

Christ Born At Bethlehem

UPPERCLASSMEN
WIN MORAL
VICTORYTRADITIONAL FLAG
RUSH ON DEC. 8.

The annual Flag Rush between the Freshmen and the Upperclassmen took place on Tuesday, December 8. As usual it was a wild affair with most of the participants attired in their birthday suits—at least before it was over.

The Upperclassmen suspected that the Freshmen intended to fly their class colors on Tuesday and so in an attempt to forestall them the rope on the flagpole was fastened to an upperclassman's window on the third floor at a point difficult for the 'frosh' to reach. Several attempts were made by members of the Class of '35 to cut the rope during the night but a guard of upperclassmen successfully repulsed all attacks.

Green Caps Secrete Ladder

The 'frosh' however, led by their president, "Powerhouse" Rutecki cleverly secreted a long ladder in the village during the night. With its aid therefore in the wee hours of the morning several of them managed to tie their flag about thirty feet up the pole. Incidentally, the upperclassmen had greased the pole almost up to this point the night before, in an effort to keep enterprising 'frosh' from climbing it and cutting the rope.

Flag Hoisted.

When the upperclassmen came down to breakfast Tuesday morning the first sight that met their eyes was the banner with the numerals '35 flapping arrogantly in the breeze. Several of their more foolhardy members at once attempted to give battle to the entire freshmen class, but they returned with haste minus their clothing and their dignity.

Strategy Employed.

After Mass the 'frosh' immediately rallied around the pole prepared to defend their flag, but the upperclassmen decided to organize in the warmth of Roy Hall and let the piercing cold have a chance to work its will on the fighting spirit of the freshmen. It was about nine-thirty when the upperclassmen emerged to battle for their honor, their fireside and their right to wield the paddle in traditional "hell week." And what a battle it was! It should have its place in the *Ballads of Bourbonnais*!

Faculty Intervene.

A state of armed neutrality prevailed between the two camps about an hour and then the upperclassmen again sallied forth with determination written upon their brow. Unfortunately a number of the freshmen were rendered by circumstances unable to engage in this latter battle. The fight was a repetition of the first, but the intellectual superiority of the combined sophs, juniors and seniors was obvious. At this point however, a member of the faculty decided that the affair had reached a stage beyond that of good, clean fun, so hostilities were called off before the upperclassmen had taken the flag. Their superiority was manifest, however, and they were conceded a moral victory.

OUTPLAYED DEMONS COME
FROM BEHIND TO WIN 28-24

Baker High Point Man for the Evening.

DePaul won a battle, but what a fight it was! Deprived of two of their best men by injuries and losing two more via the foul route, Viator fought as they never fought before. New men gave everything they had, played superb ball, but the odds were too great and the Kellymen went down to defeat.

DePaul Outplayed.

At no stage of the game were the DePaulians a match for the Green Wave. The Irish completely outplayed the Blue Demons and lead in the scoring until the final minutes of play. With their regulars out the Saints put up a bitter fight demonstrating the best brand of basketball.

Baker Stars.

Stewart Baker, a lad who hails from North, easily stole the spotlight with his five baskets and two free-throws. It was his shooting that kept the Saints in the lead until the final minute of play.

Romary and Hayes.

Perhaps the fact that Romary was ejected from the game before it had hardly begun spurred the Irish to fight harder. With Hayes out, they became more determined. Hayes, the star who broke the DePaul defense last year, was denied a chance to get an open shot, being effectually covered by two or three Demons.

Hayes started the scoring with a free-throw and a minute later Baker broke into the scoring column with a basket. DePaul was helpless, the Irish breaking up their plays. Baker sank another basket and a free-throw before the Devils earned a point. When Romary left the game Westray, who replaced him, immedi-

ately sank two baskets in two attempts. The Irish led at the half 19-14. The second period was much slower than the first due the large number of personals. DePaul slowly crept up on the Viator men and, with two minutes to go forged into the lead for the first time, with the score 23-22. Greene, however, was fouled a few seconds later and sank both attempts to put the Irish in the lead. Karr then fouled Rondinella who made good the gratis shot to tie the score. Lauritis scored from the field to give DePaul a two point lead. With a half-minute to go the Blue Demons displayed an adeptness, hidden in the early period, to retain control of the ball. As the period ended DePaul made another try good for two points.

DE PAUL 28—				
Lauritis, f	3	3	0	
Shay, f	0	0	1	
Coan, c	4	2	1	
O'Connor, g	0	0	2	
Doody, g	0	0	0	
Weston, c	1	3	1	
Barskis, c	0	0	2	
Rondinella, f	1	2	0	
ST. VIATOR 24—				
Romary, f	0	0	1	
Hayes, f	0	1	4	
Baker, c	5	2	2	
McNaughton, g	0	0	1	
Karr, g	1	1	2	
Westray, f	2	0	2	
Greene, f	1	2	1	

Loyola University of Chicago and Rosary College of River Forest held a successful intercollegiate dance on the evening of December 3rd at Rosary.

Caesar Augustus
Decrees EnrollmentAngels Announce the Glad
Tidings.

BY ST. LUKE.

BETHLEHEM, Dec. 25.—(Special).—And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus; that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife who was with child.

No Room for Them in the Inn.

And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

"Glory to God in the Highest."

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; For: This day is born to you a SAVIOUR, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.

Shepherds First to Adore Savior.

And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another: Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath shewed to us. And they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger. And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child. And all that heard, wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds.

The College of St. Elizabeth at Convent Station, N. J., has started construction on a new Greek theater for its campus.

Regis College of Denver recently formed a Parents' Association, besides organizing an alumni luncheon club.

Loyola of Baltimore has dedicated its 1932 year book to Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland.

The science students of St. Francis College, Loretto, Pennsylvania, have moved into their new three story Science Hall.

St. Norbert's Times (DePere, Wisconsin) ran a serious essay on the subject of Love in its November 23rd issue.

Sisters Of Mercy
Celebrate Centennial

The ST. XAVIER JOURNAL announces the centenary of the founding of the Sisters of Mercy. We extend our congratulations to this great body of 50,000 nuns, some of whom taught many of the priests, brothers, and students of St. Viator College. It might be noted also that the Sisters of Mercy were founded just exactly one month and nine days after the Viatorians. The Viatorians salute the Sisters of Mercy.

JUNIOR CLASS
ENJOY PARTYUNDER DIRECTION OF
EDWARD GORMAN

Scene Place of Beauty

Under the direction of Edward Gorman, President of the Junior Class, the most successful off-campus activity in the history of St. Viator College was held on the evening of December seventh at Bird's Park. Mr. Edward Gallahue, Business Manager of St. Viator College, and Miss Margaret O'Connell, Professor H. H. Crawford, of the Commerce Department, and Miss Fern Whittington, were guests at the informal gathering. Prizes for high and low at bridge were respectively awarded to Miss Rose Marie Legris and Ralph Edson Hoover.

Place of Scenic Beauty.

The scene of the party is one of the most picturesque vistas in the surrounding vicinity. It is located on the beautiful Kankakee River on the outskirts of the city of Kankakee. The maisonnette is reminiscent of the dwellings of the early French Settlers who with great hardihood followed the trail of Pere Marquette. It is sturdily built of natural stone. Situated in the midst of a clearing surrounded by the remnants of what was once a verdant forest it is one of the most romantic spots conceivable. The Park Board kindly consented to place the lodge at the disposal of the students.

Bushman and LaRocque Committee-men.

Mr. Bushman and Mr. LaRocque were appointed as a committee to secure the use of the building. They wish to take this opportunity to thank those whose co-operation made possible the success of their mission.

Refreshments were under the supervision of Miss Rosanna Gorman and Miss Evangeline Legris. The young ladies gave their classmates a most delicious repast.

President Expresses Thanks.

Mr. Gorman wishes to thank his committees, as well as the members of the Junior Class, who rendered loyal support and co-operation to him in this undertaking.

Dr. Francis M. Crowley, Dean of St. Louis University's school of Education, recently attacked the recommendations of President Hoover's national advisory committee on education for wanting to establish a federal department of education. Dr. Crowley pointed out innumerable defects and illogicalities in the recommendation.

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NEBULOUS HEADLINES AND ARTICLES.

A short Associated Press despatch of December 8th, and printed in the Chicago Daily Tribune on the succeeding morning, records the annual meeting of the National Guadalupe Congress of Mexico, celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the appearance of the Blessed Virgin to a poor Indian, Juan Diego. However, both the Associated Press and The Tribune besmirch themselves and the article by the insertion of the adjective "supposed" immediately before the noun "appearance." Whether or not the despatch was meant to imply doubtfulness on the part of the reporter, it should not have been so worded in the face of documentary evidence, supplied by canonical inquiries of 1556 and 1568, and national and ecclesiastical processes presented in Rome in 1663, 1666, 1723, and 1750. Then, too, the use of such an adjective is not quite fair to the millions who have a sincere and deep devotion for the Virgin of Guadalupe. It also might be taken to imply scepticism as to the validity of the innumerable miracles that have been performed at the Shrine since its foundation by Bishop Zumarraga in 1531.

Probably the article was given notice only because the Guadalupe Congress was said to have declared "war" on such organizations as the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. However, one reading only the headline might lead to believe that the Mexican Catholic Church has become an unjust oppressor of American organizations operating south of the Rio Grande. With the present state of political affairs in Mexico, it would be preposterous to suppose that the Church was on the offensive, yet the article might lead some of its less intelligent readers to believe so. The most important part of the article, concerning motions condemning immorality and divorce, was not only relegated to the last paragraph, but was left unheralded in the headline.

At the same time it is peculiar to note that the secular press has given little or no consideration to the fact that several Mexican states, under the leadership of atheistic governors and officials, have decreed that there shall be only one or two Catholic priests for every one hundred thousand in population. This in a nation that is predominately Catholic!

Instead of producing such articles and head lines like that of December 8th, the Associated Press and its con-

stituents could do the world at large a real service by giving the actual plight of the Church in Mexico. A news gathering organization should also remember that improperly arranged headlines and stories can easily create religious dissent in these already troubled United States. It is to be regretted that the desire for the sensational in newspapers often overrides their trust to present facts in the proper light.

Campus Briefs

AS HELL WEEK OPENS . . .
Frosh traveling up and down stairs crab-wise . . . George Bachman's tennis shoes . . . Mustari's "eight-fifteen by the sun-dial" . . . George Fleming carrying Bob Delaney's train . . . and stick . . . Harry Rutecki and Nick the Noble Farrell . . . "Who am I?" . . . "Tiger, tiger, burning bright!" . . . Mancini and Bill McGuire dueling with sabres with the honors of rooms 201 and 205 at stake . . . "Where's Terry?" . . . "Yes sir, no sir, oh, sir, please sir, and Mr. Ahern sir, when you speak to me!" . . . "Don't forget to dust that desk, Frosh!" . . . McNally and his hair yet uncombed . . . those letters to Santa Claus . . . co-ed regulations . . . a la Marie Smole . . . general subjugation.

In this time of widespread disorder, when Father Maguire brings his own pencil to class, the Almeroths forget to pound on our ceiling, and Paul LaoRoque gets letters we should be having, we feel that we may be pardoned for a slight oversight. It seems that Pete Laffey did intend to replace that tooth before basketball season opened. In fact, Pete replaced it almost before the last edition was off the press—and that without giving us due notice. But Einstein Wirken got out his trig book and figured that Pete was all wrong. Many thanks, Einstein, for retaining the integrity of the Briefs. Anyhow, the tooth's out again.

And it's high time that something was done about that tooth, too. What with Pete making the All-American Funnymen team and requests for photos of his smiling countenance, the lad (quote Jim Hunt) is running in circles. To smile or not to smile—

But Pete's All-American exclusiveness was short lived. Now Mike Bernatovicz pops up with a selection on the All-American Jaw-Breaker combination. Congrats, Mike!

Santa Claus played St. Viator a premature visit this week, but, strangely enough, visited only Ed Hunt and Tommy Ahern. Total lot included one Christmas tree, complete with light, seven cigarette butts, two boxes matches, one-half pair sox, one ready-tied necktie, one broken pencil, and one half-eaten bar candy.

As this is being written, our beloved roomie is busily preparing to divorce us. Grounds are given as cruelty on the person of one Ralph Mancini consisting of requiring him to draw an acceptable likeness of Judith Wood; incompatibility, consisting of persistent refusal to read Shelly and Keats, lack of sympathy with Ethelbert Nevin's "Little Boy Blue," lack of distinguished and dignified bearing owing to possession of largest pair of ears and largest nose in school, refusal to adopt an English accent; and moral turpitude, consisting of persistent reading of Ballyhoo, Harper's, Scribners, Forum, and Outlook. Puff Romary and Ed Hunt have been named co-respondents. And in the face of this loss and these deeply paining charges we must be gay. Laugh, clown, laugh—the Briefs must go on!

This space reserved for our weekly crack at Chuck Carney.

And now as Juniors, we sit back and prepare to pat ourselves on the back for membership in Viator's most progressive class. Anyhow, the class with the most progressive leaders. If you want to know what we mean, ask anyone about the party Ed Gorman and the class held.

Still, we must register the one kick we heard on that affair. John McGrath is the objector. Seems that Gill Middleton—who had been very much in attendance—woke John from a sound sleep at about three o'clock Tuesday morning, shouting "No! No! No, no, no!" Handsome Jack further alleges that since the party Middleton, hitherto a model roommate, annoys him by talking in his sleep and drawing pictures on all the available theme paper during his waking hours.

First call for debaters—and a good turnout. Scrimmage next week, bring your tuxes, gang.

We are at a loss to explain the phenomenal demand for photos of Don Anderson among the co-eds. How come, how come?

CONNED FROM THE LECTURE ROOM

"The 'Bridge of San Luis Rey' is a novel with its tale cut off."

"Literature has a higher function than concerning itself with the blushes of maidenly cheeks."

GENERAL WARNING—The supply of onions recently acquired by Ed Weber will be sufficient to carry him until Feb. first, according to the computations of the Viatorian statistician, Frank Wirken.

The flag-rush uncovered an unusual number of dry-land sailors among the upper-classmen. And how those boys could tie knots! For confirmation see Emmerson Dexter, Louie Zarza, Joe Gorman, Pat Fullam, or any of the other forcibly detained Frosh. Jim O'Connell seemed to be the most efficiently jailed of all, though, and Jim wasn't tied. Don't ask us why, lady, don't ask us why.

Continuing our regular exposees, Jim Dugan's middle name is "Daniel", Dexter's is Voyles, and Doyle's is "Hubert."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, and hang the expense!

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The Poetry of William Butler Yeates

by JAMES DUGAN

I can think of no expression more appropriate as an introduction to the poetry of William Butler Yeats than that of Lord Dunsany: "There is a mystic land beyond the twilight zone, which to the imaginative Celt is more real than the things that are." And indeed one would have to search far for a more concise summing up of the spirit and philosophy of the great Irish singer, than is contained in that single line. For there is in his sweet, clear music a hunger beyond all human hunger, a desire outreaching all desire, a longing after the infinite, and a haunting wistfulness that is the echo of an overflowing spirit rendered inarticulate from ecstasy. He writes from a heart steeped in the simple and beautiful traditions of generations of country folk, who saw Omnipotence in Nature and felt a craving to hold communion with the mystery that they read in the sigh of the wind through the treetops, and the movement of dark shadows across the moon. He has become the spokesman for a paradoxical race—a race that is known for its firm adherence to Christianity, and yet that preserves enough of the old pagan imagination to people the surrounding world with an unseen yet all-seeing life. His poetry thus, is alive with a dual life—it is Christianized paganism, and the two are blended so deftly, and so skillfully interwoven, that in reading it, it seems to strike all the senses at once with an equal and harmonious force—one feels that he is hearing it, seeing it, tasting it,—in a word, he is but a chord on which the hand of the master has touched and his vibrational response is not of his own doing, but of him that strikes the note.

For me, the creed of Yeats is best summed up in his own words in one of his later poems:

"I would be as ignorant as the dawn
That merely stoed rocking the glittering coach
Above the cloudy shoulders of the horses;
I would be—for no knowledge is worth a straw—
Ignorant and wanton as the dawn."

As all poets must be, Yeats is a patient and laborious artist. Those delicately lovely phrases that seem to have sprung up quietly as moonlight over placid waters are the fruits of hard effort. Says the poet: "A line will take us hours maybe; Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought, Our stitching and unstitching has been naught."

It is in the early poetry of Yeats that we find in an especial manner the greatest display of imagination and the singularly wistful loveliness that characterizes his work. We will take one of his first great works, *The Wanderings of Oisín*, as an illustration. Here indeed, is a great poem. Here the glamour and romance of the Celtic folk-tale is woven into the haunting strains of wild, sweet music. Edmund Wilson says: "It stains a kind of Shelleyan fluidity with Keatsian richness of color." The elemental magic that the Celt finds in nature, and the fairies, that through some more penetrating vision he is able to see sometimes disporting themselves among the mists of moonlight, are found in almost all of the early poems of Yeats. In *The Wanderings of Oisín*, however, the fairies are not the usual mischievous imps of field and forest, but majestic figures, sorrowful and glad. To banish sorrow is their chief occupation, and yet there is a note of poignant sadness in their songs. Here are some se-

lections from the poem:

"Tis sad remembering, sick with years,
The swift innumerable spears,
The long-haired warriors, the spread feast,
And love in the hours when youth has ceased."

With brilliant metaphor the poet describes the unearthly maiden:

"His mistress was more mild and fair
Than doves that moaned round Emain's hall
Among the leaves of the laurel wall,
And feared always the bow-string's twanging.
Her eyes were soft as dewdrops hanging

Upon the grass-blades' bending tips,
And like a sunset were her lips,
A stormy sunset o'er doomed ships."

Oisín, a Fenian prince "fair above All men, and stronger of his hands," is loved by a fairy maid who comes for him from the Island of the Living across the seas. He returns with her "across the oily sea" and together with her and "the singing maids and men" a hundred earthly years slip by. The old human urge at last prevails upon Oisín; he desires to return to his native land. The fairies standing on the shore gazing after him sing sadly, and

"The singing melted in the night;
The isle was over now and gone;
The mist closed round us; pearly light
On horse and sea and saddle shone."

And then does the great steed carry him to the Island of Victories where another hundred years he spends feasting, and fighting a demon thing. The urge upon him again, he stops at the Island of Forgetfulness, and for a century sleeps and dreams of the Fenians of old. Awakening, back to Ireland the white horse carries him, and touching his native earth, he is made mortal again. Thus, bowed with the weight of three hundred years, he laments the loss of the old gods and weeps because he cannot return to his fairy maiden in the far-off, joyous isle.

Singularly rich is the language of Yeats. His metaphors are unsurpassed, and the subdued yet infinitely beautiful music leaves a mark upon the soul. Here are some lines from another of his early poems—*The Phantom Ship*:

"Prayed those forgotten fishers,
till in the eastern skies
Came olive fires of morning and on the darkness fed,
By the slow heaving ocean—mumbling mother of the dead."

The later poetry of Yeats, while still rhythmically lovely, does not seem to have breathed into it the living spirit of the poet. The imagination is not given free rein as it is in the early work. Curiously enough, lines from one of the early poems seem to me to typify the spirit of these later ones. I quote from *The Song of the Last Arcadian*:

"The woods of Arcady are dead
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Grey Truth is now her painted toy."

With Yeats, however, the least imaginative poem surpasses any other poets best. The poems *On a Picture of a Black Centaur*, *Meditations in Time of Civil War*; and *Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen* are typical examples.

Often too, does Yeats slip on the singing robes of an old Irish bard. Thus "Aedh Hears the Cry of the Sedge":

"I wander by the edge
Of this desolate lake
Where wind cries in the sedge;
Until the axle break
That keeps the stars in their round
And hands hurl in the deep
The banners of East and West
And the girdle of light is unbound,
Your head will not lie by the breast
Of your beloved in sleep."

The Wild Swans at Coole is a very beautiful and original example of the later poetry. It begins:

"The trees are in their autumn beauty,
The woodland paths are dry
Under the October twilight the water
Mirrors a still sky;
Upon the running water among the stones
Are nine and fifty swans."

He has seen them autumn after autumn for years; as he watches them they rise and wheel in the sky; he has changed but they have not; floating on the water or climbing the air

"Their hearts have not grown old
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,
Attend upon them still."

It is in the poems of Yeats that one finds the final incarnation of the Celtic spirit—that sense of infinite longing, something remote and unattainable, of wistfulness and melancholy, of a sort of homeliness of the soul. Perhaps the loveliest expression of that spirit is in *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*. Pathos is there, and in its mournful music one "imagines the soul of all humanity like a lost child crying," but above all it is a supremely beautiful song.

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for a ways night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core."

INTRA-MURALS START IMMEDIATELY AFTER VACATION.

Carney Announces Opening of Sport.

James Carney, Manager of Athletics, announces that the resumption of school after the Christmas holidays will mark the opening of intra-mural basketball.

The beautiful individual prizes awarded last year will be recalled and serve as an added incentive to encourage the entire student body to engage in this sport.

Intra-murals are sponsored by St. Viator College in accordance with the aim of the college to build a "sound mind in a sound body." In view of this fact, all of those students not on the Varsity are encouraged to enter this activity.

LaRocque: "Can a goose stand on one leg?"

Legris: "Why don't you try it and see?"

The Melancholy That Is Millay's

by FRANCIS LARKIN

I heard of a great poetess. She had sprung, it would seem, into existence over night; and although mature in reason and judgment, hers was a child-like perception that looked upon the world in a strange, sad, melancholy manner.

And she registered her impressions of that world in beautiful lyrics, and in sonnets (for she possessed a natural gift of imagery, and had studied the sonnet form of Shakespeare).

The world came to her, and laid wreaths at her feet; for she sounded a new tone in poetry, an unconventional, appealing, troubled tone.

It was discovered that none who spoke of her could substantiate his analysis; each attitude was prejudiced, in her favor or against it.

Some College Professors said among themselves, "Let us go to her abode in order that we may learn, finally and conclusively, why she writes as she does, and what is her inspiration." They did.

She replied, "My poetry is mostly about things that anybody has experienced. My images are homely, right out of the earth; so that the figures which I use have an age-old simplicity about them. All my poems are the result of hard work; and I simply adore gardening, swimming and walking."

The Professors departed in peace, for they felt that she had said nothing which could prohibit them from continuing to confuse their neophytes.

Edna St. Vincent Millay may well be called an enigma; but not in the sense that Chesterton is in his astounding power of paradox, nor as Swift in the subtle irony of his pamphlets. She is more emotional than Chesterton, and more human than Swift. Her true personality is so hidden in melancholy, that, in spite of the simplicity of her poems, and the conventionality of her meter and form, most persons who read her poetry are prone to think that she is very excellent, or very poor, as a poet; and are unable to explain why. She seems to strike a responsive chord in some, and it is these who most admire her. These, we are told, continually try to find themselves and their own emotions mirrored in one of her stanzas; for her melancholy is very pleasant.

The spokesman of the generation from 1917 to 1925, she has expressed, better than anyone else, its literary feelings; but although many claim that she is a combination of solemnity and levity, I have never been able to discern the latter attribute in her. To me she is the essence of seriousness.

No lumbering philosophy hinders the progress of her poems. She is the personal poet; and speaks frankly, as in a heart to heart talk. This personal tone is a development of that of her immediate predecessors, and especially Louise Imogene Guiney. Her poetry may never attain that pinnacle which claims the genius of Shakespeare and Dante, but to deny it a place in worthwhile literature is unthinkable. Miss Millay, insofar as this point is concerned, is like Byron; and like him, she writes of the wild, the young and rebellious. This unseasoned perception holds little of power to create, to give self-consistence to visions and concepts, or to express a thought so forcibly and completely as Dante has done in a single line. Miss Millay uses symbols naturally, much as an ordinary person does when he wishes to develop an unusual idea.

The lyrics compose the least valuable portion of her poetry. They are too manifest, too narrow in conception, for truly great specimens; somehow, they remind me of those which Burns wrote, expressing the

passion, humor, or sentiment of the hour. To the last one, they cry out the sincerity of the author; and in the reading of them, one finds himself drawn unconsciously into the mood which distinguishes the poem. This is a wonderful power of Millay; and if the yet tremendous regard for a Burns be an augury, she will rule in the hearts of generations to come. A redeeming feature in her lyrics is an occasional fiery burst of inspiration, culminating in one or two lines. In Spring,

"It is not enough, that yearly
down this hill,
April

Comes like an idiot babbling and
strewing flowers,"

we find the accomplishment of that which every poet would do—introduce a grave question, or doubt, or sentiment into the mind of the reader. In this instance, we are confronted with a strange paradox: Nature, logically simple, beautiful, and direct, but insane! Shakespeare would have smiled in sympathy with the characterization. Then there is the passage,

"I am waylaid by Beauty. Who
will walk

Between me and the crying of
the Frogs?

Oh, savage Beauty, suffer me to
pass,

That am a timid woman, on her
way

From one house to another."

Here we find a deep passion for beauty in the author, and an appreciation of her own weakness. The concluding line stops the emotion very abruptly; so that we have it confined, in all its intensity, within those few lines; and may refer to it as to a file.

In order to discover the authentic, real Millay, we have to turn to her sonnets; and it is judged that at least one-half of these are poor. Notwithstanding, Wordsworth compelled his critics to discard score after score of lyrics before those were discovered which should make his name immortal as the Poet of Nature. So it is with Millay. Her peculiar, melancholic impulse has kept from immortality many an almost perfect sonnet. In many of them, she is far too sentimental, although most sincere. If there is one of her sonnets which will be added to the truly great ones in the history of literature, it is this:

"Not with libations, but with
shouts and laughter

We drenched the altars of Love's
sacred grove,

Shaking to earth green fruits, impatient
after

The launching of the colored moths
of Lover.

Love's proper myrtle and his mother's
zone

We bound about our irreligious
brows,

And fettered him with garlands of
our own,

And spread a banquet in his frugal
house.

Not yet the god has spoken; but
I fear

Though we should break our bodies
in his flame,

And pour our blood upon his altar,
here

Henceforward is a grove without a
name,

A pasture to the shaggy goats of
Pan,

Whence flee forever a woman and
a man."

I base this conviction upon the theory of poetry that it must appertain to Life, or human beings; then, it must be moral, although, despite the publications of our W. C. T. U.'s to the contrary, poetry may be writ-

Continued on back page. (Col. 2)



After all fellows You'll have to admit that this Christmas tree business is rather "shady."

But everyone should try to have the true Christmas spirits.

You don't need to be a college rah-rah boy, tho, to participate in the Christmas cheer.

The little office girl that wrote Santy to "please send her some nice male" had the true Christmas spirit.

So did the Scotchman who, the night before Christmas, told his children that there wasn't any Santy Claus.

And so have the registrars—for they promise every student, co-eds not excepted, blue or pink slips when they are late for class.

* * * * *

The Sorority sure can cook—their fallen angel-food cake was superb.

* * * * *

Despite the Christmas rush only one business is "improving,"—and that is the beauty shops' business.

* * * * *

Prof.—What made the Tower of Pisa lean?
Foey—The College cafeteria, I suppose.

Prof.—Fine, Foey. Now tell the class the outstanding date in Roman History.

Foey—Cleopatra, without a doubt.

Prof.—Splendid, Foey. Why can't I have more intelligent students like that.

* * * * *

That was a splendid speech you gave in class, Oscar. With your histrionic ability you should make your mark in the world.

Do you really think so?

Yes, A man with your powers should become a great trappist.

* * * * *

The astronomy students, altho they may take in a few revues and musical comedies this vacation, propose to continue their study of heavenly bodies.

* * * * *

Why is it that, when a Latin student begins to translate, he ends up in a "comma?"

* * * * *

Fair dancer—Do you think that an angel could dance on the point of a pin?

Enraptured partner—I know one angel that could.

* * * * *

They say that the Hollywood directors even insisted on showing Carideo how to kick a football.

* * * * *

The old grammar-school sentence, "THE FARMER HAS BINS" has been corrected and now reads, "THE FARMER HAS BEENS."

* * * * *

It's a dangerous sign, the doctor haid,
As he lowered his eyes and shook his head
At the theatre bill-board.

* * * * *

I'm a born violinist—Well there is no use harping about it.

* * * * *

A Pessimist is—one who still thinks the world is "flat."

A Bigamist is—one who marries a pretty girl and a good housewife.

A Bakery Magnet—one who has lots of dough.

A ring artist—one who puts his man on canvas.

A beauty parlor—an expensive place that lifts women's faces and makes husbands' faces fall.

* * * * *

Latest news—All about the big city loot.

* * * * *

Another great problem that besets us is—Why do running pants cost more than non-run pants.

* * * * *

I'm making a study of baldness among women.

You should meet my girl.

I said baldness.

.. Cupid's Column ..

Dear Jack,

Hello, everyone! It has been quite a while since we last greeted you from the pages of the Viatorian. We hope that you have not missed us too little. There are several letters that have been received and answered in the meantime. A few of the more typical ones are selected in the expectation that some particle of wisdom or comfort may be derived from them. Here is one that is somewhat afiel, but which was answered as well as possible.

Dear Jack,

I am one of those individuals who has the unfortunate tendency to take to heart the rebukes meant for others. Sometimes they are meant for myself, in that case, it is all well and good, but at other times I take it upon myself to become angry for those others at whom the criticism is leveled. The result is somewhat in the form of a complete scholastic breakdown on my part. I refuse to study, and feel that nothing is worth the effort required to attain it.

M. T.

My dear young man,

It is not with the greatest of concern that I look upon your difficulty. I feel that you are more the victim of your own temperament and self will than anything else. However that may be, your best answer is to overlook the personal element that might have entered into the rebuke. Try to realize that the wisdom of it may be of the utmost importance to him for whom it was meant. If that persons happens to be yourself, take the suggestion calmly then deliberately set out to overcome the objectionable quality.

We hear again from our old friend, William Lansel, whose difficulties in reconciling the conflicting personalities of Lucy, his over affectionate collie, and Isabella, his estranged fiancée, led him to seek our advice.

Dear Jack,

From the depths of a heart that is overflowing with gratitude for your most opportune assistance, I thank you. You will remember that you advised me to give Lucy a severe lecture on his duties in the matter of her master's love affair. I tried this, but it only seemed to increase the toughness of her moral sensibilities. She remained utterly adamant. I was about to give up the task in despair. I was frantic, and then I remembered the fig cream pie. I had one concocted and served it to her myself. The result was nothing short of wonderful. The creamy richness of the meringue seemed to melt her calloused emotions. She lapped it up with great ado. After the last tiny bit was eaten, she came to where I was sitting watching anxiously. She put her beautiful nose in my hands, and looked up into my eyes with her liquid brown eyes, pools of limpid affection, and dumbly begged my pardon. I was overjoyed. I sprang for the extension telephone and called Isabella. I told her, with unconcealed rapture in my voice, that Lucy had at last relented, that now our happiness was to be complete. There was a moment of hesitation on her part, and then she responded with equal joy that she loved Lucy even more than myself. It is a dream come true. We are going on our honeymoon trip, and Lucy is delighted to ride in the rumble seat. She is a wonderful dog! It seems as though nothing is now lacking to my portion of happiness.

Ever your grateful friend,

William Lansel.

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BEST FOOTBALL SEASON IN YEARS REACHES CLIMAX

Numerous Stars On Grid-iron In Past Year.

In summarization of the Irish football season THE VIATORIAN, as the representative of the student body wishes to extend to those men who fought for the glory of the Purple and Gold the most sincere appreciation of the student body. We are proud to have these men fighting for Viator and placing her among the first in the sports world.

To the men at the helm, Coach Bucky Dahman and Assistant Coach Jack Corcoran, the appreciation of the school is extended. Although their task was nearly impossible, they have passed through one of the most successful seasons in the history of St. Viator.

Record of Season.

The record of the season shows four victories and three defeats, the best season the Saints have had in years. They scored seventy-three points to their opponents thirty-three. Playing the best teams in the Little Nineteen the Saints were defeated by Bradley and DeKalb. These two games were closely contested and lost by narrow margins.

The followers of the Green Wave are assured of a championship team next year. The fact that this is Dahman's first year in full charge of training the Purple and Gold warriors indicates that with another year he will develop a superb team to carry the Irish battle flag.

ITEMS FROM OLD VIATORIANS.

Eleven years ago Coach Finnegan had just completed a fairly successful football season, after having to contend with much green material.

On Good Friday evening 1921, Very Rev. Father Kirley, C. S. V., then President of the College, delivered a religious address over Station KYW in Chicago.

The issue for December 1922 carried an excellent article about the Christmas customs in foreign lands, written by the now Rev. Paul H. Kurzynski, '23.

Viator's 1922-23 basketball schedule called for twenty-eight games. Among the larger foes to be met that season were Notre Dame, Loyola, University of Detroit, and the Arkansas Aggies.

On December 14, 1922, Benson's Victor Recording Orchestra played for an all school dance which was held in the old College gym.

The publication for June 1923 contained numerous testimonials from Colleges all over the country as to the excellence of the literary articles that had been appearing in the Viatorian for that year.

In December 1925 John Ryan and James Dalrymple won the twenty-five dollar cash reward for composing the present school song.

In Little 19 Camps . .

Although the football season has passed into oblivion we still see various all-conference elevens being selected and it will be our honest endeavor to select an all-opponents' eleven. The men will be picked upon the merits they displayed while competing against St. Viator.

Here goes:

L. E.	Pace	DeKalb
L. T.	Blazine	Ill. Wesleyan
L. G.	Monroe	Bradley
C.	Blohm	Elmhurst
R. G.	Kerries	McKendree
R. T.	McEllwain	Charleston
R. E.	Davies	Elmhurst
Q. B.	Mustapha	DeKalb
L. H.	Woods	Ill. College
R. H.	McClarence	Bradley
F. B.	Esterdahl	(Bradley)

Kenneth Clothier and Billy Meehan, both graduates of the Little 19, are continuing in their basketball rivalry. For four years in College these two boys were matched against each other and now both are playing professional basketball on opposing teams. Clothier manages Horkins "Past-times" of Bloomington, while Billy is captain of Jimmy Connor's "Empires" of Springfield. Incidentally, the "Empires" defeated the Bloomington delegation Sunday, to the tune of 24-10.

John Conley, former student of St. Viator, is playing great basketball down at State Normal this year. Although the champion Normal teams of last year are still intact Conley will, nevertheless, see plenty of action.

George Musso, the giant tackle on Leo Johnson's Millikin football team has been chosen captain for the season of 1932. Musso has been an All-Conference choice for the past two years.

St. Viator athletic teams are doing their bit to help the unemployed by playing a charity game with DePaul of Chicago at the Stadium. After all, athletics have their good points.

Did you know that in the past four years Millikin University of Decatur has lost but two conference games and both of these losses meant championships. Yes, competition is pretty keen in the "little ole 19 camps."

The results of the Little 19 meeting in Chicago failed to startle the athletic world. The much discussed question of the removal of the eight semester rule was postponed until next year.

Harold Blohm, center of the 1931 Elmhurst grid outfit, was chosen captain of the '32 squad. Blohm has established quite a unique record for time in regards to college competition. Altogether he has 960 minutes of consecutive playing to his credit.

In conclusion this column conveys to everyone its wish that they have A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Coach "Bucky" Dahman.



Two years ago "Bucky" Dahman came to St. Viator College. With the departure of Sam McAllister, Bucky assumed the responsibility of leading the Viator Cagers through one of their most successful seasons on the hard-wood. In the 1930-31 season, the Green Wave swept over all of the powerful aggregations with which it was confronted. DePaul's Blue Demons fell before the greatest offensive and defensive machine seen on the Viator floor in recent years. Innumerable other victories were chalked up by the Dahmanites. The football season just past marks a yet greater achievement by this mentor of Viator football. Casting aside the demon of hard luck that pursued former Viator gridiron squads, Dahman lead the Irish through a season, the like of which for wins may be found only in the ancient history of St. Viator sports. Under his leadership the Saints are assured of another great basketball season.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS COLLEGES.

Early last month the Elmhurst College sociologists took a field trip to Chicago's near North Side.

The American Government class of Millikin University visited the State Capitol on November 30th, in order to secure a closer insight of the proceedings of the legislative bodies on the question of taxes.

Augustana has just completed a successful inter-class basketball tournament.

The Wheaton Record recently carried a feature article on the number and contents of college papers that come to its editorial desk during the course of a single month.

Southern Illinois State Normal's (Carbondale) stunt show for Homecoming was entitled, "The Depressions of 1931."

Each year the staff of Illinois State Normal's year book, the Index, sponsors a contest for the most representative students and faculty members.

Critique

Ye Ed.: The campus has been the scene of another of those barbarous and uncouth things termed, by supposedly educated and sensible men, "Flag Rushes." In common, everyday occurrence, these things are called riots and, as such, they are subject to police action. Since we are college men, we find a nice collegiate name for this form of activity and are immune from the invasion of the police.

We, who are supposed to be influenced by higher education, allow ourselves to degrade into the shiftless and puerile form of entertainment denominated "mob fighting." The newspapers and eye-witnesses to this spectacle reported that clothes were torn to shreds. Of course we might interpret this phase of the affair in that the gentlemen (-) engaged in the combat, if one might call it that, were merely trying to assist those merchants suffering from the economic depression. Perhaps. But I daresay, with a safe margin of security, that such a commendable thought did not enter the minds of even two people engaged in the battle.

The thought uppermost in their minds was destruction! That barbaric instinct that man supposedly had rid himself of with the acquisition of civilization and culture appeared once again. I see no difference in those men grappling with each other than in the struggle of beasts. Men were created for the betterment of the universe. If this sort of action is bettering the world, I would like to know in what way the established order may be degraded.

For hours these supposedly educated college students carried on in a manner that would not be becoming to the lowest of animals. Yet they deemed it great sport. The battle was stopped by the intervention of the faculty.

And for what is all of this trouble? It is caused by that most insane idea that freshmen in college should be ground to the earth. Why make this distinction outside of the scholastic field if it must cause such turmoil? I understand that the classification is necessary for educational records, but I do not see the necessity of carrying it any further.

Let us hope that, as years go by, this foolish tradition will be abandoned, especially at St. Viator College. If it must continue, let it be held within the boundary of the campus, both in action and report, and not have it plastered on the front page of the local paper.

(Signed) Crazy, Maybe!

COLLEGE CLUB PLANS PLAY

Under the direction of Martin Too-hill, President of the College Club, the regular monthly meeting was held Monday evening, December Fourteenth. Plans were made for the next dance, to be held at the Hotel Kankakee under the auspices of the Sophomore Class, on January Thirtieth.

To avoid the necessity of levying a fee on each member of the organization to pay its insurance, the Club decided to give a play. The revue will be written by students of St. Viator College.

After much discussion Monmouth College has voted to retain its old college loyalty song.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS BRIGHT

Dahmanites Strong.

With their moleskins packed away for another year the Irish are now devoting their time to preparation for a hard campaign on the basketball courts of the Little Nineteen. With strenuous practice sessions behind them the Saints are well on their way to conference title.

The main problem that confronts Coach Dahman is the selection of a first five. To date the squad has been handicapped by injuries received by the veterans in the football season.

The forward positions are well taken care of by Puff Romary and Pete Laffey. These boys have proven themselves invaluable to the Viator offensive. Two competent substitutes for these positions are Ken Westray and Red Harding. Westray, a reserve from last year, proved his worth and is certain to get action. Harding is small but fast and aggressive.

Hayes and Baker are contending for the pivot position with Hayes having a little better of the contention.

Ralph Karr, favorite of the fans and veteran, will hold a position at guard. For two years Karr has been the mainstay of the Saints and will be counted upon to bear the burden of the defensive work.

Ty Schwartz looked like the man for the other guard position but he unfortunately, broke his finger in a practice game. In his absence McNaughton, Greene and Sarza have been alternating at the post. McNaughton appears to have the best chance to gain the position because he has the requisite height and stature of a guard.

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EXCERPTS FROM MR. X'S DIARY

The members of the Junior Class will carry away from St. Viator as one of their most pleasant memories the recollection of the evening spent at the charming pavilion in Bird's Park in Kankakee. As they came up the winding drive to the scene of the party, a stone cottage in the style of the French Provincial, their anticipation of a happy experience was forecast by the welcoming lights shining from the long windows upon the terrace. The night was chill, but a welcoming fire burned on the hearth, and the spirit of festivity was present on every countenance. The most congenial, affable, and capable of chaperones were in attendance. In the group gathered about the fire were Mr. Edward Gallahue, and Miss Margaret O'Connell, with Prof. Harold Crawford and Miss Fern Whittington, chaperones of the affair.

There is the ever jovial Monty Weaver and Miss Hutchins who have just entered. That is John McGrath, the tall, dark, handsome fellow with Miss Mary Quigley, petite and charming. Ah! there is Mary's sister, Miss Anna Mae Quigley. Mr. James Hunt is the fortunate youth in her company. At that table near the wall is Miss Rachel Roach, and the gentleman in attendance is none other than Ralph Edson Hoover. A game of bridge is already in progress at this table. The other couple is Miss Genevieve Adams and Ken Bushman. The lady in rust Persian silk seated on the right is Miss Yvonne Lambert. The ardent youth sitting next to her and dividing his attention between bridge and conversation is Gill Middleton. Both are noted for their conversational powers, and are always greeted with pleasure in any group. Ray Wenthe and Miss Jeanette Segouin are also here. Ray is demonstrating some intricate card trick, and Miss Segouin lends her smiling approval to his cleverness.

Mr. Martin Toohill, president of the College Club, has arrived with Miss Dorothy Dyer. What smiles those two have! There is Paul "Just A Gigolo" LaRocque. Where is Miss Rose Marie Legris? There she is! And we watch a happy smile light up the features of Paul. The lady in black with the Elizabethan ruching on her collar is Miss Evangeline Legris. She is engaged in conversation with her escort, Mr. Clarence Romary. How happy he is! Miss Rosanna Gorman and James Carney are sitting at a table quite content to wait until bridge is officially begun. Mr. Edward Hunt and Miss Gertrude Patrowski are at the long window to the left of the entrance with Mr. James O'Donnell and Miss Matthews. James Laffey (aren't there a number of James'?) and Miss Rita Murphy, who was a member of the class until this year, have just arrived. Everyone is happy to see her again. Carl Lampe and Miss Wilhelmine Caron, two editors lending a touch of journalism to the affair. The tall young man who is about to speak is the class president, Mr. Edward Gorman. The young lady at his side is Miss Lucille Putz.

Everyone is introduced, then he announces that bridge is the order of the moment. The floor is in excellent condition, tonight. No wonder everyone is hesitating between bridge and dancing. But now it is time to count up scores. Miss Rose Marie Legris is the lucky one. She shows us the prize—a little old-fashioned lamp of hammered brass, electrified, but still retaining its quaint glass chimney. Someone has won a consolation prize. Why! it is Mr. Hoover. We will not tell you what it was that he received. If you ask him, he may tell you.

At eleven thirty the supper was

served. The care of the menu had been intrusted to the Misses Rosanna Gorman, Evangeline Legris, and Mr. James Laffey. No one regretted the trust. If ever another similar affair is given, they may rest assured of an opportunity to again make use of their powers. Some one suggested dancing! The orchestra was too good to resist, and so, on with the dance, until the final good night of Mr. Gorman. A mad scramble for wraps, once more in the clear, starlit night, and home to rest. Everyone joins in the chorus of "a splendid time was had by all, and we hope that this will not be the last of its kind."

SOCIAL EVENT SUCCESSFUL

The card party given under the direction of Miss Mary Taylor on December fifth in the refectory of the college was socially and financially very successful. Bridge and Five Hundred were the diversions of the evening.

Miss Catherine Adams and Mr. Gendron Legris won first prizes at Bridge, while Miss Lucille Fritz and Mr. Frank Atkins carried off the honors in Five Hundred.

While refreshments were being served, entertainment was provided by a short program arranged by Miss Marie Smole. Misses "Pat" Settlement and Mervyn Gale Fister, age four and five years respectively, held the attention of the spectators with clever impersonations and with acrobatics. Miss Mary Cruise, a very talented musician, entertained the audience with Vogrich's "Staccato Caprice." Mr. James Foohey then indulged his hobby of tap dancing. In this art Mr. Foohey is very skillful. Mr. William Riley, president of the Sophomore Class, consented to render several vocal solos. Mr. Riley is very gifted and his offerings were immensely appreciated by the students who insisted on "encores."

The success of these events has captivated the interest of the students who eagerly anticipate those to be held at future dates.

FATHER DUFALT CELEBRATES 25TH ANNIVERSARY

The Rev. P. B. Dufault, pastor of St. Rose Parish, Kankakee, Ill., and former student of St. Viator College celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on Sunday, December the thirtieth.

Father Dufault received both his high school and college training at St. Viator College during the years 1894-1902, when he graduated with high honors. As a student Father Dufault could always be found among those receiving the highest averages and grades. After having graduated from St. Viator he entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal for his theological studies. After completing his studies Father Dufault returned to Chicago where he was ordained in 1906. He served as assistant pastor of St. Anne's Church in Brighton Park for ten years. He was then transferred to St. James' Church in Irwin, where he was pastor for eight years. In 1924, Father Dufault was made pastor of St. Rose Church in Kankakee where he has served for seven years.

The event was celebrated by a solemn high mass sung by Father Dufault, with Rev. B. J. Mombela and Rev. T. U. Demarais as deacon and sub-deacon. A special mass, Gounod's Mass of the Sacred Heart, was sung by the parish choir, which added much splendor dignity to the ceremony.

BASKET BALL SCHEDULE 1931

ST. VIATORS

DePaul—Dec. 15, here.
Macomb—Dec. 18, here.
St. Thomas—Jan. 4, here.
Elmhurst—Jan. 7, here.
Wesleyan—Jan. 8, there.
DeKalb—Jan. 12, here.
DePaul—Jan. 16, there.
Bradley—Jan. 22, here.
DeKalb—Feb. 4, there.
Elmhurst—Feb. 5, there.
Macomb—Feb. 11, there.
Bradley—Feb. 12, there.
Wesleyan—Feb. 26, here.

The Melancholy

Continued From Page 3

ten on any conceivable subject. Does not this poem come up to the requirements above? Granted, there is no superlative degree of assonance here, nor skill in euphony; but in place of these, there is the more human, sensuous but direct style of a great mind. (But now I am becoming guilty of flattery.) Fourteen lines in which to create a perfect poem, constitutes quite an assignment. Yet, Millay has done this again and again, so far as the development of her thought is concerned, but, while she renders us critically satisfied, the melancholia present in the sonnet leaves us emotionally disturbed. Disillusionment lurks about even the ink with which they are written.

To quote a Critic in the Chicago Times: "Her poems play with the griefs that come as the obituaries of love. And they contain an ironical sadness. They are the half-humorous apologies for the failures of emotions; and they are a more promising, if unfortunate, symptom of the feminine emancipation from illusion than twelve birth clinics and a score of suffrage rallies."

Yes, she has done that; and in the doing, has left us some beautiful, if puzzling, poems. Many claim that she is a rank sentimentalist, and perhaps that may be true. But is not that preferable to cynicism, the Destructive Force on human nature?

We are tutored these days, in the pretty art of subjective criticism. Impressionism is heralded as the main attribute of an educated man. But we must conform with Good Taste (or objective criticism) in our critical association of ideas, or we shall be branded as ignorant fabricators.

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What a binding freedom! Today, there can be no such thing as the "enjoyment which comes before comprehension." We must be obedient little Rationalists, always giving ten reasons to substantiate our convictions, (except when it comes to Religion.) Perhaps, some day, they may perfect a machine into which a newly published poem may be inserted, and through a process of photosynthesis, the poem's literary value can be indicated immediately.

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