

Table of Contents

SPRING NUMBER, 1919

THE CALL.....	101
CAPTAIN GILBERT BURNETT (Cut).....	102
ST. VIATOR R. O. T. C. SKETCH.....	103
CAPTAIN A. N. ST. AUBIN (Cut).....	105
ART AND ARCHITECTURE.....	106
<i>Barry Byrne</i>	
JIMMY KING'S MOTHER, A STORY.....	110
<i>M. Daugherty</i>	
IRELAND, A POEM.....	115
<i>Rev. Wm. Courtney</i>	
THE SCHOOLMEN	116
<i>D. A. O'C., '20</i>	
VIATOR'S SERVICE RECORD.....	119
<i>Gregory A. Galvin, '19</i>	
OUR CLUB, SKETCH.....	127
<i>B. Doran, '21</i>	
LETTERS FROM THE BOYS.....	129
VERY REV. PASCAL D. LAJOIE, C. S. V. (Cut).....	136
LATE SUPERIOR GENERAL OF VIATORIAN.....	137
<i>E. L. R.</i>	
EDITORIALS	141
K. of C.	
Homecoming	
The Radical Man	
EXCHANGES	144
INTER-ALIA	149
OBITUARY	152
ALUMNI	154
ATHLETICS	157
MINIMS (Cut).....	160
VIATORIANA	162

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Volume 36

Spring Number, 1919

Number 3

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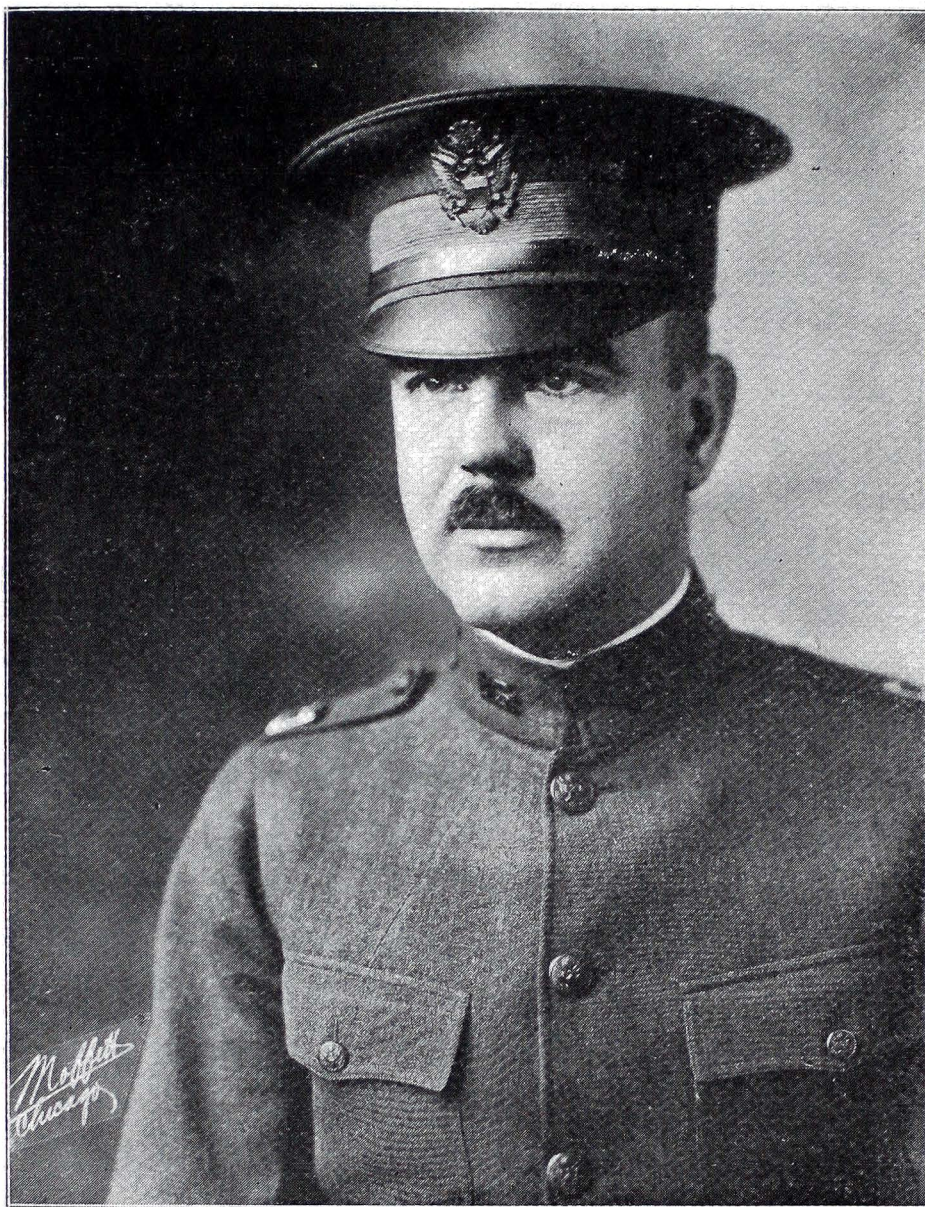
YOU MUST BE ON THE COLLEGE
GROUNDS IN TIME FOR CHOW

—JUNE 16—

REMIND YOUR FELLOW ALUMNUS AND PERSUADE HIM TO ACCOMPANY YOU. BOYS WHO SAW SERVICE IN EVERY BATTLE OF THE WAR WILL BE PRESENT, AND WE GUARANTEE IT WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLE DAYS OF YOUR LIFE. NOW—LEST YOU FORGET, MARK THIS DATE ON YOUR CALENDAR, AND DON'T LET ANY THING OR PERSON INTERFERE WITH YOUR PLANS TO BE THERE. EVERYONE WANTS TO SEE AND SPEAK TO EVERYONE ELSE. YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, SO BE THERE WITHOUT FAIL.

"NUF SED" TO THE LOYAL ALUMNUS.

WE'LL MEET YOU.



CAPTAIN GILBERT BURNETT



R. O. T. C.

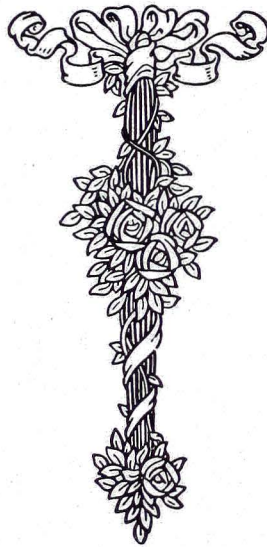
SHORTLY after the signing of the Armistice Viator saw the passing of her S. A. T. C. Unit. The young soldiers had grown to love army life at College, and many of them expressed regrets at having to leave. The discontinuance of the unit, however, did not change things very materially; for military training had been established the year before by Reverend Father O'Mahoney, the former president of the College. Though government support was withdrawn the bugle continued to sound taps and reveille as in the days of the S. A. T. C. Two or three weeks after the disbanding of the student army word came from Washington inviting the College authorities to establish a Reserve Officers' Training Corps. This invitation was heartily received and within two months Viator was a recognized R. O. T. C.

During the interim Captain A. N. St. Aubin, well known and respected as Captain of the Illinois Reserves of Kankakee, kept up the military discipline and training. When Captain Burnett, who was sent by the Washington authorities, arrived to assume command he found a high morale among the students. Although the incentive of immediate service was a thing of the past, yet Captain St. Aubin had so inspired his young soldiers that they exhibited the zeal of men making ready for "Over Seas" duty.

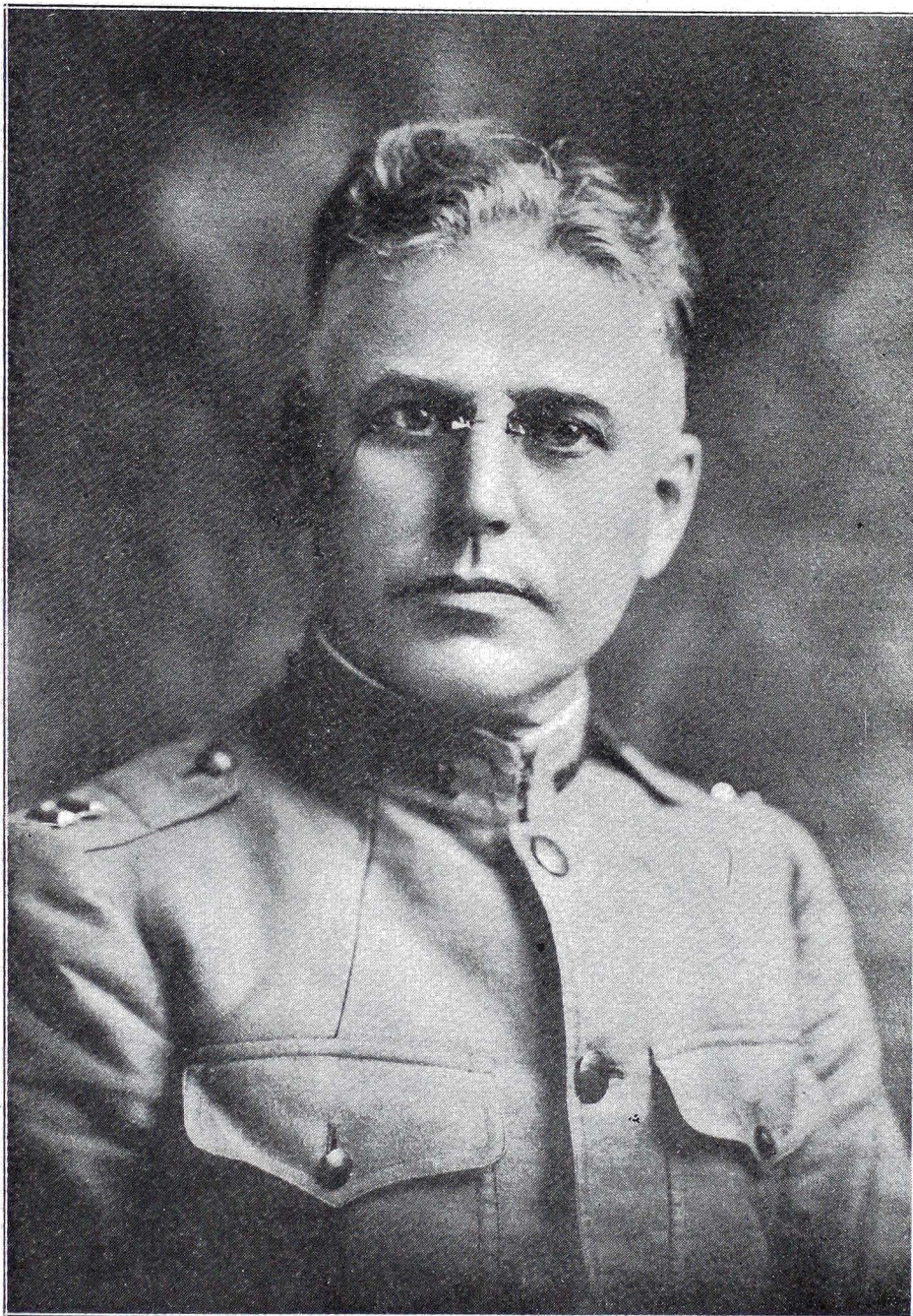
The day after Captain Burnett arrived he explained to the boys that the Government desired every boy of fourteen years and over to enroll in the Reserve, and that they would be furnished, free of charge, full equipment and military instruction. "The initial allowance of equipment," he stated, "would be about forty-two dollars, and the conditions are simply to be a student at the College and attend the drills." No other obligations whatsoever were imposed. Neither a physical examination nor a promise of continued service was to be exacted. In return for their drilling three or four hours a week, the government would, after two years of such training, pay each student forty cents a day besides equipment and a week or two each year at some military camp. Even the railroad fare to the summer camp is to be paid by the government. As a result of the Captain's talk 192 students enrolled in the service.

The entire Corps is doing nicely under the able direction of Captains Burnett and St. Aubin, who are assisted by two Regular Army Sergeants, Carmel Smith and Myron Penrod.

Captain Gilbert Burnett is from Louisville, Kentucky. He is an Alumnus of the Law School of the University of Virginia, having graduated from that school in 1908. Shortly after passing the bar examination he opened an office in Louisville. When the war broke out he gave up a very good practice and made arrangement to join the colors. He entered the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison and was commissioned in November, 1917. He was then assigned to Camp Grant, where he remained in charge of the 343rd Infantry until given charge of the S. A. T. C. Unit established at the Old Quarry in Chicago. At this post he won for himself the distinction of conditioning his men in the shortest time. With the signing of the Armistice he aided in closing the unit and was then transferred to his present station. There is no doubt that with the able assistance of Captain St. Aubin and the two enthusiastic Sergeants Captain Burnett will have one of the best Reserve Officers' Training Corps in the country.



He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.
—William Cowper.



CAPTAIN A. N. ST. AUBIN

Art and Architect

FRANCIS BARRY BYRNE, S. A. T. C.

ART is essentially spiritual in this sense:—its impelling quality: its power to thrill and move, emanates from its creator—the artist. A reproduction of a great work of art cannot have this, and it is of necessity comparatively a dead thing. Art is creative and individual. To quote Victor Hugo: “Art is a region of equals.” Once a work attains the place or stature of art it stands alone, independent, and is to be judged on its own basis. On this basis it may be quite supreme, no matter how various and beautiful other and different styles of art may be. My purpose in elucidating this matter of the spiritual or creative element in art is to meet a standard objection that is advanced against the creative idea in Architectural design. The objection is this: a new Architecture cannot hope to have the refinement of Greek, Gothic or Renaissance styles and therefore creation should not be attempted. The answer is a very simple one: refinement does not make a work of art, for art is the product of personality. It exists because of this personal quality, and the superficial refinement of forms or style has very little to do with it.

While the individual imagination and thought of the Architect gives the stamp of art to his work, still there are beyond this certain fundamental, basic principles which are common to all Architectures. Without these basic principles, no style of design in building can with truth rightly be called Architecture. In reviewing these elements that form the basis of Architecture, let us at the outset understand that they are fundamentally simple.

Architecture primarily is building; it is construction; brick lying on brick in the wall; beam spanning from post to post; stone resisting stone in the thrust of an arch. These and their kind are the elemental things of Architecture, as it were, its anatomy, which the Architect arranges and clothes as his imagination and capacity permits. These facts of structure he varies and fashions to suit the purpose of his building, but they are still the salient facts of a building and its place as a work of Architecture depends upon the degree to which these elemental facts are made expressive. While Architecture is construction first, it is more than this; it is construction beautified, either by arrangement, decoration or by both.

Architecture, therefore, is structure decorated. It develops

and grows from the inside outward, and it concerns itself with the truth of its expression of purpose or use, and of the materials and construction employed. On this basis of fact, it develops and intensifies the truth and makes beautiful the already interesting and stimulating facts of structure. For the facts of structure, honestly used, are in themselves suggestive of beauty and occasionally we find that the purely utilitarian building alone without the addition of aesthetic design has a majesty and natural beauty of its own. Instances of this are the great concrete grain elevators which in their simple austerity, their statement of pure fact without needless and foolish embellishment, are truly monumental structures.

On the other hand, the steel skeleton of a fireproof office building is not in itself beautiful, except in the working or machine sense, as the human skeleton is beautiful. It is not of itself harmonious or appealing. It is, however, suggestive of a peculiar lightness and beauty, which is its distinctive structural quality. This rigid lightness distinguishes it not only from other of our modern buildings but more particularly from the buildings of any other period of history. This building is a purely modern product, and I am going to discuss its Architectural design critically with a view of making more evident this whole matter of sincerity as a basis of an inventive and modern Architecture.

Here we have then a problem that is new in its conditions. The structure is a skeleton of relatively light frame, one that is to be covered. Its height is imposing and overshadows everything in building that preceded it. It is utilitarian in its purpose. These are the facts of this building and the test of its Architectural design must lie in the degree to which it expresses these facts with clarity and beauty. Art is always a medium for the expression of ideas and in the case of the tall buildings, the facts of the structure and the purpose of the building are the ideas which the artist must express.

Now this expression of the facts of structure is not anything literal like exposing the steel frame to sight, or to use an absurdity to force my comparison, encasing it in glass, so that you can see it. It is more a question of harmony with the characteristics of the frame, which, as I have already said, are its lightness, rigidity and use.

This problem of design is the great challenge of our day to the Architect. Let us examine his solution of the problem, his answer to the challenge. The architect, not finding a skyscraper in his books on Renaissance or Gothic Architecture, and not being trained to design from the inside outward, does the painful thing of taking his antiquities and piecing them out over the stories of his building in the matter of a patchwork. This result, by the way, is our final confession of artistic impotence, and one must be careless of the truth, indeed, to brag of artistic

progress in the face of this monumental artistic failure, the skyscraper.

You will naturally ask why the skyscraper as usually designed is so incredibly bad, so illogical and perverse. This analogy will illustrate the point. Suppose a sculptor were called upon to design the covering of the human skeleton, making it as expressive and harmonious as the covering of tissue and muscle with which we are familiar. Our sculptor, however, had devoted all of his time to the study of cats. His modelling of a paw was a delight, of a cat's head a joy of realism. He, therefore, pieces out his cat over the human skeleton, supplementing it as best he can with extraneous matter and surfaces, all comically unrelated to the skeleton. Can you picture the absurdity? This, then, is the method of design used in our tall buildings where the cat is the inevitable Renaissance, or other historic Architecture, pieced out over the steel skeleton.

We can invent a good machine, and I have yet to hear of a scientifically trained man thumbing over details of discarded types of machinery when he has to design a part for such a machine. On the other hand, this is the prevalent method of our Architectural design. We build Architectural anomalies and misfits around the good clean structure which engineering science has perfected. This covering is a confusion of forms, padding, details that are meaningless, columns that do not support, brackets that are hung, a whole melange of foolish unrelated forms and decorations. It is a very massacre of Architectural forms, taken from all sources and hung upon an honest steel frame. This is, in the main, the answer of our day to this challenge of beauty. There are a few exceptions, it is true, and so brave is their effort, it would be ungracious to fail them a recognition so richly deserved. In the main, however, our sophistication has been our downfall, and we have need here, as everywhere, for that simplicity of outlook which is the key to great things in art as in life.

The essential falsity of this artificial method and type of thought, although frequently less evident, is none the less a fact in any building. It is a denial of progress, of invention, of national and personal individuality. For in addition to the fundamental fact of truth to structure, there is also the truth to life, without which quality no work may be designated as art. I need scarcely point out that there is no relation between our day and the Architecture of the Italian Renaissance, nor the architecture of any other period of history. Architecture and all art is of its own time and deeply, sympathetically, of the best spirit of the peoples of that time.

Our buildings are our records. The ability to test their value will lie with posterity who will find them a record of our national homogeneity to the extent that we have been ourselves in them, as

they will find them a record of our provincialism to the extent we have copied other times and countries. This not only applies to Architecture, as such, but to the arts of painting and sculpture also, for these and Architecture are really parts of a whole, and should be so viewed. Painting and sculpture have their value and meaning in the economy of life only as related to Architecture, where they serve their highest purpose as decoration. Architecture reaches the fullness of its expression, when these other arts are allied to it with their more vividly emotional qualities. This is important in the purpose of this paper, because the essential purpose of the modern revival of Architecture is one of unity among the arts and a restoration of a condition of Architectural design where this is possible.

Architecture in its truth and principles is constant, but style in Architecture is the expression of periods and individuals. The development of a modern organic style of Architecture, therefore, is dependent primarily on our application of certain fundamental principles. Beyond this, however, lies the invention and thought of the artist which deepens and beautifies these principles. To repeat, Architecture is primarily building, and the person who would design Architecture must view the structural facts of a building in the simplicity of their primitive relation. Primarily a building is an assemblage of materials which constitute the structure and protective covering of it. This is the simple basic fact of all building, and the quality and depth of a style depends initially on the extent to which this is perceived and made expressive.

We find the same sense of basic facts in all art; in the design of great literature; in sculpture, where there is the clear evidence of a surface cut or modelled; in painting, etching and weaving, where the initial fact of the particular medium forms the basis of aesthetic appeal. It is the sense of the piano which we feel in the design of Chopin's music; of finger striking a keyed instrument. Music builds up on this basis, just as architecture, no matter how diversified, is clearly, eloquently built up, brick on brick, stone on stone.

So we return to the central fact that art, and therefore Architecture, is essentially of the simple and common things of building, and of life. It is this, primarily, and any other basis, no matter how deviously overlaid with refinements and clever conceits, is bad at the core and must lead to stagnation and artistic futility. Art cannot be separated from reality and still live. It is a living and sentient fact, the product of the entire mass of the people, for the artist is but the populace become vocal. It must be of our time, an outgrowth of the idealism that is the common heritage. It is finally the measure of our growth in understanding, in depth and in sensibility.

Jimmy King's Mother

MARTIN W. DOHERTY, *Academic*

THERE was a lull in the usual din and clamor of the editorial room of the "Morning Rumor" on that Monday night so eventful in the lives of both Jimmy King and Stanley Green. Jimmy and Stanley, two young reporters, and the city editor were the only persons in the office on that dull and uninteresting night. Seated in a reclining chair with his feet on the desk was Jimmy, indulging in his favorite pastime, day-dreaming at night, while Stanley was standing a few feet away, watching him with jealous and hateful eyes. He was trying to surmise what it could be that always engaged Jimmy's attention. He finally concluded that it must be love.

Jimmy cared little for conversation, this was a sure sign of love. It was not infatuation, however, that produced this effect on Jimmy, it was ambition. He wanted to be left alone to ponder over his plans for the future. On this account he was disliked by many of his fellow workers. Amongst these the most malignant was Stanley, who carried his dislike to bitter detestation. When Stanley hated, he hated with all the venom of a vicious and depraved heart. The derision of others had little effect on Jimmy, he continued to dream as if his calumniators had not existed.

The plans and hopes which Jimmy fostered were, in a way, more laudable than censurable. He did not yearn for great wealth or fame; these had little attraction for him. His longings were of a loftier and nobler nature. The little reporter anxiously awaited the day when he could put an end to the privations and discomforts which poverty brought upon his brave little mother. He firmly intended to fulfill all the cherished expectations which she had centered about him, her only son.

Although Jimmy was not talkative he was a good reporter, ever alert when about his duties and always willing to expend any effort to obtain a story. Had Jimmy not possessed these indispensable qualities the city editor would probably not have sent him on the assignment which won him both a reputation and the increased enmity of Stanley Green.

The drowsy, humming sound of revolving electric fans was the only noise heard until the harsh voice of the city editor resounded through the room.

"Oh, King! Come here," called the portly editor. Jimmy was there in an instant, ready for further orders.

"Jimmy," continued the editor, "I want you to go out to Ravenswood and obtain an interview with Mrs. Graceland, the woman accused of murder. So far, she has refused to talk. Now it's up to you to make her talk. We are short of news to-night and that story is just the thing for the first page. When you get it, jump into a taxi and hurry back." Jimmy grabbed his hat and disappeared instantly.

All the world was not smiling with Jimmy as he whirled along through the great metropolis. Stanley Green did not join in Jimmy's exultations; instead he was wishing him all the harm a diabolical mind could conceive. He was angry not only with Jimmy but with the city editor as well. Apparently the poor editor was not aware that the talented Stanley Green was present, so Stanley had to inform him.

"Say, Cap," said Stanley to "His Journalistic Majesty," "Why didn't you send me to get that interview? That mope is so bashful that he'll faint if she sneezes. You couldn't wake him up if you put him under one of the presses, and yet you send him on an assignment like that. I haven't had a decent story in a long time."

"If I were you," the editor advised, "I'd lie low with that kind of talk. It won't get you any place. Jimmy may not be very sociable, but he can get a story when he goes out for it. If I need you, Green, I'll send for you."

While Jimmy was convincing the woman accused of murder, that publicity of her innocence was the surest way of vindicating herself, Stanley was striving hard to find a way of humiliating his rival, and if possible of causing him to lose his position on the staff of the "Morning Rumor."

Stanley was the first to offer his congratulations to Jimmy when the story appeared in print. His compliments were so profuse as to cause Jimmy to blush.

"Now, my good friend," declared Stanley, concluding his flattery, "I insist that you let me have the honor of taking you to supper. After that terrific strain you will enjoy a good meal."

Dumfounded at this invitation, from one who had never before spoken a pleasant word to him, Jimmy could not decline. Little suspecting that Stanley's kindness was actuated by any motive other than friendliness, he accepted it. This he thought an opportune moment for conciliating his hitherto hostile acquaintance.

They immediately repaired to a nearby cafe, where an appetizing meal was ordered. Never before had this guileless youth dined in such a room. He looked about with amazement at the weird carvings, the showy decorations and the many dusty palm trees. He listened with pleasure to the wild and catchy music of the orchestra and the rag-time singing. The merriment of

the place fascinated his simple mind. Jimmy's bewilderment afforded Stanley an excellent opportunity for carrying out his plan. With a fraternal smile he excused himself for a few moments to speak with some friends in a distant corner of the spacious room. Upon meeting Daisy, the waitress, he stopped to give her some instructions regarding her part as his accomplice. She nodded her head several times and after accepting something from him she continued her work.

After they had finished their savory meal, Stanley ordered a little light wine. Jimmy could not arouse enough courage to refuse to drink although he had often been warned by his mother. He reasoned that since his friend had treated him in such princely style it would be an insult to refuse to have a little drink with him. Believing that Stanley would think him a "regular fellow," he drank the contents of the glass, unaware that Daisy had put into it something more than wine. As Jimmy became more stupefied under the effects of the adulterated wine, Stanley's musings became more mirthful. He gloated over the fact that he could boast of being the first one to lead Jimmy from the "straight and narrow path." Intense gratification was the only emotion he experienced while watching Jimmy gradually succumb to the baneful drug.

A few moments later the doors were locked and two detectives announced that no one would be allowed to leave the room until all had been searched. A man was seen talking with one of the officers of the law, apparently describing some article that had been stolen. They had not proceeded far with the search when they came to the innocent young reporter. As he rose with a feeling of unsteadiness to be examined there fell from under his vest a wallet. This purse the gentleman accompanying the detectives immediately identified as his stolen property.

"Call the wagon, Tom," said the officer who had taken Jimmy into his custody.

"But, officer, I swear by Heaven, that I never took that pocket book," excitedly responded Jimmy, as his bemuddled brain seemed to clear. "I couldn't have stolen it, for I never left this table since I came in." He looked about for Stanley to corroborate his statement, but he was not to be found.

Stanley was then hurrying back to the office of the "Morning Rumor." Before entering the office he stepped into a cigar store, called up the cafe and asked for Daisy.

"Hello, Daisy, how did he take it?" he queried.

"Awful hard," she replied. "He refused to go. He kept mumbling something about not disgracing his mother, and when they attempted to take him by force he knocked over two tables and broke a lot of china. They finally had to hit him on the head in order to get him out."

"Good, that will make a fine story," exclaimed Stanley. "Bye, bye, Dear, will see you later."

As he hurried into the office his flushed and grinning face and the devilish twinkle in his eye betrayed the satisfaction of his heart.

"Say, Cap," he remarked to the editor, "I've got a dandy story for you. Just what you want. Jimmy King was arrested in the Turin Cafe for stealing a purse full of money. He was drunk and refused to go. In the scuffle he overturned several tables, destroying a lot of china. Men scrambled to their feet and women shrieked and some of them even fainted. He had to be "knocked cold" before anything could be done with him. The proprietor of the Turin threatens to bring suit against him. How does that sound?"

"It sounds like a lie," savagely retorted the angry editor, "and if a word of it is true, it's a miserable frame-up. I am not here to ruin the reputations of innocent people. Not one word of that goes into the paper. What is more, if you value your position on this staff you had better get Jimmy out of this mess. Until you arrange everything satisfactorily don't let me see your face inside of that door."

Unlike the grinning, jubilant reporter who entered the office a few minutes before there went out of it a dejected and crest-fallen Stanley. He knew not what to do. The only course his mind suggested was to go and consult Daisy.

"The only thing to do," Daisy said, "is to go to Jimmy's mother and get her to pay his bail. You know a mother's love and what she'll do for a son. Tell her you are Jimmy's friend and that you have tried to get him out of this trouble but failed. You can say that you have kept it out of the papers and all that sort of stuff. She'll fall for that line all right. You see."

In the office of the "Morning Rumor" there was also worrying and wondering. The city editor thought a great deal of Jimmy, and he could not work when he believed his young friend was in danger. He suspected Stanley of trickery, and this he wanted to prevent; so he decided to go to Mrs. King and explain the case in a favorable light, lest she should hear it first from less sympathetic lips.

Stanley had just entered the parlor of the Kings' home when a taxicab stopped at the door and the sound of footsteps on the stairs were heard. He told Mrs. King not to tell the visitor of his presence, as he quickly stepped into a back room. Mrs. King, alarmed and perplexed at these strange events, opened the door with a nervous hand and spoke in a tremulous voice. Having shown the new visitor into the parlor and given him a chair, she excused herself and retired to the room into which Stanley had taken refuge. Standing near the door, the culprit nervously began to tell of Jimmy's arrest.

"Mrs. King, I hate to tell you this—it's about Jimmy. You see, he, he—" began Stanley.

"My God! Has he been killed?" excitedly exclaimed the woman.

"No, no, not that," he replied, "not that, he's only been arrested. You know, he, he—he, stole a pocket book while he was drunk. He has been taken to jail. It won't be so terrible, for I have asked the editor not to print anything about it, and he promised that he wouldn't."

The poor woman was about to fall when he caught and held her. The perspiration stood out on Stanley's forehead, as he thought of the awful wrong he had done. The plaintive moaning of Mrs. King deeply affected him.

"Oh my son," she cried, putting her arms about Stanley and holding him in a maternal embrace, "why did you let them lead you into such crimes? I know you are innocent, I know you are. May God forgive those who did this to you. My son, my little child, my sweet baby, you are innocent, you are, you are."

Stanley felt like running a sword through his own heart, he was so miserable. Never before was he in such an embarrassing position. If his distress was agonizing when alone with the poor woman, his confusion was indescribable when the city editor stepped into the room.

"You are about the most debased and degenerate type of man that I have ever had the misfortune of meeting," said the editor. "How can you be so craven? Can you let that mother bestow upon you all the affection that she would lavish upon her son whom you have maliciously seduced? How can you permit that and still refuse to do what lies in your power to remove the causes of her grief? If I had positive proof that you are the culprit, I, myself would have you arrested."

Stanley gave no answer but ignominiously left the room and wandered out into the streets. As soon as Mrs. King could compose herself she and the city editor went to the police station to obtain Jimmy's release. About an hour later mother and son were locked in fond embrace, weeping softly over their misfortune. Although the stigma was not removed, Mrs. King told Jimmy repeatedly that she believed he was innocent. Even the corpulent and unsentimental editor was about to shed tears, when his attention was arrested by the opening of the jail door. Stanley Green, the personification of despair, entered and stood for a moment watching the pathetic scene.

"Mrs. King," he pleaded in a faltering manner, "please don't be angry with me, although I cannot blame you if you are. I am responsible for all your trouble, but I have explained it to the Captain and Jimmy may now go free. I used to hate Jimmy but I don't any more. I envy him. I could never imagine what he used to be dreaming about, but for the rest of my life I'll dream of the time when you thought I was your son and you kissed and caressed me as you do Jimmy. I guess the reason why I had his wine doctored and had the wallet put into his

pocket when he was dizzy, was because I never had a mother. Jimmy is a lucky fellow."

It was not a look of indignation or anger that played upon Mrs. King's haggard face but a look of tender pity and maternal compassion.

"I can have two big sons if you want to be my boy," she said kindly, as she took Stanley into her embrace and petted him.

"Put it here, you're a man," declared Jimmy.

"And put it here, you're all right," added the city editor.

Ireland

O fairest island of the seas
Where spirits flit in twilight breeze,
A crooning lonely threnodies;
A magic place is Ireland.

Where earth and sky and waters meet
In harmony and beauty sweet,
The flow'r decked sward beneath your
feet;
A lovely place is Ireland.

A land of Honor, Virtue rare,
No lurking beast hides in his lair,
The breath of God is in the air;
A holy place is Ireland.

Aye magic, lovely, holy place,
Nor time, nor distance can efface,
As memory its steps retrace;
My love for thee, my Sireland.

And when my soul flies home to God,
I'd rest beneath the shamrock sod,
The ground where saints and martyrs
trod;
Oh make my grave in Ireland.

REV. WM. COURTNEY

The Schoolmen

DANIEL A. O'CONNOR, '20

WHAT is known as the "Scholastic Era" extended from the fifth to the fourteenth century. The men in whom we are interested at present, and who bear the title of "Schoolmen," lived and flourished from the eleventh century to the close of the scholastic period. What was the character and the work of these men, and what lasting effects have their lives bestowed on future generations? These are the questions that will occupy our attention.

But first let us revert for a moment to the ancient times. Of all the philosophers who lived before the Christian era, of all those who professed in varying degrees to be "lovers of wisdom," I will single out but two. Plato, the Idealist, who was guided more by fancy than reason; and Aristotle, the philosopher by pre-eminence, who followed the path pointed out by reason with the greatest care. In his intellectual pursuits Aristotle did not, like Plato, permit himself to become confused by the abstruseness of the questions in hand and attempt to fly on the wings of contemplation before he was able to walk with steady tread along the path of natural reason. I mention these two philosophers because of the peculiar and important influence they exerted on the thought of the middle ages, the time of the Schoolmen, as well as on the intellectual accomplishments of later times.

With the dawn of Christianity the teachings of these ancient philosophers were forgotten or at least eclipsed for a time before the brilliant light of the great doctors who were destined to be the fathers of Catholic thought. A Jerome, an Augustine, Hilary, Ambrose, Basil and Gregory found themselves fully occupied in laying the foundations of Christian philosophy. Undoubtedly they were influenced and aided by the achievements of those who had been the great thinkers of ages long past, but their greatest attention was directed toward the study of the lives and teachings of the apostles and martyrs who were so near to them in point of time, and especially they were bent on the development and on the explanation of the teachings of our Lord as recorded by the Evangelists and transmitted by tradition. Hence, their philosophy tended to be mystic rather than rational, Platonic rather than Aristotelian. And I make this contrast because the reconciliation, the harmonizing, defining and arranging

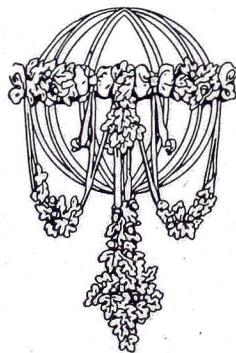
of the teachings of these two schools were the problems which gave life, vigor, labor and existence itself to the Schoolmen of the middle ages. Or again I might refer to Plato as a theologian and to Aristotle as a philosopher and then all the controversy of the middle ages is resolved into a contest between philosophy and theology, which in fact it was.

We can concede that the teachings of the Fathers of the Church influenced the ages and directed the thought of Christianity, and let us pass along to the time of Charlemagne, which we may style as a new era of intellectual activity, the beginning, the revival rather, of interest in the affairs of the mind. Although Charlemagne was not a scholar himself, nevertheless he appreciated the value of intellectual training, and lent his powerful efforts to its development. Schools were established throughout the empire under the judicious direction of Alcuin, and men of letters were everywhere treated with respect and were encouraged in their labors. This conduct redounds to the credit of a man, who, although his own sword was mightier than his pen and probably than any pen of his time, yet he was broad-minded enough and sufficiently endowed with the force of native intellect to appreciate the power of learning in other men.

But our chief concern is not with the great Emperor of the West. Admire him as we may, there is yet another type of man who interests us more at the present time. The development of intellect which commenced in Charlemagne's time was destined to increase and progress in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and reached its climax in the fourteenth. The coming of the ages of faith meant not only the birth of a keener interest in matters of faith and morals, but of everything that could interest the human mind. Ecclectics like John of Salisbury were to shine as men of universal knowledge. Roscelin, Abelard and Peter Lombard were to sound the depths of reason in following their old master, Aristotle. By depending too much on their own intellects to solve the truth of faith, they did indeed fall into grave errors, but even their mistakes proved a source of enlightenment. Had there been no false doctrine to combat, truth would not have been so gloriously championed. Mysticism, which we may well call the perfection of Platonism found able defenders and true subjects in St. Anslem, St. Peter, Damian and St. Bernard, who, because they relied more on faith than reason, were destined to be more successful in the pursuit of all truth. The School of Chartres, which was dedicated to the study of Plato directed particular attention to the teachings of the ancients, and thus turned the thought of the middle ages toward these fruitful sources of knowledge.

In the 13th century came the great harmonizers of human and divine truth. It was the function of these luminous minds clearly and distinctly to mark the provinces of philosophy and

theology. They were at one and the same time eminent as exponents of reason and mysticism. They taught that all knowledge was true, and as such it was desirable; that there was in fact no conflict between philosophy and theology, but that each had its own sphere. The teachings of both Plato and Aristotle were reviewed, purified and used for the fuller development of Christian philosophy. We are especially indebted to St. Thomas for an accurate translation of the Greek text of Aristotle. These men are the crown and glory of the middle ages. The fruit of their labors we now enjoy and posterity will ever profit by the service they have rendered. Nor should we fail to take notice of and pay homage to Roger Bacon for the valuable service he rendered in promoting the study of natural sciences; to the critical Duns Scotus, who was deemed a worthy opponent of St. Thomas by his Franciscan brethren; to mystics like Thomas A Kempis, and later on to the Jesuits Toletus, Vasquez and Suarez, who recalled all the glories of the 13th century. The name of Descartes closes the scholastic period. The contest between philosophy and theology as rival systems of thought was at an end. Henceforth they were to be recognized as separate sciences, each having its proper zone. This was the great result attained by the Schoolmen of the middle ages by lives devoted to the pursuit of learning. We of to-day are the beneficiaries of the legacy of wisdom which they have left. As such a sacred trust lies upon us. It is our duty to see that none of their labors will be lost, that the superstructure of the edifice of learning for which they have so solidly laid the foundations shall rise to the stars, the glorious monument of intellectual achievement.



Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—Everett.

Our Service Record

GREGORY A. GALVIN, '19

IN THE historic war just ended the sons of Viator palyed an important role that is worthy of profound respect and admiration. At the first sound of the tocsin many of her actual students left their quiet and retired life of study to take up the hard and trying lot of a soldier. Truly, it was a sad sight to see these boys just in the first vigor of manhood, with high hopes and great ambitions, forced to surrender their life's objective and strike out on a dangerous and different path. Though their departure was from one point of view an occasion of sorrow and regret, still—from another it was a source of joy and justifiable pride—for these boys were going forth to fight for the liberty of the world.

The service flag that floats triumphantly over the college campus tells a story of four hundred and twenty-three sturdy Sons of Viator—loyal both to their country and to their Alma Mater—who helped to form that great army that America launched against the enemies of civilization. Enclosed in a field of blue stars are twenty-two crosses that signify the number of Chaplain Sons of St. Viator who accompanied our soldiers from camp to camp, from American shores to European battlefields, tending to their spiritual needs and comforting them with words of cheer and hope. The fifteen gold stars stand for those who in this terrible conflict were called upon to shed their life's blood in order that the great ideals of the American nation might be preserved and perpetuated.

Many facts can be related of the heroism displayed on the bloody fields of France by these gallant Sons of Viator. In the battle of Chateau-Thierry, where the Marines turned the Hun drive into a great German catastrophe, Chaplain Harris A. Darche, First Lieutenant, U. S. M. C., was among the men cited for bravery. During this memorable battle Colonel Hughes, second in command of the Sixth Marines, speaks of Lieutenant H. A. Darche in the following words: "We had a Catholic priest in our regiment who was the most remarkable man I have ever known. He worked tirelessly, cheering the boys, dressing their wounds, and was always in the thick of it. With his orderly he dug graves and buried men and I have always suspected that when the fighting was good he may have done some. The French made him a Chevalier of the 'Legion of Honor.'" Father

Darche was similarly praised by other men in the regiment, for his unswerving fidelity to duty, his arduous zeal, and courageous spirit. On another occasion during the progress of some hot fighting, Father Darche requested permission to accompany his men over the top. His request was denied by the Officer in Command. Chaplain Darche then procured a Red Cross Band for his arm and under this new role succeeded in following his men over the top. This heroic priest was at one time reported dead but the report proved to be false. His obituary was written by one of his friends, and Captain Darche had the rare privilege of reading the account of his death. A humorous letter was received by his obituarist, in which he thanked him kindly for all the panegyrics bestowed upon his character, and dryly added that he hoped some day to return the compliment. Chaplain Darche was cited for bravery on three different occasions, and is thought to be the first American priest decorated.

Sergeant John V. Hogan, Inf., U. S. A., star football player of '13, received the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery. No one will deny that John really deserved this distinction after reading his words: "For myself I do not know what an average American will do, but I do know what I did is what I would expect of a comrade. They say I did something exceptional but I thought myself doing only my bit. Along on No Man's Land—a machine gun was popping at my platoon and me—eight boches around the gun—what would anyone do with a loaded rifle? Just what I did—kill the gunner and his aid, and the rest, if they did not surrender. Six cried, 'Kamerad,' and I sent them behind the lines. A little further on three machine guns two men and myself captured. Frankly, would not another do the same thing in my place? I think so, but my officers do not, so they recommend me for a Distinguished Service Cross." John is with the 89th Division of 355th Infantry, in Co. L.

Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, '13, of the U. S. M. C., was selected by his superior officers to reconnoiter the positions of the enemy—so well did he accomplish his duty, and so courageously did he face the dangers which it entailed, that he was cited for bravery. A letter of praise was sent to his parents from the Headquarters, U. S. M. C., in which was enclosed the following message: "Second Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, U. S. M. C., in action near Vierzy on July 19th, in order to reconnoiter the position held by the enemy, constantly exposed himself to the fire of machine gunners and snipers to secure this vital information." Emmett was decorated with the Legion of Honor by the French government. In a later engagement, while fighting with the same dauntless courage shown in the action near Vierzy, Emmett suffered the loss of an arm.

The action of First Lieutenant "Jack" O'Donnell, Chaplain of the 32d Division, was warmly praised by Colonel Davis. It was said that on one occasion during the progress of a battle, the

Colonel desired to speak with the Chaplain. A man on liaison duty was sent in search of him. He found Chaplain O'Donnell leading a platoon in the thickest of the fight. Letters have been received from old students in the 32d Division and numerous articles have appeared in the daily newspapers, telling how Chaplain O'Donnell accompanied his men over the top and was always in the thick of the battle. He is known to his men as "Fighting Chaplain O'Donnell." We were not surprised to hear of this for the fighting abilities of Father O'Donnell were many times shown in the hotly contested football games on the college gridiron.

Sergeant William I. Walsh, another member of the 32d Division, who was a student here during Father O'Donnell's time, was likewise praised for his courage and valor. Bill and his company were holding the lines, and were exchanging compliments with the enemy in the form of a constant volley of shells. Four days and four nights this unceasing fire continued. A stray piece of shell wounded Bill slightly but he remained at his post. A second burst of shell killed his companion, wounded Bill severely, and buried him under a mound of earth. Luckily Bill's head was not covered, but while in this position he was gassed. Sergeant Walsh remained helpless for two days and was finally rescued by comrades, who dug him out and sent him to the base hospital. Bill has completely recovered from his injuries, but is still weak from the deadly effects of the gas. He was among the first of the wounded soldiers to return from France.

Lieutenant James V. Dougherty, '08, while gallantly leading his men over the top, was hit in the right leg by shrapnel, and fell seriously wounded. Jim is convalescing at Fort Sheridan, and is awaiting his discharge.

Captain W. J. Potter, 91st Division, won his commission as a Major by his gallant actions, ability and courage shown in the Argonne Forest. The Major of their Battalion was killed during the battle and Captain Potter took command. He directed the advance of the Battalion and succeeded in gaining their objective. On the third day of this hard-fought struggle Captain Potter was struck in the side by a fragment of an exploded shell. Fortunately, his loaded cartridge belt received the force of the steel, and only two of his ribs were broken. The following day Captain Potter, while leading his men, was struck by a machine gun burst, was hit in the shoulder, shot through the lung, and had two ribs and his shoulder blade broken. The 91st Division saw fighting in Belgium as well as in France. This division was cited for courage and valor by the American, British, French and Belgian Armies.

Not only on land but also on sea have Viator men won renown and shown their mettle.

Joseph Wheeler, U. S. N., won the medal for bravery by

performing a singular feat. Due to his courage and ability, a badly damaged submarine chaser was brought back into port. Joe, for his trouble and courageous actions, won a citation.

The above men who were decorated with the insignia for bravery, and those who fell wounded, while gallantly fighting, serve as a standard by which we may judge the deeds and character of the other four hundred Viator men in the service.

Most of the Viator men selected for the position of officers had little or no training before enlisting, but after entering the service, showed ambition to rise to higher ranks, performed well each duty assigned, and in every case demonstrated their honor, intelligence, and reliability. Encouragement came from their superior officers, and opportunities for promotion were soon forthcoming. Among the Viator men commissioned are Colonel Joseph McAndrews, General Staff; Major William J. Potter, Captain James J. Burns, Executive Staff in France; Captain Edward McShane, Captain William Carroll, Captain A. N. St. Aubin, Lieutenant John McKenna, Lieutenant Gerald Cleary, Lieutenant Maurice F. Dillon, Lieutenant Raymond Shannon, Lieutenant Thomas P. Grant, Lieutenant Alex J. Burke, Lieutenant James V. Dougherty, Lieutenant Harold V. Burns, Lieutenant Ralph Hefferenan, Lieutenant Andre Gunderlac, Lieutenant Joseph J. Lynch, Lieutenant Daniel Hayden, Lieutenant Imus Rice, Lieutenant James McAndrews, Lieutenant John Finn, Lieutenant Arthur Goudreau, Lieutenant Clement Rior-dan, Lieutenant Harold V. Arnberg, Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, Lieutenant John Russell, Lieutenant (j. g.) Harry V. Kaminsky, U. S. N., Ensign Edmund F. Conway, and Ensign Edward Roache.

In addition to these men are the twenty-one Chaplains, who rank as First Lieutenants. The Chaplains are as follows: Reverends William J. Bergin, C. S. V.; John W. Maguire, C. S. V.; William J. Stephenson, C. S. V.; J. F. Moisant, C. S. V.; F. P. Coupal, D. P. Monaghan, M. J. Heeney, B. J. Shiel, A. D. Girard, J. M. Lonergan, C. C. Boyle, E. A. Broadman, J. P. Munday, S. Libert, J. M. Kangley, J. P. O'Mahoney, L. V. O'Connor, J. L. O'Donnell, Felix Helta, James McKay, A. H. A. Darche, Savary and J. McCarthy. All these Chaplains performed excellent work in the camps of the United States and in the battlefields of Europe. Their faithful discharge of duties; the fatherly solicitude and kindness exercised towards the soldiers; their devotion to the wounded and the dying, has time and time again been remarked and praised. Soldiers with whom they came in contact characterized their work and deeds as worthy of the greatest praise and distinction.

St. Viator was represented by one of her sons in every branch of the service, and is proud of her record. Henry Ruel, an old student and an able lawyer of Kankakee, and Thomas J. Normoyle, of Chicago, served as K. of C. Secretaries in France.

The work of these secretaries has been warmly praised by soldiers who have returned, and, no doubt, the untiring efforts put forth by Mr. Ruel and Mr. Normoyle have occasioned at least a portion of this justly merited praise.

With such a large number of commissioned men St. Viator's certainly deserved to be represented at the Peace Conference. Unofficially we learned that Elmer J. Kenyon, for four years Professor of English in the College Department, and an excellent master of Latin, Greek, German and French, was selected because of his knowledge of languages as an interpreter at the Conference.

Corporal Thomas J. Finnegan, '15-'17, former football player at Viator, was chosen as one of the body guard of President Wilson at the Peace Conference. Men are chosen to act in such capacities only after they have proven their courage, honor and reliability. Those who have known Tom and have seen him in action on the college gridiron know that he possesses all these qualities in an eminent degree.

Sergeant William Bayer, '18, all around athlete, won the distinction of being the best hand grenade thrower in France. To see Bill whip the ball to second we little wonder that he won such an honor and we know that the Boches must have had a hard time in getting out of his range.

Not satisfied with her part in the war, Viator undertook to train men to become officers. In the early part of July word was received from the government inviting students of the college to undergo an intensive course of training to prepare themselves to train students who would enroll in the Students Army Training Corps. These units were to be established at every college throughout the United States that could meet the conditions. Reverend J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., then president, informed the graduates of this offer on the part of the government. The result was that St. Viator was represented at Fort Sheridan by Francis Ortman, Francis Kennelly, Walter Marquadt, Joseph Lynch, James Gallahue, John Madden and T. E. Fitzpatrick, C. S. V., as faculty member. At the close of the course five of the above were recommended as Instructors in the S. A. T. C., and Joseph Lynch, the sixth man, was awarded a Commission. The college, through the generous assistance of Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, and the untiring efforts of Rev. J. F. Ryan, succeeded in meeting the conditions and secured government recognition. Captain W. E. Dove, Lieutenant G. F. Uplinger, Lieutenant L. N. Thomas, assisted by the students from Fort Sheridan, were sent here to take charge of the Unit. Under the able leadership of these officers and under the tutelage of competent teachers the unit was proving a great success. Government Inspectors commented upon the spirit of harmony and satisfaction that existed among the faculty, officers and students. With the signing of the armistice came the demobilization of the S. A. T. C., but Viator, having a taste of army life, liked it and wanted more. In

compliance with the government's wish and plan, an Officers' Reserve Training Corps was established. The unit is composed of about two hundred and forty men and is under the command of Captain G. Burnett, Inf., U. S. A.; Captain A. N. St. Aubin, Ill. Res.; Sergeant C. Smith, Inf., U. S. A., and Sergeant M. Penrod, Inf., U. S. A. Under these men the cadets are being brought to perfection in the mechanical movements of close order, exhibition drills and other maneuvers.

Among the men known to have been wounded or gassed on the battlefields of France are Lieutenant James V. Dougherty, Private Homer Steinhoff, Private Richard Shields, Sergeant William I. Walsh, Major W. J. Potter, Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, Chaplain Harris A. Darche, Private Hugh Graham, Private D. Rioridon, Donald Somers and Clarence Houle.

Sadly do we record the Viator dead, who nobly sacrificed their lives upon the Altar of Democracy. Lieutenant J. P. Munday, Chaplain at Great Lakes, and former Professor of Dogma at the College, was the one Chaplain called upon to make the supreme offering. Here at the Great Lakes, while administering the last sacraments to a victim of that dread plague—the influenza—he contracted the malady and after a few days succumbed to its relentless attacks. S. Newell Calkins, 349th Infantry, was taken ill with pneumonia at Camp Pike and after six weeks illness he died. Dennis P. McCarthy, '13-'14, enlisted at Camp Lewis but was discharged later because of poor health. In the selective draft he was accepted and sent to Jefferson Barracks. Here he was suddenly taken ill and a few days later passed away. Maximillian J. Legris entered the service in August, 1918. After a few months of intense training he was on his way to France. Max died of the influenza and was buried in mid-ocean. Peter F. Boyle, '14, while undergoing training at Great Lakes, also fell a victim to the influenza. J. F. Lynch (Jerry), '06-'12, imbued with the spirit of patriotism, enlisted in the U. S. Navy. After a year of service, performing the duties to which he was assigned, he contracted the influenza and after a short period of illness expired. Walter Evans, Elroy Longlois, and Bernard Gordon, three other former students, also died in camp during the influenza epidemic. Joseph Harmon, member of the Canadian Volunteers, and one of the first of the Viator men to enter service, died at one of the training camps in Canada. A. E. Anderson, former Professor of Physics and Mathematics at the college, filled with the fire of patriotism, which could not be checked even by physical disability, enlisted for clerical work. Professor Anderson was assigned to Camp Zachary Taylor, and he had been at camp only a short time when influenza claimed him as one of its many victims. Though these noble men were not permitted to die upon the battlefield, their deeds are none the less glorious for they died martyrs to duty in their country's cause.

Edward B. Crane, 18th Inf., U. S. A., saw service in Mexico under General Pershing. At the outbreak of hostilities with Germany, he again enlisted and was one of the first of Viator men to fall fatally wounded in actual battle. Corporal Frank Seybert, football player of '16, was killed in action at Chateau Thierry on July 15th, 1918. Frank's regiment was on the Marne during all the bitterest fighting. On the 15th of July Corporal Seybert and another corporal with a small group of men were sent down to a position near the village of Fossey. It is said that Corporal Seybert volunteered for this duty outside the village although he knew it meant certain death. Here while performing his duty he was killed by shell fire. It was in this memorable fight that Chaplain Harris A. Darche won his citation. Lieutenant Andre Gunderlach, '07-'08, was killed in the last air raid made by the Americans against the Germans. In this last air battle, Andre succeeded in bringing down two enemy planes. At length his machine was damaged by the enemy and this heroic aviator crashed to the earth. Truly unfortunate that this lieutenant, who passed safely through so many air struggles, had to be killed just on the eve of Peace. James V. Lyons, another fearless son of Viator died of wounds received in battle. James was one of the first to enlist, one of the first to cross over to France, and one of the first to die in defence of his country's cause.

The grateful memory of mankind and especially the students and alumni of Viator will never forget these martyrs.

"Not dead for their memory liveth,
Columbia their bivouac keeps
While American spirit lingers
Where each hero-martyr sleeps."

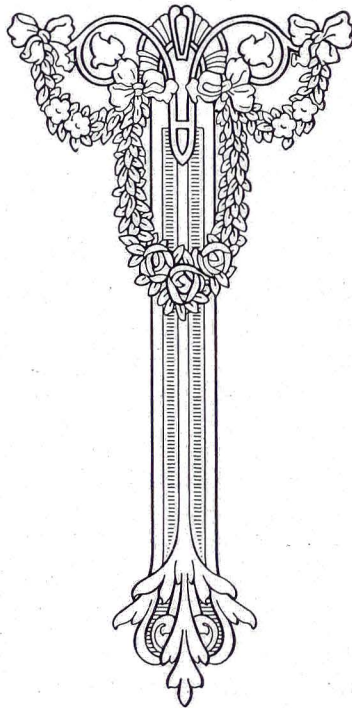
Their names shall be preserved in the hearts of men when all other monumental structures shall have passed away. Every one of their deeds is to a Viator man an especially sacred memory and every one of their graves a consecrated shrine which

"The morning will gild with light,
The holy stars keep watch at night,
The winter spread soft pall of snow,
The summer flowers above them grow,
The sweet birds sing their Springtime call
God's love and mercy guard them all."

Men of Viator, behold the true Christian faith and courage exemplified in the lives of these your fellow-comrades. Follow in their footsteps and make the world your debtor by clinging tenaciously to the truths and principles for which they fought, bled and died. Truly St. Viator has every reason to be proud of

her war work; the number of men commissioned; the efforts on the part of the faculty to make the S. A. T. C., and R. O. T. C. a success; the four-minute men sent out to increase the enthusiasm and morale; the tireless efforts of her men in the Liberty Loan drives; the number cited for bravery along with the number of her wounded and dead, which will form many a golden page in the history of her career.

Proudly does she unfurl her service flag spangled with stars, each star representing a young man trained and nurtured at her breast. Especially dear are the fifteen golden stars, as they represent the fair forms of fifteen of her noblest sons who died for the principles of Justice, Right and Liberty. Soldier and martyred sons of Viator, you have fallen in line behind that great file of Catholic heroes and patriots that have gone before. You have carried the Cross and the Flag and have gone smiling to your death. The standard of Catholic patriotism set up in the past has been equalled by your valorous deeds. Your Alma Mater rejoices in you, her worthy sons, for by your conduct you have shown the fruit of her teaching, and have shed a lustre upon her name which shall never fade as long as true "Fame her eternal record keeps."



Oh, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

—Longfellow.

Our Club

B. T. D., '21

IF there is anything which makes the memories of college life fascinating to an alumnus, it is the close and intimate relationship of the students. The business world rarely bestows such lasting ties of true and sincere friendship which are found among college friends. The reasons are clearly perceptible. It is the homelike atmosphere which pervades the haunts of learning, and the unison of purpose which exists between student friends that creates such similarity of feeling. Within the revered precincts of his college walls the earnest students see "Welcome" written in every nook and corner. It is a foster home for him, and its meeting places are melting pots of lasting friendships. One of the principal means of promoting this unanimity of feeling is the recreation halls or club rooms of the college.

Thanks to the artistic touches of Father Hazen's master hand and to his thoughtfulness, we have recently come into possession of one of these social halls. The southwest corner of our gymnasium has been partitioned off and converted into a club room, and it admirably answers this purpose. Three massive mahogany booths fitted with card tables and three huge davenports occupy considerable space around the walls. Pictures and pennants add beauty to the mural artistry, greatly augmenting its coziness. Abundant light is furnished by means of six double windows, tastefully decorated with fancy curtains. At night a beautiful floor lamp lends both light and artistic charm, while several smaller hanging lamps afford a pleasing glow to the interested readers. Here also are found library tables, huge morris chairs and well stocked magazine cases. These cases are always filled with the latest variety of Catholic and secular literature. It is of vital importance for Catholic young men to be well versed in religious and current topics. We are certain that this necessity is not overlooked here. If our club room possessed nothing else than its rich assortment of reading material it would prove to us an inestimable benefit.

Besides affording a place where the championship of cards or checkers may be settled, our club is also well adapted for use as a modern forum. Here illustrious youths thrash out the problems of yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. Their words give evidence of their educative environments. Should any politician

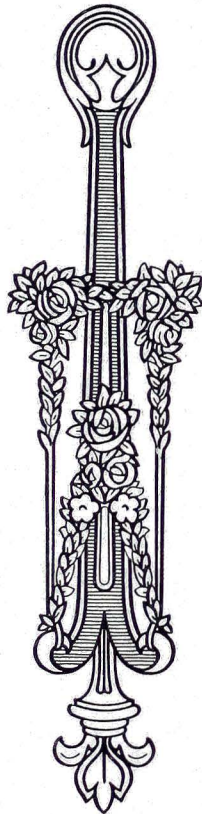
wish a solution to some problem that has driven him to the precipice of despair let him visit our political circle, and he will receive the desired information.

A victrola and piano never cease to enchant us with their sweet harmony. Words on the importance of music need be few. Music is man's greatest friend; it can change tears into smiles and smiles into tears. Shakespeare condemned the man without a soul for music when he said:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

This verdict finds no harbor in our club members, who patronize the heavenly harmony of Orpheus, digest it with their daily bread and inhale it with the fragrant air.

We wish to thank Father Hazen, Brother Bracken, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Radeke and the members of the S. A. T. C. whose contributions and labors made possible this highly delightful club room.



A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

—John Keats.

Letters from the Boys

Leutsdorf on the Rhine, Mar. 14th, 1919.

Dear Father Marsile:

Your letter of October received but a few days ago, and I was indeed very glad to know you have returned to Bourbonnais, and also the good changes at the College. I am always glad to hear of the success of old St. Viator's.

I have returned to my former regiment since Dec. 20th and now living in a chateau on the shores of the Rhine; this is a very picturesque locality, ten miles north of Coblenz. Up to the present the German people have given us no trouble, so at the present our occupation of invaded territory is rather monotonous, after the terrific struggle we were engaged in. My great difficulty now lies in the fact that I know very little of the Boche language.

In the Rhineland area, the Catholics are in the majority and attend mass on Sundays very much like in Bourbonnais; the confessions and communions are very numerous. In Metz I found the Cathedral one of the finest I have seen in Europe; very shortly I expect to visit Cologne, especially to contemplate its Cathedral.

Father Gerard's regiment remained in France, so I have practically given up hopes of meeting him on this side of the ocean. I have written to Father Savary, but as yet have received no answer. I was very sorry to hear of Father Ralph and Max Legris' death. When you meet Mr. Legris offer him my deepest sympathies.

I am unable to announce when we shall return to the States, as no doubt we must wait for the signing of peace; so here's hoping it won't tarry.

May God bless you a hundredfold, is the prayerful wish of

Your humble servant,

Harris A. Darche, U. S. N.

6th Marines

My kindest regards to Fathers Ryan and Rivard.

American Red Cross Hospital,
Denver, Colorado, March 25, 1919.

My dear Friend:

Your letter gave me many details of my friends at St. Viators that brought back pleasant memories now hazy and half forgotten.

I am out here rehabilitating the lung that "Fritz's" bullet smashed so badly. I am afraid it will never be quite normal but as long as it is healthy I am satisfied. The piece of shrapnel in my side was not cut out, but it does not bother me, so I do not care.

You asked me to tell you something of my experiences in the World War. To do justice to such a subject needs a more gifted pen than mine, but anyhow here goes.

When the Huns' drive in the Spring of 1918 became alarming, we were ordered overseas. We escaped the fate of the Carpathia by a narrow margin, for that ship was torpedoed about two hundred miles ahead of us and a Dutch trader about eighty miles west of us. We were under orders to proceed directly to France but a wireless message warned us of the presence of eleven submarines lying in wait for our convoy of sixteen vessels loaded with Yanks; so the course was changed. The convoy was split, half going to Liverpool and the other half to Glasgow. Our vessel skirted the north coast of Ireland and proceeded to Glasgow up the Clyde. The children gave us a great welcome, running alongside the boat when it was near the banks and shouting, "HOORAH FOR UNCLE SAM" and "GOOD LUCK WITH YE". The scenery on the Clyde is the most wonderful in the world. Our ragged mountains are marvellous and stupendous, but the scenery of the Old World is soft and beautiful.

We went from Glasgow to Southampton by rail, receiving ovations from the Britons, who were on their knees by this time worn out with the struggle. They shouted, "GO TO IT, YANKS, IT IS UP TO YOU." Our steel hearted chaps shouting back, "LEAVE IT TO US, BO. WE'LL FINISH UP YOUR GAL DARNED WAR." We crossed the channel at night, rested at Bleville, which is on the outskirts of LaHarve, and then started for the Marne, where our boys were awaiting for the Huns' Big Push. At LaHarve we could hear the far-off rumble of the guns, and it brought the seriousness of the job home to a great many. We reached Paris just after Chateau Thierry and were ordered to Foulain. We proceeded to Meuse-Le-Roi en Haute Marne and received some rations and remained there for a month. We were in the country traversed by the Hun in the great drive on Paris in 1870. Fort Dempierre at Chanfort was the chief land fortification in the valley, the next below being about thirty kilos further down the valley.

We moved towards Metz, marching at night at the rate of

thirty to forty kilos at a stretch. Nothing exciting beyond a few Boches' bombs from the planes and a little machine gun strafing when one of their machines caught us on the road. We were in the drive at St. Mihiel but did not do any fighting. They pushed a few shells at us, but we were in reserve and did not get hurt much.

Here I will explain why we were moved so much. Our Division, the Ninety-first or the "WILD WEST DIVISION", was composed of shock troops and we were intended for assaults and counter attacks. In other words, if things went badly we were to be shot in to stop the enemy or to hold the ground. Our cowboys made wonderful soldiers and chafed at the delay, but their time was soon at hand.

We were moved from St. Mihiel through Void, Bar-Le-Deur to Verdun (a magnificent monument to the valor of the French soldiers). The villages were but heaps of ruins. What pathos was expressed in a sign post planted over a few hills of rubbish! "THIS WAS PARVIS, THIS WAS VANQUAIS." A few miserable, insane beggars crawled about the stones, the remnants of a sturdy peasantry. Their misery was our inspiration and the Hun paid. We billeted in the ruins of Parvis a few kilometers west of Verdun. The Boche had surprised a French regiment in the town a short time previously and killed three hundred of them. In the morning a few 155m shells were fired on us but our consolidated batteries laid down a drum fire and silenced them.

While at Parvis the Colonel ordered us up into the Fort De-Hesse. It was well he did for that evening Fritz laid down a searching fire from his heaviest guns on the village and destroyed what little was left of it. We listened to the shells as they flew over our heads, and then gave him the laugh. We took position in the marvellous defense of Verdun and perfected our plans for the now famous Meuse-Argonne offensive. My company was given the honor of first going into the line. We relieved the French Seventy-third Division. Up to this time it had been a quiet sector but things certainly livened up when we got there. Our lines were now four hundred meters from the Boches. They treated us to a little hate two or three times each night. Our artillery replied just often enough to get their range properly, and every one waited. Fritz sent over a few "PATROLS," they were promptly detected and destroyed.

On September twenty-fifth, 1918, our barrage opened its thunderous salvo. No pen can depict the marrow-chilling horror of that howling, screaming roof of steel as it went over our heads from fifty to a thousand yards high. The night was turned into a red day by the flash of thousands of guns. Looking back to our rear, the trees of the forest stood in bold relief against a solid wall of fire, and that fire was the flash of innumerable cannon. The reports were so rapid that the result was

a horrible rumble with a major note from the heavy Naval guns far in the rear, to the staccato notes of the 75's. Frightened birds flew back and forth; rabbits even ran along the woods, jumping over the quiet figures of the soldiers waiting, tense and determined, in the high rank graves of "NO MAN'S LAND". We stood on the banks of the river Buanthe from 11:50 p. m. to 5:30 a. m. The nervous strain of those waiting was terrible. No one dared to smoke, so we all chewed tobacco, and you could only make yourself heard by putting your lips to the other fellow's ear and shouting. There in the waist-high rank grass, with old and new shell holes near by, the scattered bones of the long fallen; in the fogs of early morning we moved like uneasy ghosts in a world of shades with Hell just four hundred yards ahead of us. From where we stood as far ahead as the eye could see was the wonderful spectacle of bursting shells. Along the enemy lines was a continuous line of fire, a destructive churning of steel. In the middle and in the distance, completely covering the entire objective, were the bursting shells exploding instantly. It was a huge field full of active fireflies. There were three distinct sounds, the rumble of continuous discharge, the damned soul-like shriek of the flying shells and the roar of the bursting explosives.

It was a relief to me at five-thirty to blow my whistle for the forward movement that meant death and wounds to so many. I felt in a dim way the grandeur of the moment. Our Chaplain, Father Weber, at five thirty as the men moved forward, pronounced general absolution for all the soldiers. Upon our first movement forward the Boche exploded a mine under the men, but by the mercy of God no one was hurt. We plunged through the river and then up the farther bank, tramping down the wire our artillery had not destroyed, and sometimes falling into shell holes full of bones and slimy water.

It was a gray world of an early morning, foggy and smoke darkened. There was a pall of smoke above that shut the sky out of vision. Our barrage was falling a few hundred yards to the front. As it lifted we rushed forward across the shell holes, still reeking with acid, smoke, and luminous flames playing in and out of the clods. The ground seemed hot to our feet, the air quivered and shook. Our skin prickled with the chill, and it was hard breathing. Fritz was now dropping shells all around us, they threw up great fountains of earth and stone. The fragments rattled down on our helmets and clothes. We were gashed and torn by the cruel wire, sweat ran down our faces and got into our eyes and made our mouths sting. We crossed "NO MAN'S LAND", jumped into the enemy's trench, which was untenanted save for the dead. We pushed on without stopping save to tear off the shoulder straps of the Boche dead to see what unit they belonged to, and then plunged through to the enemy's second position. As we passed the entrance to a dug out, some-

one heaved a hand grenade down. If there were any men down there they are still there. Everyone was anxious to come face to face with the enemy, but those who were not shot surrendered and were hurried to the rear. We took the second position without a struggle and then plunged into the Argonne.

The old forest, solid with the underbrush of four years' neglect, was cross-cut by frequent paths, each path commanded by a machine gun. The trees were wired together, and the whole covered with an overgrowth of brush. We cut and slashed our way through this maze, uncovering the machine gun nets. Camouflaged snipers shot at us from the trees and the machine guns like a myriad of bees combed the woods with bullets that bewildered, they came from so many directions. Fritz put up a game fight and died at his gun, but our boys did not ask for quarters, though a steady stream of prisoners kept going to the rear. My company had taken two hundred before noon and God only knows how many they killed. The woods were so thick it was almost individual fighting, and many were the little tragedies in that Hell cauldron. I could hear on all sides "KAM-ERAD" in shrill stricken voices. Sometimes the answer was a sound of shots accompanied by screams and curses. Other times it was a panting grunt followed by a scream. That last was the bayonet, other times a heavy blow. Sometimes a yell, "Where is the Captain?" that meant prisoners. We pushed on, giving and taking, until mid-afternoon. My God, how tired and exhausted we all were! Our water was gone and we drank from shell holes or from streams that ran red. The wounded would crawl to a stream and then dying, bled into it. Every one was crazed, it was kill or be killed.

As a German officer shot at me, one of my men ran him through the throat. They threw "POTATOES MASHERS" (grenades) at us, we replied with our bombs. It was the Red Death of the Japanese. Kipling speaks of the "FOG OF FIGHTING". I have seen it. Our eyes were red and staring and we laughed at trifles. My leggings unwrapped and dragged behind me until it tripped me. I cursed it and cut it off. My men laughed, they thought it funny. There was nothing about our attack, no yelling but a deadly killing silence. I did not think we were butchers, but it looked like as if we were executioners.

It is no use trying to be graphic, yet this is what I saw. Men were thrown in all directions by the bursting shells. Sometimes they jumped up, and kept going anyhow. Bodies torn and broken lay all around. Fragments of our dead were strewn over the ground and on us. Some of the men bled from the nose, caused by the concussion of the red balled shells that were bursting over us. We staggered like drunken men, calling back and forth to keep the line. The trees were broken and shattered by shell fire. In places the woods took fire. We dragged out our wounded and what Boche we could find and then pushed on. That

was the main thought—keep on, keep on. All the officers kept their eyes glued to their compasses and directed the movements. The men around them protected them from attack. I had a compass in one hand and a map in the other. When the Boche put over gas we never bothered about our masks but rushed through it. It is no wonder "FRITZ" said the Yanks were "DEVILS". We certainly got a devil's diet there. He threw a murderous mustard gas on us, we walked through it. He dropped chlorine on us, we went through it. His planes swooped down, firing machine guns and dropping live-phosphorous. He sent over "FLYING PIGS" and yet somehow we were not all killed. The air snapped and cracked with machine gun bullets, yet the God of battles was with us, and we were unharmed. One of my men near me was hit in the stomach with a shell. It went through him but did not explode. Another lad had his head shot off, a third was hit in the leg with a large shell but kept on going till he dropped. Men wounded unto death wandered back and forth with no one having time to help them.

No use going into details of the horror of the wounded, I want to forget that. I will pause here to say our wounded were the bravest of the brave. It was most uncanny to hear groans from men without arms and legs, with half their face shot away, yet quietly, heroically bearing their burdens. The good God of Heaven will reward them and remember our gallant dead.

Our major was killed, and I took command of the battalion. We had pushed on so far that the Boche cut us off. We turned back and fighting on four sides cut our way through and getting into some trenches, we beat them off. Our battalion had the distinction of first reaching the Corps' Objective.

Each day was a repetition of the first. Each night a hell of fire. At night we lay still, holding what we had gained, beating off counter attacks and getting strafed by artillery fire. I had been cut and scratched by flying particles but had escaped real injury, until the third night out. While talking with the Colonel, making plans for the next day, we heard the shell coming that we knew would get us. It exploded and a fragment about eight inches long and three inches wide hit me flat on. It flattened the cartridges and broke two of my ribs, a small fragment penetrating. I laugh now when I think of how when I regained consciousness I put my hand to my side expecting to push it in up to my wrist, but found I was not hurt. Fritz had my address all right but did not know how to spell it.

The next day we were before Gesnes and west of Cregies. I got in front of a machine gun bullet which lodged in my side, going to the shoulder. Got hit twice more in the back and once in the shoulder blade. All this time it was raining pretty hard, and we began to get cold. We were all pretty thirsty, having spent twenty-eight hours in the trenches. I was operated on, without anesthetic (did not need it). The bullet did not go

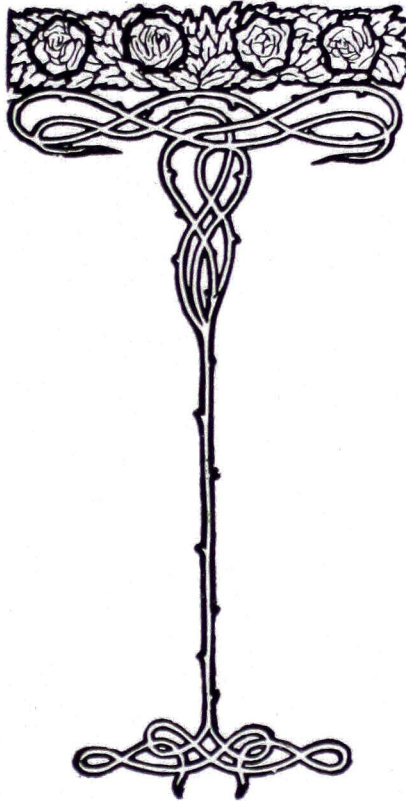
all the way through was just under the skin and one slash of the knife brought it out. The "Doc" wrapped it up in a piece of gauze and I have it yet. One month later I was hobbling around again, and it is now about six months since, and I feel almost as good as new, and in a few more months will be O. K.

Excuse me and any of my faults as I dashed this off as the spirit moved me.

Cordially,

W. J. POTTER,

Major U. S. Inf.



Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of Heaven on the things of this earth and stamps them to immortality.—Jameson.



VERY REV. PASCAL D. LAJOIE, C. S. V.
Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator

Late Superior General of Viatorian

(By E. L. R.)

BRUSSELS, March 1, 1919.—“Father Lajoie dead. Robert.” Following this cable came the usual laconic death notice worded as follows: “We regret to announce the death of Very Reverend Father Pascal D. Lajoie, Superior General, who died in Brussels on the first of March, in the ninety-third year of his age, the seventy-second of his religious life, the sixty-seventh of his priesthood, the twenty-ninth of his General Superiorship. Filially offer in behalf of the soul of our regretted Father General the prayers prescribed by the rule.” How much history is contained in this simple message which covers nearly a century! Had the death of a young entrant into religion been announced the notice would have been likewise simple and complete. The sweet rules and customs of religious communities have for long centuries made safe the democracy of religious life and death. Both the young religious who dies, as St. Viator, having been made perfect in a brief space, and the octogenarian who, as St. Just, departs from life after long apostolic labors, are hailed by God as faithful servants and leave behind them stimulating examples for others to follow. Intensity of brief service and perseverance in long service are both highly meritorious and worthy of emulation by those aspiring to the honor of that militant soldiery which leads up to the triumphant citizenry of the saints in Heaven.

Public men to whom God grants with other gifts length of days, like Gladstone, Leo XIII, Cardinal Gibbons, and let us say Father Lajoie, acquire a ripeness of wisdom and a mellowness of charity which not only wins them the loyalty of those whose interests they directly serve, but which also elicits worldwide interest and reverent attention. The world at large knows that engaged in ceaseless achievement they have lived from jubilee to jubilee with the cheery iteration of the friendly wish *ad multos annos*. Those living near these venerable patriarchs have sipped daily the honey of their counsel and felt the invigorating influence of their personal example. To live in the companionship and under the direction of wise and good old age is indeed a very great privilege, for which the dutiful never fail to thank Providence.

Father Lajoie enjoyed the rugged health of a Trappist monk until a few weeks before his death. Interned in Brussels since 1914 and forcibly separated from his spiritual children, he displayed heroic constancy in enduring the material hardships and moral privations induced by the state of war. He even refused to avail himself of passports obtained in 1915 through the State Departments of Washington and Berlin, and he freely elected to remain at his martyr post, beside Cardinal Mercier, near those who suffered most, rather than seek the ease and safety offered by his American subjects.

Through the good offices of the Cardinal of Cologne he succeeded in sending spiritual advice to the membership of the Community. His circular letter on "Spiritual War-Profiteering" was one of the most timely and fecund religious documents issued during the war. It exhorted us to make store of the numerous opportunities afforded us by the times to practice in a higher degree a number of very necessary virtues; patience, generous self-sacrifice to help others, prayer and trust in God. His own perfect abandonment of himself and of the dear interests of his Society to the hands of Providence was a life-long trait of Father Lajoie and was especially remarkable during the trying years of the war. His confidence was always rewarded, and signally so upon the occasion of that series of vexatious events following the infamous law of religious expulsion when Providence led the French exile into Belgium and Spain. Cardinal Mercier eagerly welcomed the fleeing Viatorians and their venerable chief. He exhorted his clergy to confide the children of their parishes to those able teachers, and it was not long before the Clerics of St. Viator were conducting a number of large and prosperous schools in Belgium. A Novitiate and a House of Preparatory Studies were also established and filled with candidates for membership in the Institute of St. Viator. Simultaneously a new province was being erected in Spain, whither a number of Viatorians had fled. Canada received the reinforcement of over two score of brethren exiled from France and was thereby enabled to extend the sphere of its educational activities. The Province of Chicago was projecting its influence westward by establishing a college in Chamberlain, South Dakota, and accepting the direction of a number of parishes in the diocese of Sioux Falls.

It was while these providential developments were taking place under the guidance of Father Lajoie that his greatest and last jubilee occurred. It was on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of his priestly ordination, September 12, 1912, that the Very Reverend Father Lajoie saw gathered around him in Brussels delegates from all the Provinces of the Institute, bearing messages of filial congratulation and pious thanksgiving. But what made this jubilee particularly joyful and blessed was the presence of our Cardinal Protector, His Eminence Vincenzo

Vanutelli, who came expressly from Rome to lay at the feet of the venerable jubilarian the most precious gift which his heart might crave, namely, the homage of the Holy Father himself in the form of a rescript granting, besides the Apostolic Benediction, a plenary indulgence on September 12, 1912, to all the members of the Institute, to the students of their schools and to their parishioners under the usual condition of Confession and Holy Communion. This rescript is signed by His Holiness, Pope Pius X, and dated Rome, August 7, 1912.

The abundant literature of this epochal jubilee is redolent of the filial piety of the entire Viatorian family and of the sweet humility and Christian joy of its venerable head. After witnessing the splendor of these scenes in which God through His Vicar set the seal of His approval upon the aged superior's life-work, fain would he, then in his eighty-sixth year, have begged of the Lord to dismiss him now in peace; but it was decreed in Heaven that he should still at the head of his band of educators traverse the years of the war, sustain the courage of those in the trenches, direct the continued operation of schools in Belgium and France, appoint superiors and coadjutors in place of those claimed by death in the near and far provinces, and thus by his sure and experienced leadership usher his religious battalion into the dawn of peace before going to his well earned reward.

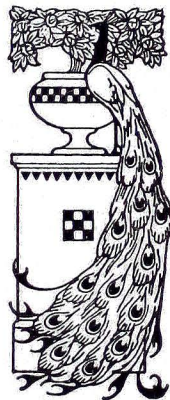
Viatorians cannot without a tear of filial regret see disappearing from their fond and so long accustomed gaze the figure of that white haired father, so gentle and yet so firm, so cheerfully thankful in prosperity and so joyously strong in adversity, so calmly judicious in perplexity and so fixedly decisive in necessity, to us a loved personality that was a beautiful white tower of strength and of goodness. We will remember how tenacious he was of traditions without being unprogressive, how wary of mere innovations without reserving all his praise for the past, how sweetly cheerful in the consciousness of his gradually waning strength, in a word, not a querulous old man, not a mere praiser of by-gone days; but a singularly young and reverend and lovable old man.

A life that culminates in a chapter such as is here briefly sketched necessarily holds many other preceding chapters. Christianly reared by good parents of Catholic Quebec, young Pascal Lajoie, having completed studies fitting him for the profession of school teaching, was admitted as a Novice in Joliette, Canada, at the age of twenty. In due course of time he became Catechist, Priest, Director of Schools, President of Colleges, Master of Novices, Visitor General, Pastor, Rural Dean, Assistant to the Superior General, Provincial of Canada; he became Vicar General of the Community in 1880 and was elected Superior General in 1890. During the Chapter of 1895 he reorganized the general administration of the Community and established its headquarters at Oullins, near Lyons, moving thence to Paris in

1896, where he remained until 1903, when the Law of Suppression compelled him to seek hospitality in Belgium. The General and his staff first resided in Aerschot and in 1908 finally found a permanent abode in Jette, near Brussels.

Since the publication of Roman decrees concerning Religious Communities in 1900 and after, Father Lajoie made it his business at the General Chapters so to modify our regulations as to bring them in perfect conformity with the requirements of the new laws. In December, 1918, he proclaimed important modifications respecting the periods of temporary vows as demanded by the new code of Canon Law. Throughout his twenty-nine years of Generalship his deep sense of loyalty to Rome ever prompted him to bring the particular legislation of our Community in perfect conformity with the legislation of the Church for Religious Congregations. In this as well as in the general government of the Community his efforts were crowned with splendid results owing to his confident reliance on God and to his own peculiar gifts of tact, prudence, and goodness, qualities which won him cordial welcome in France and the constant and loyal co-operation of the Provinces of Europe and America.

His great task is done and his mortal remains now lie in the war plowed ground of hospitable Belgium; upon his humble far away grave we with our students and parishioners lay our garlands of filial regret and gratitude and we devoutly pray that he who in this early pilgrimage did believe may now see in Heaven, that he who wrought so tirelessly may rest, he who suffered may be comforted and he who wept may sing eternally the glories of the Lord and still continue in bliss to watch over us.



Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence.—Carlyle.



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K. of C.

THE battle cry of freedom and democracy needed not a second sounding to bring to its standards the loyal support of the Catholics of America. The response was so spontaneous, so general and so willing that we have silenced for ages the charges of the Guardians of Liberty and of the remnants of the A. P. As. This call to arms was made by our country, to which we owe our life, in the cause of right and justice. It was our duty to heed the call, but the response made appeared to be that of a privilege. Our duty and our privilege is fast coming to an end, and we can look forward to the reward due good and faithful servants. In the exercise of our duty we have learned many things, and one standing out most prominently is that of Charity to our fellow men. This lesson has been taught in words and deeds by that greatest of fraternal organizations of America, the Knights of Columbus. The lesson they have taught to the whole world,

and the world seems highly appreciative of it. We hear from the mouths of non-Catholics and even from the pulpits of the Protestants unstinted praise for this noble organization. And now amid the acclamations of praise and the bestowal of rewards these same noble Knights come forth and throw open their doors to their Catholic brethren and invite them to share in its good work and congenial companionship. One million has been made the goal of this year's campaign. Who will not heed the call? Who will not now don the accoutrements of a Knight? To allow failure mark this campaign will cause our protestant neighbors to wonder if not to be scandalized at our ingratitude and lack of co-operation in such a good cause. Every Catholic who is eligible should join the Banner of Columbus, and every Catholic who has been a Knight and is in bad standing should take immediate steps to get into good standing that the glory of the sons of Columbus may be increased and that the strength of Union may bless their undertakings.

Homecoming

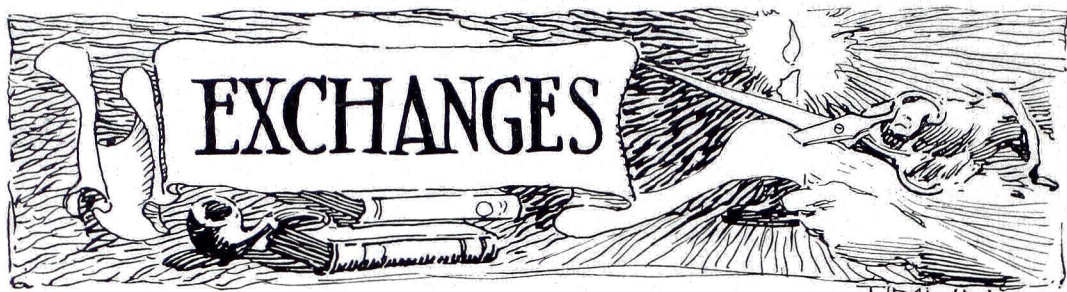
On Tuesday, May 30, 1916, Viator had its first homecoming of Old Students. Since that auspicious day when old friendships were renewed our Nation has gone through a crucial test and has come out a tried champion. It has been put through the fiery trial and has come forth branded pure gold. Viator's men answered the first call of battle in the same fashion in which they always responded to the beck of their Alma Mater. As victory has crowned the efforts of our nation's arms and most of our Alumni have returned to resume the duties of private life, Viator again sounds her clarion to her old boys and cordially invites them home to visit the halls wherein they received those high ideals which caused them so willingly to offer their life for liberty's cause. Although some of the old familiar faculty members may be missing, yet the call is made with that same heartfelt welcome as on the first Homecoming day. It is the good cause of Catholic education that extends its hand to you and invites you back to renew old acquaintances and recall old days of innocence and real sport. It is for the noble work of up-building and keeping alive a united bond of true sympathy for our system of Catholic education. But more especially the call comes this year, that we may have an opportunity of lauding the heroic deeds of Viator's men in the war and of congratulating them upon the noble way in which they put into practice the ideals acquired in the halls of Alma Mater. To refuse to heed this welcome home, to allow any little feeling too small to mention keep you away is needless to say a trait not only unbecoming a son of Viator but even of a Christian gentleman. Necessity alone will keep you away on that day. Your big heartedness must rule on that occasion and grant to yourself the pleasure of

a day devoted to renewing old friendships, memories and lessons. A hearty welcome awaits you, a warm hand will be extended to receive you and a right conscience will sanction it.

Heed then the call!! Answer to the beck of your Alma Mater.

The Radical Man

It seems to be the commonly accepted opinion that the man who is not following the beaten paths of his predecessors, who is not hugging old traditions, who fears not to venture on new enterprises and express his views without dread of criticism, or who launches out into the sea of the unexplored theories of new government and achievements, is a man to be looked upon as unbalanced. He is called, with a meaning close to that of fanatic or imbecile, a Radical. Many indeed are too prone to look upon the Radical man as one who sins against that all solving argument of the conservative, the universal consent of men, and for this sin he is no longer one to be considered seriously. We cannot, however, deny that there is a class of men who deserve the term Radical taken in its perverted sense. These men are not the class to which reference is here made. Men such as Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Gallileo, Pasteur, and Columbus were men radical in the true sense of the word. They clung not to the old ways of thinking and acting and in doing so they were decried, put into prison and even looked upon as insane. Few believed in them, few assisted them, but many joined to throw obstacles into their new blazed trails. As time, the healer of all wounds and the solver of all mysteries, elapsed, we came to the knowledge that these men, radical though they were, were the true geniuses of their age. They were the wise and learned, the courageous and original, the inventors and explorers, whose praises will continue to be sung for centuries. Of course, we must not greet every new theorist as a hero. Nevertheless, we should remember that to be original and courageous enough to advance a theory and defend it to its ultimate conclusion is a mark of the true man, though in doing so he veer from the trail marked out by other men. True genius is not found among the many, but among the few. It is very often stifled in embryo; due to the fear that one will be considered Radical. Let the Radical man pursue the apparently uneven tenor of his way and assist him in his just efforts to prove his case. If this were done in the days of the past we would not have to look back with regret on the days of Columbus and Roger Bacon. The thing needed to-day is to break away from the old beaten path of a barren conservatism and try to open new roads to advancement. Originality coupled with courage is what the world wants, but we have lacked it so long that we now mistake these virtues for something which we erroneously brand as Radical.



THE EXPONENT," of St. Mary College, Dayton, Ohio, impresses us as a substantial, well-balanced paper. Its articles are interesting, its stories entertaining, and its poetry pleasing. "The Mission of Erin's Apostle" gives us a brief account of the life and labors of the great Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick. In that account two ideas stand out most prominent: first, that the Irish as a nation were well-prepared to receive the deposit of Faith, and, secondly, that St. Patrick was well qualified for the mission that Divine Providence entrusted to him. And it was for these two reasons that the conversion of Ireland was so complete, and the fruits of that conversion were so abundant. Witness this in the heroic constancy with which the Irish have guarded the Faith of Patrick, and in the testimony of the learned Montalembert, whom the author quotes: "Suffice it to say that one hundred and fifty saints of Irish origin are honored as patrons and founders of churches in Germany alone, forty-five in Gaul, thirty in Belgium and thirteen in Italy." Thus has the influence of the "Isle of Saints," set aflame by the spirit of Patrick, spread itself over Christendom. Indeed the labors of the Apostle of Ireland were blessed by the Almighty. "Marion's Birthday" is a short story that sustains its air of mystery and suspense until the last line. The article entitled "Salvaging the Man" proved to be instructive and intensely interesting. It is gratifying to learn that the nations which gained the crown of victory in the recent war at the cost of so much blood and sacrifice realize their indebtedness to the men who engaged in mortal combat for them, and that they are making such strenuous efforts to refit maimed men for civil life. Such articles as this one are really worth while. A fitting tribute to the memory of one of America's greatest men is paid in "Roosevelt and the Strenuous Life." He certainly believed in and practiced the "Strenuous Life." Theodore Roosevelt is entitled to an honored place in the pages of history, because, by hard work, he made his life a power for the good of his country. "The Housing Problems in Modern Industry" deals with a sociological problem of vital concern to the industrial community. Conservation in the use of man power is one of the great lessons taught us by the war. As the writer of this article points out, manufacturers have found that they cannot get efficient service from their employees unless

they are properly housed. It is rather regrettable that efficiency is the highest motive that prompts employers to look out for the welfare of their employees, but at any rate the improvement of the living conditions of the working class will be productive of much good. The editor of the Exponent in an able editorial brings to our mind the fact that it is almost useless to hope for permanent peace in the world unless this peace come from the Prince of Peace, through his Vicar, the Pope. It is indeed a matter of regret that the Father of the Nations, the big-hearted Benedict XV, has no voice in the Peace Conference. Let us hope that God will pass over this insult to the Chair of Peter, and despite their unworthiness enrich with the blessing of a lasting peace his children, who are more prone to err than to do aright. It seems to us that the author of the short story, "The Result of Incompatability", would be obliged to do some clever explaining in order to justify the success of the Hon. Leslie J. Parker, B. A., LL. B. There is nothing in the character of the young Leslie Parker of college days to indicate that he would make more of a success in after life than he did in college life.

The St. Patrick's Day number of "The Laurel," St. Bonaventure's College, St. Bonaventure, N. Y., is a fitting tribute to the memory of the Patron Saint of Ireland. A beautiful cover design adorns and makes this issue attractive. The author of "A Plea for Universal Justice" says with truth, that: "Without justice there can be no permanent peace." And he consistently concludes that unless Ireland, as well as other small nations, is given the right of self-determination, we cannot hope for a lasting peace. Again, he maintains: "England, treacherous and deceiving as you have always been, you must agree to honorable terms." I would that we had the same confidence as our friend. But alas! the war does not appear to have changed the policy of old "John Bull." He is the same old selfish, dominion-loving individual, and will sooner part with his roast beef than with his favorite slave, Ireland. In America indeed lies the present hope of Ireland, and it is a patriotic sentiment to say: "And America will see her project through to the finish." However, neither the Government of America, nor its chief representative, Woodrow Wilson, has given any very strong assurance that they have espoused the cause of the Emerald Isle, and will in the end have justice done to her. But, we fear that "Interests," and not justice will hold the balance of power at the Peace Conference, insofar as Ireland is concerned. When the author of this paper says that Ireland is entitled to "home rule," we suppose he means independence. Ireland is a nation, and as such is entitled to work out her own destiny, without any interference on the part of Great Britain. It was truly enlightening to be entertained with an article such as "Along the By-Paths of Irish

Philology." What a shame that this beautiful language should be almost destroyed. England has done her utmost to rob Ireland of one of her choicest possessions, but fortunately has not altogether succeeded. An independent Ireland will make notable contributions to the literature of the world, for her gifted sons and daughters will not be long in developing the beauty of their mother tongue. We need but quote two or three passages from "Ireland's Sacrifice in the World War" in order to put to shame maligners who claim that Ireland was a "slacker" during the war. For instance: "Sixty per cent. of Ireland's manhood was under arms before the armistice was signed. This percentage does not include the men in service when the war started, or those who enlisted in Scotch, Welch, or English regiments." What other nation can show this glorious record? Surely the blood of Irishmen that has flowed on the battlefields of Europe must be a convincing argument in favor of the independence of Ireland. Furthermore, the writer maintains: "Ireland has been second only to our own country in supplying food to England during the war." Would it not be for the best interests of England to keep such a nation as an ally, rather than train her to be an enemy? The speedy and complete conversion of the Irish to Christianity is well set forth in the short essay entitled, "Ireland." The author makes us aware of this fact when he says: "Then in the dawning of their Christianity, they became a nation of priests, bishops, monks and nuns." And he substantiates his statement by giving a long list of Irish missionaries who brought the tidings of the Gospel to distant lands. "The Elements of Irish Literature" is an appreciative article on the literary accomplishments of the Irish. It points out some of the notable traits of the character of this people, which have been embodied in their literature. These are: their innate love of liberty;" "versatility of talent;" true love and respect for womanhood, and a never failing sense of humor. "The Constancy of the Persecuted Gael" but rehearses a thought which is familiar to all of us, namely, that no oppression or tyranny has been able to drive the Faith of Patrick from Irish hearts. Like the shamrock, it has refused to be trampled out of existence, but on the contrary has found nourishment and strength in persecution. "The Call" is an appealing short story on a subject that cannot fail to win our attention—the unexpected home-coming of a young priest. The author maintains an air of realism throughout the story. In a very convincing editorial, the editor of the "Laurel" establishes the fact that Ireland, like all other small nations, is entitled to self-determination. And this from the very fact that, "Of late it has been 'regarded as axiomatic that every nationality, just because it is a nationality, has an inherent right to be united and to be free.'" And for the same reason may Lithuania claim her freedom. The noble-minded sons of Lithuania, many of whom have become such excellent American

citizens, certainly should not be constrained to form part of Poland or any other nation. Another very timely editorial is that entitled: "One Million in 1919." And this does not mean a million sordid dollars, but a million noble Knights of Columbus, who will be a power for good in Church and State. By all means let us have the million Knights, and even two million, if possible. The Knights of Columbus have proved their worth, and they deserve the support of every Catholic man. We would be guilty indeed did we fail to pay passing tribute to the thrilling poetry which comes from the loyal Irish heart of Amadeus Breffni O'Reilly. He certainly has an Irishman's love for old "Mother England," and the "Irish Love Song" would bring joy to the heart of any lady love.

"Columbus College Bulletin," Columbus College, Chamberlain, So. Dakota. It is our pleasure to welcome into the ranks of college journalism a new publication. Our joy in receiving the first pages of this paper is akin to that of a father who, for the first time, beholds the face of his new born son. We admire the enterprise of this rising young institution, which prompts it to shoulder the task of editing a college paper. Although the "Bulletin" is only in pamphlet form, at present, still we have the announcement that the Columbus College Bulletin will be a regular quarterly magazine next year. Again, Welcome! Columbus College Bulletin! We look for great achievements from you.

The Ex-man of "The Saint Francis," St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y., has suggested that the exchange editors of the different magazines pick out an "All College" staff. Here is our choice:

Editor-in-Chief: John G. Brunini, Georgetown College Journal.

Assistant: A. Misukiewicz, The Laurel.

Exchanges: E. Dubuisson, Jr., The Borromean.

Associate: Richard J. Deger, The Exponent.

It is our pleasure to welcome the following new faces to our Sanctum: "The Niagara Index, Niagara University, New York; "The Patrician," Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio; and "The Labarum," Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa.

"YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU," by Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros. Price: \$0.75 net; by mail, \$0.85.

"Take up and read" were the words that converted the illustrious St. Augustine. These stirring words might well be ap-

plied to every Christian who has seriously at heart the great affair of his salvation. The reading of good books is undoubtedly an effective means toward holier living. And fortunately there is an abundance of books of this character which can be obtained without much trouble and at small cost. Among the choice volumes which have recently been presented to the public is Father Garesche's, "Your Neighbor and You." Like all of his publications, this work is intensely practical, and suitable for men and women who are leading the busy life of the world—those who are too apt to sidetrack their spiritual concerns and regard them as matters to be attended to during a half-hour or an hour spent in the church on Sunday. To such people, we would recommend the reading of books such as "Your Neighbor and You," which will soon convince them that the spiritual need not be alienated from the material, but that the truth of the matter is their one great concern should be to spiritualize the material concerns of everyday life. The titles of the chapters in Father Garesche's work are suggestive of the means he recommends for the working of this transformation. For instance, do not these subjects interest men and women living in the world: "Our Talk at Home," "The Apostleship of Encouragement," "The Power of Praise," "Our Talk in Business," "The Ethics of Saturday Night," "The Poor—Our Creditors," "A Summer Opportunity," and others of a like import? Indeed they do, and no upright Catholic can afford to let pass the opportunity thus offered him to learn how to sanctify his everyday life.

To those who have read any of Father Garesche's books or articles, it is unnecessary to say that the style is simple, clear and entertaining. Those who have not yet become acquainted with this author will, we believe, agree with us, after reading "Your Neighbor and You," that he is all we claim him to be.





St. Patrick's Day

THIS day found students, Alumni and friends gathered together to chant the praises of Ireland's National Saint, whose spirit has kept alive, through all the long dark centuries of sorrow, the faith and patriotism of the children of Gael. The feast of this great saint was celebrated with impressive religious ceremony and a very enjoyable production by the Thespians.

At 9 a. m. Solemn High Mass was sung in the College Chapel. The celebrant of the occasion was the Rev. J. F. Mainville, assisted by Rev. J. F. Ryan, c. s. v., president of the College, as deacon, and Rev. Bro. R. L. French, as sub-deacon. The choir, under the direction of Father J. R. Plante, with Mr. Elmslie assisting as organist, and Prof. Martineau as orchestral director, displayed the result of thorough training and artful direction. The union of these talents made Rosewig's Mass in "F" a pleasure to linger for some time in the memory of its auditors. Very Rev. E. L. Rivard sang Millard's "Ave Verum" at the Offertory, and his rendition of this piece showed the touch of the master and artist. The Right Rev. G. M. Legris, D. D., '78, preached an inspiring sermon on St. Patrick, in which he depicted the glories of Ireland and the influence of the saint over his children through all the ages.

In the afternoon the Dramatic club staged the "Old Homestead," a rural comedy in four acts. The plot was skillfully executed and much realism was introduced to make the play a success. To the moderator of the club, Rev. Patrick E. Brown, assisted by Mr. J. J. Smith, is due the success which greeted the "Old Homestead". The college orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Martineau, furnished the music for the day, as did also the glee club in the performance. The following students were in the cast: Joseph Marron, J. J. Tinley, Harry Corken, T. Dun-

phy, Edward Hamilton, Leo Spinelli, C. Doyle, E. Conway, J. Loftus, Myles J. Hoare and J. Joseph Smith.

The Glee club was composed of H. McCormick, L. Poudrier, E. Surprenant, H. Graetz, W. Bunge, J. Marks, J. McEnroe, and John Lyons.

Minstrels

The Blackface Sons of Minstrelsy held forth in high carnival at the college Feb. 24th, when they presented "A Night in Dixie". Mr. J. J. Tinley presided as Interlocutor and was a decided success. The Bones—Messrs. J. J. Smith, T. Bunphy, and A. Smith, and the Tambos—Messrs. Thos. Smith, B. Faltus, and B. Doran, kept the house in a continuous uproar of laughter. The choruses were of high order and each soloist made a mark for himself in his role. The following gentlemen were soloists: G. Picard, J. J. Smith, J. Foley, H. McCormick, J. Connors, E. Surprenant, L. Poudrier, and H. Corken. They were ably assisted by Messrs. Sweeney, O'Brien Hamilton, Donahue and Marks. The novelties were furnished by L. Hollenbeck, H. Powalski, H. Marchi, E. Cullen and E. Mahoney.

Rev. P. Brown, c. s. v., was Director and to his endeavors the success of the performance is due.

A short time ago news was received announcing the death of the Very Rev. P. D. Lajoie, c. s. v., Superior General of the Viatorians. Shortly upon this notice followed another, calling the Clerics of St. Viator to meet in conclave and select delegates to the convention to be held in Brussels May 22 for the purpose of electing a new Superior General. The meeting of the members of the Chicago Province was held at the College. The Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D. D., Rev. W. J. Bergin, and Rev. W. J. Surprenant were selected to represent this province at the Belgium conference. Father Bergin is already in France and the other Reverend gentlemen expect to sail May 1st. Rev. Father T. J. Rice was selected as alternate in case any of the others would be unable to attend.

On the evening of February 11, the Cecilian Philharmonic Society tendered a reception to Very Rev. E. L. Rivard and Rev. Philip Dube of Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill. The reception was in the form of a musical. Father Dube, who is an accomplished master of the piano, gave several selections that enraptured the hearts of his auditors. Father Rivard spoke touchingly on St. Cecilia and the influence of Music in general. Several numbers were also presented by the Music students. At the close of the reception a three course buffet-luncheon was served to the guests and members.

Arrangements for the annual outing of the Cecilian Philharmonic Society, to be held soon, are in full swing. Various committees have been selected to make the arrangements and the affair promises to be a grand success. The society has proven itself a social factor of great worth to the institution, by promoting the love of music and especially the spirit of good-fellowship among the students. The great interest shown by the music students is evidenced by the generous donations made by them towards beautifying their department. Among the many donations received are beautiful curtains and draperies, and a charming statue of the patron saint of music.

Player Piano

The Faculty Community Room has received a very substantial gift from the Knights of Columbus in the form of a splendid Steger Player-Piano and rolls. It is a gift much appreciated by the Rev. Brothers, who have found many hours of enjoyment in listening to its sweet harmonies. The faculty extend their sincere thanks to the Knights for their magnificent gift.

"The Upper Room"

On Friday, April 11, St. Viator's Dramatic Club, of St. Viator's Parish, Chicago, presented Robert Hugh Benson's liturgical drama, "The Upper Room," portraying the tragic story of Good Friday. Each actor deserves mention for the excellent manner in which they handled their part. Miss Margaret Hartigan, as Mary the Mother, was indeed par excellent. While Miss Irene Dunn as vocalist captivated the audience by her beautiful singing. The play was directed by Father Sheridan of Chicago, and was another gem added to his already brilliant constellation of successes.

The "Movies"

The Drama of Silent Art enters our collegiate walls weekly and upon the silver screen are featured the galaxy of stellar beings whose success has won for them the halo of fame. Pickfords, Talmages, Chapin, etc., pass in review, leaving the best impression which their art produces, while Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin cause the hearts of the Juniors to mount unto the seventh heaven of delightful enjoyment. The day of the "nickle" shows is past, and the 17c species now holds forth, but the "Viator Movie House" surpasses all records when they present the students with eight-reel dramas, which show the manager's artistic taste in the selections. Large crowds greet the performances, which are "run off" under the skillful direction of Father Plante and Brother Lee. Future bookings show that the coming "features" will even surpass the past successes.

Obituary

"Have pity on me, at least, you my friends."

Narcisse Rivard

After a lingering illness Mr. Narcisse Rivard, an old resident of Kankakee County, passed away. Mr. Rivard was born in Bourbonnais November 13, 1861. He attended St. Viator College in 1874. In 1880 he married Miss Louise Grandpre, who survives him. He is also survived by four daughters, one of whom is a member of the congregation of Notre Dame. His sons, Leopold, now deceased, and Rene were both students of the college in recent years. Mr. Rivard was a fervent Catholic and frequently received the sacraments during his last illness. The funeral was held from Maternity Church. To the bereaved ones, the faculty and many friends offer their sincere condolence and prayers.

Margaret Tinsley Valerius

On February 21 the angel of death summoned the soul of Mrs. Margaret Tinsley Valerius, the wife of the esteemed chef of St. Viator College. Mrs. Valerius had been sick for over two years, following an operation. Being a model of perfect Christian womanhood, never did she complain of her affliction, but was ever resigned to the holy will of her Creator. Each day found her awake early to welcome the Divine Banquet with which she daily nourished her soul. Surrounded by her husband, sister, mother, and her only daughter, and grandchildren, and fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church, to whom she was so devoted all her life, she passed to her reward. Mrs. Valerius was born at Toronto, Canada, 54 years ago. To the devoted husband, aged mother, and loving daughter, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and pray God to admit her speedily into her heavenly home.

Mrs. Kearney

It is with regret that we chronicle the death of the mother of Reverend Fathers Wm. L. and Joseph R. Kearney. This saintly lady passed to her heavenly reward March 1st at Dixon, Ill. The funeral was held March 6th from St. Patrick's Church, Dixon. To the bereaved sons we extend our sincere sympathy, and offer them the solace of our prayers.

Rev. Louis A. Kroshowicz

Among the recent influenza victims we note the name of Rev. Father Louis A. Kroshowicz, who passed away after a very brief illness. Father Kroshowicz was well known in Bradley and had attended Viator for part of his philosophical training. His brief stay at our college did not give us sufficient time to learn the beauties of his quiet and amiable disposition which bloomed forth to his flock, who loved and admired him. Our heartfelt sympathies we proffer his grief stricken relatives.

To Emmett Jordan, H. S. '18, the Faculty and students of St. Viator extend their heartfelt and prayerful sympathies at the loss of his beloved sister, who went to her reward on March 1st. May her soul rest in peace.

A. Bergeron

On Sunday evening, April 6th, the community was startled to hear that the soul of Mr. A. Bergeron, pioneer of Bourbonnais, had been suddenly called to its heavenly home. Mr. Bergeron was making the mission, and while at one of the services was taken sick. He left the church, and made his way to his residence, only a short distance away. When other members of the family returned home, they found that death had preceded them, and claimed their loved one. Mr. Bergeron was one of the well known pioneers of Kankakee County, a gentleman, a model husband and father, and a perfect Christian. The mass of requiem was celebrated by his son, Rev. A. Bergeron of Chicago, assisted by Rev. Father Marsile as deacon, and Rev. J. F. Ryan, as sub-deacon. Many distinguished members of the hierarchy were in attendance. The remains were laid to rest in the village cemetery overlooking the valley of the Kankakee River. Mr. Bergeron is survived by a devoted wife, and three sons, one a priest, and the others prominent physicians in Chicago.

Obituary

"Alas! Alas! we ne'er shall see their face
 Within those walls, nor greet them in this air!
 As falls the rose-leaves from yon crystal vase
 To bloom no more in ruddy fragrance fair,
 So from Life's ruby glass their sands have run.
 The toiler toils no more—their tasks are done!"

"Beati mortui, qui in Domino moriuntur."

Alumni

On February 19, the Faculty had the great pleasure of entertaining the Rev. Father Thomas Cleary. He was especially welcomed by the members of his "Virgil" class. Father Cleary is now pastor in Westville, Illinois.

The Faculty and students were glad to have in their midst once again their old friend, the Rev. Father McDevitt of Oak Park, Illinois.

Together with Brother Leo T. Philips, c. s. v., we rejoice at the safe return of his brother, Serg. John Philips, who was in France over six months. While training in Camp Taylor, John Philips was raised to the position of Sergeant Major. He was sent overseas and there worked in the American Officers' Headquarters. Early in February his Division, the "Lincoln," was ordered home. He has since resumed his former position with the Illinois Central R. R. at Clinton, Ill.

The flame of filial devotion towards Alma Mater is ever kept aglow by her dutiful children. It is indeed with a hearty welcome that she invites all her sons within her walls, and those who responded to her call during the last quarter were: Ensign Edmund Conway, A. B., '18. Edmund was on his way home from the east, where he had been stationed.

Ensign William Roche, B. S., '18, was also on his way home from the eastern naval camp. Both of these young officers have received their discharges.

Among others were Charles McBride, Harold Donaldson, John Gallahue, Patrick Meegan, Frank Kornacker, Charles Dinneen, James Corbett, Augustine Doyle, and James Cahill.

Leo Gartland, '12-'15, "Koke", Viator's star forward and third baseman, paid us a short visit. Koke alleges that his father's business could not succeed without his assistance. Hence the rush. We were all glad to see you, Koke, and we hope to see you here with the rest of the boys on May 30th.

Great is our pride and joy when we can greet again those heroic sons of Viator who have been in service both in France and America. This joy was realized when the many friends of

Sergeant William I. Walsh welcomed him back into their midst. You are no doubt aware that Sergeant Walsh has seen six months' service in the front lines; also that while on duty he was shelled, gassed and remained entombed for four days. Members of his company were fortunate enough to recover him and sent him to a base hospital, where he received immediate care and attention. Sergeant Walsh returned home early in February and has since resumed his former position in one of the largest commercial houses of Chicago.

Lieut. John Russell, on his way home from Camp Grant, where he received his discharge, enjoyed a few pleasant hours with his cousin James Gallahue and his many friends.

After an absence of five years, Lieut. Harry Kaminsky returned to St. Viator to renew acquaintances. Harry assures us that he would have visited his Alma Mater sooner, but that at the outbreak of the war he was assigned to the destroyer "Turkey" and was constantly scouting the High Seas in search of the Demon of the Deep. Harry's visit was indeed a short but extremely pleasant one. On April 15 Lieut. H. Kaminsky sailed for France, where he is now engaged in marine work.

Among the members of the S. A. T. C. Unit who returned to St. Viator for a little chat with their friends were: P. J. Scherer, T. Lee, Wm. Burke, L. Cahill and James Prince.

Major W. J. Potter, professor of Economics, '14-'16, is at present in a Red Cross hospital in Colorado recovering from a wound in the left lung received while in the thick of the Argonne Forest battle.

At the government's first call for volunteers Professor Potter quitted the Chair of Economics at Washington U. and entered service. He was sent to camp with the commission of Captain and was successively changed from Camp Lewis, Wash., to Camp Presidio, Calif., and then back again to Camp Lewis. His company was of the 361st Regiment and of the 91st "Wild West" Division. Early in September of 1918 his company was ordered overseas and there took active part in the decisive battle of the Argonne Forest. During one of the attacks their Major was killed; Captain Potter, filled with keen sense of duty and valor, took his place and there led his men to the defeat of the Boche. They had been fighting two long days and had received but few casualties. The Boche seemingly knew their address but could not spell it correctly. On the third day the Hun aimed a volley of shells at the American lines. Shrapnel flew in every direction, inflicting wounds upon many. Captain Potter suffered a broken shoulder, four broken ribs, a broken arm and a puncture in the left lung. His valorous deeds were soon recognized and immediately the authorities appointed him Major of his reg-

iment. His band of courageous men was cited by the French, Belgian, English and American officials.

The "Wild West" Division returned home on Christmas Eve. Major Potter has been in the hospital since but expects to be out soon. He informs us that he will resume the Chair of Economics at Washington University in September.

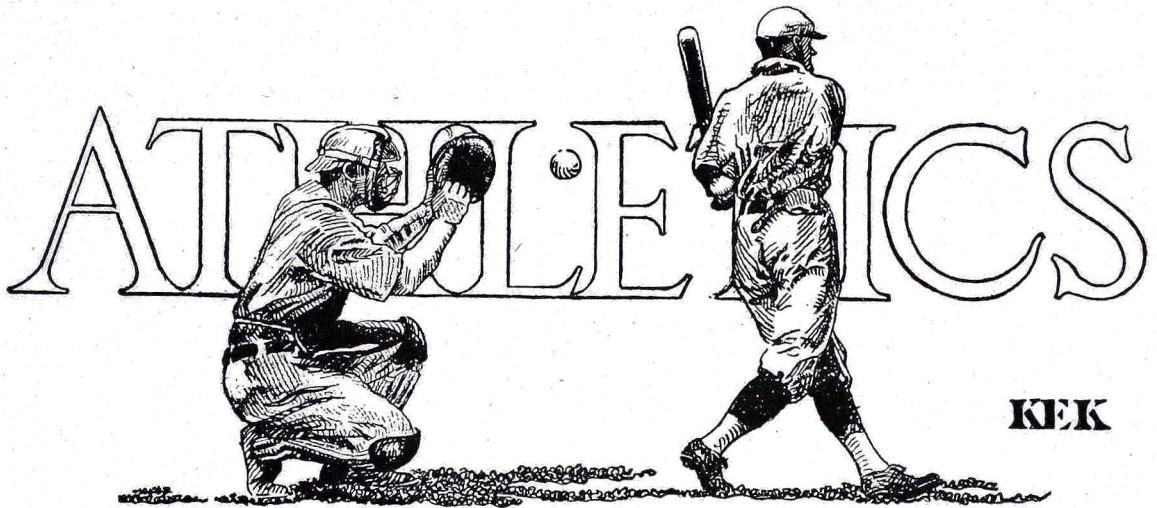
Again must we inscribe on the Year Book another victory of that little dart-warrior, Cupid. On March 25, 1919, Captain James T. Burns was united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony to Miss Anna Laura Gernon, of Kankakee, Illinois. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, Illinois.

Surely Cupid is a wonderful warrior, he has even defeated this great World War Captain. Cupid teaches us that perseverance is the key to success. May this happy couple ever persevere in the high ideals they formulated on that happy day; and may their reward be the result of that great virtue, PERSEVERANCE.

T. W. is back on the job. Father Ryan was pleased to hear the other day that Mr. Thomas W. Reilly had received his discharge from military service and had resumed his practice of law in the National Life Building in Chicago. We wish him the success due a loyal citizen and alumnus.

Among the Reverend gentlemen whom the Faculty had the great pleasure of entertaining were: Monsignor Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Father J. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Surprenant, Beaverville, Ill.; Rev. A. Granger, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. W. Granger, Bradley, Ill.; and Rev. A. Mainville, Chebanse, Ill.





THOUGH the basketball season ended somewhat disastrously for our outfit, we feel justified in indulging in a little complacency after the series of conquests that preceded their fall in the tournament. Every game of the season was played with teams of superior weight and yet the record shows only one decisive defeat and one very dubious lose to the Great Lakes Aviators.

St. Viator 32; St. Joseph 13

The first encounter with St. Joseph did not interrupt the course of our conquering heroes. The game was staged at home and the Rensselaereans were played off their feet from the very start. Advantages of size and weight only served to render the futile efforts of the Hoosiers more ridiculous. "Pat" Sweeney played the star role both on offensive and defensive work in this tussle.

The line-up:

St. Viator		St. Joseph
Bushell	R. F.....	Schaeffer
Lyons	L. F.....	Rose
Sweeney	C.	Wellman
Kearney	R. G.....	O'Brien
Delaney	L. G.....	Harper

Field Goals—Bushell (6), Sweeney (5), Lyons (3), Delaney (1), O'Brien (3), Wellman (2).
 Free Throws—Bushell (1), Lyons (1), O'Brien (3).
 Referee—Ogden.

St. Viator 65; St. Ignatius 7

Viator's ancient rivals lost some of their wonted pride when "Abe" Delaney's bunch handed them the meager end of a score of 65 to 7. Former disastrous encounters had taught our boys to look for a hard fight and consequently there was a bit of dis-

appointment at the outcome of this engagement. Bushell broke all records by scoring fifteen tallies from the field. Lyons followed with ten. Condon of the visitors offered the only appreciable opposition to our boys.

The line-up:

St. Viator		St. Ignatius
Bushell (Fitz).....	R. F.....	Condon
Lyons	L. F.....	Sullivan (Coffey)
Sweeney	C.....	Koebel
Delaney	R. G.....	McNally
Kearney	L. G.....	Barth

Field Goals—Bushell (15), Lyons (10), Sweeney (4), Delaney (2), Fitzgerald (1), Sullivan (1), McNally (1), Barth (1).

Free Throws—Bushell (3), Sullivan (1).

Referee—Ogden.

St. Viator 30; Spalding Institute 12

Spalding Institute offered some stiff opposition but not sufficient to cause any great alarm to our fighting Trojans. Only for the first few minutes did the issue remain dubious; then the home quintette found their stride, and it was easy sailing for the rest of the time. Lyons came to the front again in this quarrel by putting away ten field goals while Bushell caged six from the ring.

The line-up:

St. Viator		Spalding
Bushell	R. F.....	Fahey
Lyons	L. F.....	Rathum
Delaney	C.....	Colgan (Donnelly)
Kearney	R. G.....	Maloney
Korkey	L. G.....	Whalen

Field Goals—Lyons (10), Bushell (2), Malone (3).

Free Throws—Bushell (6), Malone (6).

Referee—Ogden.

St. Viator 26; Great Lakes Aviation 30

The game with Great Lakes will long be remembered at Viator as one of the most spectacular ever played in the home gymnasium. The reputation and series of victories that the flying gobs brought to Viator did not dishearten the home crew, who went into the game with a determination to win. At the whistle for the half the score stood 22 to 18, with the balance low on the Viator side. The second half was played to a deadlock, 26 to 26, with the locals fresh to the end and fighting like fiends. Five minutes overtime and a couple of unfortunate accidents lost the game to Viator. Disinterested spectators attribute the defeat to an obvious foul overlooked by the referee in the last few minutes of play. "Grid" Kearney, on the hospital list, was replaced by John Korkey, whose clever passing and

defensive work gave him the honors for individual playing. Bushell and Lyons, playing the forward posts, were handicapped by the superior weight of their opposing guards and were obliged to score by the long route, which they accordingly did. The feature of the game was a brilliant tally by "Abe" Delaney from his opponent's ring. A like enthusiasm has never been witnessed in Viator gym. Every score brought a roar of applause that threatened to raze the building to the ground.

The line-up:

St. Viator		Great Lakes
Bushell	R. F.....	Cook
Lyons	L. F.....	Tilleson
Sweeney	C.....	Von
Delaney	R. G.....	Bernard
Korkey	L. G.....	Robins

Field Goals—Bushell (5), Sweeney (4), Lyons (2), Delaney (1), Cook (4), Tilleson (4), Von (5), Bernard (1), Robins (1).

Free Throws—Bushell (2).

Referee—Ogden.

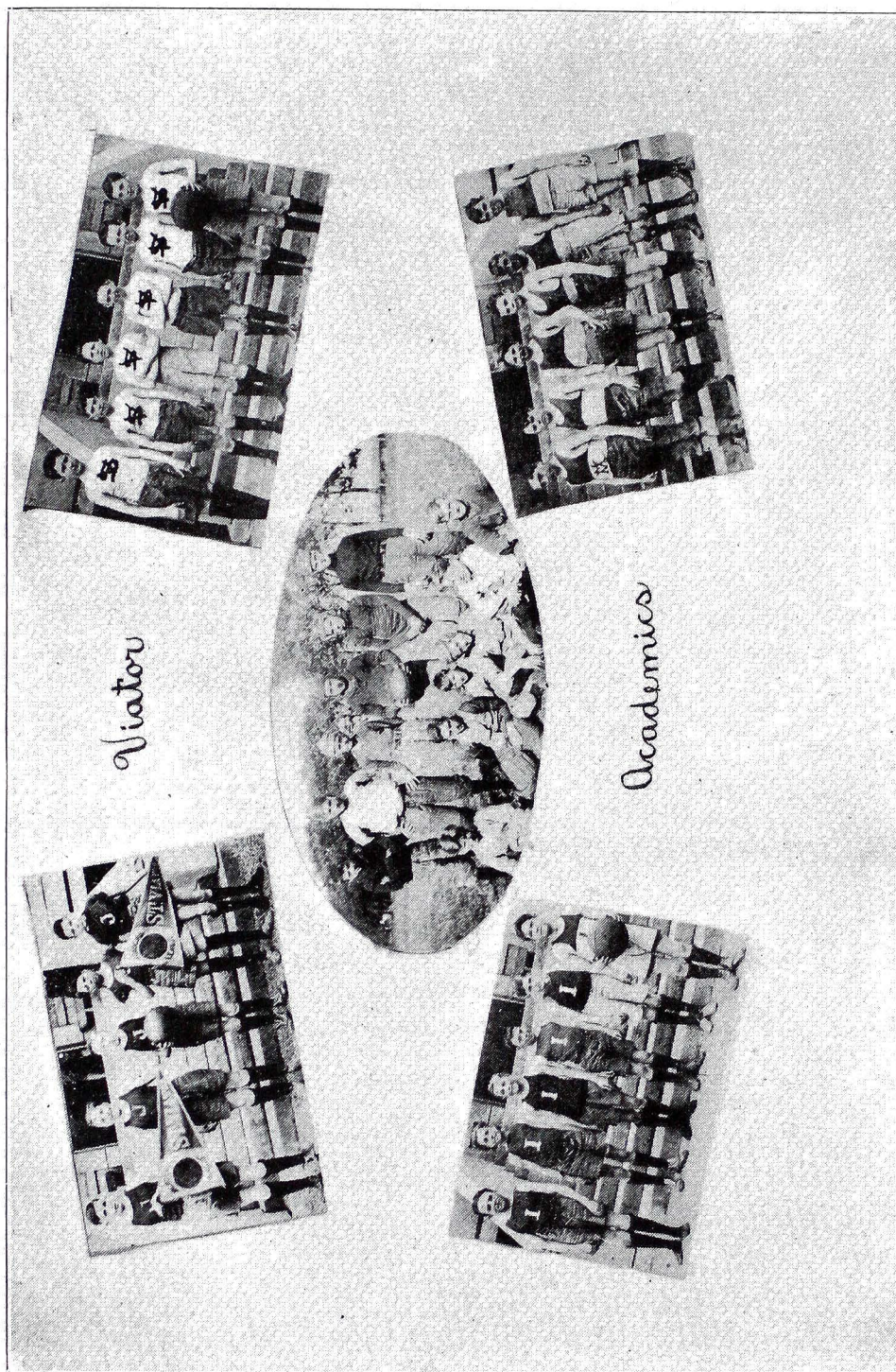
Baseball

Fair weather brought out the baseball recruits in large numbers as early as the nineteenth of March. Bushell, Delaney and Lyons were the only veterans to report, but among the new recruits Father Kelly has found a number of exceptionally talented performers. "Pat" Sweeney, a product of Spalding Institute, who figured so prominently in basketball this winter, is heaving them from the mound. Baer is holding the backstop position in big league style. Barrett, Smith, Walsh and Bolger are other newcomers who have attracted much attention by clever and consistent work. Bohnert holds second place on the pitching staff and is doing admirable work.

A practice game with the Kankakee Browns was an easy victory for our boys and served to bring out the faults as well as the good points of the team. After the first two innings the 'Varsity lost its stage fright and pulled themselves together, winning the game by a score of 7 to 1.

University of Illinois 11; St. Viator 0

Father Kelly showed his confidence in his team when he picked out Illinois U. for the first game of the season. Considering that this was the first game of the season, the account rendered by our outfit ought to inspire optimism. Not until the fifth inning did the Viator crowd find the Champaign hurler, and then only for two hits which did not register a tally. Sweeney pitched a good game, allowing only five hits.



The line-up:

Illinois	St. Viator
Diehl, lf.....	Bushell (C), ss.
Doss (C), cf.....	Barrett, 2b.
Kaiser, c.....	Baer, c.
Ingerson, 1b.....	Delaney, lf.
Kopp, 3b.....	Smith, cf.
Barklage, 2b.....	Bolger, rf.
Springston, ss.....	Lyons, 3b.
Johnston, rf.....	Walsh, 1b.
Wropskey, p.....	Sweeney, p.
Ryan, p.....	Fitzgerald, 2b.

Academic Activities

The Minim Basketball League

The Juniors took the championship in the Minim league without much opposition, after holding the lead from the beginning of the season. The Shamrocks and Maroons fought hard for second place. The Invincibles were the victims of unpropitious fortune, losing the mainstays of their team through illness. O'Laughlin, Ahern and Soucy divided the honors for the greatest number of baskets.

The final standing is as follows:

Team	Captain	Won	Lost	Ave.
Juniors	M. Artery.....	9	1	.900
Shamrocks.....	O'Laughlin.....	4	6	.400
Maroons.....	Greene.....	4	5	.444
Invincibles.....	Kehoe.....	2	7	.222

The Academic Baseball League is ready to be launched as soon as the Easter Recess closes and enthusiasm over the outcome is at its height. In two games staged with Kankakee the Acks have shown their pep, easily winning both performances. They took also the honors from the Seniors again as in basketball and football.





Prof.: Are you Hungary?

Joe: Yes, Siam.

Prof.: Come down to the store and I'll Fiji.

John: What is he going to speak on?

Joe: On the stage.

John: Well?

Joe: Well?

John: Oh!

F. S.: What passage did you like best?

S. S.: From the stage to his seat.

Jawn: Gee! The collection on that bench looks like the village graveyard.

P. S.: Yes, we do see funny sights at our "movies."

A GOOD ONE

Bill: (Deleted.)

Sam: "

Ed's note: It's rotten and we won't have it.

Bro.: What is a dialogue?

H.: A sort o' conversation in which dogs talk.

Ed: Bill Shakespeare was an awful boozer.

Pat: Huh?

Ed: Bro. said that at times he had too many feet and couldn't get them on one line.

Once upon a morning dreary, as I wandered, weak and weary,
 Up and down the ice-cold flag stones of the frigid second floor—
 As I stumbled, lowly grumbling, suddenly there came a rumbling
 As of something gently tumbling, tumbling in my middle fore.
 "Tis that blooming fruit," I muttered, "Tumbling in my middle
 fore,—
 Merely prunes and nothing more".

A big, long beard and a hurling brick
 Was our conception of a Bolshevik.
 But a conje strike and the noiseless "can"
 Has changed our ideas concern the clan.
 (For further particulars write or 'phone M. W.)

Reverberations from the fourth floor M. H.:
 "He could not be king because his mother was a female. I
 brain you with a chair. Well, P. P. said to come back. Get out
 of here before I kick you out. Come back with a note. If I had
 ten cents and take fifteen from it, how much will I have left?
 Twenty-five cents, Bro. Ye gods! Free drill for you, young
 man."

F. K.: So you have studied astronomy?
 Spot: Oh yes, I overlooked it a little.
 F. K.: Well, how far away is the most recently discovered
 star?
 Spot (rapidly): 32,000,000,340,271,916,422,101.23 miles.
 F. K.: Would you mind repeating?
 Spot: Yes, I do think we will have rain this evening.

John: How much are the rings, Bro.?
 Bro.: Two dollars.
 John: Give me a nickel's worth of jelly beans in two bags.

T. S.: Did you enjoy the game with Kank?
 Tin.: Not as much as the dry humor of Dunphy expended
 on Radeke.

Extract: "Bananas is raising a moustache, otherwise we
 are all happy."

With a pleasing grin—"Whatcha know bout dat?"