

The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

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The Banquet

There is a new star in Viator's sky that promises to gain lustre as the years roll by. This was best evidenced by the enthusiastic spirit manifested at the Annual Banquet held at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Tuesday evening, February 10th, where elaborate plans were discussed to strengthen the bonds of unity in the ranks of the Alumni, and to inject new life into that organization. Almost every class from 1874 to the present was represented. The cause of Viator, its problems and its ambitions, was ably advanced by a well chosen array of speakers, some of whose remarks are recorded in this issue. The approach of the midnight hour marked the close of one of the most interesting as well as eventful evenings in the history of Viator's Alumni.

PROGRAM

Toastmaster.....	Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07 President Alumni Association, Urbana, Ill.
Viator's Outlook.....	Rev. T. E. Shea, '18 Bloomington, Ill.
The Old College Home.....	Rev. P. C. Conway, '84 Pastor, Nativity, Chicago, Ill.
President's Message.....	Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., '05 President, St. Viator College
The Old College Town.....	Hon. Judge H. Ruel, '95 Kankakee, Ill.
Viator's Athletes.....	Rev. E. M. Kelly, C. S. V., '09 St. Viator College
Viator's G. O. P.....	Hon. James G. Gondon, '91 Chicago, Ill.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

THE FOUR MINUTE MEN

We Must All Hang Together.....	Mr. Frank C. Rainey, '08 Chicago, Ill.
Peoria Viator Boys.....	Mr. Edward T. O'Connor, '16 Peoria, Ill.
The Youngsters	Mr. John F. Cox, '17 Chicago, Ill.
Viator Extension Club.....	Edmund A. O'Connor, '24 Chicago, Ill.
The Verdict.....	Mr. Lowel A. Lawson, '15 Chicago, Ill.

Address of L. M. O'Connor '07

President, Alumni Association

Very Reverend President, Reverend Fathers, and the rest of the faithful. We believe we are right when we call you the rest of the faithful, for the faithful, like the poor "we have always with us" and the faithful, to be sure, are present, and it is also a reassuring thought that outside the number of this gathering, there are hosts of other sons of Viator, who for one reason or another cannot be here, and who are as faithful to Alma Mater as you are; as faithful to the traditions, her teachings, her hopes, her ideals, as faithful to her progress and advance. They are the faithful who are with us tonight in spirit, pledging again the old time pledge of loyalty undimmed by the passing years. But you are here, and since largely you are the ones who always answer "here, when the roll is called at these all too few meetings, your faithfulness and loyalty like your loyalty to God, and to the Stars and Stripes, is and must always be, an unquestioned thing.

It could not be otherwise for the St. Viator college, which threw the welcoming door open for us on some smiling September day of the past, had little to receive but much to give. of the farm and of the fields, as it did for the more glib, but that door swung open wide for the gangling diffident boy no less untrained youth of the hamlets and the cities, it was as open for the boy whose few dollars were drenched in the sweat and the sacrifices of parents whose only hope left in life was the education and success of their son, as it was for those more fortunate sons of men for whom the expense of a college career meant not the slightest present or future sacrifice; that door swung as wide for the approaching student who was dull and a plodder, with no conspicuous gifts or graces, as it did for those whose talents were many, whose gifts were abundant. Nor was it a welcome that stopped at the threshold, but like all genuine welcome it was found inside, and its priceless value was that it gave us another home. This welcome to all was perhaps the first of the great gifts from Viator to her sons, given by a whole-souled, self sacrificing, generous-hearted faculty. To my mind, it was to that little republic of college life that the finest spirit of loyalty, equality and fraternity in its best sense, was due and which no other college in the country possesses in a larger degree. When we passed through those portals on the outward way for the last time as students, it was not with empty hands but laden with gifts from Alma Mater.

Though the poor were still poor, and the dull were perhaps, not yet brilliant, yet all went forth with the gift of high ideals, of fine character, of honesty of truth and with the mental equipment and training to forge from these the shining steel of successful achievement. Could it be otherwise when day after day, and year succeeding year, you had before your eyes the example of those princes of men, the Viatorian Fathers and faculty. You saw their self-sacrificing lives, you saw all their efforts bent to check when high strung youth would rush to danger. You felt that hand in sympathy and help as it lifted you up from some stumble or fall. You felt that hand as its touch warmed your heart and drove away all that was sordid and low and your heart beat high with the ideals these men inspired. You felt that hand, Oh! greatest gift upon your shoulder in the never to be forgotten thrill of sacred friendship, Just a few of her gifts, these were to you. Have they ever been far absent from your memory in appreciation. You might have pursued your college days elsewhere and done well; you could not have done better; you might have done worse; for St. Viators college bows to none as the maker of men.

But to which of us looking back across the years to our days at the college will no memory bring back to mind our warmest and truest friendships, friendships which were never lost, friendships, the bonds of which know only one earthly dissolving power, that of death. What would life be to us without those friends brought to us solely through our college association. Distance may separate, divergent work produce hurdles, new associations may be formed, but nothing quite thrills the heart so much, or stirs the soul so deeply as each recurring meeting with one of the old guard. I would not trade the friendship of one of the old bunch, nor would you for all the wealth, place or power which the world might offer. And all that, too, we owe to Alma Mater for she it was who gave them to us.

These gifts of Alma Mater to us were priceless, and in return for them we gave her what? Just a few paltry dollars tuition, just enough to keep the college going and body and soul together in her personnel. And we gave her too, a great deal of trouble, of work, of heart-ache and of worry. Does not the balance seem just a little unjust, just a little one-sided? We can never pay the debt we owe her, it is true. But we can do something toward it, we can make these meetings, which gladden her heart, more representative, more worthy of her. We can interest others in her cause, we can throng her doors with students. We can help her in her needs. We can take a real honest to-God interest in the old place. We can lay some, at

least of our treasure from time to time at her feet. We can do all this and more in thanksgiving for her gifts to us, in appreciation of our friends, her glorious leaders of youth in the cause of Catholic higher education and as a testimonial of our regard for her, who is par excellent the founder of friendships and the maker of men—St. Viator's College.

To A. E. (George Russell)
After reading his poetry

Thy soul is like unto the waning eve,
Wherein the moon of beauty takes its rise,
Resplendent with the olden melodies
Chanted in ancient Eire by fair Maeve.

For thee the earth is filled with beauty,
And men, the makers of their own high dreams,
Fashion into undying litanies
The light that only vision gleans.

Thy poesy is the wistful song of ecstasy
Made tuneful by the sad song of the Gael,
Touched into golden rhyme by thine own phantasy
Wherein thy nation hears its own low wail.

MONA LISA

In thee is all the beauty of the earth,
Made tranquil by the magic of men's tears,
Wept for lost love through all the changing years,
And garlanded with stories old as death.

J. L. T.

Viator's Grand Old President

By Hon. James G. Condon '91

On various other occasions I have been selected to express my own sentiments and the sentiments of others with respect to some outstanding individual. These men have been prominent in business and professional life, distinguished in public service and some have attained preeminence in religious life. These occasions afforded me much pleasure and gave me opportunity to speak happily of men who had achieved many fine things. Tonight when my heart is more willing than ever before in my life to speak out, I feel unable to go on. I am not confused because my mind is barren of pleasant thoughts. I feel like the man who would rather meditate than sing. It has always seemed to me that the greatest tribute one can pay another is to contemplate him in silence. We do not want to speak when we gaze upon a majestic mountain or when we look upon the fathomless deep. Such is my feeling as I stand here touching the garment of Father Marsile. Next to my own father he played the most important part in my life. I could not speak of my father, on such an occasion as this, without hesitation. I cannot speak of Father Marsile without having my heart flow over my tongue.

Before my eyes is a picture. I see clouds and sunshine in that picture. I see smiles and tears in the picture. Alongside the trees and flowers there are some weeds. Standing in the forefront, looking out through the avenue of trees into the sky, looking at the sunshine and the clouds that have passed into and over his life, I see a man saddened by the tears of others and gladdened by the smiles of others. Every boy who went through St. Viators while Father Marsile was there divided his smiles and tears with this holy and fatherly man. What I shall say about Father Marsile should not be considered by anybody as being said with the thought that I am comparing him with other men who preceded or succeeded him. In my thoughts the theme is undivided. He was a man who believed that life needed men. His concern in life was to develop men. He appreciated the mind but it was the heart that he valued. Unless there was a heart promoting the honest convictions of men the conclusions of the mind would be barren in its results. He was more concerned about men than he was about matter. It is no reflection upon the modern university to say that more men are developed into Godlike beings by that

consciousness than are evolved in the laboratory. He was not engaged in putting chasm and mountains between men. Nature provided enough of mountains and chasms. His guiding thought was to assemble men, make each friendly to the other. He saw no value in an education which started young men out into the forum of life with the notion that there was an organized multitude of men filled with a desire to destroy the happiness and rights of those less favored in brain and opportunity. He gave us the viewpoint that men were born to the image of God and bid us prepare for a friendly life among men and not a life given over to antagonism and hate.

When I think of Father Marsile I think of the story of the poet who went to the court of Elizabeth and asked for guidance in order that he might share in the lustre of that day. One of the officers of the Court in giving advice to this young poet, said: "If you want honor, if you want fame, if you want glory, sing what is in your heart." That was the great thought we received. Every boy who unfolded his heart to this lovely man had a poem written on it. It was a poem of love. Hate had no place in it for it was a poem of affection, a poem of charity, it was a poem which gave us thought of the hereafter. It was a poem which sang in beautiful verse the thought that man is greatest when he is humble.

I can see him in the simple joyful bright happiness of his heart. A boy might appear dull. He was never humiliated by Father Marsile. When a boy had a brilliant mind, Father Marsile made him feel the consciousness of it. In doing so he never made others feel jealous or unhappy. Every ambition seemed to be felt by him and every inclination towards any particular ability was fostered and encouraged by him. When a rule was violated Father Marsile did not call our attention to the fact that a rule was violated. He went to the fundamental principle behind the rule and pointed out the difference between right and wrong, and then with that tenderness which only he could express he would say: "What would your father or mother think if they knew what you had done." Always bringing to your minds the example of the home while we were receiving at his hands and from those around him the blessings of knowledge and education.

Every happiness that came into our lives gave him joy. You know it is not possible for me to express adequately my concept of this man. God gave all of us the heart to feel the spirit of this noble character, but he denied to us the power fully to express it in words. His spirit thrills my heart, but I cannot portray it. You saw him as he moved about the campus and halls in the early days. You could see when he was hurt at some act of misconduct.

You could see when he was pleased, when his heart was full of hope for you. A chord of music would lighten his face, a picture would brighten his countenance.

I think the sweetest memory I have of Father Marsile was the occasion when the beautiful stained glass window was placed in the old chapel. My recollection is that it was a Christ Child Among the Doctors. The afternoon sun fell upon it gloriously. I do not remember just how I happened there but I have never forgotten Father Marsile as he looked at that wonderful window for the first time. It is just as plain before my eyes as if it were but yesterday. Every thought, every recollection that history could give him of the subject of that picture seemed to make his countenance beatific. And to me it made the picture more wonderful. I had only a partial conception of its story and magnificance but I felt the presence of this rare man by my side and in my youthful heart the Christ child was greater because he was adored by Father Marsile. That day may seem to be a dramatic incident and yet it is only an example of the every day life that all of us had under his protection and guidance.

He had dark days too, very dark days. And this being the month of Lincoln I am reminded of an incident in Lincoln's life. It is told that after Lincoln had been at Washington in Congress and when his political career seemed to be at an end, Herdon, his partner, sent out a notice that there would be a reception for him. Both went to the hall, waited for an hour or two, nobody came and just as they were about to depart an old man walked into the hall, expressing his great joy at seeing Mr. Lincoln. Very soon thereafter Mr. Lincoln pulled down the shades, Mr. Herndon put out the lights and both of them went home. Within two years after that day Lincoln was nominated President of the United States. He had a great idea and never abandoned it. His soul was set on building for the future. Temporary disappointment meant but little. In those dark days when fire levelled old St. Viators, Father Marsile gave renewed vitality to the thought that in old Bourbonnais there should be a home for youth and hopes. He was surrounded by willing hearts but at times they thought it was hopeless to think of building there again. He clung to his ideal with constancy and steadfastness and on the old site he rebuilt a place where the spirit of God will ever prevail.

Fifty years a Priest. Sixty years a member of the Viatorian Order. It has been said that nearly every man worth while must have had a wonderful mother. I never saw Father Marsile's mother. I have often imagined her. There is no greater joy in life, my good friends, than to realize the character of

a man and then contemplate in your own mind his mother. That mother who instilled into his heart that devotion to youth and its hopes which called forth his life's effort must have been a lovely woman. She must have been a woman full of the spirit of goodness and of joy. We would fail in our desire to honor you, Father Marsile, if we remained silent as to her; for fifty years you have earned the love and affection of boys and the everlasting gratitude of their fathers and mothers. You came to the prairies of Illinois a stranger to the language of her people but attuned to their heart beats. Your aspirations found a fertile soil and on it you worked with fey or and enthusiasm. You remember us in your prayers whether we have succeeded or failed in the drive for success. You still stand erect, you think to-day with that very keen mind as swiftly as you did years ago. I am told that you have just finished writing the story of the New France in verse. Your beloved home land has always been a part of your life. You have been true to its memories, but always loyal to our land and your adopted home. You may be remembered long as a writer of verses, but you can never by the work of pen win finer place in the minds and hearts of men than you have won in the love and affection of all the boys who remember you as their college father.

By that little river down in the woods near Bourbonnais you took us as boys. Its stream poured into the broader rivers and thence on to the sea. Just as the mighty ocean has its beginning in the pure waters that are carried from the hill-sides and through the rivers, you contemplated the boy as he should be in the fullness of manhood. You saw the sea of life. You sent coursing through his young body a stream of virtue and goodness that made him strong in the presence of danger, hopeful amidst despair and clean even when surrounded by corruption. Your achievements have given the worthy men who have followed you as the teachers of youth the inspiration to carry on with the same fire and vigor that moved you. So long as they maintain the spirit of love and good will that urged you they will prosper and your boys will be loyal to old St. Viator. That is your wish. We will not disappoint you. Father Marsile, the old boys of your day and the boys who followed them bid me to offer you our reverence and love. It is the biggest reward you can claim on this earth. We ask God to bless you and when He calls you to His home we pray that you will then have the reward that can only come to angels.

Response, Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V.

No one who attended the banquet will forget the inspiring picture Father Marsile made when he arose in response to Mr. Condon's speech. The winesome charm of his regal personality was never more captivating. The golden aura of his patriarchal virtue was hidden beneath the crown of silver with which a life of distinguished service has adorned his noble brow.

His voice was low and trembling. There were tears and smiles, laughter and pathos and love in its silvery cadence. Slowly he raised his finger to clear his vision, and seemed amazed to find a real tear—seemingly the first in a good many years. It was a tear from the heart of a great man; it was a tear of joy. "I am a very happy man tonight" said Father Marsile, "for I possess the land—I possess more than the land, I possess the hearts of you and all the hearts that beat in unison with Mr. Condon and that thought is more dear to me than all earthly possessions." In speaking of the tremendous importance of education Father Marsile said that "Letters will do more than chains to shape the fate of humanity."

The smile that always characterized Father Marsile now beamed across his face. "There is no greater virtue than that of gratitude. In the hospital I see terrible things. Bloodshed, streams of blood, pain and suffering of the most frightful sort, yet I continue, confident that at the end of the day all shall pale before the smile of some grateful patient. And so it is tonight. The long years of teaching are fully compensated by the grateful expressions of students. For the educator there is no greater moment there is no greater pleasure than to stand as I do this evening before the noble—yes I may say the noblest types of manhood; men who have answered the expectations of those who moulded such promising souls. I feel tonight like the Mother who when asked to see her treasures clasped her children to her heart and said "Here are my treasures, these are my jewels". So it is tonight—I stretch my hands and say "Here are my treasures!" Mr. Condon is drawing his picture of me has listened to his own heart more than to the portrait he endeavors to paint. He paints with the brightest colors of the rainbow, promising fair weather and sunshine. I hope I am worthy of a part of all that he said. To you, my successors who are before me this evening. I rejoice in your success; I cannot express my gratitude to you. I have always loved St. Viator College, and I will always be with her in body and in spirit."

Viator's Outlook

BY REV. T. E. SHEA '18

The response to this toast, Fellow Alumni, I feel could be done with far greater propriety by many other gentlemen present. No man was ever better disposed, or worse qualified for such a task, than myself; and, I would truly flee the responsibility but that I feel that it is, merely in the attempt, an undertaking that would ennoble the flights of the highest genius and obtain pardon for the efforts of the meanest understanding.

St. Viator's outlook! What is it? Had I the inspiration and skill of an artist, I would paint it in colorful splendor for the eyes of youthful dreamers. Had I the vision and gift of a poet, I would sing it in rapturous cadence for the ears of appreciative listeners. Had I the language and thought of an orator, I would speak it in eloquent pleading to the hearts of devoted alumni. To none of these can I lay claim and so we shall look to St. Viator as she is in the reality and perhaps you shall find there, in mortar and brick and men, the dream of artist, the song of poet, the plea of orator.

The outlook of an institution, like the outlook of an individual, depends upon its opportunities, and opportunities are lifeless—are worse than lifeless, are tragedies—if the means of realizing them are wanting. A man may have talent and genius abounding but if the opportunity for that talent and genius and the means of realizing it never presents themselves, he is but another gem, mayhap “of purest rays serene, that dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear”. And so with the institution that has the genius and desire to fulfil a great mission, what a pity if no field is ready for it; but if the field is open, the opportunity is present and yet the means to go into that field, the means to realize that opportunity is denied, what a tragedy. Genius smothered! The multitude starved because there was no philanthropy interested enough, no loyalty true enough to afford the means!

What is St. Viator's outlook? What are her opportunities? She stands out one of two Catholic boarding Colleges in the great state of Illinois—for us, she stands out alone. The great commonwealth of Illinois is her almost undivided field, the teeming Catholic population of this state the material upon which she may stamp her mark. She need have no anxiety for material to work on for the youth of this and the other states of the middle West will crowd her halls if she can but receive them.

As laborers in this fertile field she has a faculty of which no other college her size and very few larger than she can equal a teaching staff brilliant with the personel of illustrious men, and these men burning with one desire, engaged in one task that comes nearest the Divine. God creates souls but to these men and others like them—to the teacher—God gives those souls He created to be moulded and formed and fashioned.

These are the men who in their wonderous vocation constitute what Ruskin calls, a Fourth order of kings. Three other orders of kingship there are, Moth-Kings who lay up treasures for the moth: Rust-kings who lay up treasures for the rust; Robber-kings who lay up treasures for the robber. "Broidered robe, only to be rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold only to be scattered; there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these" Suppose there should ever arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read in some obscure writing of long ago that there was a Fourth kind of treasure which Jewels and gold could not equal—A web made fair in the weaving, by Anthena's shuttle; an armor forged in the divine fire by Vulcanian force; a gold to be mined in the very sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs; deep pictured tissue;—impenetrable armor; portable gold; the three great angels of Conduct, Toil and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the post of our doors to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever rise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasurers of Wisdom—for their people? This Fourth order of kings, gentlemen, you know; you have sat under them in hall and room while you caught the treasure they scattered to you.

This, gentlemen, is St. Viator's Outlook! An Order of Kings with treasure rare to scatter; the opportunity at hand, a multitude waiting for the royal dispensation; but the means to bring the two together is wanting. St. Viator's Outlook is no longer a dim vision of the hazy future, no longer an imaginary world of the stuff that dreams are made of. It has shaped itself into a reality, it is close at hand and must very soon be given existence or relegated forever to the regions of hopeless impossibilities. Here are the facts. St. Viator's as an educational institution has forged her way to the front where she has earned recognition of first rank. Some years ago her high school course was accredited by the University of Illinois and within the past year the State University placed her college department on the recognized list of accredited colleges, with two of her courses singled out for special commendation by the

University inspector because of the excellency of the course and the remarkable efficiency of the professors. With this advance in standards has gone a steady increase in student enrollment until now the college is over-crowded. While big outlays have been made, the equipment and apparatus necessary is by no means adequate, and the housing of the student body has become a very alarming problem. There is not a room in the residence building that has not in it two students and in many there are three. In such crowded conditions as these maximum efficiency and high scholarship are next to impossible. There is an urgent need for at least one new building and that need must be met within the next two or three years.

Gentlemen of the Alumni, is it not evident the great development, that is possible to our Alma Mater if only she is given the means? Is it not plain the golden opportunity that is hers if only she is given a chance to grasp it? Within a few years her student body doubled; and, freed from embarrassing encumbrances, St. Viator's rises to the proud position of the greatest small college in the Mid-West.

Gentlemen, this is not the wild extravagance of misguided imagination. It is not the fantastic dream of idealistic professors. Ask those men, those men of St. Viator's faculty who have grown gray in a noble service, who have given their brain and hearts and souls to her building—ask them about their opportunities and needs. They are not impractical visionaries; they are men who for years have wrestled with the most practical side of material world, and with obstacles, reverses and failures. They are the men who have acted while we theorized, who have done the things we talked about, who have played the hard game while we sat on the sidelines and applauded. And this vision of a new outlook is not merely a mirage tantalizing a wandering mind; it is a reality seen with the undimmed eyes of clear visioned, practical men whose very souls are a tremble lest they have not the means to realize it.

This outlook they are facing now and in a short time they must decide whether St. Viator's shall take her place in it or whether she shall turn back from it and let it fade forever.

The character of that decision, Fellow-Alumni, is ours to make. If the opportunity of St. Viator's as a Catholic Educational Institution is great, the responsibility of us, her alumni, is equally weighty, will we accept and measure up to that responsibility? That is the question she asks us, and as we answer, as we act, her course is made. She does not ask us for anything that she might have glory before the world; magnificent buildings, stately halls mean nothing to her but a means to accomplish a noble mission; without that mission

halls and buildings are meaningless monuments. These men of that Fourth order of royalty do not ask for the applause of the world or any comfort for themselves; these things they have forsworn long ago when they buried themselves in religious life; all they ask from us is the means to enable them to do God's work, to mould men for God and country. They place their cause before us, the sacred cause of Catholic education for young men and if their cause does not merit our consideration, if their theme does not grip our very hearts, they do not want our support for any less worthy motive. They ask not for inspiration, they ask not for genius; the one they have snatched from the light of heaven; the other they have acquired in treasure rich amid the rags of poverty from patient toil of student's labor. These things we could not give even if we would. All they ask is the means to use them without desire of compensation.

The alumni of St. Viator's has been loyal and devoted in the past, but the real test of loyalty and devotion is at hand. The time for talking is past, the time of prophecy is gone, we are in the day of action, the day of fulfillment.

If there are in the ranks of our Alumni a thousand men, a hundred, if only there are ten, tall men, sun crowned, men who live above the fog, men whose faith in the noblest cause under the sun is firm, whose loyalty and devotion to the Knights of the cause are unshaken, let each one of them individually go to our Alma Mater and lay at her feet his talent whatever it may be, his time whatever he can give, his material possessions whatever he can spare and say to her; "they are yours to command."



SILVER JUBILEE

On Sunday, February 22nd, at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Chicago, Rev. Thomas Small, '09, celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Father Small was ordained by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore on December 23, 1899. He was first assigned to St. Brendan's Church, Chicago, and then in 1905 transferred to the Holy Cross Church, where he remained for eight years. He then served as Assistant to the Reverend James A. Hynes until 1919 when he was selected by His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein as Administrator of Our Lady of Good Counsel Parish, and on July 24th, 1923, he was appointed Pastor to succeed the late Rev. Edward M. D'Donnell at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

The Faculty, Alumni and student body of St. Viator College are a unit in expressing congratulations to Father Small.

The Old College Home

By Rev. P. J. Conway '84

Mr. Toastmaster, you have won and I am glad of it. Whilst listening with delight to the eloquence and splendid oratory and convincing logic of Mr. Condon and Father Shea, I fear the worm of jealousy was wriggling around some place in me. I knew I would be called and what alibi could I prove. I thought of the two Irishmen who went duck hunting. Pat shot at a duck that was flying high over him. He hit it and it fell dead at his feet. "See that, it's dead," said he to Dinny. "What of it" said Dinny, "Sure the fall would kill it anyhow."

Why wouldn't they be eloquent. The themes to which they address themselves would make anyone eloquent. But I think my theme is a very inspiring one and if I do not succeed it will be my fault. "What our College means to us." It is like what an Irishman means by Machree. "It is the light of the day and the warmth of the sun. It is the prize and the plaudits of a noble race won. It is father and mother husband and wife," it is all these and a hundred times more, for it stands for us when we were happiest and holiest, when our loves and ambitions were purity and honor. It stands for so many things to us, for when we were hungering for the bread of knowledge it served our intellects with abundant prodigality and bade us look upon concrete virtue in the persons of her president, and faculty. She is so many things dear and precious to us, because though we may have wandered afar and become wayward, she remains the same; though we have failed and fallen she stands the immutable rock of truth; though we may have forgotten her she remembers us with the same old and efficacious love. Our College is our life and to it we must refer all that is good in our careers. Our lives were fashioned, our aims directed, our ideals sketched, our hopes centered and resolutions fixed by her artistry and her knowledge. Having equipped us with the armament of manhood learning, she sends us out with the triple benediction of wisdom, knowledge and fortitude. Strong in grace against the world, the flesh, and the devil. With the precious dowry of truth upon our lips, virtue in our hearts and a holy and high purpose in our souls. She bids us go forth and proclaim her beauty to the world. It is not for us to say how well we have succeeded, but on occasions like this when we foregather to renew old friendships and form new ones, may we not pledge our Alma Mater undying gratitude for her generous abundance to us. We do not all return with the ivy or

laurel wreath of greater honor and fame but we come back with constancy unshaken and love unchanged. This splendid gathering tonight from far and near gives fresh courage and new life to all for it means we are proud of our college and loyal to her. It means that we realize the importance in the world about her and are convinced that she must grow with the growth and progress, with the material and intellectual progress about her. Some may say she has grown solidly, she has not surrendered one of her high principles nor departed one jot or tittle from her high purpose. We must remember that a college like ours grows by virtue of the nobility of her Alumni. We must remember that our college was small (I do not say poor, she was always rich in the priceless worth of her faculty). Her Alumni were poor in purse and rich only in hope and mind and loyalty. But may we not hope that a brighter day is about to dawn? May we not believe that the older men about me tonight grown wiser with the years, will let the spirit of "Auld Lang Syne" loosen the strings about the heart and purse and that the young men will resolve to write their names high among the sun-crowned heights of Viators noblest benefactors. Not tonight, for you would give more than you think you should but go home, talk it over with your wives and sweethearts, and then you will give more than you now think you would. We will give of our love, because we love her. We love her because of the hearts she gave us, because of the hearts we have for each other and for her. The men of the days of Roy the founder, of Marsile, of O'Mahoney, of Ryan, of Bergin, of Kirley and their learned Faculties, love and venerate the president today in the person of Rice and the present faculty with unstinted affection because we know the spirit of wisdom and knowledge and love has come down through the years vivifying and inspiring all. I have little more to say only to state that I consider it my sacred duty and obligation to do all that I can always to the end that our College, St. Viator's College, may ever stand high among the watch-towers of the temple of knowledge, proclaiming to the world "the way and the truth and the life."

1924 Alumni Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association for the year 1925 took place at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, Tuesday evening, February 10th. The President, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07, and the following officers were present: Dr. Thomas Hughes, '84, Vice-President, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, S. S. V. '01, Res. Sec-Treasurer, Lowell A. Lawson, '15, Gen-Secretary, Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., '05, Hon. James G. Condon, '91, and Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84, trustees. Over a hundred and fifty members were present. After the reading and adoption of the minutes of the previous meeting, the Chair appointed as Nominating Committee, Rev. T. E. Shea, '18, Mr. Albert M. Kelly, '09, Mr. Francis Hangsterfer, '17. This was followed by the reading of the financial report, a report on membership, and a plan for increasing organization, by the Resident Secretary. A general discussion followed each of these reports and as a result the plans that are now being carried out by the Resident Secretary through the medium of Committees in Chicago and in five other centers in Illinois were unanimously adopted as the best means for increasing the membership and stabilizing the finances of the organization.

The changes which have taken place regarding our Annual re-union gave rise to a discussion to Article V of the Constitution and led to the following resolution which was unanimously adopted: "Be it resolved, and it is hereby resolved that Article V of the Constitution of the St. Viator College Alumni Association should be amended so as to read: "The Association should assemble at least once a year. The date and place of assembly shall be determined by the officers of the Association and the Secretary shall be instructed in due time to notify the members as to the time and place of meeting.' " The Resident Secretary explained to the members the efforts that are being made to interest the friends of St. Viator's College in its development in buildings, faculty and equipment. During the past year an organization has been founded for this purpose and has been named the Viator Extension Club. The meeting gave its enthusiastic approval to this club and upon the motion of Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., seconded by John E. Cox, the following resolution was unanimously approved: "Resolved that members of the St. Viator College Extension Club who are former students of St. Viator College are ipso facto members of the Alumni Association of St. Viator College and that

the annual dues of each member, thus secured, will be equally distributed among the Alumni Association, the Extension Club, and the Viatorian." For the purpose of encouraging organization efforts the following resolution was also unanimously adopted: "Resolved that the Vice-Presidents of the Alumni Association be instructed to engage in an active campaign for the developement of the organization in their respective territories, according to the intent and purpose of their office as expressed in the Constitution."

A hearty reception was given to Father Marsile as he entered the meeting. Old and young members vied with one another to make the grand old President of Viator feel that his memory is enshrined in their hearts. To rejoice with him in the great event of his golden jubilee to the Priesthood and the diamond jubilee of his religious profession, which occur next fall, the following resolution was carried with a rising vote: "Be it resolved that this organization make adequate arrangement for a fitting celebration of the Golden Jubilee in the Priesthood and the Diamond Jubilee of the religious profession of our dearly beloved Father Marsile, whose name is synonymous with St. Viator College." The Committee on nominations presented the following list: Honorary President, The Rt. Rev. Alexander J. McGavick '85; President, Frank G. Rainey '08; Vice-Presidents, John E. Cox '17, Edward T. O'Connor, Rev. S. N. Moore, '98, Rev. F. F. Connor, '11, Walter J. Nourie, '10, Thomas J. O'Reilly, '12; General Secretary, J. Glen Powers, '21; Resident-Secretary, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., '01; Treasurer, Lowell A. Lawson, '15; Trustees Ex-Officio, Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., '05, Frank G. Rainey, '08; Trustees 1925-1927, Very Rev. James J. Shannon, '83, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07; Trustees 1925-1929, Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84, Hon. James G. Condon, '91. Albert M. Kelly, '09 moved that the entire list of officers be elected as nominated by the Committee. John A. Dougherty seconded this motion and upon being put to vote the officers were unanimously elected. It was moved and seconded that the meeting adjourn to convene again at the call of the officers of the Association. The motion was carried unanimously.

John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Resident Secretary

To St. Patrick

O, Patrick, warrior of the Risen Lord,
 His slave, thou captured and enslaved a race;
 Alike, chained sage and sneer with bonds of grace—
 Thy battle cry was God's Eternal Word,
 Thy Armour Truth, Christ's Conquering Cross thy sword.
 To thee thy chosen people cry "Embrace
 Us in thy strong and sheltering care and place
 Our hopes within Christ's Heart Divine. Ignored
 By men, we rest our trust in Him. Do thou
 Cast forth our country's foe into the sea,
 As once sin-serpents cast. But still we bow
 To His Blest Will, who died to make men free.
 May we, O Saint, soon see the victory won—
 Yet now, as in all else—God's Will be done!"



Harbingers of Spring

I saw two bluebirds in a bush,
 A lark sail o'er the lea,
 Midst cloister-hedge a warbling thrush
 Entoned a threnody,
 Whilst in exotic lilac tree
 I heard a vagrant bee

Hum honeyed melody.
 Beside a gurgling brooklet free
 I heard the pipes of Pan,
 Their sobering cadence beckoned me
 To fly the haunts of man.
 And swift my inebrious spirit ran
 Far, far away to scan
 Love's vernal caravan.

Rev. James A. Williams '08

The Old Home Town

By Hon. Judge H. E. Ruel '95

To the average traveler who chances to wander down our way, the Old College Town is but a thriving little city, situated about fifty miles out of this great metropolis, with a beautiful river, thoroughly explored by that great explorer and brother alumnus "Pete" Wheeler, with its winding and winding stream, shaded banks carpeted with velvet green, rippling waters, the inspiration of poets, writers and songsters. Overlooking that majestic scenery, you find the ruins of a once prosperous and flourishing industry, where the amber fluid flowed which quenched the thirst of many an overworked college student now a silent monument to the memory of Mr. Volstead. On the opposite banks one finds a populous little city of many cottages a resort for our unbalanced brothers from Chicago. The old college town is also a city of many churches and schools of clean streets and magnificent homes—a city of opportunities but best of all, the home of the Greatest Road Builder the world has ever known. A few miles to the north is situated a quaint little village with its ancestral traditions—simple piety and devotion. To us they mean the home of our dear Alma Mater.

On an occasion like this when we may gather inspiration for the future, we are pleased to take a longing glance toward the pleasure land of memory. We rejoice in the recollection of happy college days. We remember the old building where our lives were moulded, our careers were shaped, where we were taught our first lesson of Christian Charity, Brotherly Love and Patriotism. The old study hall, the class room, the dining room, the campus where we cheered the old gold and purple on to victory, the old chapel with its magnificent windows, beautiful marble altars everything whispering words of love and prayer, each and all of them bring back pleasant memories of those bygone days.

The friends of those old days, the drama in which they took leading parts, are still before us, but those days are a thing of the past, and with the passing away of those days the old scenes and the old actors have disappeared, and with the coming in of the new, new scenes and new actors appear before us. We all remember that eventful night of nineteen years ago; the fearful scenes of that night are still vivid in our memory. In the space of a few short hours vanished the fruit of years of labor and sacrifices—our home, our Alma Mater, the object of our filial love. In those smouldering ashes a new birth was

given to the hopes, loyalty and heroism of a Beaudoin, a Martel, and a Roy, those noble, God-fearing pioneers who planted the seed of Christian education in the fertile fields of Illinois. Undaunted by adversity, that grand, saintly man whose whole life, generous heart and noble soul, were devoted to the good of his "Dear Boys" handed down enriched the glorious traditions of Viator to the sturdy hands of the Sons whom he had fashioned and moulded for victory.

And through the faithful toil of these good men, and the loyalty and generosity of some of its sons of yesterdays, Viator occupies a preminent place among the Catholic Colleges of the middle west. Viator is not yet what its present leaders and the old boys have dreamt it to be. With its present loyal and efficient leaders and its hundreds of loyal and devoted sons throughout this country Viator can and will become one of the greatest Catholic Colleges in the United States.

The real hope of the world today lies in the intellectual and moral leadership that comes from our Catholic schools and colleges. The world will never find a solution for its ills nor ultimately attain peace until the leaders of men at home and abroad apply the principles of the Gospel of Christ to the problems which arise from all human relations. From every side we hear the cry "Back To God" The statesmen of today have taken up the warning first sounded in the pulpits of our country. They realize the dangers that imperil our national life, and all are in accord as to the remedy: Back To God. What we need in our great country is not so much reform legislation as spiritual power. The hope of our nation is not in its form of government solely, not in more stringent laws, but in the elevation and redemption of individual character among its people. What we need is manhood—Christian manhood. We need men of courage, high minded men, men of character, who are willing to do the right out of obedience to a law of conscience and not out of servile fear of legal punishment. What institution in this fair land is better equipped for this task of developing such a type of manhood than our Catholic Schools and Colleges. Catholic education is the mould for such manhood, our colleges are the workshops the moulders are our educators. The need of more and bigger workshops is here, and that problem must be met and solved by the devoted sons of those institutions. ALUMNI! Viator's day of expansion is at hand. She has proved herself worthy of our support. If we glory in her deeds let us multiply those deeds by increasing the theatre of her activities. Yonder behind the heavy clouds of sacrifice and devotion I see rising a new and brilliant sun whose rays will enlighten the minds of the young men of tomorrow and make of them better and nobler citizens of God and Country—the still GREATER ST. VIATOR.



MAJOR FRANK G. RAINEY
President Alumni Association

Major Rainey's Message

I was given four minutes to hang you all. I could have done it in half the time had we had the banquet last Saturday night. Then we had only forty-nine reservations. With a little band of real Viator students we turned defeat into victory and this gathering here tonight of over two hundred loyal Alumni speaks most eloquently of the results of organization. While I appreciate most highly the honor which you have conferred upon me by choosing me as President of the Alumni Association, I realize that it is a man's job and that the chief of Viator's band must be up and doing for this year there is a big task ahead of us and it can be accomplished only by the united efforts of all the members of the Alumni Association. The compliments which Father O'Connor, our retiring President, has given to me for the success of this gathering are meant for distribution and I hereby hand them over to the stalwart Committee of fifteen that worked to a man in every precinct and ward of this big city of ours to gather together in the Viator boys to the polls. It looks like a put-up job but whether my election is due to accident or design, to political intrigue or inspiration, there is one great lesson which is taught by this magnificent gathering of the clans of Viator. Every element of the Alumni is well represented here tonight. We have the boys of '76 who fought the battles of Viator when these battles meant life or death gathered around their old chieftain, Father Marsile, in the person of Walsh, Hoban and DeCelles. Their numbers are augmented by a score of the boys from the '80's and the '90's. They certainly add dignity and poise and substance to the grace and elegance and winsome charms of us youngsters of the last quarter of a century. What was it that brought you out tonight? Not your spirit of loyalty to Alma Mater alone, for that lies dormant until it is awakened by the voice of the rooters. Chicago's rooters club of the Alumni Association has won the victory by awakening the voice of the campus and the old College halls in hearts where those long have slept. They brought the message of Viator to you and your love for Viator brought you here to stand up and answer present to the roll call of the sons who are proud of their Alma Mater. There are hundreds of other sons of Viator, nay, thousands, who would as readily answer the message of the old College were his message passed on to them. I pledge here tonight as my expression of gratitude for the blessings that Viator has conferred upon me and as my appreciation of the honor you have so generously bestowed upon me in making me

President of an Alumni Association that has ever been the embodiment of loyalty that my time and whatever ability I possess shall be used without stint to carry the message of Viator to every son of Viator, not only in this great city, but in every state in the Union. The task to which we dedicate ourselves tonight is an Alumni Association whose roster will include the name of every old student who loves the old College and this can be accomplished through the same methods that has made this gathering a success.

The Viator Extension Club

The manner in which the love, loyalty, and undying fealty to Alma Mater expressed itself in the recent gathering of the Alumni in Chicago, manifested a spirit which, come weal come woe, will endure as long as life and grow with advancing years. The loyalty of St. Viator's sons has proved itself in more substantial ways than mere profession. It has shown itself in generous deeds which have turned her sorrow into joy and made her trials but happy occasions for the expression of filial devotion and hearty encouragement. You, fellow alumni, have been doers of the word and not hearers only. In doing, however, accomplishment is at least as dependent upon method as upon action. We realize that in matters of love it seems useless to look for method and very often calculation destroys fervor. This may be so, but in our case, we are not dealing with mere sentiment. You love St. Viator for what she has given you, but even more so, for what she is doing to enshrine in the hearts of the young, ideals that are dearer to you than life. You love her because your noble hearts love noble deeds and delight in having a share therein. For this reason her problems are your problems and the test of your devotion is the interest that you take in their solution.

We have often thought that our Catholic Colleges suffer incalculable loss from the narrow policy of their administration. They are usually managed as if they were the exclusive concern of the faculty and of the religious community which supplies their teaching staff. As a consequence, the heavy burden of their temporal affairs enslave minds that should be free to grapple with the mighty problems of education. The Alumni can do much to improve this condition. Not, however, by any method which will convey the impression that every reunion is the occasion for a new financial touch. Some better method must be devised, or the attempt abandoned. Public opinion among the Alumni must propagate the idea that St. Viator's

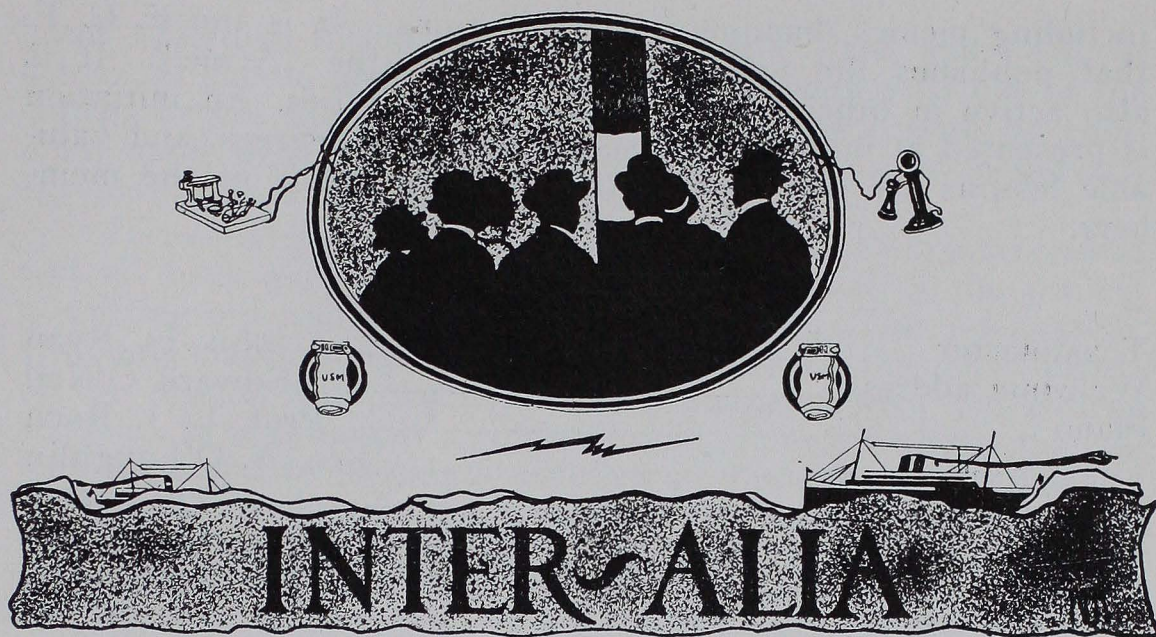
financial problem is their problem. To beget this conviction, no better agency can be devised than the Alumni Association. To function properly for the accomplishment of this end the organization should establish committees in convenient centers to bring the data of the problems to all the old students. In this way, interest could easily be aroused and the couple of hundred Alumni who are now actively concerned in the welfare of St. Viator College would extend their spirit of cooperation to at least a thousand more. With fifteen hundred real, loyal active Alumni, owning St. Viator College, its financial difficulties would vanish and the Treasurer's only problem would be to find safe investment for an ever increasing annual surplus. A plan which would insure general cooperation and which would have in it the evidence to guarantee permanency could easily win fifteen hundred or more among the thousands of our students scattered over the country. There are many who are waiting for such an opportunity for the intelligent solution of this essential problem. The distribution of the burden over so many lightens the task and assures the success of its accomplishment.

As the embodiment of this idea, St. Viator's Extension Club has been founded during the past year, with the explicit purpose of securing means for the material development of the institution. Every friend, whether a former student or not, can join this club. It presents an effective but easy way of giving permanent financial help to the old college. An annual donation, or a semi-annual one in April and October, the amount of which with the suggestion that it should not fall below ten dollars a year, is left entirely to the decision of the donor. This will make the burden as light as possible and at the same time its attractiveness bids fair to enroll every real friend of the college, so that the cumulative effect of this plan could easily produce an endowment sufficient for even as great an enterprise as St. Viator College. Membership in the Extension Club includes a subscription to the Viatorian for all and the annual dues of the Alumni Association for former students. In this way the Alumni perform their duty towards their Association, promote the College journal and help the college itself through the medium of the Extension Club. At present, the Club has one hundred sixty-two members. We hope to raise this number to one thousand within the next six months. The College Council has unanimously appointed the Treasurer of the College, Father O'Mahoney, to devote the principal part of his time to this work. Through the whole-souled enthusiasm of Major Frank G. Rainey who was elected President of the Alumni Association at the Chicago meeting and the hearty cooperation of his committee of fifteen, the work is well underway in Chicago. Five other centers in Illinois are being established with a committee in each

under the chairmanship of a Vice-President of the Alumni Association. The organizers are as follows: in Peoria, Edward T. O'Connor, '16; in Bloomington, Rev. S. N. Moore, '98; in Kankakee, Walter J. Nourie; '10; in Rockford, Rev. F. F. Connor, '11; and in Springfield, Thomas J. O'Reilly, '12.

In this manner we can easily and effectively extend the Viator Extension Club over the entire state and in the meantime a correspondence campaign from the Extension office at the College will be carried on to enlist our friends in the other states. Everyone interested in St. Viator College can make the College better without hurting himself. No one is asked to give until it hurts; in fact, the College does not want to hurt its friends; she wants them to give a little, to give it often, and enjoy the thrill of continuous giving to a cause that is worthwhile and have the satisfaction of seeing a great work grow, prosper and flourish. Once you identify yourself with St. Viator College you will be proud of the share that you have in an institution which has already been consecrated by sixty years of poverty, hardship, labor, struggle and sacrifice, to the noblest work of God, the making of honest upright men.





* F. * C. * F. *

One hundred members and guests attended the first annual banquet of the Father Charles Fraternity in the main dining room of the St. Viator college at 2:30 p. m. Sunday.

Tasty decorations emblematic of the athletic achievements of the academic department, of which the F. C. F. is a subsidiary organization, were placed around the hall. The menu, prepared by the college chef proved an immense success. Choice steaks and vegetables were served in addition to seasonable fruits.

Each guest was presented with a ten page issue of the official organ of the academic department, the Acme. In this up to date paper were late college news reports pertaining to athletics, social activities and the campus movement. A complete description of the banquet with the program was given in the paper. As a feature Acme presented a cross word puzzle containing words familiar to members of the order.

At the speakers table were the Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, who closed the meeting with a spirited talk; J. Larkin, whose amusing stories pleased the gathering; Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Gazey of Chicago; Eddie O'Neil who welcomed the visitors; Brothers St. Amant and O'Laughlin; Mr. Wenthe and the toastmaster, J. F. Ryan.

The F. C. F. founded in 1924 to prolong the memory of Father Charles St. Amant, a member of the Viatorian order and an indefatigable worker in the field of boys work, has made possible by the continued labor of Brother L. St. Amant. The organization has grown to include practically the entire academic department and has sponsored a number of successful affairs,

including picnics, banquets and initiations. It is the F. C. F. that publishes the fortnightly magazine, the "Acme". It is also active in other fields of academic activities. An initiation is presented at intervals, consisting of three degrees, and valuable lessons are conveyed to the youthful minds of the members.

PROGRAM

Toastmaster	John F. Ryan
Welcome address	Edward O'Neil
Piano	Prof. L. J. Roch
The "Acme"	Bro. A. O'Laughlin
Piano capers	Leo Larkin
Mandolin solo	Bro. J. McEnroe
Song	E. O'Neil, E. Campbell, and S. Oblenus
Ad. Libitum	By J. Larkin Sr.
Clarinet solo	E. Steiner
Musical number	Bro. McEnroe, E. Steiner, and C. Dempsey
Monologue	J. Corbett
"The F. C. F."	Bro. L. St. Amant
Saxaphone solo	J. Larkin Jr.
Closing remarks	Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, CSV.



THE VIATOR CLUBIAN

The Clubian, a weekly publication published and printed by the students of St. Viator made an auspicious debut Saturday, March 7th. The first issue met with genuine approval and the limited number of copies were eagerly purchased by the student body. The following culled from its pages best explains its ambitions:

"Early one morning a few weeks ago we stood in trembling expectancy, peering into the cloudy heavens and training our eyes for a glimpse of that rare phenomenon, the eclipse. But today on Viator's campus the eclipse is eclipsed. St. Viator College has come out with her first weekly publication. This is in answer to an urgent and long-felt need of some means of chronicling the daily activities which really make up the fabric of that fleeting time that only too soon we shall fondly refer to as "our college days." The Viatorian, it is true, is a faithful recorder of the events of major interest to the students and alumni. However, the Viatorian appears but once a month and then it strikes only the high lights of our existence here. A weekly organ, on the other hand, will be concerned with news of the immediate now and its interests will be those lesser incidents, soon forgotten in the years to come, but which constitute the

'stuff' of which this life of Profs, Perfects, Pers, and Pests, is made. It should also serve to keep the various activities of the college before the attention of the student body, both by comment upon what has already come off, and by announcing and speculating upon approaching events.

Various members of the College Club have been interviewed and all have expressed an unreserved approval of the project of putting out some form of a college weekly. This publication, although maintaining an active interest in all the departments of the school, will concern itself principally with the college section. It is primarily a college organ, being edited for the college men and by students enrolled in the college department. At the next meeting of the College Club it will in all probability be regularly and officially accepted as the mouthpiece of that organization.

After such action has been taken the ultimate success of the venture will depend, as in the case of every other project fostered by the College Club, upon the loyalty and support of the members of the student body. It goes without saying that one very evident method of support is subscription, but much more should be forthcoming from the members of the College Club. If success is to be realized everyone must become a reporter. Every day you seen interesting little incidents occur, or you may get a hearty laugh at a friend's plight, or mebbe a Prof's slip. Come around and give us the dope and let us all share in the gayety. Your friend won't care after its all over and the Prof will be a scout about it; if he isn't, so much the better. Help to make the weekly a true reproduction of student life as we find it at Viator up on the Kankakee and success will be assured."



ST. PATRICK'S DAY

March 17th was appropriately celebrated at St. Viator College. At 10 a. m. Solemn High Mass was sung in honor of St. Patrick by the Right Rev. Monsignor Legris, Dean of Philosophy, assisted by Rev. Z. P. Berard of St. Anne, Ill., and Rev. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V., as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. Brother Thomas J. Sees, a member of the Viator Community was Master of Ceremonies. Rev. John McCarthy, pastor of St. Charles Barromeo Church, Chicago, delivered a very excellent sermon on St. Patrick in his relation to idealism. Father McCarthy outlined St. Patrick's life and drew a parallel with that of the students of the college in choosing and persevering in their particular vocations. He stressed the many trials through which the Patron Saint of Ireland fought to accomplish his ambition,

and beautifully portrayed his success in converting pagan Ireland.

The student choir, directed by Rev. J. R. Plante and Rev. J. B. Bradoc, gave a most excellent rendition of the mass by La Hache. James Dadrymple, of the class of '27, essayed the Benedictus, which is replete with different scale passages, and proved his voice contains many fine qualities hitherto silent. Joseph Ambrosius, '28, and James Donnelly, '25, rendered solos, while Louis Baroso, Academy, '25, besides playing all the parts of the mass, rendered "My Wild Irish Rose" and "Mother Macree" on the violin.

Dinner was served to the student body and guests at noon. The Philharmonic Club, organized by Prof. L. J. Roch, opened the afternoon performance in the auditorium with various classical renditions. Vocal selections by Joseph Ambrosius, Charles Donnelly and James Dalrymple made up the rest of a well balanced musical program. Colonel John V. Clinin of Chicago addressed the audience on the Loyalty of the Sons of Erin. Himself a veteran, Colonel Clinnin recited many personal experiences and observations of the Irish Brigades. So interesting was the Colonel that many times he was interrupted by the spontaneous outbursts of applause. Mr. Clinnin's talk was a fitting climax to one of the best St. Patrick's Day celebrations in St. Viator's history.



VAUDEVILLE The Walls of St. Viator reverberated with the applause of the large and enthusiastic audience that witnessed the student thespians in their return to the variety entertainment. Of late years the theatricals at the school were usually presented in plays or dramas of three or four acts. Prof. Roch hit upon an excellent solution of this problem when he asked the College Club to choose its own style of play and if necessary write its own production. Several of the lads responded. Bro. St. Amant and Bro. Loughlin collaborated on "The Cigarette" a parody on Kipling's Rivals, which was delivered by James Corbett, a student of the academy. The poem breathed the local atmosphere of the campus and its subtle irony won instant favor with the audience. Bill and Jo, was next announced by Lyle Boltinghouse, supposedly broadcasting from S V C—Bourbannais, Ill. This was a scream in darktown comedy ala New York. Lane's attempt "to smoke down" his elongated partner, Prof. Harrington, was almost accomplished when he danced "The Side Walks of New York." The jokes were rather choice and well rendered and although both Easterners claim it is their first and last appearance on any public stage, we hope to include them in another show before June. Gene

McCarthy was everything that an Irishman's son should be. His monologue and songs were roundly applauded. The treat of the day was Gus Dundon and Homer Knobloch in "Moonshine." Gus is a typical gun toter, and his handling of Knobby, Viator's Giant, brought forth many rounds of laughter. We hope Knobby's ambition to die will always be stagey. Father Darche's eloquence is reported on another page—we're going to run down to hear his some Sunday. Jim Dalrymple and Mick Donnelly stopped the show. The act started modestly enough when Mick in a flaming red tie, gave his salestalk on the magic pills. Then Jimmie strolled out on the stage as the demure little village girl. For five minutes the crowd howled in laughter—as a girl Jim made a wonderful farm hand. His muscles bulged the rather small sweater, and his bowed legs completed the picture. The audience was appealed to and the act went on. It was replete with snappy lines and jokes, and the rare harmony effected in "Blue Eyed Sally" called for three encores. In the finale Viator's Band appeared with John Ellis.





DATE OF ISSUE, MARCH, 1925

FACULTY DIRECTOR

Rev. John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.

EDITORS

Homer Knobloch	'25	John A. Ryan	'26
Vincent Pfeffer	'26	J. A. Harrington	'27
Murel Vogel	'26	L. J. Roch	'27

STUDENT

EMPLOYMENT

In a recent dispatch from Princeton University it was stated that 467 students are working their way either wholly or in part thru that school. This is indeed a commendable example and should be followed by every seat of learning worthy of the name. Viator College long ago recognized the need of helping a student over the financial obstacles met in obtaining a higher education. To meet this situation there was organized a Self Help Department which now numbers 100 students. Boys who were unable to satisfy their thirst for higher learning because of financial stringency at home were welcomed at Viator. At the present time every available job consistent with efficient management is maintained by some student. Repairing, cleaning, painting, coal handling, kitchen and dining room service, as well as all the clerical work, is done by student help. The department functions with the facility of a well regulated organization. At 40 cents per hour an industrious student may earn the major portion of his tuition and board during the school year, while those who remain after the official closing of school are given an opportunity to work eight hours a day in order to clear up any balance that might remain unsatisfied. Many students are now em-

ployed whose education would have been considerably delayed if not entirely neglected. Such a department is a distinct necessity. It is as necessary in the realization of the real purpose of a school as a number of the courses mentioned in the curriculum. A school meets the demands of the brilliant as well as the ordinary intellect; in like manner it should serve the poor as well as the rich. Viator College does both.

PROGRESS It would be a crime against humanity to withdraw the life giving elements that make for the betterment of society. Likewise, it would be a startling offence for one to neglect to assume his share of the burden of progress whether it be the advancement of community, school, or church. Every right minded man must know that he owes a debt to society—a debt to posterity. He should realize that it is obligatory for him to hand on to the future generation at least the same advantages his forbears prepared for him. This is consistent with life; life must necessarily be progressive. We wonder how alarming it would be if there were published the percentage of alumni who sincerely feel, in any degree whatsoever, that it is their duty to share the responsibility of widening the scope of activity of their Alma Mater. The result of such a test would, we feel, be alarmingly interesting. The problem of animating alumni to an active co-operation in meeting the demands of expansion is common in almost all universities and colleges. Graduates too frequently forget that their success in life may be directly traced to the classroom. Too frequently do they blind their eyes to the tremendous sacrifices their forbears made in order to provide centers of education; and these same students refuse to acknowledge their like responsibility toward the education of their posterity. Right here at home we find the capacity of St. Viator taxed to the limit, with the probability that next season many ambitious students will be turned from its doors. The progress of Catholic education is temporarily halted. Just how long the condition will exist remains entirely in the hands of the Alumni. There must be in the ranks of Viator's Alumni sufficient talent to solve this vital problem, and enough right spirited men who will respond to the call for help.

AN INSPIRING VISION The ever increasing demand for higher education in America today is coming to be recognized everywhere by men possessed of hearts and vision. The insatiable thirst for knowledge, the constant urge for learning that arises in the depths of the soul, creates a divine discontent that drives man out of the dark valleys to the hilltops glistening with the light of truth. Love of

knowledge has ever been cultivated by St. Viator for her aim is to produce men perfectly equipped to encounter life in all its phases—men developed morally and physically as well as aesthetically and intellectually. But she is finding this task more and more difficult as time goes on, because, even though she is making every possible effort to keep astride with the constantly growing number of students flocking to her halls, and has, by many important improvements admirably succeeded in her attempts, yet by her own unaided efforts she cannot meet the pressing demand for more buildings and greater equipment.

Forty-three state universities have received from friends or alumni nearly one hundred million dollars for stadiums, libraries, and similar purposes not included in legislative appropriations. One hundred and sixty colleges have each over a million dollars in endowment. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago and other schools have each many millions. Picture Viator thus enriched! Gaze across a campus dotted with a dozen or more magnificent halls; watch the thousands of students pouring out of laboratories and classrooms. Behold Viator in splendor reigning as Queen in the realm of Arts and Sciences. Is it not something worth contemplating—may we not be bold and dare to hope that some day Fortune's golden stream may send one small rivulet trickling over the campus of Viator? We have the traditions, the aims and purposes—the intellectual capacity to elevate Viator to the status of a university. We have every qualification for making her an institution of learning that would rival the greatest in the land. All that we need now is the financial backing. Viator has sown the seeds of charity and kindness; she should reap their rewards—philanthropy and beneficence.

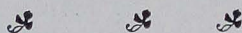


THE PERISCOPE

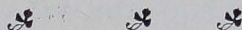
After we heard "Auld Country Down" at the banquet we wished the toastmaster had called upon Mr. John Monaghan much earlier in the evening. A few of the tunes that came over the footlights back in 1905 would have been exceedingly welcome. Years have added a rich mellowness to the voice that still reechoes through Roy and Marsile Halls.



The Spirit of '76 was prevalent in the Gold Room of the Auditorium Hotel February 10th. Several guests were present whose departure from Viator dates back to that period.



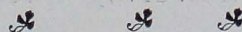
Alumni, meet John "Diz" Clancy, '23, First Baseman, par excellence, Chicago White Sox. John best represents the three virtues instilled in the students at Bourbonnais. He is at once a gentleman, a scholar, and an athlete. Clancy is sure of a hearty welcome when he appears at Comiskey Park this summer.



Father Rice engraved his name in flaming letters on the hearts of the student body by his eloquent and masterful sermon on "Sins of the Tongue." Our President's delivery was enriched with the same feeling of love and affection that a father has for his sons, and added to that was the thundering vocal power that is stored in his big frame. Would that we could hear you more often, Father.



We felicitate Father Cardinal on the remarkable changes he effected in the library. We admit, like the young artist exhibiting his first canvas, "it came out better than we expected." Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, et al, have taken on new life. Even the Chicago Daily seems more interesting these mornings.



From the top of Roy Hall the campus is an inspiring picture these days. Spring football practice, track and field sports, supplemented baseball. And each sport has an enthusiastic following.

ALUMNI

The Viatorian congratulates Lowell A. Lawson, '12, on becoming a member of the firm of Ryan, Condon and Livingston. Lowell has been associated with this firm for some time, and his recent advancement to membership is recognition of loyalty and industry. We hail the rising barrister. The offices of the firm are in the First National Bank Building, Chicago.



Louis Spinelli, '19, was numbered among the visitors to Viator since the last issue of the Viatorian. After leaving the college "Spin" sojourned in Italy until 1921, and he tells many interesting tales of the Mediterranean peninsula.



Congratulations and Best Wishes! On Feb. 17th, at Holy Rosary Church Miss Mary Veronica Reading, sister of Joseph Reading, '15, was joined in holy wedlock to James Corbett, '15. "Jimmie" was a "Letter-man" in both baseball and basketball. A very beautiful ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. E. Kehoe, with Father Harrington as deacon, and Rev. Francis Shea, '12, sub-deacon. Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., assisted in the sanctuary. The reception was held at the Windemere Hotel. We hope the bride and groom will find time to visit Viator, where they will find a most hearty welcome.



The Marquette Club of New York City announced the appearance of Hugh A. O'Donnell, '91, before their members in an informal talk on "The Making of a Newspaper", at the Plaza, February 19, 1925. Mr. O'Donnell appeared through the courtesy of the Catholic Writers Guild of America, Inc., of which he is a charter member and present Treasurer. We anticipate a visit from Mr. O'Donnell at the graduating exercises in June, at which time we hope to hear him talk on the subject that is dearest to his heart.



"From the London Tablet"—Rev. Doctor Fulton Sheehan '17 recently gave a lecture on the "Modern Idea of God" at St. Patrick's Church, Soho Square, London. After the lecture, he obliged the audience by answering questions on the subject. Dr. Sheehan has a brother, Aloysius, now attending St. Viator.



Members of the Community of St. Viator are especially active in the pulpit of various churches during the Lenten season.

Rev. W. J. Bergin preaches at Holy Cross Parish, Chicago, on Wednesday evenings, and at Holy Trinity Church, Bloomington, on Sundays.

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney lectures at St. David's on Wednesday evenings and at St. Thomas the Apostle on Sundays. Both churches are in Chicago.

At the evening services on Sunday night at St. David's, Chicago, Rev. Gregory Galvin speaks.

Rev. A. Rinella is assigned to the evening services at St. Patrick's, Kankakee, during the Wednesdays of Lent.

Rev. J. W. R. Maguire reports an unusually large attendance at St. Bernard's, Peoria, on Sunday evenings.

Wednesday and Sunday evening Lenten services are also conducted by the Viatorian Fathers at St. Philip Neri's Church, Chicago, and at St. Mary's Joliet.



Rev. E. C. Kinnery, who attended Viator in the '80s, made a brief but happy visit to his Alma Mater. His hours were replete with reminiscences. Father Kinnery is stationed at El Paso, Texas.



Father Frawley (Champaign) and Father Shea (Bloomington) were in to visit their Alma Mater and incidentally to exercise their paternal duties over students from their respective cities. The boys love to meet their spiritual advisers when the report card shows an average grade of "B"—but it's a different story when a mean little "D" creeps across the record. Rev. J. E. LeVasseur, D. D., Pastor at Chebanse, Ill., made a brief but interesting visit with his old Faculty friends.



Father Darche of Bradley gave a patriotic address before the Faculty and student body of St. Viator on Washington's Birthday evening. He spoke on "The United States Marine," with whom he served and won undying fame during the World War. Only school ties prevented many of the boys from "joining up," so vividly and eloquently did Father Darche portray their achievements in war and their life in peace.



Rev. E. L. Gerard, Momence, dropped over to tell of his contemplated trip abroad. He will spend three months visiting France, Spain and Rome. During his absence Father Gerard's parish will be cared for by one of the Viatorian Fathers.



Rev. V. De Primeau was an enthusiastic follower of Viator's basket ball team during their home games at Kankakee armory.



It was a pleasure to see Father Moisant again. His words during the recent retreat will live long in the memory of the student body.

Bill Sammon '13 has associated himself with the legal department of the Chicago Title and Trust Company. Bill will be remembered as one of the outstanding stars of the baseball and football teams of his day at Viator. We wish Bill every success in his legal duties.



Word reaches us that John A. Dougherty has opened law offices at 112 West Adams Street, Chicago. John extends a hearty welcome to his brother alumni.



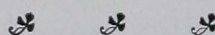
Edward N. Lutz, Academy '24, joined the benedicts of Viator Alumni recently. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. O'Dwyer, St. Mary's, Wenona, Ill. Mrs. Lutz was formerly Miss Lucy Brennan of Dana, Ill. Eddie looks forward to the day when another Lutz will augment the enrollment at St. Viator's. Thank you, Ed; we join you in this happy wish.



Father Munch, C. S. V., is busy fixing up the new scholasticate. Father Munch wants his Alumni friends to know that his bookshelves are not filled to capacity as yet. The Brothers under his care are intensive readers.



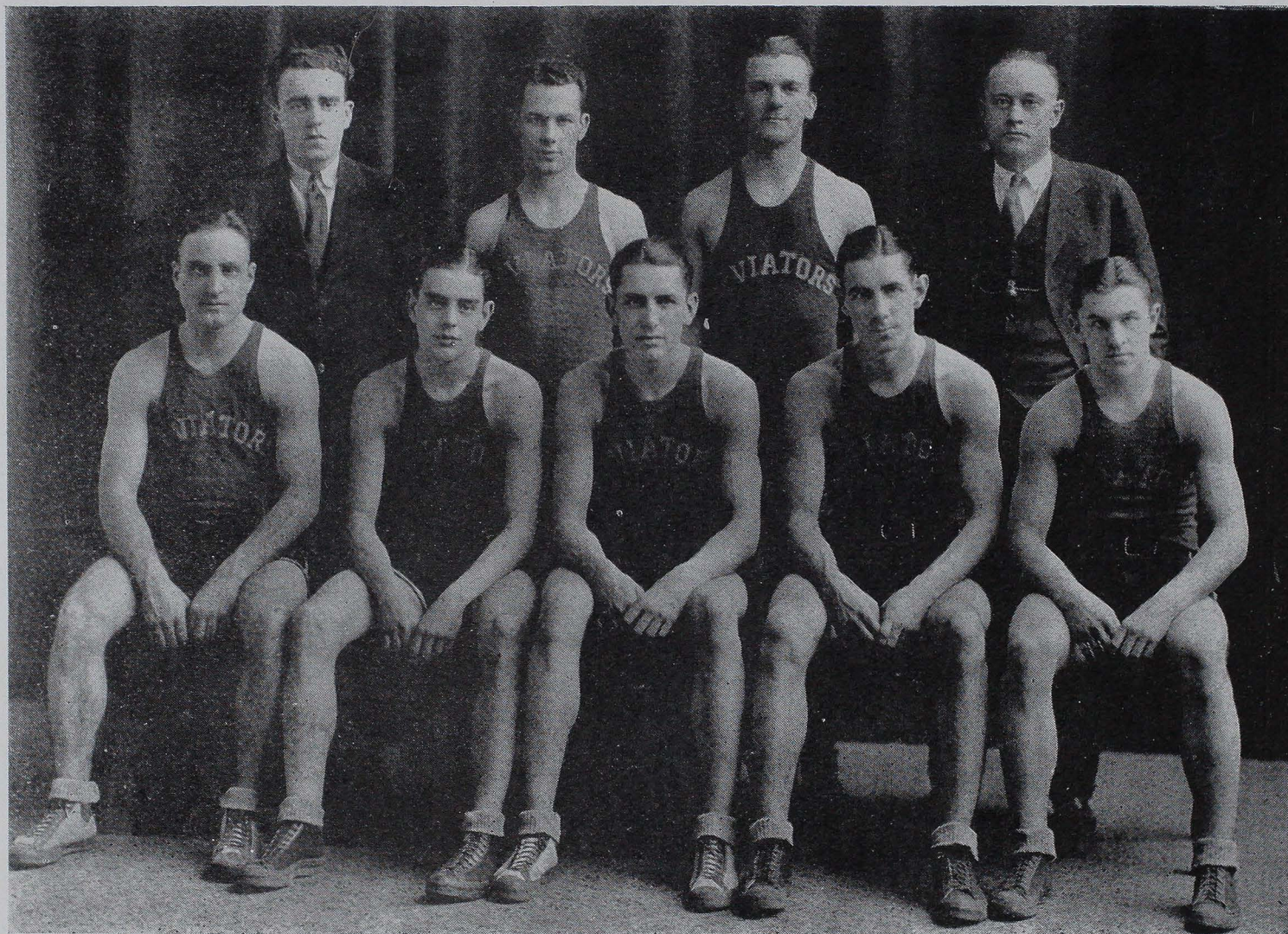
Rev. J. B. Bradoc, C. S. V., was called to the deathbed of his younger sister at Kansas City, Mo., where she passed to her spiritual reward on February 10th, 1925. Father Bradoc celebrated Solemn High Mass at St. Mary's, Carlinville, Ill., assisted by Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., and Rev. Daniel Daly of St. Mark's, St. Louis, Mo. Father Maguire preached an eloquent sermon on "Youth." The body was interred at Carlinville.



We regret to announce the death of Mr. Hugh J. Armstrong of River Forest on January 27, 1925. Mr. Armstrong measured his loyalty to Alma Mater in fitting deeds of benefaction. Father Vien, C. S. V. represented the college at the mass and funeral. Prayers of the Community and students were offered up for the repose of Mr. Armstrong and Father Rice will arrange masses for his spiritual welfare. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Armstrong and her family.



A very interesting letter was received by Father Rice from Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., Enterprise, Oregon. During the Christmas season Father Breen got his first baptism of frost bite when the mercury slipped down to 38 below. Father Breen sent along a generous check to square up his Extension Fund Pledge. Father is enthusiastic about his work and welcomes vocations "where they will soon realize their calling is divine." We wish you every success, Father, and trust you receive the Viatorian regularly.



BASKET BALL SQUAD, 1925

Standing—J. F. Ryan, Mgr., W. Neville, P. McGrath, R. Glaze, Coach, J. Benda, J. Bowe, J. Winterhalter (C), C. Donnelly, J. Dalrymple.

ATHLETICS

This spring has brought new, unusual activities to the St. Viator campus. Where in years past we had but the baseball nine training we now have athletes attired in moleskins being put through intensive spring football training; and still others of athletic bent are engaged in efforts to secure berths on the recently organized St. Viator track team. This unprecedented amount of athletic activity has livened the campus and has awakened an amount of interest in sports that is unparalleled.

But with all the diversified activities to attract the attention, baseball is still the sport supreme with the Viatorians. The great teams that have represented Viator in the past, teams that knew no masters but who subdued the best of college and university combines, have built a tradition that will live long and which will not be dimmed by the appearance of new sport interests.

It seems, even this early in the spring, that Viator is to have again a notable aggregation of diamond performers. A sprinkling of last year's capable athletes assures us of a nucleus of skilled men and a few newcomers who promise great things makes it certain that our alumni will be gratified by the actions of the team of 1925. A veteran pitching staff, numbering Captain Dundon, McAllister, Pfeffer and Donnelly, is increased by the presence of Beuter, Harrington and H. Pfeffer. The catching job is being hotly contested for by Bell and Leahy, of last year's nine and Walsko, Benda and Walsh, newcomers to the fold. Winterhalter and Dalrymple, stars of last season, remain for first and the short field job and in Joe McCarthy, John Bowe, Phil McGrath and Tommy Murphy valuable infield timber is at hand. These men should provide material to plug the infield gaps and the outfield has contestants in Farrell, Mazurick, Mendon and Walsh, who, in addition to being a catcher is somewhat of a ball hawk.

With a great team in prospect the loyal alumnus will be anxious to obtain an opportunity to see the nine in action. This will be possible as a long schedule with games in many portions of the middle west will give all the alumni a chance to view the outfit that Father Kelly is grooming for the championship grind. The chart is incomplete as yet but what we have we'll pass on to the former student so that he can keep track of the purple and gold this spring. Later the complete schedule will be published in the daily papers and from this source a finished lineup of the contests can be secured.

The Schedule:

April 30th	Illinois Wesleyan at Bloomington
May 1st	Millikin at Decatur
May 2nd	DePauw at Greencastle
May 5th	Bradley at Peoria
May 9th	Valparaiso at Bourbonnais
May 13th	Illinois Wesleyan at Bourbonnais
May 16th	Northwestern at Bourbonnais
May 20	Bradley at Bourbonnais
May 22nd	Valparaiso at Valparaiso
May 23rd	Northwestern at Naperville
May 27th	Notre Dame at South Bend
June 5th	Knox at Galesburg
June 6th	Monmouth at Monmouth

* * *

Still another opportunity for the alumnus to view his alma mater in athletic competition is available through the medium of the track team that is being organized by Father Kelly and Coach Ralph Glaze. A meet is scheduled for May 8th with Armour Tech at Chicago and another is booked for the 15th of May with Bradley and Wesleyan at Peoria. An effort is being made to chart meets with Y. M. C. A. College and Illinois Wesleyan and if these materialize the Viatorian flyers will display their wares at Chicago against Y. M. C. A. and at Bloomington pitted against Wesleyan's best.

Both the Western Interstate Conference and the Little 19 are to hold track meets the former at Dubuque, Iowa and the Illinois circuit holding theirs at Galesburg. If talented performers are uncovered amidst the locals they will be entered in their specialties at these events.

* * *

St. Viator, 27; Loyola, 12, Feb. 26th

In a game that lacked much of the finish usually found in a college contest the Viatorians had little trouble stamping out the opposition mustered by Leonard Sachs Loyola University five, 27 to 12. The scuffle started slowly but some reckless tossing by Benda and Bowe quickly submerged the Loyola defense and shoved the Viatorians into a lead they never relinquished. The purple and gold lads stiffened up their front in the second stanza and held the Chicago crew to a lone field goal while the "Irish" attack continued to peck away and amassed a comfortable lead.

* * *

St. Viator, 34; Lombard 55, Feb. 27th

Lombard's "Scarlet Scourage" went on a rampage in the afternoon contest Viator engaged them in the day following the Loyola contest. "Redhot" is the phrase that adequately defines the particular condition the Lombard five was in. The

little old iron rim expanded every time a Lombard cast came within shouting distance and there were plenty of casts made. Viator did considerable tossing collecting thirty-five points, but his total was negligible when C. Murphy went out to sink the thirteen baskets his record totaled. This Murphy was ably assisted by his brother E. Murphy who banged away successfully on seven occasions. John Bowe was Viator's high point man, the slim ace bagging seven field goals. Lombard presented a whirlwind offense that was functioning faultlessly. Speed and more speed was unleashed by Harry Bell's cagers and this combined with the torrid state of their gunning organism forced the locals to trek in the rear though they did provide stormy going for the Galesburg five the major portion of the route.

* * *

St. Viator, 27; St. Mary's 17, Feb. 28th

The St. Mary's College team of Winona, Minn., that had been battered for a 53 to 18 loss on their own floor, refused to submit to a repetition of that high handed treatment when they invaded the vast Armory court in Kankakee and by dint of luck and skill forced the Viatorians to the limit in gaining a 27 to 17 win. Somehow or other the famed Viator shooting orbs were dull that Saturday evening. Plenty of tosses were tried but never with any consistency. One singular feature was provided when the two teams strove for eleven minutes at the opening of the fray before the scorer recorded a marker for either team. Eventually the Viatorians perked up a trifle though and the half reckoning listed them in the fore by a 14 to 2 margin. That lead was further widened by some business-like work in the second canto and then the reserves began streaming in. Their advent was greeted by a determined St. Mary's offensive that netted the northerners fifteen points but was too late to cause serious damage.

* * *

St. Viator, 39; Millikin University, 20, March 3rd

A St. Viator team, running wild with speed, toppled Millikin for the second time on the Decatur five's own floor, 39 to 20 in one of the flashiest battles staged by the purple and gold and gold all season.

St. Viator swept down the floor time and again to score. A forward was continually slipping away to a station behind the J. M. U. guards to receive a pass. The result went into the point column with monotonous regularity. Bowe, Benda and Donnelly were the great big items in the Viatorians offense. Bowe earned the name of the "elusive stranger". He was hiding out somewhere to reappear in time to sneak through an easy shot. In fact his disappearing ways netted him seven baskets. Benda was next with six and then Donnelly hove into view with two.

St. Viator, 25; Bradley, 24, March 4th

We quote from the Peoria Star; "The Green never quits!

"Robbie's battling Indians found that out to their pain last evening at the Armory when a contest in which they had led consistently throughout was whisked unceremoniously from their fingers as the timekeeper poised his artillery. Determined driving by the green clad Kankakeeans in the last half overcame the big early lead gained by the Hilltoppers, a neat sinker from afar by the swarthy Benda gaining a hard won single point margin, which meant a 25 to 24 victory.

"The invaders appeared slow and listless in the early portion of the game in comparison to the brilliant passing attack of the Techs and it was perhaps this early success that proved fatal for Robertson's men, for as the awakening came for the up-staters, the tide turned and despite efforts of the most frantic type, the Hilltop crew could not return to their conquering stride. Led by the trail Bowe and the pestiferous Benda, Coach Glaze's boys bit by bit ate into the gap. The latter named gent was the ring leader in this offensive, his exhibition of dribbling and shooting being as remarkable as anything seen locally in years. The half closed with Bradley on the long end by three points, 19 to 16.

"With four minutes to go in the second half, De Cremer dumped in a long one, giving the Techsters a 24 to 20 lead, and the "stall" appeared to be in order to ensure safety for the Bluffmen. They elected to resume the attack however and Donnelly immediately connected for his second basket, which cut the margin again. With the crowd in a frenzy, Siminick, guarding Bowe desperately, fouled his fourth. Bowe made one, but missed the second and the lead was one point.

"Forty seconds remained as the Saints cut loose a wild offensive, terminated when Benda whisked one in from behind the foul zone that meant the game. Viator promptly resorted to "ring around the rosy" tactics at the far end of the floor, the gun ending matters as the distraught Techmen strove to recover the sphere.

COMMITTEE WORK

The success of the Chicago gathering was due in no small degree to the Chicago Committee. In response to Father O'Mahoney's invitation over a score of stalwarts met at the college Saturday evening, January 17th, for the preliminaries. The President of the Alumni Association, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07 was there to greet the Chicago boys. The welcome of the old college town was extended to them by a Committee of three consisting of John P. Hickey, William J. Mortell, and Walter Nourie, representing the Kankakee Viator Club. After giving their O. K. to the new kitchen improvements and after expressing in a very hearty manner their appreciation of their old friend the College Chef, a very lively and interesting round table discussion took place in the Faculty Dining Hall. As a result preliminary arrangements were made for the Annual Meeting and Banquet of the Alumni in Chicago, February 10th. The Resident Secretary was instructed to send invitations to the entire Alumni body and to establish committees in such centers as Peoria, Rockford, Bloomington, Springfield and Kankakee, for the spreading of the message to the old students in those neighborhoods.

Rev. E. A. Kelley as Chairman of the Peoria Committee with Dr. Clarence Fisher and Edward T. O'Connor aroused the interest of the Peoria delegates. Rev. T. E. Shea was a committee of one who took care of Bloomington and its outlying districts. Thomas O'Reilly did likewise for Springfield, while F. Connor and his worthy associate Rev. M. J. Hoare took care of Rockford and Northern Illinois. To do the work in Kankakee the Committee of three previously mentioned was augmented by the Honorable Judge H. Ruel, Alphonse Legris, Oscar Byron, Frederick E. Legris, Jr., Captain Burns, Art Goodreau, Patrick Lamontagne and Anthony Hodapp. George M. Hormnuth was instructed to bring the forces from Wisconsin and the Rev. William Keefe to lead the clans from Indiana.

At this gathering it was decided to hold weekly meetings in the law offices of Rainey and Pollock, Chicago to report and check up on the progress being made in getting in touch with the old students. The Chicago delegates present were appointed as a Committee for this work, and they with the other delegates acted as a general committee for the entire alumni organization. Seldom did any committee ever crowd into three weeks more work than was done by this enthusiastic group of Viator students. To their credit be it said that they awakened more widespread interest among the Alumni in general than was ever manifested in any similar gathering. They have given an excellent demonstration of the value of organization; they have proved that with us the age of nominalism is past and we

are entering into the new era of real, live, active, efficient college loyalty. It augurs well for the success of the new administration that it has accepted the offer of this committee to remain at work until every alumnus is enrolled in the ranks of the Alumni Association. The personnel of the Committee is as follows: Major Frank G. Rainey, the newly elected president of the Alumni Association also wields the gravel as chairman of the Chicago committee; John E. Cox, vice-Chairman, J. Glenn Powers, Secretary, and Lowell A. Lawson, Treasurer. The members are: Doctor William Foley, Francis Hangsterfer, Daniel Quinn, John Cassidy, John J. Madden, James McCarragh, Andrew Bracken, Albert Kelley, John A. Dougherty, Raymond Kavanaugh, Richard F. Hickey, Morris F. Dillon, George A. Rooney and Joseph E. Bolger.



"Where smiling spring its earliest
visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering
blooms delayed."

Culled From Here and There

Ac (Very fresh): "Come down to the refectory and we will dynamite."



1st Stude: "Why do the varsity wear spikes on their shoes."

2nd Stude: "To keep their soles from slipping."



Father Conway loves his "Scotch" stories; these two to wit:
An Irishman approaching a Scotchman for a contribution
to a fund to buy a church bell met with the following reproach:
"What do they want a bell for, haven't they got steam?"

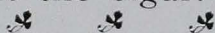
"Yes, but—"

"Well, why the devil don't they put on a whistle."

The Other

A Scotchman upon returning to his native shore was asked his impressions of the Americans he had met:

"Oh, they are all right, but they are very close. I went into one of the cigar stores and paid ten cents for a smoke, and when I asked for a light the man insisted on selling me a box of matches for a penny—and would you believe it, I had to walk home eight blocks to light the cigar."



Heard at the Banquet

Bearded Medico: "How's business, Son?"

Young Dentist: "Not so bad, filled four cavities in one day."

Medico: "There's nothing wonderful about that—the first year I was out I filled four acres."



From the East

Judge: "Mr. Beerstein, I find you guilty and will impose a penalty of five dollars or five days."

Mr. Beerstein: (Affecting a hebraic smile of gratitude) "Um-m-m- You are so good, your honor, end ef it's all the same by you—I'll take the moneh."



No matter how dubious the pre-season outlook may be Father Kelly can always depend on a good team from the barn.



Minim: "My father has a hen that laid the biggest egg I ever saw."

Loquacious Zeke: "That's nothing, Bill Neville's dad laid a corner stone last week."



"When The Leaves Begin to Turn," by the Senior Class just before the final exams.

MUSINGS OF THE CULLER

Necessity is mother of many a comp.

Trouble leads some men to drink, but many beat trouble to it.

Many a student in making a mare go invests considerable in wild oats.

Buck Riley balances accounts this way since his incarceration: "I've saved many a dollar but I lost many a good time."

Many men use family jars to preserve domestic peace.

Lack of credit prevents many a student from living beyond his means.

Clothes may not always make the man, but they go a long way toward breaking him.

Jerry: "I'm making my mark in the world now with the plow."

He who fails to put his best foot forward when opportunity presents itself often uses it to kick himself.

Many people of our acquaintance would actually have to accumulate wealth before the rest of the world would be convinced of their having some sense.

The expensive coats students frequently purchase are worn on their tongues.

No one has an excuse for making the same mistake twice when there are such wide varieties to choose from.

Money is the grease paint that makes many a bad actor look good."

That student laughs best who laughs when his teacher laughs.

The more a student rests the more he rusts.

Most students in company with their thoughts are never a crowd.

A prefects outing is generally a student's inning.

Many a suggestion to the editor on how better to run the Viatorian is carried out (in the waste paper basket).



We can't understand why some students in the choir sing worse than others, seeing that they all get the same chants.



325: "I've been reading a lot about those treatments for drunkards, but I don't recognize the efficacy."

321: "No, why not?"

325: "The more you treat a man the drunker he gets."



A look before the exams is worth two after.

Laugh and the world laughs with you, crack a new joke and you add to the yokel's home town glory.

Bro: "How'dja make out in the re-exams, Jer?"

Jer: "Had to change my course."

Bro: "What course will you graduate in now?"

Jer: "In Time."



Father: "Dundon, who were the Pilgrim Fathers?"

Gus: (Going through the contortions of Odin's masterpiece "The Thinker") "Can't say, Father, I always do get those religious orders balled up."



We visited the "Detention Camp" across the river in our effort to see the west. Stopping before the clock we unconsciously asked the rather business-like clerk, "Is that clock right?"

"No, you idiot, don't you know where you are?"



During our visit we were impressed by the serene atmosphere of leisure one meets at every turn. No one seemed to be in a hurry to get anywhere. And a number of the dwellers claimed acquaintance.



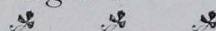
Bill: "Do you shave down?"

Barton: "That's all I've been shaving since I started."



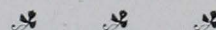
Father Bergin: "What is a quadruped, Mr. Junior?"

Junior: "A four sided figure."



Here's how they explained a 79 to 8 defeat in the Viatorian in 1908:

"The score, although overwhelming gives no impression of the difficulties encountered by the Viator five. Accustomed to a large floor, they were forced to play on a floor whose space is LITTLE LARGER THAN OUR STUDENT'S ROOM. In addition to the smallness of the floor which made GOOD basketball impossible, two well clothed posts stood prominently in the center, and a concrete wall usurped the place of the outside lines. . . ."



Fritzie Boy: "I just passed three exams straight."

Jimmie Dal: "And the other crooked?"

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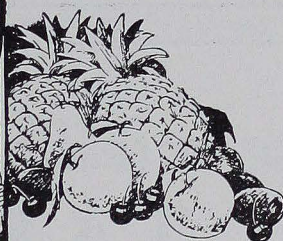
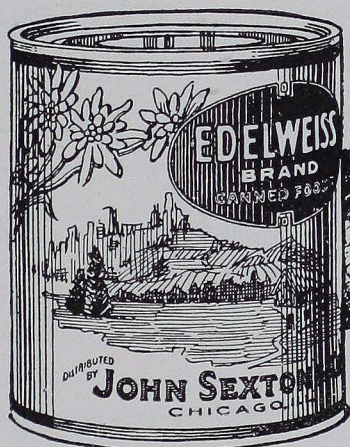
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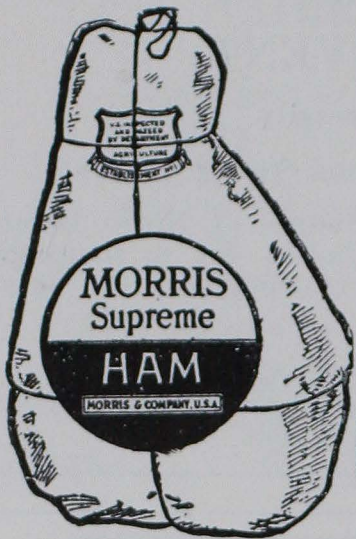
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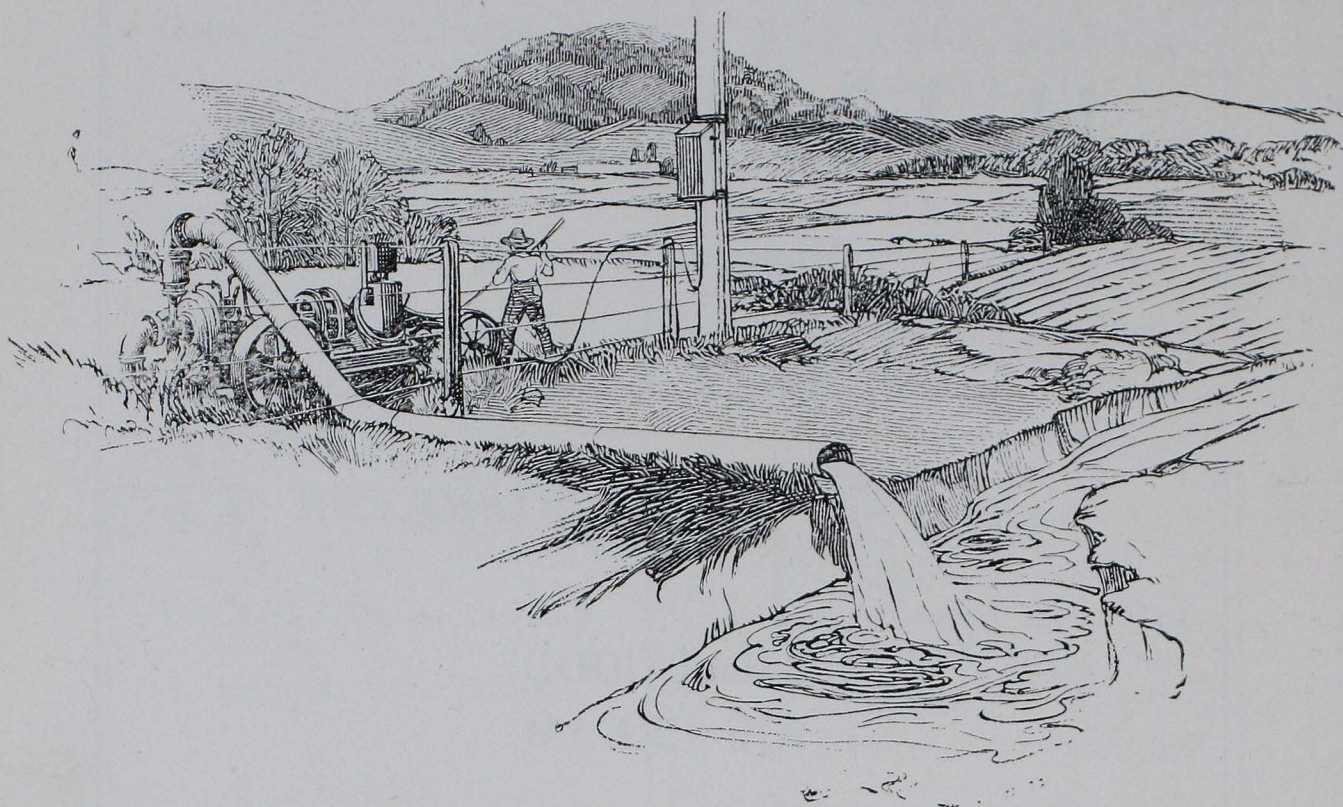
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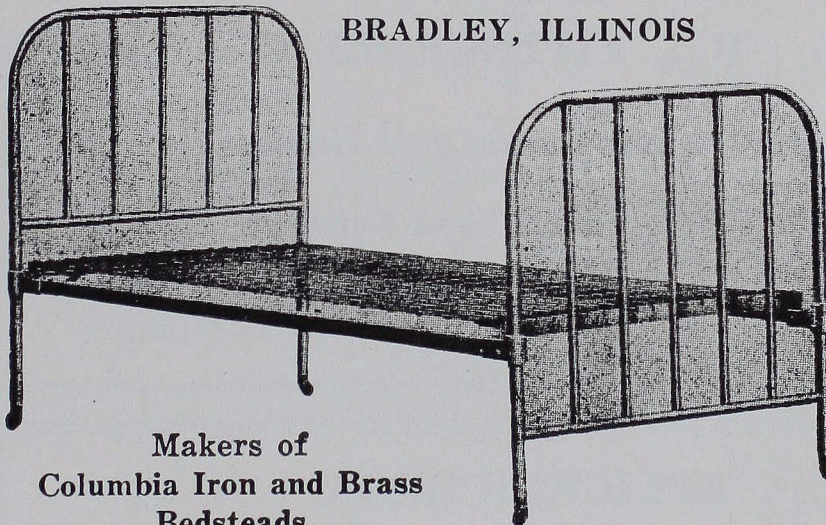
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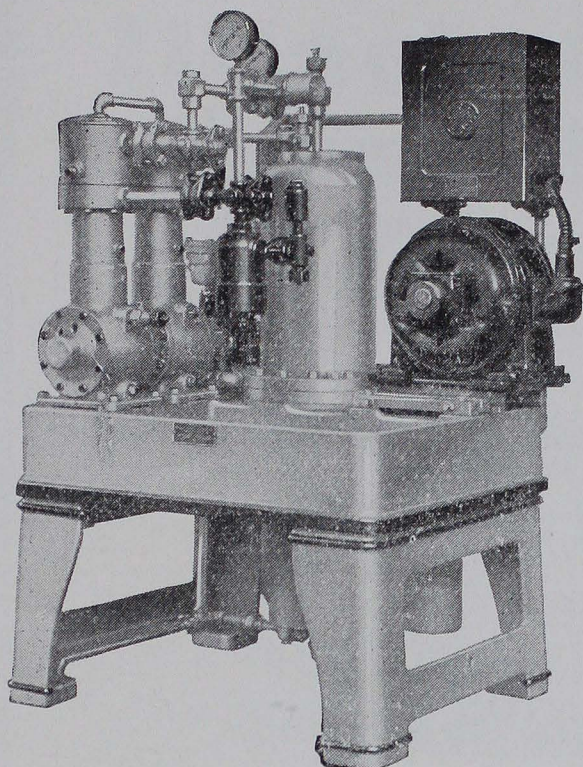
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