continue, but would do so were he pressed.

"My God, it can't be true!" weakly muttered Ray. He was shaking all over, and a great weariness seemed to have crept over him. All his ideals seemed to have been shattered at one blow, and he rested his face moodily in his hands for a brief space.

The young Spaniard glanced at him curiously. "The young man, *senor*, is more deeply interested than I thought?" he suggested, looking at Ray's father.

"Oh, no, nothing like that," he answered in a matter of fact tone. He just had some mistaken opinions, that's all. You see he hasn't been in Spain very long, and he hasn't quite got on to

your people's ways yet. But he'll learn. However this is interesting information, so go on with your story—"

"No! No!" The youth shuddered and arose from the table. "Let's—let's get out of here, dad!"

"You are not going to wait for the dance of Maria?" inquired Valazquez in a surprised tone.

"You aren't anxious to hear any more?" queried Masters, solemnly, concealing with difficulty a note of triumph.

"No. I have heard enough. Let's go." Ray bit his lip as though almost overcome with emotion. He led the way out soberly, and "Foxy" followed.

"Well, Tom, it certainly worked fine." It was the next evening, and the old man just couldn't help crowing just a little bit to his fellow conspirator. "And to think that I figured it all out in this little old noodle of mine." He tapped his nearly bald head elatedly. "Haven't thought up any thing neater in ten years," he boasted. "Fact is, it was so simple and yet so effective that I've a good notion to call it the "Master-stroke,"—'Master's Master-stroke,' Ha! Ha!" He couldn't resist indulging in a little wit, he felt so good.

"The young fellow that worked for you was some actor, Tom. He certainly put it over fine. He gets a raise tomorrow if it has to come out of my own pocket. How's that? He quit this morning? Oh well, I guess he enjoyed it just as much as I did. And now that that is over I'm going to see to it that Ray don't fall in over his head for a long time yet. What would a young whippersnapper like him do with a wife, anyway? I want him to be forty at least before he gets a millstone around his neck in the shape of some jealous, spendthrift woman. This love stuff is the bunk, anyhow, as I always said. I was nutty enough to get married once, but nobody'd ever see me do it again. A fellow can't make a success in the world unless he remains single, and if I keep that youngster of mine single until he's forty, he'll have too much sense to get married then. I don't want any daughter-in-law in the family if I can help it, least of all one who can't talk English. That girl may have been all right, for I never knew Ray to be attracted by the other kind. But there's more than one way to skin a cat, as the saying goes, and I guess Ray's cured. I haven't seen him since this morning, but I guess he'll get over it all right. He—you're nearest the door, Tom, see who's there. A cablegram? Here let's have it. I suppose old Morton is raising a rumpus because I haven't—Say! What's this anyhow? Well, dod-blast my old soul! That—darned—young fool!

The message in "Foxey" Masters' hand was rather long and read as follows:

Dear Dad:

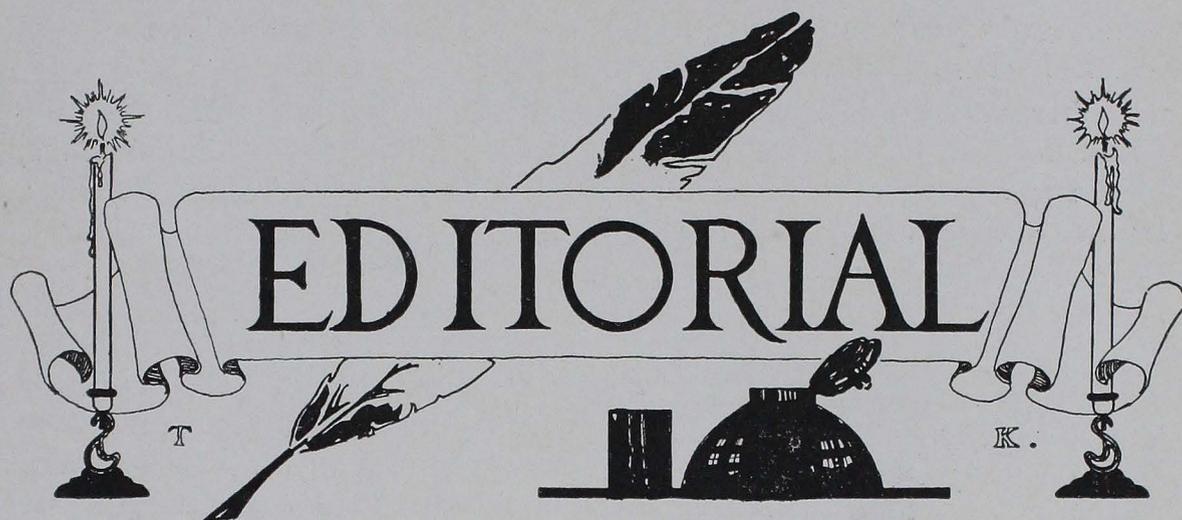
Had things not turned out as they did, your little stunt might have been very effective. As it is I'm in a position to appreciate the fact that the joke is on you instead of me, and know that you have sufficient sense of humor to forgive me. Was safely married this P. M. and our boat leaves in a few minutes to take us on our honeymoon in Venice. I always knew your ideas about married life were wrong, and now I'm going to prove it. One piece of advice before I say *Adios: The next time you conceive any little plans for my future, work single-handed! It was through Maria Velazquez's brother, Jesu, that I first met her, so of course he immediately put me next to the whole frame-up you proposed to your friend Tom, his boss!* Some little actors, aren't we? Jesu thinks that the Spanish climate would be a little hot for him at present, so is leaving with us.

Affectionately, RAY."

AUTUMN TREES

*There is something poignant in the wistfulness
Of autumn trees at sunset.
For all day long the leaves go dancing bravely
And the trees hold their lovely, golden heads
So proudly in the sunlight.
But when dusk comes
And the weird shadows creep down the hills of sunset
A tremulous swaying wakes through all the trees
When no one sees
(For one need not hold one's head so proudly in the darkness).
And how they whisper one unto the other
Faint, regretful whispers of their fears
When no one hears
(For one need not hold one's head so proudly in the darkness).*

E. M. R. '27.



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Reading Books One of the teachers of English complained the other day that too few of the American youths read sufficiently. Regardless of the nation as a whole, the statement of the professor is certainly applicable to us at Viator. Too much is so commonly known as to be safely taken for granted. But do the fellows stop to realize how much time is wasted, lolling on the football field while the team prac-

tices; gossiping in Jack Smith's room about the date with Irma Hackenschmidt a week from Sunday?

An half an hour a day of reading,—whether it be Ibanez, Chambers or E. M. Hull, or Thackeray, Dickens or Shakespeare,—is a good start. Try it for a week and you'll welcome the best friend man could ever have; a book.

* * *



This young man's name is "Pep" Joe Maroney. He went to St. Viator's in 1921 and now he's studying Law at Georgetown. Joe has no idea that this ancient cut of him is being used again. But we thought it might awaken the spirit in some of those ultra-conservatives who insist on restricting their manifestation of school spirit to a gentle clapping of hands as a classmate is pushed, shoved, mauled and dragged across a white line on a wet football field.

Cheer leaders are great things in their way, but they are not soloists. The VIATORIAN is donating this space to help along the cause of those who have "Pep" and it summons the ghost of Joe Maroney from the musty depths of the "cuts" file to threaten vengeance on the backward.

Get out on the field and test your lung power. Remember our friend Narcissus and forget that self-consciousness. Pep! Pep! "Th' ole pep!"

* * *

The New Viatorian The November issue of the VIATORIAN is the first of those to be issued under the new plan. This project consists chiefly in making the magazine smaller in size, appearing monthly, and devoting more space to campus and alumni activities. The authorities of the college and the representatives of the students discussed the matter thoroughly before the action was taken. The new staff—almost entirely so, because of graduations and increased studies on the part of older members,—salutes the old boys and the new, the undergraduate body and the alumni and hopes that at least their concerted judgment will be somewhere near the reporter's heaven: Approval.

THE PERISCOPE

To our knowledge the VIATORIAN has not had a column exactly like the Periscope in some years. Frankly, the editors have decided that the "colyums" in the great metropolitan dailies, such as The New York World, Chicago Tribune, New York Post, Philadelphia Bulletin and others, shall be the models for the Periscope to follow. Insofar as those papers limit themselves to their cities and their audiences, so shall we. May it be said in introduction that the editorial "we" in this case really means "we" and that no one man is writing all this column at any time? Nor shall the column concentrate on any one theme in any single issue. The Periscope respectfully salutes you and seeks your gracious consideration as it roams the Viatorian Sea in search of ships to sink.

* * *

One of the vicissitudes of life in a town of 17,000 population is that too rarely desirable histrionic performers put in an appearance. To be sure, Chicago is but two fast hours away; but even that is too far to go just to see a "show." New York, the center of the theatrical profession, is, unfortunately, a thousand miles away. When your correspondent went home for the Christmas holidays last year he traversed that thousand miles. One of the reasons was to see a play which his friends had written quite thrillingly about—"The Fool." Now inat play is being produced two hours away from here, in Chicago. Channing Pollock, the author, held it back twelve years, seeking a producer. He found one unorthodox enough to place "The Fool" on Broadway, alongside of two bedroom farces and a sex play. "The Fool" stayed and they took away the beds and the unwanted babe as well.

* * *

Just for one scene you should see this play. We have seen about seventy-five plays of various kinds in the past five years, but nothing ever stuck so vividly in our memory as the miracle scene in "The Fool." Even Eugene O'Neil's "The Hairy Ape," was dwarfed by that scene, and they credited the Ape with a lot of dramatic moments. For your own education, because these plays come but once in a decade, go to see "The Fool" some week end you are in Chicago.

* * *

It is amazing how age silences one. Your Freshman is gushy, loquacious, effervescent with the joy of living; your sen-

ior is aware of his nothingness and smiles at the antics of the freshman. Yet our uncle, who is sixty and smokes a pipe instead of talking, chuckles at our senior friend's "noisiness." Everything is relative.

* * *

It may be a partial explanation of the apparent lack of interest in dramatics that the Faculty Advisor finds it necessary to seek outside assistance in his productions. Your college student prefers to enjoy the spectacle of his room mate as Mark Antony, however ludicrous said room-mate may be from a dramatic viewpoint, than to see an ex-professional in whom he has no interest whatever declaiming on the platform in the college gym. Far better to produce "all-male" plays than leave the campus for talent. Then students might forget the bugaboo of professionals in the cast and come out for dramatics. A number of teachers seem to forget that students have any intellects. They should rather pursue the process of calling the latent powers of the students into being, develop them, then watch them grow and fructify.

* * *

We were very much surprised when first Hilaire Belloc crossed the horizon of our vision. Instead of a dreamy, long-haired individual with eyes so sombre and star-gazing, Admiral Benson, chairman of the meeting, introduced a man who looked for all the world like Jim Jeffries.

* * *

Possibly the truest words the distinguished Professor of Sociology ever uttered were spoken in class the other morning: "The very people who hesitate not a whit at breaking the country's laws, particularly the Volstead Act, would rather die than use a napkin in 'bad form'."

* * *

The Notre Dame seniors now carry canes. It seems almost lamentable that a great school, famed for the democratic institutions it has ever embraced, should present such a silly custom to the Homecoming crowd as young men who like to be thought very sophisticated parading the campus with all the airs and graces of your Eton schoolboy. But then freshman caps are silly and so are nine-tenths of college traditions. And what is a college devoid of tradition?

Th Periscope is the friend of the student. Have no hesitancy in proposing anything to the editors, however radical, in the line of college improvement. They called Columbus insane. We'd like to give a reward for adopted suggestions but then the Bourbonna's postoffice would be flooded with them.

THE STAFF.



This is a view of the campus taken on Sunday evening at seven-thirty o'clock during the month of September. Notice how densely crowded the walks are. You will perceive Messrs. Franks and McGrath, the infant dwarfs, calmly and peacefully leaving the chapel, no thought of dancing perturbing them, no capitals of Japan worrying them. You will notice that no one is asking Father Kelly for "per" to visit Kankakee. To be sure there are dances going on and the movies are showing "Hollywood" and Peggy and Viola and Grace are giving a party, but then see how crowded the pathways are. Verily, verily, one must struggle violently to meander about the campus on a beautiful September Sunday evening at 7:30 P. M.

This photograph was taken by our own aerial photographer at peril of life and limb—tree variety. To be quite frank, the atmospheric conditions were not favorable to either night flying or night photography. The "gentle rain" was "dropping from heaven" and it did somewhat cloud the view. But you will see quite clearly, I think, that, although it is two o'clock in the morning the myriad lights still glitter from Roy Hall. You will observe that not one room on the third floor is without its candle or oil lamp. A studious student body, indeed! And the fourth corridor has but one light out—no 'tis dimmed. On closer observation you will see distinctly two cubes on the floor, with dots facing skywards. Those are very studious young men. That is a map of Africa they are studying and their Commercial Geography teacher will know in the morning how well they have done their work.





TWO COLLEGE DAILIES

The week's mail brought us ten copies of the *Notre Dame Daily* and almost as many of the *New York University Daily News*. Of course comparisons are odious, but one can't help doing it, when you run across two school dailies, published eight hundred miles apart, each of four pages, tabloid size, with the editorials in exactly corresponding columns, the rantings of the colyumists properly beside them, the letters to the editors similarly located in both, and a dozen likenesses.

The New York paper is an adult, the South Bend product an infant in swaddling clothes. Yet each breathes the spirit of its section of America: the *Daily News* is conservative, metropolitan in aim; the *N. D. Daily* intimate, conversational, mid-Western. We like the title line of the Notre Dame paper more than that of *New York U.*; yet we liked the Calendar of Events on page one of the Eastern sheet better than the Official University Bulletin hidden on page two of the *Daily*. The editorials are as different as New York and South Bend; they are just what one might expect. "Let us be more intimate with each other," says the Easterner; "Say hello to your neighbor, old timer!" echoes Notre Dame. Of course the Indiana Irish emphasize football more than the Violet. Their games are written up in better style.

What's this? The New York paper is writing an entire column about what Notre Dame did to the Army team in Brooklyn! Then we must award the palm for chivalry to the East.

The Ambrosian, St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa. Conservatism is easily understandable in sane college men but it seems overdoing it a bit when stories of love, adventure and human life incidents are so coolly and calmly printed, typographically speaking, as those in the *Ambrosian*. There seems a bit of the "Atlantic Monthly" about it; and our idea has always been that young men should be young while they may. The editing of the Autumn Number is well done and the contributions are splendid. John O'Donnell's Athletic Column is especially pleasing.

The Oriflamme, St. Cyril High School, Chicago, Ill. The year book of St. Cyril High School for 1923 is, from the artistic standpoint, one of the best we have seen in years. The drawings on pages 5 and 15 smack of James Montgomery Flagg and are almost worthy of that artist. The arrangement of the pictures of the senior class is excellent.

The Fleur de Lis, St. Uouis University, St. Louis, Mo. The pleasantest reading we can recall in an exchanged publication in some time was that experienced when "*The Library Table*" of St. Louis University's "*Fleur de Lis*" for June was added to the furniture of our office. The "*Fleur de Lis*" is so consistently excellent that it is but repetition to again comment on it.

Shadows, Creighton University, Omaha, Nebr. The drawings in the 1923 Graduation Number might be improved considerably, and we had no idea that there were so many fraternities in the state of Nebraska.

Georgetown College Journal, Georgetown Univ., Washington, D. C. If for no other reason than that it published the Bacca'auate sermon of Father Cox, we were happy to see the "hilltop" school's paper again in June. The poetry is so well exploited by other contemporaries that our praise is but added fuel to the fire. Would that we saw the Journal more often; the mailing list is not nearly as good as the text.

Purple and Gray, St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn. The semi-monthly of St. Thomas College, up in St. Paul, is becoming a real newspaper. It looks the part, and still better, it is newsy.

The following exchanges have been received since the last issue of the Viatorian:

Prairie Belles, St. Vincent Journal, The Kayrix, The Burr, The Index, The Exponent, The Graymoorian, The Wabash Record Bulletin, The Messenger, The Columbiad, The Ignation, St. Xavier's Journal, The Loretine, The Solanian, Villa Sancta Scholastica, The Prospector, The Dial, The Watch Tower, St. Mary's Chimes, The Nazarene, The Springhillian, The Font-Hill-Dial, The Clipper, The Academia, The Pacific Star, The Ariston, The Look-a-Head, Sparks College Life, The Hundredfold, College Days, Folia-Montania, The Bradley Tech, The Sigma, The Torch, The Anteneo Monthly, Ambrosian, Oriflamme, The Wag, The Periscope, Boston College Stylus, The Fordham Monthly, The Alvernia, The Morning Star, The Holy Cross Purple, The Causus Monthly, Duquesne Monthly, The D'Youville Magazine, The College Spokesman, The New York University Daily, The Notre Dame Daily, St. Isidore's Plow, The Purple and Gray, University of Detroit High School Cub, Providence College Alembic, The Sentonian.



Homecoming Day
October 19, 1923

The Ninth Annual Homecoming was held Friday, October 19th, with the usual features of these reunions, and the added attraction of the First Homecoming Dance in the College Gym, given by the College Club to the visiting alumni.

The old grads began arriving Thursday night and kept coming, despite the inclement weather of Friday morning, until there were some hundreds of them strolling around the campus. In addition to the old boys there came cars with relatives of students, from Peoria, Bloomington, Chicago, Decatur and other nearby cities. The Chicago delegation was especially large. Pontifical mass was sung at 9:30 a. m. in the Chapel by Msgr. Legris and Rev. Thomas E. Shea, of Bloomington, Ill., delivered the sermon. The students attended in a body and enjoyed a sermon by an old alumnus, himself a football star in his day, who is an intimate friend of scores of students and priests. "Toby" Shea was a popular choice and his sincere message was well received. Rev. E. Hayden, of Wapella, Ill., was Deacon; and Rev. Edward F. Dunn, '15, Rock Island, Ill., was sub-deacon.

The Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Marsile Hall at 11:30 a. m.; Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07, presiding in his office of President. Matters of interest were discussed by the Alumni and new officers elected. Father O'Connor will again fill the office of President, and the Urbana pastor is one of the most able men the post has ever had. The Alumni Banquet followed, at which the College Orchestra performed for the first time this year. Father O'Mahoney was kept busy entertaining his guests and aided by a volunteer force of

waiters from the student body did his task well. Tickets for the Kazoo game were sold at the door of the refectory and the old boys joined the new in watching the best game Bergin Field has seen in two years, since the 0-0 Valpo game in 1921. Crangle's team scored on Kazoo in the first half and in a wonderful comeback the Normal team came back with one. The game ended with the ball in mid-field, the score a tie.

After the first-half, a burlesque football game was held, with quaintly garbed pigskin chasers cavorting about the gridiron in fantastic poses. Frank Hogan marched in on a horse. Louis Zunkel, Dick Dooley, Al Donohue, John O'Connor, John Weber, Roy Wimp, Dick Murphy, Walter Cribben, Gus McNeill and Wally Fitzgerald, Ralph Pendleton, Jim Cronin, Bill Barry, Gus Carney, Johnny Bowe and others performed. They had a bit of tea and a bit of football. The stunt was tried at Notre Dame and Columbia last year and Viator did well in its first attempt. Wally Fitz and Gussy McNeill supervised the affair.

The Homecoming Dance in the College Gym was a success socially and financially. The College Club called for volunteers to assist the members of the committee in scraping, powdering, waxing and making ready the floor, as well as decorating the room. Vince McCarthy, Chairman of the Decorations Committee, superintended the work. Coot Lyons was the most active member of the Committee, purchasing the needed items, disposing of the tickets, dressing the gym and otherwise driving toward a successful function. John Ryan, Ray Marvel, Frank Donahue, Warren Nolan and James Sorin, as well as Tom Jordan, Edmund O'Connor and Homer Knoblauch completed the committee. The gym was done in the shape of a tent, purple and gold streamers draping from either side of the central framework to the walls and thence in a straight drop to the floor. College flags and Viator pennants featured the wall decorations. A huge "V" of Purple and Gold, electrically lighted within, was placed above the stage curtain and in the "Shadows Waltz" it was lighted and all other lights in the room turned off. Hoffman's Peacock Orchestra performed on the stage, midst a scene of forest setting, designed by Frank Barton, with ferns and palms on the front of the platform.

There were about two hundred couples dancing and many others seated, watching the festivities. The dancing continued from nine until one.

The high school football team met St. Thomas High, of Rockford, Ill., Saturday afternoon, and won out on a safety, 2-0. Those who stayed over for the week-end witnessed the only game this year's high school team will play, because of inability to arrange a schedule.



Faculty Changes Among the various changes in the college faculty we will mention the following for the current year:

Rev. J. R. Plante has succeeded Rev. W. J. Bergin as Dean of Studies.

Rev. A. Landroche has filled the vacancy left by Bro. W. Cracknell.

The following Professors have been added to the college faculty: J. O'Leary, Chemistry; L. Roche, Music; T. Lyons, Advanced Commercial Courses; F. Fields, Accounting; J. Perez, Spanish.

Rev. S. Swikowski, formerly assistant at St. Viator Parish in Chicago, Illinois, has taken over the classes of Father Stephenson.

Rev. G. Galvin has been appointed professor of Latin and English in the high school department.

Rev. Fathers P. J. O'Leary, J. D. LaPlante, and Bro. T. Tobin have been transferred from the Scholasticate to the college.

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Bros. B. Kirby, F. Harbauer, and F. Kotnour pronounced their temporary vows on August 15th, last, at the novitiate, and are now pursuing their studies at the college.

Rev. L. Phillips is now stationed at St. Viator Normal Institute at Chamberlain, S. D.

Rev. J. Bradac, formerly of the Kansas City diocese, is now making his novitiate at the above mentioned institute.

Rev. W. Stephenson has been appointed assistant at St. Viator Parish in Chicago, Illinois.

Bros. E. Cardinal and D. O'Connor will soon complete their courses in theology at the Catholic University in Washington. The former is majoring in history, the latter in sociology and economics.

Rev. C. Marzano is finishing his post-graduate work at the above institution.

Bro. J. Lynch has commenced his course in theology at Kenrick Seminary in St. Louis, Mo.

Miss M. Simonich is again in charge of the infirmary after an absence of several years.

Opening of School September 11th saw registration day for students desiring to enter the High School department. Several hundred responded to the call and it was evident to the residents of Bourbonnais, before the day was very old, that their Irish colony was again a reality. School was formally opened the next morning, September 12th, with celebration of the Mass of the Holy Ghost by the Very Rev. Terence J. Rice, C. S. V., President of the College. The student body attended to seek the aid of the Holy Ghost in the ensuing scholastic year's studies.

One week later than the opening of the High School, the 18th those whose task it was to enroll the College men recognized many old faces and met many new ones. This year's registration brought with it the largest freshman class, the largest senior class and the largest College enrollment in the history of St. Viator's.

* * *

College Club As Vice-President of last year's College Club, LeRoy Winterhalter called a meeting of the Club October 9, for the election of officers and the discussion of student activities by the College students. The balloting brought forth keen interest and lively competition. Roy Winterhalter, '24, was chosen President; Tom Jordan, '24, Vice-President; "Mickey" Donnelly, '25, Secretary-Treasurer; and Warren Nolan, '26, Student Representative. A committee was appointed for the Homecoming festivities and a plan for a dance on that occasion outlined. Another committee was despatched to visit the Reverend Treasurer regarding affairs of campus interest.

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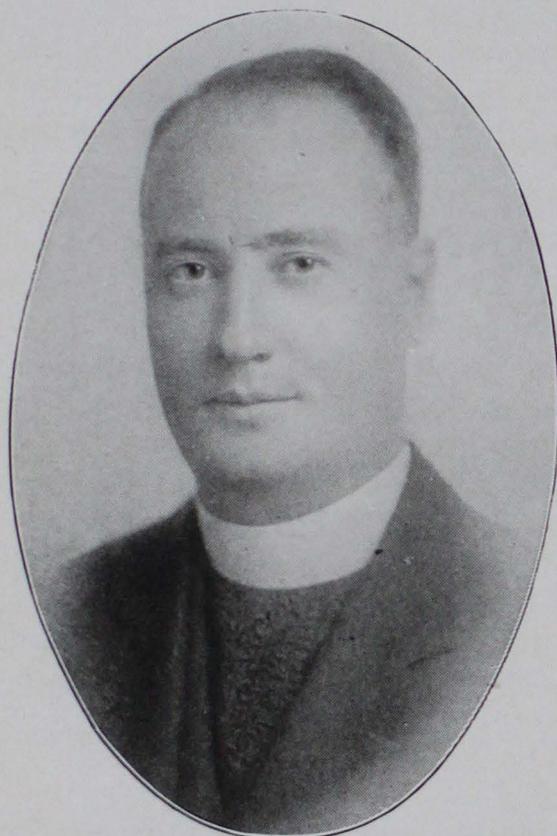
Pep Meetings Just before the team went down to Peoria for the Bradley game Cheerleader Nolan announced an old-fashioned "Pep" meeting for Thursday night, October 11. The chapel exercises over, the students filed in. Jack Crangle and his football men lined up at the stage and the students formed in a semi-circle around the gym. Nolan introduced the speakers, Father Rice, Father Maguire, Father Bergin, Coach Jack Crangle and Captain Emmy Murphy.

Songs, cheers, threats to break the Bradley jinx and Murph's now famous line, "Well, I guess we're going down to Bradley again," were the features of the evening. That the Bradley jinx was not broken is certainly not attributable to the splendid spirit evidenced at the first "Pep" meeting of the year.

Father O'Mahoney accompanied Father Rice and Father McCormick to Europe this Summer, visiting for six weeks with friends and relatives in Ireland, while the Reverend President and the Reverend Provincial Procurator went to Italy and Southern France. The Treasurer reported on his arrival in New York that there was peace in Ireland at last. To which a member of the reception committee offered, "So your visit succeeded, Father?"



George Kelly, first baseman of the National League Champions, the New York "Giants," was recently a guest of the College. The Giant slugger played a round of golf, met the students informally and acknowledged their cheers, dined as the guest of Father Rice with the faculty, and left us with his friends, Dr. Cannon and Mr. Richert, who had escorted him to the campus. The first sacker is almost as good at golf as in the Polo Grounds with his ash club.

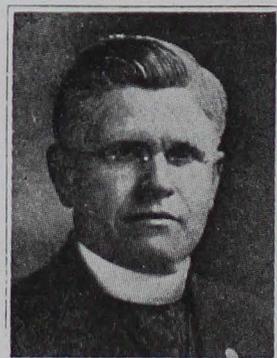


Our Very Reverend President, Terence J. Rice, C. S. V., visited Belgium, France, Germany and Italy during the Summer. He attended the meeting of the General Chapter of the Clerics of St. Via-

tor in Jette St. Pierre, Brussels, Belgium. During his absence Father Maguire was Acting President.

Father Bergin has been so active around the campus all these years that it seems odd to print his likeness. But the new students will wish to become acquainted with the former President. His kindness to freshmen is proverbial.

The silent drama continues to hold **Movies** the student's attention on Saturday evenings as it has done in previous years. Father Sheridan has been successful in securing attractions that are not only of the thrilling variety but are also educational.



His best catch to date has been the Dempsey-Gibbons fight pictures. Possibly the good Father may be able to procure pictures of the Dempsey-Firpo scrap at a later date.

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The faculty and student body were represented among the candidates who were received into St. **K. of C.** Viator Council, No. 725, at their recent exemplification of degrees on Sunday, October 21st. The new **Initiation** Knights are: Professors Leslie Roache, J. Perez, and Charles Donnelly, Frank Haggerty, Richard Dooley, Leroy Wimp.

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The St. John Berchman Society was reorganized at the beginning of the school year under the direction **Altar** of the moderator, Bro. John Ryan, C. S. V. At the **Society** first meeting in October rules and regulations relating to the society were passed and the following officers were elected for the year: Pres., Gene McCarthy; Vice Pres., Wm. O'Connell; Sec. and Treas., Bernard Mulvaney.

The society now has thirty-two members but from present indications the number will increase to at least fifty before the Christmas holidays. Besides the serving of Masses every day this society keeps a guard of honor the first Friday of each month while the Blessed Sacrament is exposed. The altar boys also serve at benediction on Thursday and Sunday evenings. While Father Brady's body was lying in the chapel the altar boys kept a constant vigil.

Bro. Ryan wishes that all the boys who want to learn how to serve at Mass would join the society. He expects great good from the society this year.

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Under the direction of Professor Roche, the Choir, after **Choir** a few days of intensive training, rendered a beautiful Mass for St. Viator's Day. As the Choir of this year consists mostly of new members, Professor Roche has had many difficulties to face. He has issued an appeal to members of past choirs to lend a helping voice.

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The College Orchestra was reorganized at the beginning of the school year. Its first public appearance was at the Home Coming Banquet. A second **Orchestra** appearance was made at Momence, Illinois, on Hallowe'en night, in the parish hall. Father Sheridan, Faculty Director, has received several invitations to play in neighboring cities.

A library of music, classical and popular, has been organized and the members of the orchestra hope to augment it considerably. They plan several entertainments at the College during the year.

* * *

Gifts and Improvements A very fine and rare specimen of bald eagle was recently donated to the Biological Department of the College by Mr. John Gallahue of Piper City, Illinois. The specimen is a beauty and has a wing spread of seven feet. Professor Kennedy, Dean of the Science Department, wishes to thank the donor for this gift.

Four thousand volumes have recently been added to the college library, and arrangements have been made for the placing of a special table in the reading room, used exclusively for magazines and periodicals received on the Viatorian Exchange List.

Five hundred dollars has been expended on Spencer Compound Microscopes and other optical instruments, together with 500 microscopic slides that have been added to the College Biology Department.

Experimental work in Biology will be greatly augmented this year by Stereopticon slides. To facilitate the work Prof. Kennedy has procured a transparent screen, which is doubly valuable because it can be used without darkening the room.

Other extensive improvements during the last several months are: Installment of individual lockers in the dormitories; painting of the classrooms, study-halls, and dormitories; the laying of additional cement sidewalks around the campus.

* * *

Thanks The Viatorian wishes to extend its sincerest thanks to the "Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament" of New York City, and to the "Annals of St. Anthony" of Worcester, Mass., for the loan of several "cuts" to the Viatorian during the past scholastic year. We hope that we may be able to reciprocate at some future day.

Obituary—"God Have Mercy on Our Dead"

November is the month of the Holy Souls and we sincerely hope that our readers will not be unmindful at this time to pray for all the students, alumni, friends, and faculty members, who have passed through this vale of tears and now sleep the sleep of the Just.

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathies to the following:

To William Souligne, '19-'20-'22, and the members of his family in the loss of a beloved husband and father.

To Randall Baron, present student, and the members of his family in the loss of a devoted and loving mother and wife.

To John Madigan, present student, and the members of his family in the loss of a kind and loving father.

To the family of Emmett Bantner, '14-'17, and Robert Bantner, 1922-'23, in the loss of their dear husband and father.

To Mr. Frank Casey, '22, and members of his family in the loss of a loving mother and wife.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the Divine Mercy, rest in peace.

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Class Organization

The various College classes, with the exception of the Sophomores, have elected their officers for the ensuing scholastic year. The Senior Class of 1924 have chosen the following gentlemen to guide its course through the final stage of college life: President, Mr. Edmund O'Connor; Vice-President, Mr. Paul Clifford; Treasurer, Mr. John Barrett; Secretary, Mr. Thomas Jordan.

The officers elected from the Junior Class are: President, Mr. John Winterhalter; Vice-President, Mr. Charles Donnelly; Delegates to the College Club, Messrs. Edward Farrell, and Charles Majors.

The Freshmen announce their selection of officers: President, Mr. William McGuirk; Vice-President, Mr. John Ellis; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Phillip McGrath. This class has decided to give a dance in the near future.

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Thanks, Ten of the students, returning from the Bradley game in Peoria, were entertained by Father Alphonsus, Secretary of St. Bede's College in Peru, Ill., at an informal afternoon tea. Bert Menden, H. S., '22, was the owner of the vehicle which conveyed the Via-

torians to Bourbonnais. Gene McGrath, Glenn Franks, Red Daley, John Keating, Warren Nolan, Joe Ambrosius, Laurie Dienes, George Strable, Bill Menden and Les Kenney comprised the party. They have asked that their thanks be transmitted through the Viatorian to the hospitable priests of St. Bede's.

* * *

Obsequies The Reverend Francis J. Brady, C. S. V., formerly Assistant Treasurer of St. Viator College, died after an extended illness of several months, October 6th, at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, Chicago. On Sunday, October 7th, the student body formed a lane of sorrow on both sides of the main driveway, through which the hearse brought the remains, to the door of the chapel, where they reposed in state until Monday night, when they were escorted to the Maternity Church.

Throughout Monday night, from nine o'clock until seven in the morning, relays of students, comprising a guard of honor, knelt at the coffin of their dead friend, praying for the repose of his soul. Tuesday morning at ten o'clock Solemn Requiem High Mass was sung by the Very Reverend W. J. Suprenant, C. S. V., Provincial, with the Reverend President, Father Rice, as Deacon and the Reverend William J. Bergin as sub-Deacon. The Right Reverend Msgr. Legris, D.D., assisted in the sanctuary. Rev. F. A. Sheridan, close friend and companion of the deceased, preached the eulogy. The Faculty Choir sang the Mass and members of the faculty also served as pallbearers.

The body was escorted in solemn processional to Maternity cemetery by the entire student body, where the Office of the Dead was chanted by the assembled clergy.

Prominent among the priests who attended the funeral were the Very Reverend M. J. Marsile, C. S. V., and the Very Reverend J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., former Presidents of the College; Rev. F. J. Moisant, Chicago; Rev. F. X. Hazen, Beaverville; Rev. T. Timmons, Watseka; Rev. B. Primeau, Manteno; Rev. A. Tardif, Waukegan; Rev. C. A. Poissant, St. George; Very Rev. E. B. Lasseur, Chebanse; Rev. A. Shea, Kankakee; Rev. F. F. Connor, Rockford, Ill.; Rev. H. Darche, Bradley; Rev. G. G. Bachand, O. M. I., Lowell, Mass.; Rev. J. H. Fortier, O. M. I., Lowell, Mass.; Rev. A. L. Girard, Momence; Rev. Francis Tschippert, Chicago; Rev. John Ott, Chicago; Rev. A. L. Granger, Kankakee; Rev. J. Meyer, Goodrich; Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, Urbana; Rev. Joseph H. Fennen, East Peoria; Rev. P. F. Gelinas, Chicago; Rev. Z. P. Berard, St. Anne; Rev. John A. Kenrick, Ransome; Rev. T. J. McCormick, C. S. V., Provincial Procurator; Rev. G. C. Picard, Kankakee; Rev. William H. Granger, Chicago; Rev. George Lambert, Martinton; Rev. John P. Barry, Odell; Rev. John T. Bennett, Chicago; Bro. E. J. McEachen, C. S. V., and many others.

Members of the immediate family and relatives of the deceased attended the services, as did many friends from Ransome and Streator. St. Viator's Parish in Chicago sent a large number of former parishioners of Father Brady, whom they loved dearly as their curate for nearly five years, Ottawa, Seneca, St. Anne, and Kankakee were represented.

* * *

After the funeral of Father Brady, the student body presented to the family of the dead priest, a spiritual bouquet, composed of some 1,500 Rosaries, 800 Communions and 500 Stations of the Cross. The Senior Class adopted the following resolution, which was also presented to the family of the deceased:

"Whereas it has pleased God in His Divine Mercy to call unto Himself our beloved Father Brady, and

"Whereas by his death his family has been deprived of a beloved son and a devoted brother and the Clerics of St. Viator of a zealous priest and we, of a kind father and a good and generous friend, therefore be it

"Resolved that the Class of 1924 of St. Viator College extend to his sorrowing family and the Viatorian Fathers our prayerful sympathy and heartfelt condolence.

"Resolved that we, the Class of 1924, have a Requiem High Mass sung in the College Chapel for the repose of his soul, be it further

"Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be published in the Viatorian as a mark of our sympathy and condolence.

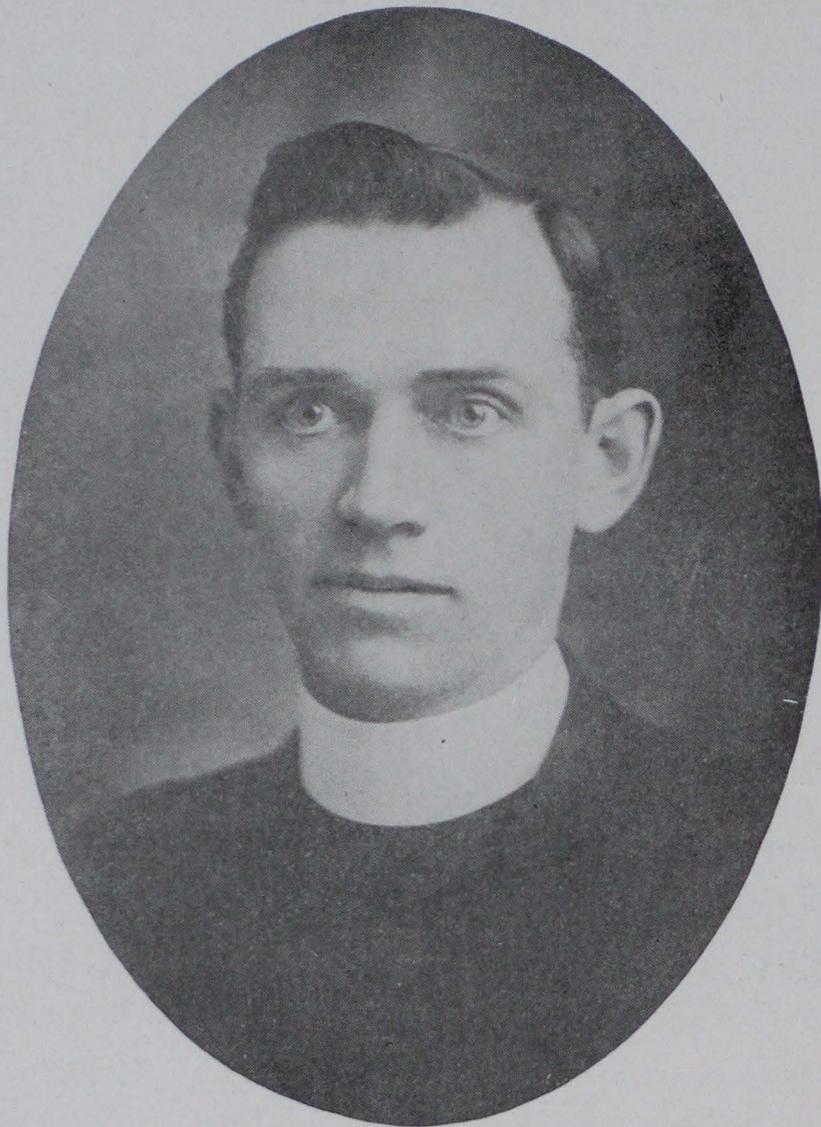
"CLASS OF 1924."

* * *

AUTUMN WEATHER

*Here on the green grass let me lie,
Cover me over with warm blue sky,
Pile the golden sunshine high
And let me forget that I am I!*

E. M. R. '27.



Rev. Francis J. Brady C.S.V.

Father Brady is dead. No more shall his smile, that happy flash of teeth and laughter in the eyes that made him loved, be seen. No more shall his manly stride take him from Marsile to the Gym, down to his arduous labors in the Refectory. The huge frame is dust, the cassock empty, the smile a memory only.

Those of us who knew the man loved him for his cheerful spirit, his friendly manner, his modesty. But anyone who talked with him knew the little chuckle in the voice would come and that smile would follow after. He smiled his way through long days of classwork, administrative duties, detail work, from five in the morning till midnight, often. He smiled through his Inferno of suffering. A nervous wreck, his body and mind tired and weary from the strain of hard work, this man of God languished in agony until the end. Then the smile was gone,—forever. The death mask showed the strain our friend went through, showed the torture of his illness. No martyr in heaven is more deserving of his place than the priest and man who has left us.

—W. N.

He is Gone

In Memoriam

Francis J. Brady, C. S. V.,

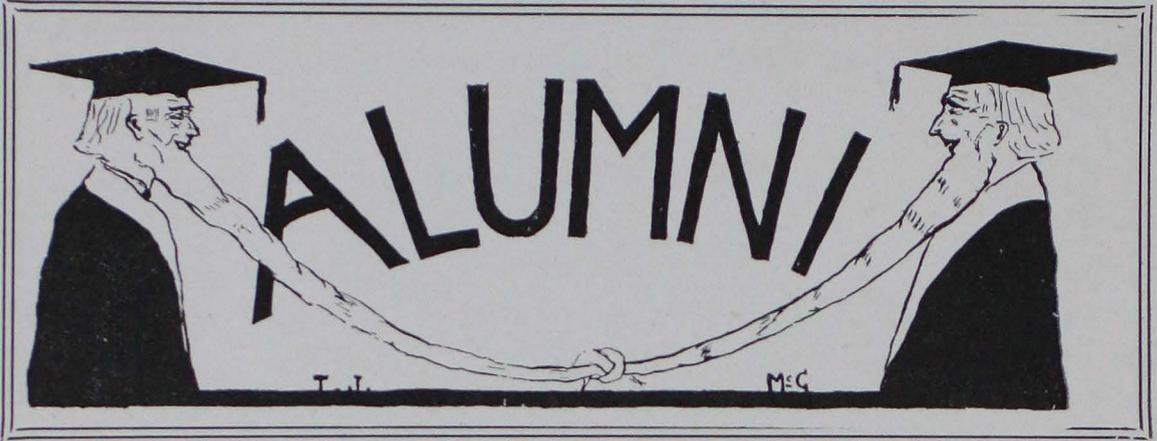
1884-1923

But yesterday, I saw him
 Bending 'neath the weight of care
 Like weary pilgrim trudging on
 To some ancient sanctuary shrine.
 I saw him tottering up the steep
 And narrow path, that leads
 To Hearts Desire—leads up to God.
 As venerable oak I saw him stand
 Serenely, magnificent, and top the multitude
 With shining lessons of his life—
 With good example teach his fellow men.
 But he is gone today and I
 Shall never see him more
 In his accustomed place.

Faithful Toiler for the wage of God—
 His lone desire, to gain the sheltering Portals.
 Gaining at length the Threshold of deathless Eden,
 He paused, with one long lingering look
 Downward cast upon the path behind, upon his own
 Smiled a benediction and passed to God's embrace.
 Forsooth like some sturdy oak withering
 I saw him pine and die. And aught
 Remains but memories of a precious life
 A life I little knew until
 It passed, too late beyond my ken—
 But memories are a sweetened treasure
 And they are mine tho' he is gone
 From his accustomed place.

That which I knew has flown—
 To Elysian realms of rest;
 That which I saw remains behind—
 Reminding me as cast off festal robe
 Or wedding guest, discarded
 When the feast is done. And so with him—
 His gentle soul, cast off mortal garb
 And put on Immortality; Benignly heard
 The summons to Nuptials sublime
 Where gazing Omnipotence, He is,
 At last, come unto his own;
 For Christ, whom his soul panted after
 Even as the hart after founts
 Of living water—hath been found
 And in the Safe Refuge of the Master's Heart
 He will have eternal rest. Though I
 Can ne'er forget the beauty of his life,
 Yet will I sorely miss him
 From his accustomed place.

—J. A. W.



To the old boys of '84 the following excerpt from "The Catholic Messenger" will prove interesting:

The parishioners of St. Patrick's Parish made extensive preparations to make memorable the event of the Silver Anniversary of the faithful service in that parish of their beloved pastor, the Rev. William M. Murtaugh. A delightful and most enjoyable reception followed by a banquet and a program of music was tendered to Father Murtaugh on the evening of July 30th, at the Coal Creek Country Club in honor of his long years of faithful service as pastor of St. Patrick's Parish—a loving tribute to a zealous pastor from a devoted people.

Practically his entire congregation and representatives of every family in the community were in attendance, the ladies of the other churches helping in splendid manner to put over the big entertainment. There were twenty priests from out of town, and many former members of the parish now living in other places returned for the celebration, among them being large numbers from Rock Island, Wewanee, Moline, Neponset, Bradford, Manlius and Princeton. The Rev. P. J. Fitzgerald gave the invocation and a program of music was delightfully rendered in his honor. Father Murtaugh made his preparation for the priesthood at St. Viator College, and was ordained at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, August 6th, 1888. He first served as curate in Pontiac for six months. He next had charge of the church at Chatsworth and was assigned to Bureau County, July 1898, his parish including Sheffield, Tiskilwa, Princeton, and Wyanet. During the long years of Father Murtaugh's faithful service, St. Patrick's has prospered spiritually and temporally, and it is today one of the leading parishes in any city the size of Sheffield in the Peoria Diocese—due in a large measure to Father Murtaugh's indefatigable labors.

* * *

The many friends of Charles A. (Chuck) Mariano will rejoice in the news that recently reached us from the Golden West. It appears that his following of the well-known advice of a cer-

tain well-known Greeley couple with oodles of native ability has been instrumental in placing Chuck in the position he now enjoys. Mr. Mariano recently successfully passed the Bar Examination in the State of Oregon. He is now practicing in Portland, with offices in the Northwestern Bank Building.

* * *

That romance doesn't confine itself to the days of chivalry nor to climes remote from our familiar surroundings is attested by our recent receipt of the following letter. No introduction is needed. The letter explains itself:

Otterbein, Ind., Sept. 18, 1923.

Dear Rev. Father:

The boys appointed me to send an account of the following to the Viatorian, so you can write this as you see fit. Ten years ago, while loafing in old 215 of Roy Hall, we conceived the idea of forming an agreement to meet ten years after we left school; and in our student enthusiasm we got very dramatic and wrote out five contracts to the effect that we would correspond regularly, and that on July 15, 1923, we would meet at the Severin Hotel, at Indianapolis, as that was centrally located. Time went on and we kept up our correspondence and waited for the meeting.

When July 15th came we were not all able to get away from our homes, and postponed the meeting until September 10th, and changed the meeting-place to Chicago. On that day we met and spent three days talking over old times. Jim Sullivan came from Los Angeles where he is sales manager for the Ventura Oil Company; Art Shea came from Memphis, Tenn., where he is with his father in the Canal Construction Company; Dan Quinn was in Chicago where he is engaged in the wholesale plumbing supply business under the name of the Quinn Terry Company; Lawrence Ward came from Otterbein, Indiana, where he is in the drug business.

We can all truthfully say that it was worth far more than the effort we made to keep the promise and we left each other with the firm resolution to meet again at the end of the next ten years.

With best regards to our old friends at Viator, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

L. T. WARD.

The Faculty Director wishes to remark that he hopes that the above gentlemen, will not wait for ten more years to enjoy such another pleasurable meeting, but would suggest that it be next Home Coming, and the place—St. Viator College.

"Shorty" Long writes that the real estate business is prospering in the fair city of Chicago. Glad to hear it, "Shorty."

* * *

We were very sorry to hear that one of our old boys, Tom Maloney, Acad., '13, is in a critical condition from the ravages of tuberculosis, at his home in Chicago. His many friends here at St. Viator express their most profound sympathy and hope that he recovers his former good health in the very near future.

* * *

We were recently favored with a visit from Tom Cassidy, Academy, '15, and Jim Garrity, Academy, '19, who stopped here on their way back from Notre Dame. They recently saw that famous team bring down the powerful Army to ignominious defeat at Ebbett's Field, Brooklyn. Their taste for high-class athletics was amply sated during their week in the East. They attended the World's Baseball Series, and then witnessed the humiliation of the much-touted Princeton eleven at the hands of Notre Dame on the following Saturday. Nor were they present in the character of mere onlookers, for their loyalty to the football traditions of the Middle West was displayed in their carrying on the car, a large sign painted in purple and gold: "Watch Notre Dame take Princeton." And then, to top off a week of witnessing athletics they proceeded to the Viator Golf course and decided to try participation by way of change. They're there!

* * *

The Football Team, on its trip to Peoria on October 13th, was entertained in royal fashion by the "Old Boys" of that hustling city. A splendid banquet greeted the athletes, and needless to say, they greeted it, In fact, the exuberance of their welcome was expressed by the warmth of their embrace,—they completely wrapped themselves around it. The delightful menu was served at the "Croeve Coeur Club," after which tickets were distributed for the last performance at the Palace Theater. Among those present were the Rev. Gerald T. Bergin of the Cathedral, Rev. Thomas Harrison of St. Viator, Rev. John Kelly of St. Patrick's Parish, Rev. Edward Kelly of St. Cecelia's, Doctor Clarence Fisher, Edward O'Connor, Frank Quinn, William Lawler, Harry Corken, Michael Crowley, and Dick Bradley.

* * *

T. L. Warner, '12-'14, known to his friends as "Dudley," and junior member of the Warner Construction Company, has gone East in the interests of the building of the National Home for War Veterans at Knoxville, Iowa; a million-dollar contract let by the Government to his firm last January. Dudley was a

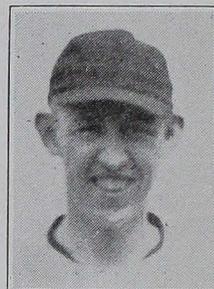
brilliant athlete in our three major sports, and his name is cherished in the memories of his fellow-students and teachers. Success, Dudley.

* * *

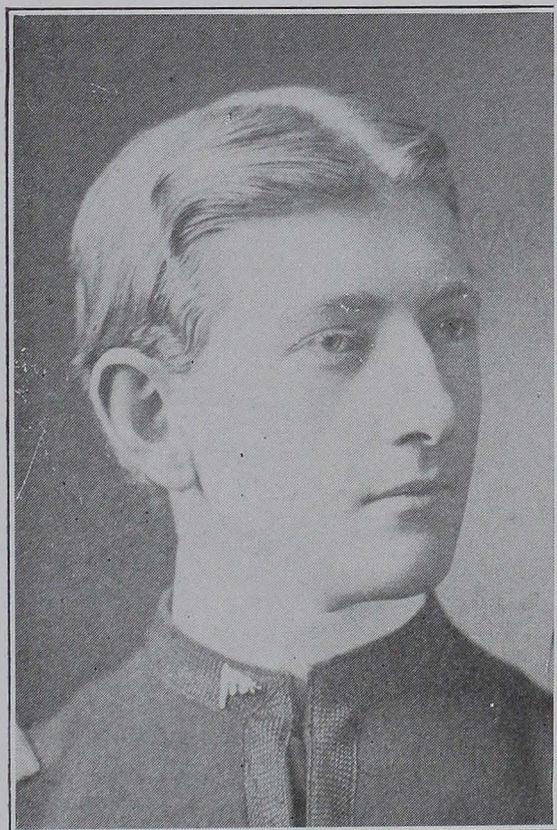
Mr. Frank Ashe, '12-'16, is in charge of the large Laundry Department of the National Home for War Veterans at Knoxville, Iowa.

* * *

"Dizz" Clancy, '22, now of the Chicago White Sox. At Homecoming John reported that he was going South with the Sox in the Spring. Clancy may be to Viator what Frisch was to Fordham.



The gentleman in the uniform is Mr. Proctor Hansl, one of the editors of "The Delineator" Magazine, whose office is in New York. Though a non-Catholic, Proctor Hansl managed to best all the students of his time in Philosophy and won the medal for that study.



* * *

We are in receipt of a card announcing the marriage of Rita Elizabeth Monahan, daughter of an old student, Mr. Peter J. Monahan, to Mr. Joseph C. Reading. We extend our sincere congratulations to all concerned and wish that the young couple may enjoy a long and prosperous life of happiness.

* * *

We are pleased to chronicle the fact that St. Viator College has representatives at the North American College in Rome this year. Mr. Patrick Creel, A. B., '23, and Mr. Martin Dougherty, '17-'19, are to pursue their Theological Courses there, and the Faculty and the Viatorian extend both their heartiest congratulations.

The following is a recent letter received from Mr. Dougherty:

S. S. Leviathan, October 26, 1923.

Dear Father:

Can now re-open communications with the world for we arrived at Cherbourg to-night. I can't say that I am overjoyed at the prospect of seeing land again, for I haven't grown a bit weary of the ocean—and I haven't been sick once.

We have had all sorts of weather,—from the best to what may be termed dangerously close to the worst. This vessel, big as it is, has rocked like a cradle. The winds have made enough noise to strike terror to hearts braver than mine. The waves have dashed over my "Stern and Rock-bound head" and slapped me in the face until my skin was raw. But I clung to the deck and stayed with the winds rather than sit in the parlor or in the state-room where anyone would get sick just breathing the stuffy air.

I loved the sight of the ruffled ocean, the flying spray, and the creamy foam. We seem to be riding over the milky way. The picture of somber skies and dark clouds drifting through them with the ocean beneath trying to rise to the level of the skies and falling back unsuccessful will remain with me always. During the nicer weather the ship seemed like the palace of the gods being carried through the air on velvet clouds.

I am certain that nothing could be more fascinating than an ocean voyage. From the time we pulled away from the waving handkerchiefs on the docks in New York to the present moment, I have been enraptured. If I had your talent I should write a whole book of poetry.

Tomorrow I shall travel through Normandy to Paris. I am going to remain in Paris for a few days—then on to Rome.

As ever, MARTY DOUGHERTY.

* * *

And from "Pat" we have:

Parker's Hotel, Naples, Oct. 4, 1923.

Dear Father:

After a most pleasant voyage I find myself safe and sound on terra firma again, and am all set for a week of great sights. The ocean was as calm as one could hope for, and as I told you on the card I mailed you from Palermo, I never missed a meal. We sailed past Gibraltar last Friday, and on Saturday we got a glimpse of Africa. Monday we landed at Palermo.

I cannot begin to describe Palermo to you for it is beyond all description. It is built on a narrow coastal plain and extends back to the mountains, which viewed from the bay, seemed to rise out of the sea. All the buildings are of a vari-colored stone, and the whole city appears to be but one mass of color. As the bay is shallow, we anchored about a mile from shore, and a multitude of small boats, gaily painted and bearing friends of passengers, fruit-vendors, etc., came out to meet us. Small boys swam out and would dive for coins which the passengers tossed into the sea.

Tuesday morning I got up at four o'clock in order to see the sun rise as we pulled into the bay of Naples. The first thing we saw of course was Vesuvius with its thin cloud of smoke, and then gradually we saw the city appear. We landed at nine a. m. and after a two hour hustle and bustle we were out of the customs house and in our hotel. We will all go to Rome Tuesday. Our hotel is on a side of a hill, facing the South and overlooking the Bay and Mountain. Like all Italian buildings it has huge French windows opening out on private balconies. The view from my window is wonderful and I am sitting there now writing this while waiting for breakfast to come up.

Naples is certainly "the city." There is no joke in the saying: "See Naples and die." Quaint old buildings, beautiful gardens, queer stores, pony carts in place of taxies, rich and poor singing alike; I imagine that there is no other place in the world that can come up to it. I am in love with the place and find it very easy to get about.

Tuesday afternoon we saw the Church of St. Januarius. The ceilings are of gold and silver and in all it is very wonderful. We were taken down into the crypt and were allowed to venerate his fore-finger. We also saw the chapel where the blood is kept, and venerated the bones of early Christians who died on the spot where the church now stands.

Yesterday we spent down town and just poked around. Today we are going up Vesuvius and tomorrow we shall do Pompeii. Friday and Saturday we will motor to Amalfi and back, and Sunday we will visit the museum and aquarium.

I am sure that I am going to like Italy, and it is not much different from America so I am getting on to their ways quickly. I am glad that I came over and only hope that I get along well in my studies.

Give my regards to all the Viatorians and all friends, and never a day goes by but that I think of you all. Say a few prayers for me and write me all the news.

As ever, PAT.

Both Mr. Creel and Mr. Dougherty will be glad to hear from their old friends and class-mates of St. Viator College. Their address is: North American College, Villa della Umilta 30, Rome, Italia.

* * *

Rev. Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney, A. B., '13, is at present associated with The Right Rev. Monsignor Clement Kelly, D. D., of the Church Extension Society, with offices in New York City. Father O'Mahoney's work is recruiting clerical subjects for missionary work in the diocese of the South and West, a work sponsored by the Church Extension Society. Recently he visited St. Viator College on his way to St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, where he enrolled his first seminarians, twenty-nine in number. We hope that the success of future years will be as splendid as his first year has been. The Viatorian wishes to congratulate Father O'Mahoney, and expresses its sincere hope that his work will frequently bring him westward, and incidentally that on such occasions he will find time to visit Alma Mater.

* * *



Joe Bolger, '21, formerly Professor in Accounting who will return to us as Father Bolger, we hope. Joe has entered the Viatorian novitiate, located at Chamberlin, South Dakota. We wish him the choicest congratulations. Ad humbles Annis.

* * *

We are pleased to announce that the Rev. Maurice P. Sammon, pastor of St. Bernard's Church, is now convalescing after a siege of illness. At present he is recuperating in Florida where he expects to spend the winter months. He was accompanied on his journey southward by Rev. John Hayden of Wapella, Illinois.

* * *

Leo Carr, '12-'13, Detective Sergeant on the Chicago Police Force, under the command of Sergeant Gregory Moran, was given an honorable mention by a Chicago newspaper for efficient work during the month of October. Leo has figured in several battles with notorious gangsters, and has recovered a considerable amount of stolen property. We are pleased at Sergeant Carr's record, and hope to see him promoted to higher office soon.

Webster McGann, '08-'11, who for several years was captain of the Columbian Guards, recently paid us a visit. He is now one of the prominent salesmen at the Minneapolis Paper Co., Minneapolis. Come again and soon!

* * *

Leon Drolet, '15-'19, who received his baccalaureate degree at Campion College in June, is now matriculated in the Law School of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

* * *

We are glad to announce that the Boyle Brothers, Daniel and Jimmy, who attended St. Viator College for a number of years, are now associated in the printing business. Daniel Boyle Jr., is president of the firm. Boyle Brothers, Incorporated, Printers, Designers and Engravers, is located at 606 W. Lake St., Chicago. The Boyle Brothers will be pleased to meet any of the old students who are in the city.

* * *

Recently Rev. William Joyce, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Butte, Montana, spent a few days at the "old camping ground." He was accompanied by his sister and father, who are accompanying Father Joyce to Butte, where they will make their future home. Before returning west they expect to make an extensive tour of the East and South. We hope that we may soon again have the pleasure of a visit from them.

* * *

We are pleased to announce that Rev. V. U. LeClaire, who suffered severe injuries in an automobile last summer, has sufficiently recovered so as to be able to resume his pastoral duties.

* * *

In our last issue we mentioned the fact that Father Charles Raymond, Pastor of Holy Cross Church, Portland, Oregon, had volunteered for Missionary work in China. Although we have been informed that he has not volunteered for Foreign Missionary work, we learn that he has offered his fine talents and Christ-like labor to his worthy Superior, the Venerable Archbishop Christie of Oregon City, and has accepted, to take care of the welfare of the Various Indian Missions of the Diocese. We are sure that Father Raymond will bend his every effort to bring the Consolations of Religion to the Redmen, and that his work will merit for him as glorious a crown for his labors, as would have been his had he gone to the Orient. God speed, dear Father, and our prayers are ever with you!

* * *

Father J. V. Rheams, formerly of the Faculty of St. Viator College, and at present Master of Novices at Chamberlain, South

Dakota, sends us word that everything is fine in the West, and that although the Missouri River is mounting skywards at the rate of eleven feet in four days, the weather is ideal and a record harvest is under way. Almost wish we were there with you, Father.

* * *

The many friends of Paul Meagher will be grieved to learn that he has been obliged to repair to his home in Ottawa on account of serious illness. It is sincerely hoped that he will have a speedy convalescence, and that soon his happy personality will be with us.

* * *

Congratulations to the following are in order: To **Stork** Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Mortell, '09-'13, on the recent **Statistics** birth of a son. To Mr. and Mrs. F. Hangsterfer, '14-'16, on the birth of a son. To Mr. and Mrs. John Meany, '11-'12, on the birth of a son. To Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Opeka, '16-'17, on the birth of a son.

* * *

The Viatorian squad in attendance at Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, St. Louis, Missouri, is augmented this year by the enrollment of Brother John Lynch, C. S. V., A. B., '21, and Mr. John Farrell, A. B., '23. Other Viator men at Kenrick are: Messrs. Paul Kurzynski, A. B., '23; Walter Ryan, A. B., '21; Francis Casey, '19-'22; Thomas Brunick, '20-'22, and Edward Sweeney, A. B., '22.

* * *

As with Kenrick Seminary also with St. Paul Seminary, each year finds Viator products enrolled. Among former students pursuing their courses there are Rev. Miles J. Hoare, A. B., '18; Mr. Victor Wasko, A. B., '21; Mr. William Causey, '15-'18; Allan Kissane, '20; Mr. Stanley Cregan, '20-'23; Mr. M. Mroz, A. B., '23, and Mr. Francis Lawler, A. B., '22.

* * *

Those who remember the speed with which "Babe" Healy displayed in the various branches of athletics in which he participated, (and he was a three letter man), will not be surprised to learn of his speed in the commercial world. "Babe" is now an Optometrist, and is associated with the Bullard Co. of Des Moines, Iowa. Keep it up, "Babe," and good luck.

* * *

Ray Gallivan, '21-'22, informs us that he is at present attending the University of Illinois, and that he is preoccupied in learning all that is to be known about Coaching. Not only is he taking the theory, but as a member of the Freshman Squad put theory into practice.

A recent donation of a picture of the Columbian Guards, year 1900-'01, has been made by Mr. J. R. Tracy, '99-'01, for placement in the College Historical Cabinets located on the first floor of Roy Memorial Hall. The College Faculty and the Viatorian wish to thank Mr. Tracy for his thoughtfulness, and sincerely hope that this donation will inspire others of our students to send in any pictures of like nature. All will be acceptable, for pictures of activities prior to the fire in 1906 are especially rare, the complete collection of the Institution having been destroyed at that time. Who will be the next?

* * *

The many friends of Lawrence Dondeville, A. B., '17, will be glad to hear that he is acting as Interne at the St. Joseph Hospital, 2100 Burling St., Chicago, Illinois. "Billy" is remembered here especially as being one of the stars of the Varsity Football team of '16.

* * *

We were pleased to hear that Fulton Sheen has recently received his Doctor of Philosophy Degree at Louvain University, in Europe. Of his remarkable abilities as a student he has given ample demonstration, for he received the highest honor in his class with the highest ranking that that University ever gave. During the summer months Father Rice, Father O'Mahoney, and Father McCormick, who were making a tour of Europe, spent a very pleasant visit with Fulton at the Chapter at Brussels. They also visited Thomas Sheen at Louvain, who made an admirable guide in showing them the places of Historical interest in that great educational center of the world.

* * *

Among the Clerical Changes in the Diocese of Peoria are:

Rev. J. P. Parker, of Dwight, a former student of St. Viator College who was promoted to the irremovable directory of Streator, Illinois.

Father J. Courtney, also an alumnus, who was assistant pastor at Streator, Illinois, and who is now pastor at Budd, Illinois.

Rev. M. J. Spalding, of Loretta, Illinois, who was changed to the pastorship of Chillicothe, Illinois.

* * *

And among the Clerical Changes in the Diocese of Chicago are:

Father Rebedeau, who was transferred from St. Bernard's to St. Andrew's, in Chicago, Illinois.

Rev. J. B. Shiel, who was appointed as assistant Chancellor of Chicago.

We are very glad to hear that Father Cosgrove, pastor of St. Cecelia's, in Peoria, Illinois, has recovered from his recent sickness, and has again resumed his Godly duties.

* * *

YOUTH

*Why do you talk of growing old?
 Why do you speak of your heart so cold,
 Ah, can't you see that we who are young,
 We who are still with our dreams unsung,
 Would die than to think of a time to come
 When we'd thrill no more to the rising sun?*

*Let us make believe if it's not quite true
 That Youth is always, always new!
 If the wings of your dreams are broken, my Friend,
 You can't have forgotten how to pretend!*

E. M. R. '27.

* * *

ALONE

*Through all my days I was alone,
 Apart from all the crowd,
 Lonely as though beneath a stone,
 Wrapped in funeral shroud.*

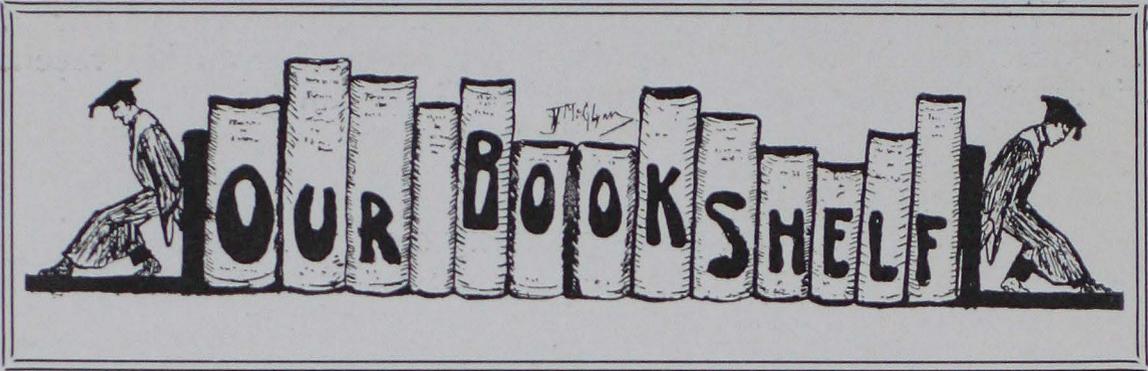
*I sought in friends, in love, in war,
 Relief from this lone calm.
 I tried in travel, books and talk
 To find a soothing balm.*

*Alone I was in crowds, in war,
 Alone upon the sea.
 Heroes of books and women fair
 Could bring no peace to me.*

*Last night I woke from fitful sleep,
 That lonely spell on me,
 And lo, a light, a face I saw,
 The Christ on Calvary!*

*"My son," The Saviour's voice was sweet,
 "There is no peace for thee,
 "Man is alone, like ship at sea,
 "Until he seek and findeth Me!"*

W. N. '26.



"A LOST LADY" by Willa Cather
Published by Alfred Knopf & Co.

Every book review is supposed to contain a summary of the story. The present reviewer is opposed to such a theory because often the true delight of a good story was destroyed for him by reading a garbled account of it by professional reviewers. Hence he will not be guilty of what is to him a literary sacrilege.

In this work Willa Cather has returned to the scenes of her earlier novels. It treats of the Old West, its atmosphere and setting is located in about the same portion of the country as that dealt with in "*My Antonia*," "*O Pioneer*" and the first part of "*One of Ours*." In the latter novels she was primarily concerned with the epic of the western farmlands. In "*A Lost Lady*" her attention is devoted to the story of the railroad aristocrats and the higher social life of the west. Willa Cather in her latest venture does not cover an extensive canvas but rather relies on a few broad strokes of vivid description to make the romance of the West ecstatically thrilling. She has resurrected the landscapes of the West into things of beauty. She has thrown around them the glamour of fascination. All this she has done with a subtle power superior to that used by any present day American novelist. She writes from the clouds.

In less than two hundred pages she has recreated an epoch and made it immortal, yet she uses only two characters to perform this. How different from Theodore Dreiser in his "*Sister Carrie*," who uses innumerable characters to make Chicago romantic but who fails in the attempt. The extensiveness of his canvas proved too much for him, showing that he is not a master of a subtle art.

The style used by Willa Cather in her latest book is superior to that used even in the "*Song of the Lark*." It progresses from fine prose to the elevation of pure poetry, the slow cadence of its language become for her the medium through which she can picture pathos and the melancholy spir-

it of a vanishing age with arresting beauty. From the standpoint of style we must return for its equal to Henry James. Yet Henry James was too fragile as a stylist. It was outside the horizon of even the intellectual man because his style was never brought into sufficient proximity with life. He was the delicate master of delicate prose. Willa Cather's style is life-like and vital.

It is long since we have read in contemporary fiction a finer character study than that of Marian Forrester done with such brevity and power. She possesses the elusive charm and mystery of one of Hawthorne's studies and in subtlety she approaches the creations of Flaubert. Marian Forrester will prove to be the Madame Bovary of American fiction, devoid of the latter's sensuality.

We are enthusiastic about this book and we would feel gratified if everyone interested in present-day American fiction would read this fascinating study.

* * *

“FORTUNE'S FOOL” by Rafael Sabatini

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Rafael Sabatini seems to be turning out in machine-like fashion those blood-curdling novels of historical character which have suddenly gained him the immense following he has today. His latest, “*Fortune's Fool*,” falls short of the standard set by “*Scaramouche*,” and “*Captain Blood*,” but it is nevertheless continually interesting. The Englishman seems to have some idea of himself as a reincarnation of Thackeray as a historical novelist. His present vogue is no indication that he is genuinely capable. William Makepeace has stood the test of decades; Rafael probably will not do so. His works do not touch the soul of the people in the age he portrays and he seems too much interested in presenting us with a 100% perfect rise-above-all-obstacles hero to bother himself with the great national problems in which his hero is a factor.

Mr. Sabatini is best on the sea. He should stay off dry land and write less often. “*Captain Blood*” was the best he did, even excelling the best seller, “*Scaramouche*,” which Rex Ingram has now given us in the movies, in local color and periodic atmosphere. “*Fortune's Fool*” is unfortunately rather foolish at times.

* * *

“THE DOVE'S NEST” by Katherine Mansfield

Published by Alfred A. Knopf & Co.

The contrast between the short stories written by Katherine Mansfield and those appearing in the modern American

magazine is alarming. Katherine Mansfield has looked upon the short story from the standpoint of high art, hence the short stories appearing in "*Bliss*" and "*The Garden Party*" are things of art, while those appearing in the average American magazine are devoid even of structural technique. She did not look upon the short story as the medium through which to reveal life in its entirety. She rather viewed the short story as the means for giving us glimpses of life at definite crises in the life of the individual.

Her genius is somewhat akin to the Russian. She agrees with Dostoevsky in taking the incidents of life and making them reveal the acute states of the soul. This point is well illustrated in two stories of "*The Dove's Nest*," "*The Married Man's Story*" and "*The Fly*," wherein she gives us peeps into the inner consciousness of the individual, merely by taking the trivial and allowing it to become uppermost in sketching the agony of the soul.

"*The Dove's Nest*" is rather fragmentary. Several stories are not complete, therefore they do not show the suspended power peculiar to her "*Garden Party*" and "*Bliss*" but it gives us a medium through which we can understand the subtle power that she possessed in depicting soul experiences.

The finest quality in "*The Dove's Nest*" is its style, which possesses the delicacy of porcelain. As she says in her memoirs, now being given to the world by her husband, John Middleton Murray, she looked upon style and art highly; she considered a purgation of soul necessary for a writer. Hence she has cleansed her soul of all dross. It is the most perfect medium that we know of by which to reveal the states of the soul with which she was primarily concerned.

Has this work no shortcomings and faults? Of course it has, but it is an ungraceful and invidious task to enumerate them, considering its far more numerous perfections. On page 26 there is a mistake in the date of the Wyclif Bible. This reviewer would quarrel violently with the author about her estimate of Edmund Burke, and does not think she has done Orestes A. Brownson justice. Possibly too the book is unduly loaded with quotation, and would be better for more exposition and comment by the author. These, however are minor faults easily forgiven, after one has reveled in the lyrical beauty of the prose poem of criticism which concludes the book. This chapter is so lovely that one can not help believing that even Francis Thompson might have envied the author.

THE LITERARY ESSAY IN ENGLISH

By Sister Eleanore, C. S. C., Ph. D., 260 pp., Ginn & Company

Poetry, fiction and the drama have for a long while had a voluminous literature of criticism about them, but the essay, strange to relate, has been neglected by critics. Essays have been written on every conceivable subject from the Infinite to Nothing except on the essay itself, and the student of literature has been compelled to study the essay by first hand reading without the extraneous aid of some friendly, critical hand to point him the way. This need "The Literary Essay in English," by Sister Eleanore, C. S. C., dean of the English Department of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind., modestly aims to fill. I say "modestly" of the manner not of the accomplishment, for this latter is anything but modest. Instead it is quite surprisingly great. No thundering, pedagogical dogmatism, no pontifical insistence of opinion can be found in this delightful guide book to the English essay. In place of these familiar ingredients of the average handbook of literature the student will find penetrating judgment, sureness of knowledge, and stimulating suggestion all couched in a style of charming and elusive beauty, as radiant as the rainbow and as light as "silver moonbeams on the sleeping flowers," to borrow a phrase from the author's own beautiful tribute to the literary essay. In a very real sense this book accomplishes the marriage of science and art. It is scientific, for its definitions are clear and precise, its facts are accurately stated with possibly one exception, these facts are scientifically classified, and certain conclusions are deduced. It is artistic for all this science is shot through with a baffling, lyrical grace and beauty, calculated to make the student love the essay and to become better acquainted with it. It will not inspire him with the fatuous conceit that having read the book, he knows all about the English essay. Suggestive and well selected bibliographies and reading lists are appended to most of the chapters, all of which are based on the classification of the essay.



SCHEDULE

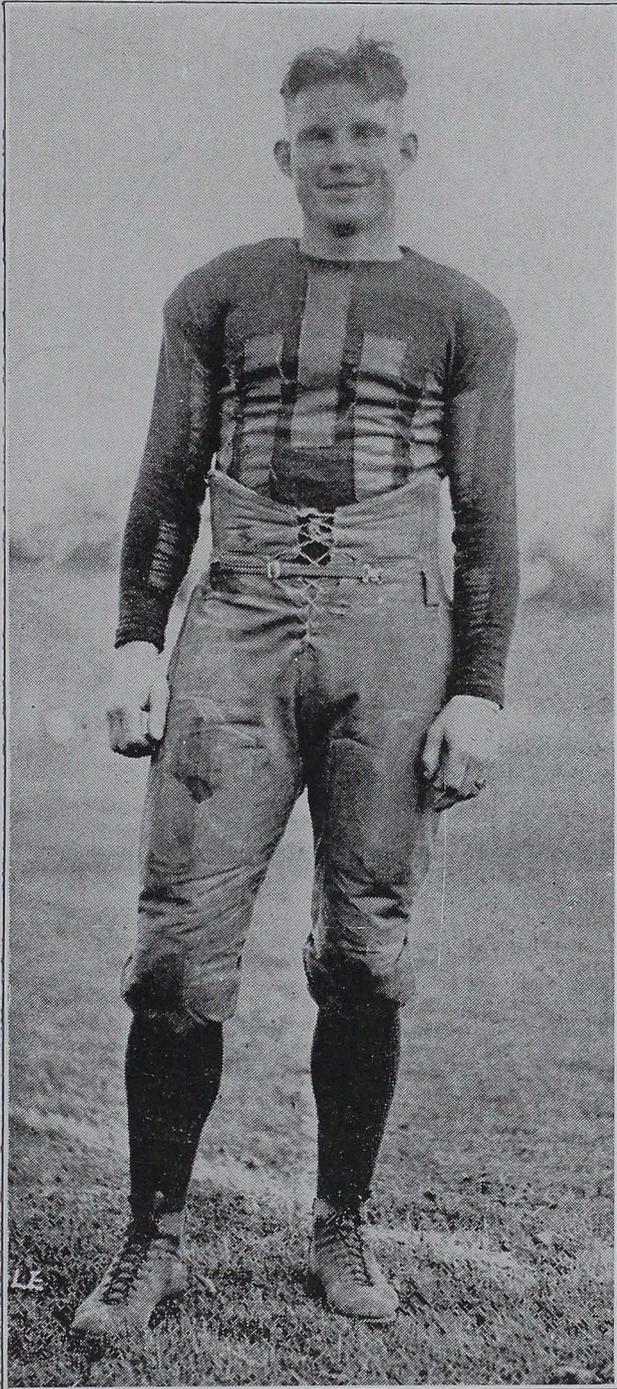
Sept. 29—	Notre Dame Second Team	Bourbonnais
Oct. 6—	Lewis Institute	Bourbonnais
Oct. 13—	Bradley Polytechnic	Peoria
Oct. 19—	Kalamazoo Normal (Homecoming).....	Bourbonnais
Oct. 27—	Millikin University	Decatur
Nov. 3—	Loyola University	Chicago

Remaining Games.

Nov. 9—	Columbia College	Chicago
Nov. 17—	Valparaiso University	Bourbonnais
Nov. 23—	Eureka College	Eureka
Nov. 29—	De Paul University	Chicago

With the football season more than half completed, some estimate of this year's grid machine can be gleaned from its record. So far the record reads,—two ties, one defeat and three wins. The two ties were chalked up against teams that prior to the game were favorites and the defeat can be explained by the fact that Viator faced Bradley without proper footgear for muddy going.

In the first tie of the season, that with the Notre Dame Second Team, the Viator gridgers played a powerful brand of ball and their subsequent overwhelming victory over Lewis Institute marked them as one of the strong teams of the conference so that the 26 to 0 humiliation at Bradley came as a complete surprise and critics, that had estimated Viator as one of the best of the Little 19 grid organizations came forth, in print, in defense of the locals.



Their evaluation of Crangle's men was vindicated the following week end when the Viator gladiators outfought the powerful Kazoo Normal team and gained a 7 to 7 tie with an eleven that had been counted as a sure winner.

The other games to date are within the memory of even the most casual follower of Viator's fortunes on the chalk lines and number convincing wins over Millikin University and Loyola. So that one sees that the blot on the record placed there by Bradley has been, in a large measure, atoned for and when this reaches print we predict that Viator's football accomplishments will be further ornamented by a win over Columbia.

Perhaps Coach Jack Crangle stated it more concisely than anyone. Asked to comment on this year's team, Jack said, "It looked like we were set for a dismal season after the Bradley

game but the team showed they were made of the stuff that wins when they came back and held Kalamazoo and then trounced Millikin and Loyola. Jack was reserved in his remarks about the Columbia game, but he said, "Well, one team is sure to win and we will do our best to keep the blame from our shoulders if we don't win."

Of the future games the Valparaiso encounter looks like the stiffest. Valpo has been playing a dandy brand of football but their record is marred by a 7 to 0 defeat administered by Kalamazoo Normal, the team that Viator held to a 7 to 7 draw.

ST. VIATOR, 13; NOTRE DAME, 13.

Instead of having a mediocre team as a season opener the Viator gridgers faced the powerful Notre Dame second team and by a display of football usually seen only in mid-November battled the University club to a 13 to 13 deadlock. Stellar work on the part of the Viator forwards was the conspicuous feature of the Viator play, the linemen repeatedly providing adequate holes for Deines and L. Winterhalter to gain substantial yardage. Defensively the Viator line consistently repulsed the onslaughts of the N. D. ball carriers and forced to fall back on the aerial route to advance the ball. An aerial, McGinnis to L. Winterhalter, gave Viator its first score and dhad plunging by Deines carried the oval over for the count that tied up the game. The fact that eight of the footballers on the Hoosier team subsequently made the Princeton trip makes the accomplishment of the Viator grid gladiators loom large.

**ST. VIATOR, 88; LEWIS INSTITUTE, 0.**

Using simple formations Jack Crangle's huskies smothered the Lewis institute aggregation 88 to 0 in the second combat of the season. The game merely served as a conditioner for the tilt the following week end with Bradley and the start of the second half saw most of the regulars viewing the game from stands and the reserves carrying on.

**ST. VIATOR, 0; BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC, 26.**

St. Viator's first encounter with a Little Nineteen foe resulted in its elimination from the conference race by a 26 to 0 count. Bradley presented a fast and tricky quartet of ball carriers, fronted by a heavy, aggressive line. Tommy Correll was the leading speedster in the Tech. backfield, his open field running accounting for three of the Poly. touchdowns. Viator's lack of mud cleats on the rain soaked field was, in many respects, responsible for the large score accumulated by the Tech. gridgers, who were equipped with cleats for muddy going. Injuries forced Freddy Majors to retire in the first quarter and Captain Murphy and Vinc Pfeffer followed in the second half.

**ST. VIATOR, 7; WESTERN STATE NORMAL, 7.**

Fighting to regain the prestige they had lost in their tussle with the Bradley Tech. eleven the Viator gridgers showed a complete reversal of form and outgained the highly touted Kazoo Normal team for a 7 to 7 tie. Kazoo boasted a goal line that had been crossed only once in three years and that by Alma College, the Michigan Intercollegiate champs and were considered the class of the northern teams. Viator outplayed the visitors in the first half and the driving play of the linemen forced the Kazooers to punt repeatedly.

Viator gained the lead at the start of the second quarter when "Ding" Winterhalter circled the Kazoo right end for 16 yards and goal. A splendid 89 yard kick by "Midge" Majors, from the Viator 10 yard line to the Normal 1 yard mark and a poor return to the Kazoo 26 yard line by Beebe put the locals in a position to score. Farrell and Deines took the ball for first down in two plays and Winterhalter carried it over, Majors adding the additional point with a 15 yard drop kick.

On the first play of the second half Fraser, the Kazoo left half, broke away for a thirty yard run and a pass, Beebe to Miller, placed the oval on Viator's 2 yard line. For four downs the Viator line resisted viciously and prevented the State team from scoring. Majors kicked to the 35 yard line and on the first play Fraser gained 18 yards. A triple pass, Miller to O. Johnson, counted for Kazoo and Miller's drop kick tied the game.

A blocked Kazoo punt which McAllister recovered and advanced to the Normal 18 yard line gave Viator an opportunity to score in the final period but the Kazoo line stiffened and the locals were unable to gain.

Superlative play on the part of the Viator linemen was the outstanding factor of the game from a Viator viewpoint. McAllister, Riley and Best were immovable on defense and the driving power of Captain Murphy and V. Pfeffer enabled Deines to advance through the Kazoo forward wall.



ST. VIATOR, 28; JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY, 0.

The time-honored grid rivalry between St. Viator College and James Millikin University of Decatur was renewed, after a lapse of three years, with Crangle's gladiators outclassing the Blue and White gridders throughout the contest and emerging with an easy 28 to 0 win.

The rearrangement of the Viator backfield that Coach Crangle instituted before the Millikin fray, which shifted Deines from fullback to half and placed Donnelly at the fullback post materially strengthened the locals. Donnelly functioned in major league fashion at full and penetrated the J. M. U. forwards for repeated gains. He battered through for Viator's second touchdown in the second quarter and added another in the third period by consistent line plunges.

Viator displayed its marked superiority over the downstate eleven by counting in the first two minutes of play on a brilliant open field sprint by L. Winterhalter. The run was for 35 yards and was completed after Winnie had eluded the entire Millikin secondary defense. Prior to Winterhalter's sprint Millikin had attempted to gain after receiving Viator's kickoff. Being unsuccessful in their efforts to advance they had kicked to the Viator

safety man, who had returned the punt 20 yards to the Millikin 38 yard line. Donnelly carried the oval on the first play and gained three yards. Winnie skirted the J. M. U. left end on the next play and got loose for a touchdown.

In the second quarter the Millikinites unbuckled an aerial offensive and completed three of four attempted passes, which placed the pigskin on the Viator 10 yard line. In three plays the Blue and White made five yards but failed on the next play and Viator obtained the ball. Majors kicked out of danger. Millikin continued to batter the Viator forwards unsuccessfully and on an attempted punt the Millikin center made a bad pass and Viator recovered on the opponent's five-yard mark. Donnelly took the ball and in two line smashes carried the ball over for Viator's second score of the game.

Viator sustained its only serious injury of the day soon after when "Midge" Majors was forced to withdraw from the game on account of an ugly cut over his right eye.

Coach Crangle started giving his reserves a workout at the start of the second half and by the third period an entire second string club was facing the Blue and White warriors. Farrell and McGinnis were the foremost performers in the second period. Farrell went off tackle in the fourth period for a 30 yard gain and McGinnis preceded him with a 40 yard spring on a criss-cross play.

Donnelly connected with his second touchdown of the combat in the third quarter after a spectacular pass, McGinnis to Mahoney, had taken the ball within striking distance of the goal.

After Farrell's lengthy run in the last session McGinnis took the ball over for Viator's fourth touchdown and Mac's drop kick from the 15 yard line brought the Viator total to 28.

As in the Kazoo Normal game the play of the linemen was prominent. The Millikin backs gained 43 yards from scrimmage and lost 63 which gives an indication of the air-tight defense the Viator forwards presented. On the other hand the Viator ball carriers received splendid support from the line and amassed a total of 156 yards gained in scrimmage. Riley put up a strong game in the line and frequently got down under punts and held the Millikin safety men to no gain.

The performance of the reserves backs was gratifying and Crangle is now certain that he has a competent relief backfield. McGinnis, Farrell and Neville got off some sparkling runs and completed a number of passes for long runs. Mahoney at end figured in this pass assault and gives promise of developing into a reliable relief flankman.

ST. VIATOR, 26; LOYOLA, 9.

Saturday, November 3rd, Captain Murphy led his teammates to a 26 to 9 victory over the strong Loyola eleven on the latter's field. Loyola got off to a good start when



Adams and Stuckey tore off 40 yard runs immediately after the kick-off, Stuckey going over for the tally but failing to add the extra point. The remainder of the first quarter was fought on fairly even terms with the oval in Loyola territory most of the period. Viator came back in the second period with a brace of touchdowns, clearly outclassing the Chicago lads. With the ball in mid-field, a twenty yard pass, McGinnis to Barrett,

allowed Bill to race the remaining thirty for our first tally, Mahoney clearing his path by dumping the safety man. Braidwood, Loyola tackle blocked the kick. A few minutes later Loyola was penalized for roughness, placing the ball on their twenty-five yard line. "Ding" Winterhalter and "Mick" Donnelly made first down and on the next play Ding, aided by perfect interference on the part of McAllister and Barrett, scampered around left end for the second counter. Winterhalter missed the kick.

Loyola came back in the third quarter and worked the ball as far as the Viator 33 yard line, where they were stopped. Lundgoot, Loyola quarter, booted the oval 40 yards for a field goal bringing the count 12 to 9. Viator came back in the final period with a terrific drive sweeping the Loyola forward wall before them for a march of fifty yards and the coveted chalk-line. Winterhalter and Neville skirted the ends and Farrell plunged through for repeated gains, Farrell going over from the three yard line. Winterhalter kicked goal making the count 19 to 9. A forty yard pass, McGinnis to Mahoney paved the way for the final tally. With the ball on Loyola's 20 yard line, "Ding" made ten around left and Farrell added five, four and three on consecutive plays for the marker. Deines kicked goal, Loyola attempted three passes from their 30 yard line after the next kick-off, all of which failed. The game ended with the ball in Loyola's possession on their 30 yard line.

It would be difficult to pick any outstanding stars. The entire Viator eleven after the first quarter played a most aggressive game and came through by dint of sheer fight and determination. McGinnis, at quarter, handled the team in impressive fashion, his accurate tosses accounting for the fact that all but two were completed. Barrett and Mahoney on the ends each scintillated with a wonderful catch. Best, Captain Murphy, McAllister and Riley were towers of strength in the line, while Vince Pfeffer, center, looked exceptionally well on defense. In

the backfield, "Ding" Winterhalter and "Bud" Farrell accounted for most of the ground gained. "Mick" Donnelly, Deines and Neville however tore off a few fine gains, "Bill's" vicious tackling being exceptionally noticeable. Of the reserves the work of Franks, McGrath, F. Pfeffer and Kelly stood out prominently.



ACADEMY FOOTBALL.

Work was not started to secure a high school schedule until late in September and consequently it was impossible to secure games for Captain Fitzgerald's grid men. At this writing the Academy gridders have only played one game, that with St. Thomas of Rockford, but in their only start of the season they proved to be a well drilled and capable grid machine.

As material for his team Coach Vinc McCarthy had a goodly number of veterans and for the vacant positions he developed new men. The style of play used by Notre Dame was employed by the Academy gridders and in the tilt with the Rockford footballers Coach McCarthy's men executed the complex shifts smoothly.

Though the team has discontinued practice there is a possibility that a game will be secured with the St. Bede's grid outfit later in November. Should negotiations succeed the students will get another opportunity to see McCarthy's gridders in action.



ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 2; ST. THOMAS, 0.

On October 20, the day after Homecoming, Coach Vinc McCarthy's Academy grid combination inflicted a 2 to 0 defeat upon the St. Thomas High School team on College Field. St. Thomas, rated as the class of the prep school grid machines, in the northern part of the state, were consistently outplayed by McCarthy's aggressive outfit. The Viator preps outgained and outfought the visitors but lacked the drive to shove over a touchdown, counting only when Flannery's pass from behind his own goal line struck the cross bar and was recovered for a safety by Johnny Bowe.

Early in the game it became apparent that any attempt on St. Thomas' part to gain through the smashing Viator line was doomed to failure and the St. Thomas quarterback, Captain Flannery, resorted to the aerial route as his only effective offensive weapon. A number of advances were secured in this way but the local preps presented a forward pass defense that prevented the Rockford club from scoring.

ACADEMICS

THE AC LEAGUE

With characteristic Viator aggressiveness the Ac League launched off in the middle of October to one of their best seasons. Campbell's "Geraniums," Marzano's "Gorabadoes" and Smedley's "Joe Badores" staged a spectacular scrap for the "Bunting." The Geraniums got an early lead and managed to lead throughout but were dangerously threatened by the other contenders. A gorabadoe victory in one of the closing games forced the league into an extra game between the Geraniums and Joe Badores. Campbell's fighting crew staged a great battle and left the field winners of the coveted pennant.



THE AC REGULARS

Early in the Fall mysterious sounds of "Cling! Cling!" were heard somewhere beyond the Little Gym. It was the sound of moleskin meeting moleskin, shoe leather meeting pigskin, for the Ac Regulars were hard at work. These sounds of late have taken on the proportions of a steam roller, judging from the latest results.

The Acs of '23, led by Capt. O'Neil, a persistent, conscientious hard-working lad, coached by Tommy Jordan, ex-varsity fullback, are setting a fast pace as scores to date indicate. Bradley was defeated 7-0, while the French Brigade from Kankakee was smothered under a smashing attack, 52-0. In Smedley, Berry, Campbell and Ostrowski, Coach Jordan has a fine combination of backs, while Moridarity and Girard are reliable reserves. Armstrong, Schlintz, Osinglewski and McClellan present a stone end to a line composed of Scholl, Marzano, Ryan, Frawley, Carroll, Doyle and Fahy. Their strength first became evident in a light scrimmage with the High School, grew with the Bradley game, and assumed gigantic proportions since crushing the French Brigade. Rumor even hath it that the ex-Acs hesitated in accepting a challenge.

The schedule at present calls for four more games, yet more may be added. A game in Chicago during Thanksgiving vacation is even being considered by the higher-ups of "Acdom." The pace is set! Where will it end? Come on, Acs, let's go!



THE LIGHTWEIGHTS.

The Ac Lightweight, determined not to be outdone by their bigger brothers, have organized and now boast a football team that will tell the world that the Ac Regulars is not the only club in the department.

Under the doughty Capt. Daly a fine combination has been united. Freehill, Daly, Mosher, Bresnahan, Van Orner and Carney form a set of backs capable of skirting the ends or smashing the line for substantial yardage. At end Fitzgerald, Ob- lenus, Gorman and Hanley spill the interference splendidly and snag passes brilliantly; and any combination selected from Mc- Keown, Ricco, Ward, Corbett, Vallort, Bulbin, O'Grady, Burns, Petty, Verhegn, Quickly, Ritler, Larkin, will open holes in the opposing wall or block plays to perfection.

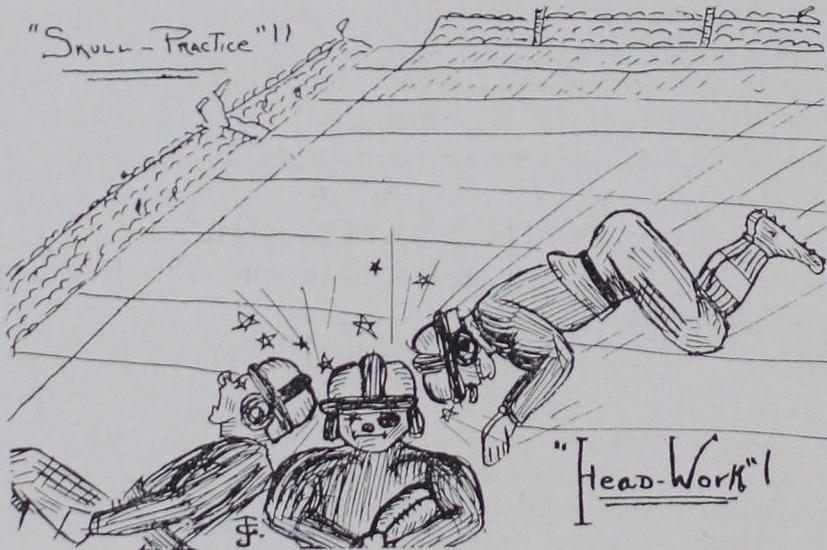
A fast, shifty end and line attack with brilliant aerial game have so far smothered the ex-Lights, Challengers and the Bour- bonnais Lights, by heavy scores, and evidently scared several Kank teams who failed to fulfill engagements. Four games are yet to be played and prospects point to Capt. Daly and his crew to keep a clean slate.



NOTICE

The initiation of the Ac Club will take place immediately after Thanksgiving vacation. Beware candidates! The goat is wild. We hope so.

—CHARTER MEMBER.

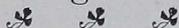


VIATORIANA



The Purpose of This Column.

To console the afflicted, to shorten long faces, to chase away the blues and to prove that all the marks are not in Denmark. To entertain the idle for it is easier to be doing something than to be doing nothing. "Hence," says our old friend, Boswell, "we grow weary when idle." "But," says Johnson, "that is, sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we all were idle there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another." Ergo this column.



ONE CONSOLATION

Yes, Hell may have its drawbacks but there ain't no "Yes. We Have No Bananas" there.



COLLEGE BLUES

Sat.: "My razor in B. Sharp."

Mon.: "My pocket-book in B Flat."



IN THE SAME BOAT

Dick: "Say, Duke, I got a date and I'm looking for some money. Could y——"

Duke: "Wait a minute, Dick, I'll help you look."



A LITTLE INSIDE DOPE

Let it be fully understood that the writer will not think you a boob if you apparently swallow everything he dishes out. The writer knows that gentlemen frequently suppress their opinions. 'Tis a fact, also, that gentlemen do not always judge the depth of a man's profundity by the crazy ideas floating around him. But should you receive any jolts or jars from our rough treatment, then please read the following poem for your consolation:

OUR TOWN STREET CAR

Here it comes, battered and shriveled and worn,
 It nearly tips over at every small turn,
 Hopping and jumping at each little rut;
 Going and coming since the day of King Tut.
 A jerk and a twist, it sure is a treat,
 To see each poor passenger cling to his seat.
 Sagging on one side and loose on the other,
 It wabbles and squibbles like Indian rubber.

Every half-hour it starts out to seek,
 It reaches Bourbonnais, it seems like a week.
 This way and that way down every small lane.
 Occupants call it the sight-seeing train.
 Put in a nickle, he gives it a swing.
 Instead of some music, you just hear a ring.
 Give him a dollar you get for your change
 A sample of every coin within range.

A jolt, a par, all jammed inside!
 Five miles per hour, the throttle wide!
 In any old season, be it Springtime or Fall,
 The Bourbonnais Limited sure beats them all!



Prof.: Mr. Dooley, why can't you pay attention?
 Dooley: I'll bite. Why?

**I HOPE SO!**

Frosh: How many classes you taking?
 Soph: Oh, about six.
 Frosh: What are they?
 Soph: English!

**ANOTHER CONSOLATION**

If with sorrow you've been gazing
 At the way that you've been phrasing
 All the themes and compositions that you write,
 Don't give up with indignation,
 You may pass examination,
 If you answer every question—RIGHT.

**THERE'S ALWAYS AN EXCEPTION.**

French Prof.: There's no masculine and feminine in English except for living things.
 Ryan: In speaking of boats, they always say "She!"
 Prof.: Not if it's a mail-boat.



“WHAT THE MEN WILL WEAR”

Gentlemen who dress in the vogue will affect a slouch of the English variety in sport wear this season, multi-colored jerseys, sweaters and corn cobs being featured. Derbys are once more in favor, since King Edward visited Kaiser Wilhelm in a brown one. Double-breasted and loose two-buttoned models will be worn in sack garments for fishing. The dog chains which have become so popular in Airedale, Pa., will be worn as watch chains and Atheist watches will match. Virility will be the key-note of gentlemen's sport attire, as witness the expressions on the gentlemen depicted above. The throat effect in sweaters,—gentleman second to the left wearing the model,—will be continued. Baseball bats will be used for canes and shin guards for leggings. Hogan's Gulch, State of Oklahoma, and Murderer's Grove papers and Vanity Fair please copy.

FAMOUS PASSAGES

"Go on, Blayne, I like your accent."

"Oh, yes, Father, my aunt lives in Chicago."

"We're going to break the Bradley Jinx."

"I'm going to mark you on a basis of 70% if your work is not in on time."

"Who do you get on that play?"

"Just wait till they come back and try to light it!"

"Friday afternoon's classes, regularly held on Wednesday, will be held Tuesday instead of Monday as was done a week ago last Thursday."

"Shurt'nly, shurt'nly!"

"Yes, Father, I was in at 11:25 last night."



INSPECTION

Prefect: Did you sweep this room out today?

Weber: Yes, Bro.

Prefect: What's all that dirt under the sink?

Weber: Oh, that's yesterday's dirt!



OFFICIAL BULLETIN

All requests for permission to go home on account of sickness, marriage in the family and many other important reasons, must be made at least two days before the Party is to take place.



ALL-WORLD FOOTBALL TEAM

By Walter Campus

Pepin (Capt.)	Center	
Washington	Guard	Brian Boru
Xerxes	Tackle	Attila
Napoleon	End	Leonidus
Caesar	Quarter	
Hannibal	Halfback	Alexander
Charlemagne	Fullback	
Pullman	Coach	
Demosthenes	Cheer Leaders	Cicero, O'Connor
B. Google	Trainer	

It's no easy task to select an all-world fighting machine but then, being a genius, I'm quite capable of doing it, so here goes.

Pepin lands the center job, along with the captainship. The pep he showed and the way he handled those barbarians and whipped them into an organized fighting group is marvelous. At the guards Washington and Brian Boru were the berries. When it comes to fancy side-stepping and baffling the opposition that brave old American was the cat's meow. Brian

Boru was no piker as the Captain of the Fighting Irish. He just hopped to the line and stopped the Danes when they threatened to cross the Irish goal.

Xerxes and Attila at tackles made a peach of a pair. They didn't give a fig how big their opponents were and they sure made them look plumb crazy. A driving, slashing, hole-opening, path-finding combination they were and nothing else but. And the guy they didn't box was good.

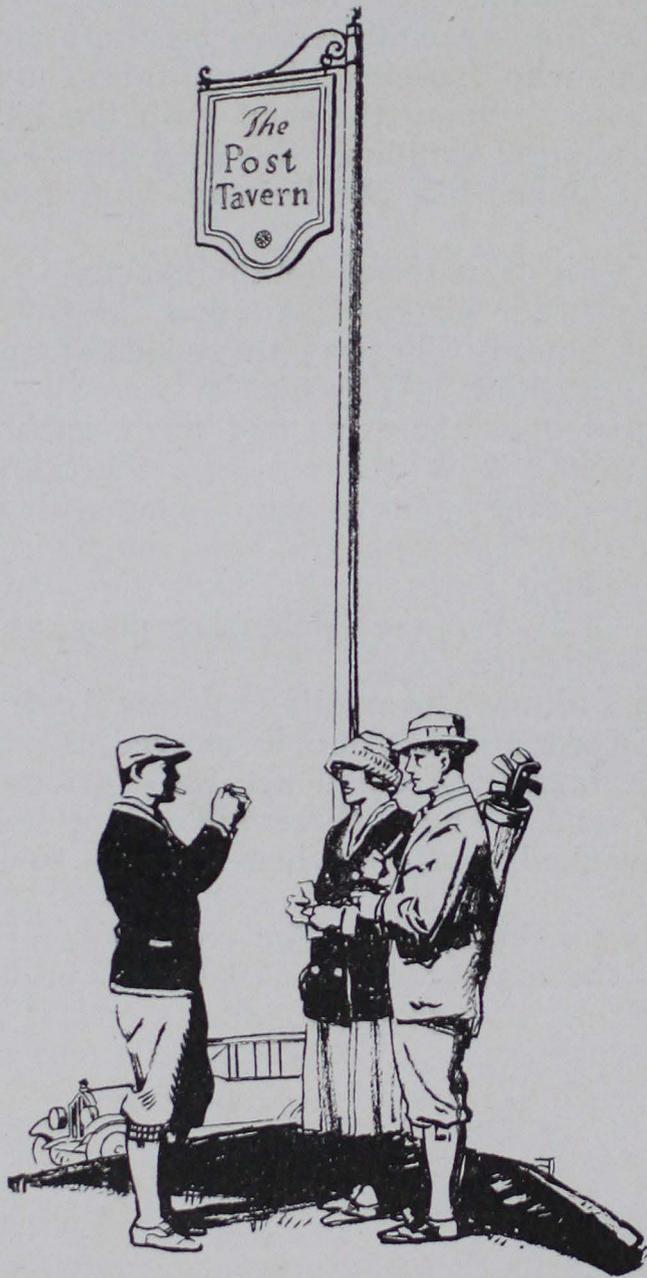
Next come the ends and believe me there ain't a classier set than Napoleon, who traveled like lightning, and he was there when it came to stopping the man with the ball, and the bird on the other wing, Leonidus, who held that Pass and made a safety when it looked like the Persians were going for a touchdown.

There is a lot of material for the backfield. However, from among the multitude Caesar, Hannibal, Alexander and Charlemagne get the honor. The way these lads et up the opponent's territory was shocking. Why Caesar was all Gaul. Hannibal jauntily stepped over the Alps and made such a dash for the Roman goal that it looked like a sure touchdown. Alexander was one of those rangy fellows who swing wide and cover territory; he sure did. Charlemagne was the pig's whiskers when it came to pricking holes in the opposing forward walls; and pick them he did. A great defensive man, an organizer and scrapper clean through.

As coach Pullman sure rolls easy, we'll tell the world. Demosthenes, Cicero and O'Connell swayed the angry mobs by their Greco-Roman-Irish eloquence into furious, frantic, foaming, fighting fans. These three silver-tongued cheer leaders sure waged wicked tongues when it came to speaking. And that's that.

But all is not complete. The concensus of opinion favors Sparkplug as the mascot of the All-World Football Team.

Thank you.



“What a difference
just a few cents make!”

FATIMA