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THE FALLS
AT ROCK CREEK
DURING LOW WATER
POWELL
KANKAKEE

# "Ivanhoe" with Views on Scott

Gerard M. LaMarre, '28.

Scott is most valuable to the literary and educated world, as an historical novelist. The reading of an ordinary history is often dull, but when we read the romantic pages of Scott's novels, history becomes for us a procession of living events and characters that move before us. He strips history of its cumbersome dates and gives it, instead, the glamour of romance. In dealing with his subject, he is both interesting and instructive. He may be read for a pastime, or he may be perused for a knowledge of the historical period covered in his novel. By his mastery of story-telling and his descriptive power, he creates for us an interest in history. He makes his story educational; he depicts real historical characters and scenes, which he renders picturesque and beautiful. Through these, the reader is given a clear insight into the manners, the customs, the thoughts, and the feelings of the people about whom he writes.

Undoubtedly, Scott is a master story-teller. Very few have equalled and fewer have surpassed him in his ability to create interest, to arouse suspense and to amuse his readers thoroughly. His art, in this respect, is enriched by the fact that he does not reveal in his stories incidents which he had seen or which were visibly enacted before him. Instead, he writes about events that had taken place centuries before, or he relates episodes some of which could take place in his imagination alone. At times he narrates these in a defective style, in a dialogue not suited to its context and with inaccuracies both grammatical and rhetorical. Yet, with these literary faults, he bestows an exquisite charm on romantic history and he completely satisfies the human craving for a good tale. This shows us that Scott's distinctive qualities of writing were so perfected that, in spite of his defects, he was capable of attaining a remarkable prominence in writing real, enjoyable romances.

With this natural ability to tell stories, he possessed a superior and fertile imagination. Other men have written of Ivanhoe's nation and times without producing the effect that Scott achieves. They could not make their readers visualize the scenes of a past time. Scott, by his imaginative genius, produced this remarkable effect. With this easy and luxurious power, he touched the past with the glow of poetry. Although "Ivanhoe" is partly an "illusion of fancy," it gives reality and richness to the situations, institutions, and people of the Middle Ages, which would otherwise appear meagre and colorless. Along

with this imagination, he possessed an almost intuitive knowledge of feudal warfare. He had also heard many anecdotes about the brave knights of old. With these first principles, he produced stories that will always be read and enjoyed.

With these Scott possessed a descriptive power, which enabled him to depict the beauties of nature and to delineate the passions of the heart. With his keen observation and vivid imagination, he unveiled the hidden charms of nature. He gave color to bleak battlefields as well as to verdant vegetation. He clothed the many things of life in a sparkling array of color. It was with the aid of this skill in picturing the varied creations of nature that he aroused such interest and suspense in the three main vents of "Ivanhoe," namely: the Tournament at Ashby, the taking of Torquilstone Castle, and Rebecca's trial before the Grand Master of the Knight Templars. He revolutionized a medieval tournament so as to arouse as much trepidation and anxiety in a modern reader as the original combat produced in the spectators. He makes the reader hear the clash of the heavy armor and the sharp metallic ring" of the brandishing swords. Throughout the encounters, the reader is held in a suspense which is pleasing rather than tiresome. As soon as a bold lancer is about to fall lifeless at the victor's feet, a fresh warrior intervenes to lengthen the fray and to keep the reader in anxiety. In the storming of the castle, a similar effect is produced. Although the reader feels confident that the Saxons will conquer, he cannot rest assured until the last Norman is vanquished. In Rebecca's trial, Scott accurately portrays the field filled with pitiful spectators, the skeptical Grand Master and his perverse followers occupying the high places, and the fair Jewess herself awaiting an answer to her supplications while a dusky servitor is preparing to light the fagots strewn around her. At this tense moment, an embittered persecutor of the Jews would pity and admire the lovely and innocent Rebecca. Such are all the descriptions of "Ivanhoe." They are so clear and illuminating that they serve the purpose of good expositions.

Of the characters in Scott's stories not much can be said, for they play an inferior part. Scott himself says that his stories are romances of chivalry, not of character. The men and women are important only in as much as they serve to represent a certain type of people. Sir Wilfred Ivanhoe might be properly called the hero of "Ivanhoe," not only because he defeated gallant horsemen, but also because he subdued himself and ennobled his soul with virtues. Ivanhoe is both one of the most lovable characters of romance and one of the fiercest opponents in the field. He was veritably a "flower of chivalry." Ivanhoe, however, is not a real, living character. He is the typical lover, the loyal knight. To signify the change in the Saxon race was the symbolic purpose of Ivanhoe.

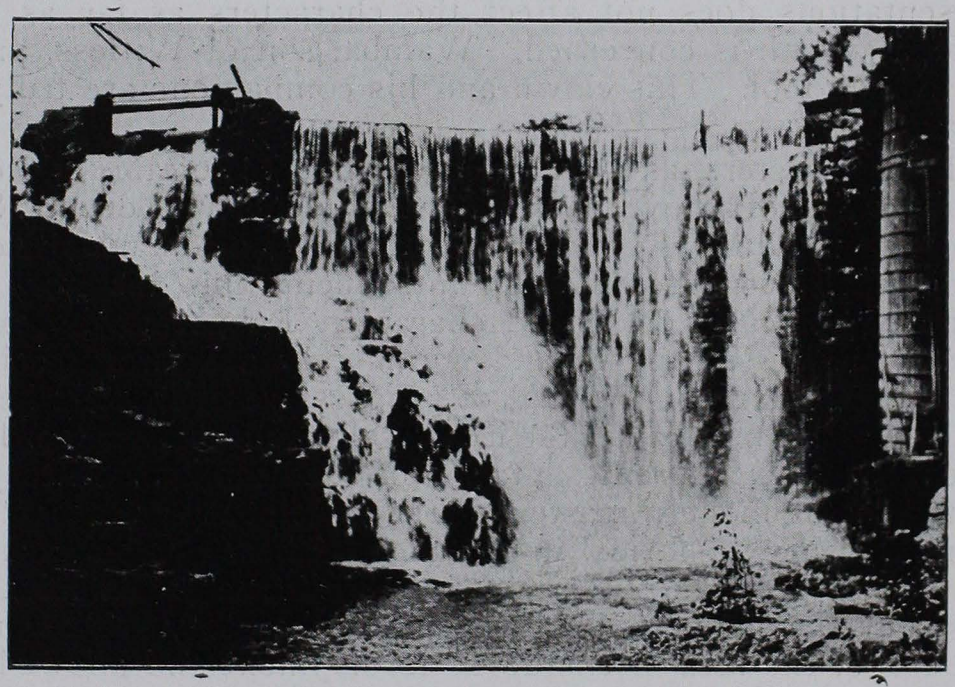
Among the other noble personages, Cedric, the Saxon, is important and picturesque. He is entirely true to the life of his period. Sincere loyalty to his fathers' nation endows him with a fiery temper and a resolute will. In contrast to his son, Wilfred, he represents the last of the true Saxons, the remnant of a stubbornly dying race. Another character, one of chivalry's noblest, is Richard the Lion-Hearted. Athelstane, a Saxon franklin, is the most fictitious character in the story. The unknown and mysterious Black Knight sustains the interest of the plot. Locksley or Robin Hood is pictured as a real "good outlaw" and much too virtuous for his state in life. Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert forms the evil principle of the plot. He represents the dissolute and degenerating members of a very picturesque medieval institution, the crusading knights. In the role of villain, he is ably assisted by De Bracy, Prince John and other Norman intruders.

Among the women characters of Ivanhoe, Rebecca is the only fully developed character. In dealing with her, Scott does not only reveal her outward eccentricities, but also the experiences of her soul, especially her struggling love for Ivanhoe. She was not created to represent a type, as most of Scott's characters are. Her father, Isaac of York, is a perfect picture of the medieval usurer, but she is not intended to symbolize the Jewish maidens. Lady Rowena, Cedric's daughter, is merely a figure of simple life. The less important characters were brought into Ivanhoe to supply the element of comedy, much needed to amuse the reader between tragic incidents. Among these, there are a few friars, typifying the condition of monasticism during the Middle Ages. The exaggeration and ridiculousness of these representations does not affect the characters as far as their figurative worth is concerned. Wamba, son of Witless, proves to be a sage fool. This clown and his companions are truly appreciated.

The characters, as a whole, could not be suitably placed in any other kind of a novel than one which deals with events. Since a romance emphasizes action and Ivanhoe is a romantic tale, we cannot wholly censure Scott for introducing into his story only one psychologically developed character, Rebacca, who can be called a progressive being and not merely a figure. Probably Scott's use of symbols instead of progressive characters heightens, instead of minimizing, the historical worth of Ivanhoe. These figures give us a fair representation of Medievalism. If they are rejected by the modern masters of the novel, they are accepted in history for their historical importance. These symbolic characters not only aided in rendering "Ivanhoe" true to the chivalrous times, but they also added interest to the story. They made Scott forget the idea of character development and allowed him to concentrate his efforts on the production of a well wrought plot. This plot, being at the same time intricate and unified,

made his story deeply suspensive. This point is illustrated in the tournament. It is, therefore safe, to say that Scott became a master of plot through his neglect of character portrayal. Some of today's novelists give us fully developed and subtle characters, but their plot becomes, at times, unintelligible. If they have a good plot, it is preconceived, and upon it they hang their characters. In their zeal for character, they forget that the main idea of an act of fiction should be to produce a simple and interesting plot. Writers of today are becoming so enmeshed in the subtleties of the soul that they forget action. Hence, we are reading an analysis and not reading a story. Other modern novelists tend to over-estimate fiction. In doing this they give us the perfect English, but they do not create interesting stories. At the expense of style and diction, Scott produced plots which were so perfect in their unity and simplicity that he could well afford to employ symbolic and figurative personages, instead of using living characters as revealers of his own personality and philosophy.

"Ivanhoe" gives me the impression that the act of writing was to Scott a pleasure and a delight. He reminds us of a natural born story teller, who has the power of fascinating every one with whom he comes in contact, because his imagination has a fund of stories adopted to every circumstance. Scott is like the medieval minstrel, who created stories with the ease and inevitability of a master, who creates epics from legend and history. In naturalness, in ease and fluency of expression, the moderns should revert to him; and in his perfect command of story telling, Scott should become their inspiration and their guide.



THE OLD MILL

# Jane Austen and Her Novels

J. G. Gallagher, '28

In the history of English literature, the name of Jane Austen holds an honored place. Her style and familiarity with the perfect form and youth of the English language commands the admiration of her readers. The flow of popularity of some writers has been in different directions, but in Miss Austen's case, the flux has all been in the same direction and has steadily increased. It was in the Victorian Epoch that she emerged from the library of literary connoisseurs to become widely popular, a fact proven by the countless editions of her novels. She has more than once been compared with Shakespeare himself, and the comparison has been made the object of ridicule. But she certainly shares more than a little of the quality which hides the man Shakespeare the work, and which makes it difficult to guess, for all his great creation, what manner of man was the poet himself.

Jane Austen's art is beyond that of all the other writers of English fiction. She is the master of absolute prose. Very seldom does she introduce the poetic atmosphere into her novels. Human nature was sufficient for the highest effect in her narrations. She could deal with humanity alone and reach the pinnacle of superiority in the art of writing. Simplicity of talk was her hobby. She really detested the use of grandiloquent speech. Very little use of scenery can be found in Miss Austen's novels. She rather confines herself to her characters only. She indulges very greatly in playfulness and she occasionally inserts a bit of her own playful nature in her stories. The majority of her characters are fools, but only a few of them are stark-foolish. She possesses the delightful gift of observation manifests itself to a great extent in the exactness which attends all the places and persons in her novels.

With a natural grace, Jane Austen made instinctively for the right path. She started each of her tales as the omniscent author, introducing her people and placing them in their various roles. But she soon concentrated on her heroines, who, she believed, were her chief concern and kept to them with fair constancy. Occasionally she goes into a brief narration of theirs, but this is very seldom. Nevertheless her procedure is fairly consistent. She selects her heroines for the center of vision. This is something more than a point of technique. If the author saw with the heroines' eyes and felt with their feelings, the result was that their feelings were mutual. The common charm of all of

Miss Austen's heroines attest, not her vanity, for she had none, but her unerring observation and her limpid candor.

Her male characters, especially the fathers and guardians, bear the unmistakable stamp of their period. The age in which Jane Austen lived was an age of "heavy fathers." The seniors not only were grave and reverend, but also they were wooden, pompous, and ponderous. Of all her heads of households, Mr. Bennett is the sole one with a sense of humor. But he was a humorous tyrant and ordered everybody out of his library. Younger men, too, have something of the "heaviness" of the period. If her men were stiff with the times, they were also stiff because they were, of necessity, stuffed. Her womanly instincts and feelings prohibited her from giving a true portrayal of the opposite sex, which accomplishment was very able done by very few feminine writers. Miss Austen had to be content with the external view. Men's business and behavior in the world, apart from women, remained hidden from her, and she wisely leaves such topics untouched. She never ventures on more than a few lines of conversation between men and never leaves two of her young men together.

To describe Jane Austen as a realist, is no doubt, to state a fact. Within the field of her own observation, she describes people as they are with almost uncanny accuracy. It is in some respects, a small field, but it is a field with which most of us are familiar. When we pass from the world of everyday life into the world of Jane Austen, there is little change. A few of the external manners are different, but we meet living and breathing men and women. We are lead to look on at the comedy of life, benevolently indeed, yet with a keen appetite for that ridiculous ;without illusion, yet without unkindnesses; without impatience, yet with indfferense. We are shown real lfe as we know it ourselves, neither darkened by passion, nor interpreted by philosophy, nor transfigured by **"the light that was never on sea or land."**

Jane Austen is also a great moralist. Her moral teaching is indirect. But what breathes through all her works is an aversion, toward all that is pretentious, or insincere, or cheaply sentimental. She will do anything; she will take refuge in frivolity, and even in the appearance of cynicism, rather than to desecrate her deepest feelings by laying them bare to the public view.

There are two principal criticisms which are brought against Jane Austen's novels. Frst, it is said that they are dull and uninteresting and that her merits are those only of the photographer; that she reproduces faithfully the sayings and doings of a rather tedious society and the reproduction necessarily shares the tedium of the original. It is claimed that there is in her none of the creative imagination that marks some of the other leading

writers. Her critics say that her works appear tame and commonplace, poor in coloring and sadly deficient in incident and interest.

It is a great mistake to think of Jane Austen's art as being merely photographic and not at all creative. The superiority of this feminine writer does not depend only on the brilliance of her style and phasing, but it also rests even more on the nature of her characters. She is indeed the keenest observers; but her art is so far from being reproductive that in it selection is carried almost to the point of genius.

The second charge that is brought against Miss Austen is that her range is extremely narrow; that merely describes the world of our grandmothers, and that this world is almost infinitely small. This, no doubt, is true, but it is unimportant. Jane Austen wrote about human nature, and human nature is essentially the same everywhere.

# Alcuin, the Scholar and Teacher

F. A. Corcoran, '28

The name of Alcuin stands out preeminently as a scholar and as teacher in the latter part of the eighth century. It may be said of him, in a general way, that he contributed generously to the revival of learning which distinguished the age in which he lived. Many authorities claim that if it had not been for this revival in learning, short and insignificant as it may appear to have been, the great intellectual renaissance of three centuries would never have been realized as early as it was.

The truth of this statement can easily be seen if we make a brief review of the educational history of the preceding centuries. In the first four hundred years of the Christian Era, we find the final decline of the imperial Roman schools of learning and the concurrent rise of Christianity. From then on, due to the numerous barbarian invasions, we find learning rapidly following a downward path. In 336 A. D., with the death of Isidore, who marked the last of the great patriarchs of the liberal arts, schools became extinct and intellectual darkness became prevalent throughout the continent. With him closed the development of Christian school learning in the midst of a barbarism that was extinguishing not only learning, but civilized society in Western Europe. The darkness that followed his time was profound and almost universal. We find that Rome herself had become a barbarian, and only in distant Britain and far off Ireland was the lamp of learning kept lighted, not to shine on the continent again until brought there by the hand of Alcuin.

Here a few words concerning the early life of Alcuin will, perhaps, be appropriate. Concerning the exact date of his birth, there is some uncertainty. However, it is very probable that he was born about 735 A. D., in or near York, where his early life was passed. While yet a child he entered the famous cathedral school of York, which was conducted by the two celebrated masters, Egbert and Albert. Here he continued as a pupil and afterward as master until his departure for Frankland. He manifested till the very end of his life a lively gratitude for the learning he had received from these two masters, but above all for the faithful instruction in Christian virtue which Egbert and Albert personally instilled into his mind. Long after he wrote as follows to the brethern of the school at York: "It is ye who cherished the frail years of my infancy with a mother's affection, endured with pious patience the wanton time of my boyhood, conducted me by discipline of fatherly correction until the perfect age of manhood and strengthened me with the instruc-

tion of sacred learning." Alcuin soon became the most eminent pupil of the school. Later, as a result of his wonderful intellectual powers, he was made assistant master to Albert and finally succeeded this great scholar as master of the school itself.

His fame as master of the school was very great. He imparted the learning he himself had received. The same desire of studying the liberal arts which he himself received from Egbert and Albert, Alcuin in turn imparted to his pupils. He was well aware of the precarious condition of learning and impressed this fact faithfully upon his pupils. Years afterward, in a letter to Charlemagne, he recalled Egbert's fidelity in this respect. "My master, Egbert," he wrote, "often used to say to me it was the wisest of men who discovered the arts and it would be a great disgrace to allow them to perish in our day." "How pleasant," he goes on to say, "it is to study the works of the Creator and yet there are few who care to become familiar with them, and what is worse, those who seek to study them are blameworthy." Such was the spirit of his teachings and such the sentiments in which he held up learning to the view of his pupils. Possessed as he was of such zeal as this, it was not long before students from all Europe flocked to hear him and within a very short time he became the best known master in Britain.

The continuity of his residence at York was, however, broken by successive journeys to the continent for the purpose of collecting volumes for his already famous library at York. It was while on one of these trips that he made the acquaintance of the illustrious Charlemagne. This renowned monarch at once perceived the greatness of his new acquaintance and immediately set about to induce Alcuin to come to his court.

Charlemagne, in persuading Alcuin to come to his court, had a definite purpose in view. He counted on education as a necessary means to complete the work of building his empire, in which he was at this time so interested. To develop this empire he needed learning within his realms, and he knew of no other person more capable of imparting it than Alcuin.

In spite of the influence of York, learning in England was rapidly declining. The entire country was speedily becoming a prey to dissensions and civil wars. Alcuin was quick to perceive in the growing power of Charlemagne and his eagerness for the development of learning an opportunity such as even York, with all its preeminences and scholastic advantages, could not afford. He, therefore, in 782, gladly transferred his allegiance to the empire of Charlemagne.

At this time the plight of learning in Frankland was pitiable. Whatever learning had found its way from the early Gallic schools into the education of the Franks had long since been scattered and obliterated in the wild disorders which characterized the time of the Merovingian kings. The few monastic and

cathedral schools that had formerly flourished were then broken up and given to royal favorites to be used as residences. Even the work of copying books had ceased and all that remained which pertained to the name of literature were the dull chronicles and legends. We learn, however, that, before the arrival of Alcuin, there had been a so-called "Palace School" within the empire. This served as a center of instruction for the court, but even here studies and letters gained very little attention.

It was for the purpose of reforming such frightful conditions as these and of firmly establishing learning throughout his great empire that Charlemagne sought the aid of Alcuin. For such a task as this, he could have found no one better qualified than this educator. For this reason it is quite evident that Alcuin, being as it were a store house of knowledge himself, suited the intellectual needs of the time best, since it was a representation of the old knowldge that was sought rather than striking out into new paths of learning. The treasure stores of knowledge had been buried under successive tides of barbarian invasions. Those treasures, Alcuin restored from his seemingly inexhaustible fund of learning.

Under the directing hand of Alcuin, the Palace School became what Charlemagne had hoped to make it, the center of learning not only for the whole empire, but even for the continental countries. Here, in addition to the younger members of the nobility, were found a band of older students of the time. Many of these had been influenced by the wonderful example of Charlemagne himself, who with his queen, his sister, his three sons and two daughters, became pupils under the new master.

Alcuin's greatest merit as an educator lay, however, not merely in the training of a generation of educated men and women, but rather in his power to implant within the hearts of all, his own enthusiasm for learning and teaching. It is for this reason that he is said to have been so well qualified to be the schoolmaster of his age. Although he was a man much occupied with the public affairs of the empire, yet we know that he was also a man of the greatest humility and purity of life. Deep seated in his mind was an intense desire for learning and an untiring zeal for the work of the classroom and the library. As a result of this, the young men who had flocked to him from all parts of Europe went away with some portion of their master's passionate desire for study.

There was, moreover, united with his great zeal for learning, a charitable disposition towards all those with whom he came in contact. With many of his pupils he developed a firm and lasting friendship. Even in later years he still manifested a fatherly interest in each and everyone of them and it is said that his greatest satisfaction was to see the young men he had trained engaged all over Europe in the work of teaching.

# Conrad, the Modern Master

Fred Dundon, '28.

The most amazing career exhibited by any modern writer is the adventurous life of Joseph Conrad. He was born in Poland, far from the ocean and sea. In his early youth, he was accustomed to view the rolling expanses of country, dotted here and there with trees and rivers. The solitude of the country seemed to have produced a decided effect upon him from his youth. It compelled him to turn his intellecct in upon his own soul and to read its secrets. He thus became a master of himself, because he understood himself. His peculiar tendency, even whilst in Poland, was the attempting to understand the motives behind life. The readings of his "Personal Record" gives one the thought that Conrad, even in boyhood, possessed a mind of high and serious intent, a mind superior to the currents of life as it was lived around him, a mind knit in harmony with the hate that ruled the world. His "Personal Record" takes the mind of the reader back to the philosophy underlying Grecian tragedies, wherein man is pictured as the victim of a tyrannical fate. He resembles the characters of Grecian tragedy with their solitary genius and with their fine immobility and their divine alienation from the puny passions of the common man. His "Personal Record" shows us a man whose intellect was too universal for the restricted territory of Poland, with the inevitable result that Conrad was a man destined to wander over the face of the earth to achieve complete knowledge concerning men and events.

Hence he felt keenly the urge of the primitive life calling him. He went to Marseilles, France, where his real education began. Here he shipped on a French boat and sailed on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The starful night, with its mystery and its attraction, so fascinated Conrad that one can easily imagine him meditating upon the ultimate philosophy of human nature. It was during these few years that he devoted himself to the study of French prose, with an intensity which left a mark on all his future writings. The art of Flaubert and the masters of modern French prose so fascinated Conrad that style had for him such a fascination that he became a devotee of the exact word. The precision and clarity of the French language, with its nerve and force, produced a profound impression upon his English style. A few years later, Conrad transferred his allegiance to the English flag and until his death he acknowledged England as his second home. It was whilst a sailor on English ships that he made those journeys to the eastern coun-

tries, which so enthralled his soul that the romance, the glamor, the mystery and the luxury of the East afforded him subject matter for a number of his novels. During his various journeys Conrad had an eye open for men and nature. The mystery of human life and the mystery of the sea became for him an open book.

Thus all Conrad's novels are a record of his experience. That delightful book, "The Mirror of the Sea" is, therefore, the best introduction to the study of Conrad's books. It is there that he narrates with a beauty of expression and with a wealth of detail the facts from which he later wove the texture of his novels. Yet Conrad was not a narrow realist. Sometimes the very twitch of a man's hand afforded him the foundation for a novel. At another time, the manner in which a man held a glass, gave him a vision that he elaborated into a future story. Hence he is not a prosaic realist. Consciously he persues the method of all great artists who brought their imagination to bear on the simplest facts of life and wrung from them the finest stories of passion in its varied form. It is said that a minor incident seen by Conrad so fixed itself that his imagination transmuted it into the masterpiece, "Nostromo." This is the reason why there is so much vivid color, so much startling beauty, such haunting cadence in his books. He saw into the soul of the world with a naked eye. He did not go to life with a predetermined philosophy, with any definite standards of right or wrong. No theory discolored life for him, so that when he wrote, his work rises above the petty restrictions of time and the narrow conventions of a limited environment. Like all great art, his works are in a certain sense superior to the world, yet a perfect reflection of the world's and men's hopes and aspirations. It is this that gives to the books of Conrad their freedom, their serious purpose, and that air of flawless art. Hence they become for us the product of a seer, who saw the naked beauty and romance of the world, for his heart was filled with infinite sympathy. Such works as "Lord Jim," "Victory," "Rescue," "Typhoon," "Nigger of Narcissus" are the labor of a man, who possessed an emancipated mind and an open soul to participate in the wonder and beauty that there is in life and nature. It is this air of superiority that endows his works with that quality of finality. This is a rare gift, especially in modern fiction, where writers are attempting to interpret life through the medium of such a subtle philosophy that life eludes them. Conrad's contemporaries saw life through the colored glasses of a peculiar philosophy, so that their works are but attempts to scratch one secret of life and transfer it to their pages. Conrad, with his power of philosophic freedom, saw life in all its variance of form. Thus his novels possess the quality of wholeness which stamps them with a high and serious purpose.

When one reviews his final impression of Conrad's work, he finds that the main effect which they produce is a sense of life rendered vital through the medium of characters. He does not give predominance to one type of character. Human nature in its multitudinous forms is dealt with effectively in his novels. The good and the bad, the hypocrite and the dastard are all introduced into his work. The character of noble aims is placed side by side with the character of degraded purposes. Hence our sense of characters derived from the reading of his novels is enriched by powerful contrast. Even in developing his characters, his methods are different, corresponding to the differences seen in real life. Real life is his great standard of character, to which he adequates his method. Hence his character interpretation is at times highly subtle. This is evident where Conrad is going to the basis of motives, which he interprets with a subtlety that is at times overwrought. Conrad uses this power when dealing with characters that never lived on the seas, but that were brought into contact with sailors. This may be seen in his handling of the female characters in "The Rescue," in "Almayer's Folly," and "Nostromo." In these books, his art becomes as minute and dissective as the soul of the character, whose secrets he is attempting to unravel. It is the soul with its mystery that is his principal objective. It is this quality of the character that preoccupies him. He sees it from various angles, goes round about it, until he learns its final mystery. It is this dealing with the mystery of the human heart that gives to his characters that elusive power which so fascinates the reader that he becomes amazed whilst he watches the master ply his art in rending the veil that surrounds the heart. As a result, his novels, at times, become so over involved that the story does not progress.

When Conrad deals with his fellow sailors, his method becomes different. Conrad understood the sailors and knew their simplicity. He knew that people following the sea were men of simple aims and purposes, hence he oriented his art to meet that quality. In dealing with them, he does not pry into the soul, instead he desires to watch the effect that terror, loneliness, the sea and storm produced upon them. In such cases the souls of men assumed for him the definiteness of a facial expression which he read with unerring instinct. The character treatment in the "Nigger of the Narcissus," "Typhoon," "Youth" and the "Heart of Darkness" is simpler than in any other of Conrad's books, because his artistic aim here became divided. In such books, his art is concerned equally with the forces of nature as with men. The attitude that men assumed towards the forces of nature in the face of death is for him the sesame by which to read their souls. Hence his method is simpler and freer than when he

dealt with the former type of characters. In the last analysis, it is his explanation of the men that live on the sea that will live, because the art illustrated in their treatment is simpler. Woman was outside the power of Conrad to reveal. He had no faculty for explaining her. Perhaps the modern woman was too over-civilized for the primitive mind of Conrad to interpret. She remained for him a mystery. Hence all his female characters are too shadowy, never assuming an approximation to the reality of life. Perhaps the final reason of it is that woman acts from sentiment, concerning which the rigor of Conrad's art knew nothing.

Yet this concentration of Conrad's mind with life produced, from the standpoint of the plot in the novel, a serious defect in the story. His plots are too involved. They do not progress sufficiently. Nor is the story rapid. There is very little action to give them momentum. They remain at times static, whilst Conrad is prying into the mind. There are too many threads of motive running through the story, so that Conrad cannot disengage his attention from personality. His work is over refined psychologically. It does not possess that freedom which a story should show. There are too many gyrations of the human mind, so that Conrad is prevented from attaining the simplicity, which all good stories should possess. From the standpoint of plot, his stories are, therefore, over stationary. He cannot unravel a plain tale from the over emphasis which he devotes to character. Even this is true of his short stories. This is the main reason why the novels of Conrad will never become highly popular, because the mind of the reading public craves simplicity in story telling. Yet Conrad never pandered to the public taste. His eye saw the beauty of the art to which he devoted his attention. He never thought of financial remuneration. Perhaps any criticism of Conrad would be wrong which did not include the idea that his subtle psychology dominated the humanity of his stories. It is this obtrusion of the psychological that produces the effect of plot weakness in his novels.

But Conrad compensates the reader. His descriptive power is, in itself, superior to any plot that could be told. It is this quality that gives him a unique position in modern fiction. His descriptions give life to the ocean, to ships, to storms and finally to everything that it touches. There is, in his description, a glamor and a beauty which makes of the object described a thing of lights and shadows. The romance of Eastern civilization with its luxuriance is described with such a power and exactness that the reader's mind becomes filled with pictures. The ocean under Conrad's touch speaks and ships unburden their mystery. To these two things, he gives a tongue and bids them speak their message. He has such a power of visualization in his description that the slightest object touched by him becomes fa-

miliar; even a light-house may become the symbol of a country. His descriptions fascinate the imagination of the reader so that one actively participates in the thing described. He was a master over the mysterious land of the East. The silent and hidden spaces of the world absorbed his power and for him they unburdened their mystery. His "Mirror of the Sea," his "Youth," "Heart of Darkness" contain passages of such marvelous descriptive power that the mind of the reader becomes amazed in admiration and succumbs to the wizard work of a master. We feel such beauty that we become lost in the opulence of the thing described. The effect is admiration for the genius of the man, who could produce such effect through the medium of mere words. Conrad can throw the pall of beauty over the dark and terrible places of the earth and transmute horror into a thing of loveliness. The "Heart of Darkness" produces the last effect to such a degree, that the soul of the reader assumes the state of suspense. It is this descriptive power that obliterates the plot defect in Conrad's story, because through description he achieves motion. The reading of his books is, therefore, an adventure for the soul, because it wanders up and down the highways of the world. In the company of genius, it learns the power and naked beauty of simple facts.

The mind of Conrad always admired man and nature, in fact everything that it contemplated. It was always performing a serious and divine act. Therefore, it was always fertilized by the serious. As a result Conrad never became humorous. He is the most serious minded of all modern writers. It is peculiar that a man possessing the experiences of Conrad and who had seen the humors of life in port and on shipboard never condescended to enshrine the humor of life in his pages. All his characters are too serious, with the result that Conrad is overconcerned with the infinite effects of men's acts. The introduction of humor would add a humanizing warmth to his work. It would give greater contrast to his writing and it would make Conrad see the world through the playful eyes of humor. It would have steadied his outlook upon life and it would have enabled him to enter into more intimate relationship with his reader. The absence of it produces on the reader the impression that Conrad has not achieved the final form of the highest art. For him the world of men and nature was too tragic.

What Conrad lacks in humor, he gains in style. He is a master of the perfect and the just word to such a degree that language becomes for him a thing of profound significance and power. The beauty and warmth of language never attracted him. It was the truth and justice of the word that fascinated him. His language never becomes rhythmical nor does it beat a tune to the ear. It bears the seal of a highly worked product,

because it was wrought in the intellect and never touched the living fibre of the heart. It is, therefore, the perfect style for a man who aims at clearness, which was Conrad's high ideal.

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## THE MISSIONARY

In distant clime,
'Neath blazing sun,
And weary stretch of bleakest plain,
He preached the Christ,
And Heaven's floods ope'd
On parched souls God's dews to rain.

In far off lands,
'Neath burning sands,
They laid him in a nameless grave.
But God on High,
Above the sky
His name immortal glory gave.

—P. N. N. F.

# The Man with the "Bug"

Warren McClelland, '28

To the passerby, the estate of Judge Mortimer, Willowbrook by name, might have seemed one of inviting ease and comfort. In a spacious yard where flowers and trees seemed to intermingle and fill the air with the drug of their beauty, it would have been, before this day, a hard task for anyone to associate this earthly paradise with any ugly happening. The picture presented a silken skein so woven as to form a veil of innocence that could not be confounded with evil.

In the center of the lawn there stood the home of the man, of whom I have made mention. A pretentious structure, that rose from the green of the terraced earth, a monument to the skill and ingenuity of the architect. The outer walls on all sides were covered with ivy. A white limestone drive curled inward to the side entrance, which was covered by a green-tiled roof, that glittered beneath a warm sun. The front entrance was collonaden in a fashion quite southern, and each window and door seemed to beckon in an alluring manner from beneath grey shades.

In the rear of the home, the lawn sloped gently downward in billows of well trimmed turf that seemed to flow off into a small stream that rippled merrily along. On either shore numerous willows dipped and swayed to and fro in the breeze. As the breeze whispered, the leaves seemed to raise as if to catch the meaning of some clandestine warning, realizing, it seemed, the part they were to play in the affair at Willowbrook.

Within Mr. Mortimer sat working feverishly over a small heap of cluttered documents. He evidently was figuring or else writing some address on a paper that seemed to be a perfect jumble of letters and numerals. As he worked he conversed frequently with himself, time and time again he muttered, "They can't deprive me of what is rightly mine. Why, it is absurd to think that I, John Mortimer, of Mortimer Steel, Inc., cannot command myself and my possessions. It will not be long until I have a solution and then the world will realize my efforts were not in vain." Often, too, he lapsed into periods of melancholy and joy, made evident by exlamations of "Ah!" and "Shaw!", either erasing or jotting down some new conclusion.

Arising from his chair, he pressed a small button and summoned a servant. With a wavering step an old man dressed in the livery of an ancient day, opened the door and peered in. "What will it be, sir?" he asked.

"The usual brandy, Hawkins," he replied after some concentration. "I feel the need of a stimulant, my work has been quite hard today." "And Hawkins," he added, "don't forget the lemon."

"I shall not, sir," responded Hawkins as, with a semblance of a bow, he left the room.

The same little scene had been enacted in the same way at the same time for twenty years and each time it was "Don't forget the lemon."

In a few moments the servant returned and approaching Mr. Mortimer, asked, "The brandy, sir, will you have it now?"

"I think I shall," said Mortimer, "it will help me over some of these obstacles that present themselves at all angles."

"But, sir," urged Hawkins, "you must not forget your rest, it is now time, sir. It is three o'clock, sir."

"Well, my good man," responded Mr. Mortimer, "sleep is quite necessary to some people, but to me it is a mere matter of habit; I should not have cultivated it. You can see plainly that my work needs me; the people need me; I cannot dictate my own life, I live for the world."

"Sir, the world can wait," urged Hawkins. "The world must wait. As your servant, I but do my duty. Come now let us rest."

"Hawkins, you are an old, moss grown, childish fool," rasped Mortimer. "Plague it anyhow, I don't see why a man has to be driven by his help. It seems you could and should be a little more considerate of your position in this household."

"Well, Mr. Mortimer," sobbed Hawkins, "if I am to be mistreated when I am but doing my duty by you, I guess I must leave. I didn't realize that after all these years, you would turn me out, an old man. Out into the world! I guess I can find another position, though. I shall leave in the morning."

"Come, come, Mr. Hawkins," interrupted Mortimer, "you know I don't mean to abuse you. Why, you old fossil, didn't you see me wink, and start to rise. Why, Mr. Hawkins, you surprise me, would I neglect my beauty nap?"

"You, sir, I should say not, sir," blustered Hawkins.

And with this, arm in arm, they trundled off to bed. Mortimer made himself ready, and reclined, closed his eyes and seemed to dose off into a deep sleep.

The old servant looked down at him from near the bed, and softly said, "You can't beat it, sir. You are the real man." With this he quietly walked from the room and down the stairs.

The rooms took on a sudden stillness and quiet as Hawkins reclining on the davenport quickly lost himself in peaceful slumber.

The covers on the bed up-stairs slowly drew back, first a mussed lock of hair, and then one sharp staring eye gazed forth.

"I guess he is gone," murmured a voice from beneath the

folds. "It takes a fool to fool a fool." With this, Mortimer came into view, wide awake as ever.

From out of his coat pocket he drew his many papers, and a pencil with which he hurriedly set to work on them, and as he worked he mumbled: "Let me see now, 14 up; now, that's not it, 12 down, ah! shaw! Yes! it could be 'corrupt,' but that has too many letters. It might be 'change,' but my horizontal words cannot be wrong. What is it? I wonder. Well, here's a lucky find, 'debase.' Let me see, 'debase,' one, two, three, four, five, six. D, well, that fits; E, just right; B, shaw!"

After this he contented himself with pulling his hair, and muttering threats, wishes and supplications, imploring every object in the room for assistance. And as he pondered the little clock on the mantle kept ticking the time away—from three to four, and from four to five. At the stroke of five, he roused himself and placing his papers in his coat, returned to his bed.

The tread of good, reliable Hawkins sounded on the stair, step after step, he mounted to the landing. As his hand met the knob, a long snore greeted his ears, and he exclaimed, "It's a shame to wake him. I know he must be very tired, he works so hard, he surely must be rested some by now, however."

With this he marched on to his duty and gently shaking the Judge by the shoulder, said, "Come now, Mr. Mortimer, dinner is waiting."

Rousing himself with seeming effort, the judge grumbled, "Can't you let me alone for a moment, Hawkins?"

Hawkins replied, "Now don't be cross, sir, I know you must feel much better after such a pleasant rest."

"Thank you, Hawkins," responded Mortimer, "I do, a nice nap is the best thing in the world for tired nerves. What have we for the evening meal, pray tell?"

"Ah! It is very fine, sir. Quail on toast, sir. If it please you, sir; it was my suggestion, sir."

"Leave it to you, Hawkins," answered Mortimer. "You are the man for choosing tasty vittles, I know that I shall enjoy quail on toast."

The judge then forgot for a few moments his duty to the world, and feasted on two well baked quail. Over his cup of coffee his mind returned, however, and he seemingly gulped cup and all in an effort to hasten its course down his throat.

He uttered a sharp "shaw" as he arose and returned to his chamber. He immediately began pondering over the word that had provoked his former study. His efforts seemed to bring him to no final conclusion and in his despondency he pitifully bemoaned the fact of his weakness and unfitness. He seemed to be untiring in his application to the task before him and worked steadily for several hours.

At nine, Hawkins entered and, addressing the judge in a quiet voice, said, "Shall I lock up now, sir? We have been troubled in this neighborhood by prowlers of late and they may be up to some mischief tonight."

"Prowlers, heh," responded Mortimer, "we must guard against them, Hawkins; I am not to be disturbed in my work. Make things tight and then you may retire; I shall set up, something tells me that I shall reach a conclusion to this baffling mystery tonight."

"I shall, sir," answered the old man. "Good night, sir."

"Good night, Hawkins," responded Mortimer.

With this, Hawkins withdrew from the room and could be heard snapping latches and locking doors; finally the silence of night fell on the old mansion, Willowbrook.

Back in the library the judge still sat rapt in thought, his whole being seemingly thrown into the battle of synonyms. All this was for the world, it was his duty to mankind, and so he worked away. So deeply engrossed was he that he was unaware of the approach of danger. A man's form lurked outside the room, a man bent on robbery and even worse.

The window slowly rose and the drapery parted without sound, a man, unmasked, crept silently in and drew up behind the judge's chair. The intruder was dressed in a well tailored suit of serge, slick patent-leather shoes adorned his feet, giving him the appearance of one who might have travelled in the upper realm of the criminal world. The only thing roguish about him was a cap with a rather prominent bill pulled down over one eye. One hand slowly slipped backward and drew a small automatic from his hip pocket.

As he moved, so moved the willows outside; the shrill whistle of the evening wind among them as they dipped and swayed reached the judge's ear. He turned his head toward the window and seemed to sense that all was not well. Not wishing to betray his knowledge, however, he again leaned over his papers as if unaware of the danger. All at once he rose quickly, turned and saw the unexpected visitor.

In a calm voice, he asked, "Who are you. What right have you to come into my house and defame these rooms by your presence?"

"Let me see," almost shouted the judge, " 'deface,' six letters, 'D' just right, 'E' perfect, 'F' it must be right, 'A' it fits, 'M' without a doubt, 'E' faultless."

All during this strange performance the robber stood, open-mouthed in wonder, Then uttering the shrill expression, "cracked!" darted from the room in the same way he had entered.

"Wait," called the judge, "my good man, you have done me a great favor, I must repay you."

Mr. Burglar was not to be thanked. He had left.

Mr. Mortimer, with a look of contentment on his face, slowly settled into his chair, closed his eyes in sleep, infinite sleep, for he had done his duty.

The wind outside still whispered through the windows, the stream still rippled merrily on, but the silence of night payed tribute to the servant of the world. "The man with a bug in his head" was gone. Willowbrook lost her master.

## MAY QUEEN

Your Mother, and Mother Mine,
  Fond love enshrines today,
In your heart and my heart,
  Thrice blessed Queen of May.
Your hope and my hope,
  And oh, how much we owe
To her love enthroned above
  The world can never know.

Your Faith and Faith of Mine,
  And oh, how much it means
To your heart and my heart
  Amid Life's golden scenes.
Your life and my life,
  How much we owe today
To her love enthroned above
  The blessed Queen of May.

Your Mother and Mother Mine,
  Sweet Virgin Queen of May,
In your heart and my heart,
  Fond love enshrines today—
Your prayer and my prayer
  On wings of amourous love
Will ever fly unto the sky,
  To Mary's throne above.

—J. A. W.

# Character Study in George Eliot's Novels

Wendell E. Fronville, '28

One of the first impressions we receive from a cursory reading of George Eliot is that her characters are intensely human and true to life. The more minutely we observe them, the more they are analyzed under the microscope of criticism, the more we are delighted with them and feel that Eliot was a close observer of life and had a keen insight into the human soul. Her characters are real. One may read over the entire set of her works without finding a character who would fail to arouse our genuine interest by reason of the lack of intensely human qualities. Maggie and Tom Tulliver are real children, Tito, Doctor Lydgate, and Daniel Deronda might be any gifted young men with high ambitions, and Gwendolen Harleth is a typical selfish and self-willed girl. Dorthea Brook, Dianah Morris, Romola and Silas Marner, all throb with life and individuality. There is a living strength in Mary Garth, Esther Lyon and the good-natured, God-fearing Dolly Winthrop. Thus Eliot makes her first claim upon the attention of her readers by touching the chords which arouse the natural instinct of the love of fellow beings.

Eliot places herself on the level of her characters in order that she can more accurately relate every little intimacy of their mental and spiritual make-up. She begins with them at the same starting line and crosses with them to their final goal,—their complete conquest or utter failure. She lives their lives, develops even as they develop. The beginning of her story is usually bright. She grows up, is tempted, falls, rises, conquers or fails. She once told a friend, "With Romola I began as a young woman, and with Romola I finished as an old woman." With Maggie she was a timid sensitive child; with her she was tempted and fell; with Silas Marner she counted his gold and hoarded it, with him she sheltered Eppie and was retaught love of fellow men; with Adam Bede she was bewitched by a foolish dairy maid; with Dorthea she failed in the role of a martyr. She suffers every little pain and experiences every joy. She makes her characters so much a part of herself that in depicting their passions she marred the beauty of her stories by dwelling excessively on the painful. The reader himself thus becomes so inebriated with their triumphs and troubles that he pulsates

with each individual gush of sentiment and feeling which the characters experience.

Eliot's characters are not sketched in a single pose, but are developed and transformed through experience. They change they grow and their natures unfold, showing every little trait and foible, weakening or strengthening as the close of each crisis finds them vanquished or victorious. The story usually covers a good many years of their life and the author shows every little change which marks their progress as they grow and mature, as well as the great changes which mark the epochs in every person's life. She sometimes begins her story with them as children or as young men and women, prepared and anxious to plunge into the whirlwind of life. She shows their struggles and their temptations; they fall, sometimes never to rise again, sometimes to become at last gloriously triumphant or to remain ever prostrate in the pollution and filth of the gutter. And thus she brings them through their lives of breathing energy.

All of the principal characters pictured by Eliot are vivid soul paintings. She has an abyssmal depth of conception, leaving no chamber of the heart unexplored. She knew the art of minute observation and attempted to show reasons for actions and how environment, personality and other like causes color a person's life and character. Her characters were taken from humanity as she found it through her observation and divination. She deals with passion and conscience. The beauty of her women characters comes not so much from their fairness of face as from the radiance streaming out from purity of heart and continual strong yearning towards good. There is no perfect villain in her works. She attempts to show the punishment of wrong and the reward of right. Sometimes she makes some good character suffer for the sins of others, but this results from her close following of life as it really exists. Actually she proves that retribution is not here, but hereafter, though she steadfastly disbelieved this doctrine.

George Eliot often begins her novels with the characters cheerfully situated and often leaves them at the end tragically, sometimes sordidly placed. There are a good many of her characters that serve as an example of this. There is the desolate and unfortunate ending of Tom and Maggie Tulliver; there is the final degradation and death of Doctor Lydgate. However, some of her stories turn out happily, but even in these there is a good deal of tragedy connected with the principle characters. Maggie is an affectionate child and upon growing up obtains knowledge which opens her soul and teaches her the beauty of moral ideas. She gives her word to one, but falls desperately in love with another. She yields to an impulse, repents and denies herself all

pleasures. Tito Melema is young and gifted, but is fond of pleasures and avoids all self-sacrifice. One mistake leads him to destruction. Daniel Deronda is a young Jew with plans for a Jewish kingdom in Jerusalem. His plan fails and he must abandon the idea. Dorthea Brooke weds a recluse hoping to make him happy and to help him win his scholarship. Gwendolen Harleth is a vain and selfish young girl who foolishly marries a brutal young nobleman, being lured by ambition for wealth and a high station in life. She pays dearly before she obtains her fully redeemed womanhood. Silas Marner, a weaver, is falsely accused of theft and loses faith in God and man until a little child warms his heart and brings back the old surge of love for his fellow beings. Arthur Donnithorne wrongs a girl and finds it is the kind of wrong that cannot be amended. Doctor Lydgate is a young physician with a brilliant future before him. He is arrogant and allows himself to be misled by a hypocrite. His practice decreases and he finally dies disillusioned and bankrupt. Are not all these stories essentially tragic though their endings be ever so happy? The tragedy Eliot pictures is not always the death of the principal character. After Maggie's mistake and self-renunciation, it was better that she should die because her life could never have been happy. The tragedy of Doctor Lydgate was not in his death so much as in his failure as a man.

Elist's characters are not sketched, but they are represented as growing. Without making them highly improbable she shows all the little traits of character springing from their souls. She paints all disillusionments, frustrated plans and dwarfed natures as we constantly see them about us. She knows how a man plays with his lower self and falls, but in so doing leaves an indefinite boundary between freedom and restraint. Her characters live real lives and their careers come natural, though sometimes an unexpected close.

# Saint Columbanus

Lyford Kern, '28

One of the most striking figures of the sixth century is found in the person of an humble Irish monk, St. Columbanus. He was born at West Leinster, Ireland, in 543, A. D., the same year in which another great apostle, St. Benedict, died. He was a handsome young man, his beauty attracted all eyes and he was exposed to many temptations. He realized his danger and sought the counsel of a pious recluse, who herself had fled from the world twelve years before, and she advised him to flee from his native land. He bade farewell to his parents and resolved to retire for his soul's sake to some religious house. His mother begged him to stay and prostrated herself before the lad, but he, recalling the words of the Master, "He who loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," stepped aside and left his home and parents whom he never saw again.

From childhood Columbanus had been well instructed in the liberal arts. He now placed himself under the guidance of an old man named Sinell, famous for his holiness and learning, and the future saint and scholar made great progress in profane subjects, and especially in the Scriptures. At this time, the monastery and school of Bangor was very famous throughout Ireland and Columbanus left his old teacher, Sinell, and begged the holy Abbot Comgall, of Bangor, to admit him to the Community. We are told that he spent many years in this monastery, fervently practicing all the religious exercises of the Community and devoting his spare time to intensive labor and study. Here, in the spring of his life, Columbanus sowed the seeds which were to ripen into an abundant harvest to be reaped by France and Italy in years to come. Here it was that he was trained in the rule, the learning and spirit of Bangor, which he was to make his own in the monasteries he built later on the continent, whose influence has been felt even to our own times.

Columbanus was not to remain at Bangor always; the time spent there was merely an apprenticeship. He soon felt that passion for pilgrimage and preaching, that impulse of the Celtic mind which has made Ireland a nation of Apostles and he ever heard echoing in his ears that voice which had spoken to Abraham, "Go out of thine own country and from thy father's house, into the land which I shall show thee." Receiving the permission and blessing of the Abbot, Columbanus set out with twelve other monks, carrying nothing but their books slung over their shoulders in leathern satchels. They first went to England where they

were joined by some associates and here they found means to cross the Channel into Gaul. They wandered through the half-Christian towns and villages of Gaul, preaching the Gospel by both word and example. Poor, half-naked, and hungry, their very lives were sermons. Columbanus, it is said, was gifted with great eloquence and a sweet persuasive manner which no one could resist. Everywhere he and his followers were received as men of God, and the fame of their holiness and miracles was soon spread over the land, even to the Court of Sigebert, King of Austrasia. Sigebert begged the friars to remain in his kingdom. This they refused to do, for they heard God calling them to minister further southward. It is true that the Catholic faith existed here, but Christian virtue and ecclesiastical discipline were sadly lacking, due to the fury of the wars and the negligence of bishops. The friars pressed southward over a wild desert country, preaching and teaching, healing and converting, until they reached Burgundy. King Gontran, a grandson of Clovis, received them kindly and persuaded the monks to remain in his dominions. He gave them an old Roman castle at Annegray which Columbanus refashioned into a monastery. The little community lived in their extreme poverty on herbs, berries, and even the bark of trees, for they refused all material aid, and practiced the most austere of penances. From time to time Columbanus used to separate himself from his disciples and go into seclusion into the dark forests. His cell was a cave from which he had expelled a bear and with his Bible as his only companion, he lived for weeks and even months like John the Baptist in the wilderness.

Meanwhile, the fame of his sanctity spread and the number of his disciples was greatly increased. It became necessary to build a larger monastery, and King Gontran proved himself a generous patron of Columbanus by giving him the site of an old Roman settlement called Luxeuil. It was all wilderness, savage forests, it had no population and no tillage. Indeed, one would not think it a very promising site for a monastic settlement, but such a place Columbanus and his companions desired. They wanted solitude and they loved labor; here they would have plenty of both. The noblest youth of the Franks begged to be admitted into the brotherhood and gladly shared in the daily round of prayer, penance, and ceaseless toil that they might be near this great Apostle. In a few years the place was transformed. The woods were cleared and in their place were fields of waving corn and vineyards. The blessing of God was upon the friars and their work; they grew in numbers, in holiness and in happiness—not the happiness of men who love this world, but the happiness of those who truly love and serve God.

But God, wishing to extend the works of these good monks to other lands, did not leave them without trials. While these

Irish monks were men of virtue and austerity, they retained many customs of their native land which seemed very peculiar to the French clergy and often displeased them. First of all, their tonsure was not the orthodox and customary crown, but covered the front of their head from ear to ear. Their liturgy was somewhat different from that in use around them, and the Irish monks were in the habit of inserting the names of their own saints in the Canon of the Mass. However, the most notable of all their peculiarities was their celebration of Easter according to the old Irish custom, and it often happened that the monks of Luxeuil were singing their alleluias for Easter on Palm Sunday while the churches around them were in the mourning of Passion time. The Bishops protested, but Columbanus answered by reminding them that it would be much better if they enforced Canonical discipline among their own clergy instead of discussing the Paschal question with him and his monks, who only desired to live in peace. In his contentions with the Bishops and even with the Pope, Columbanus spoke with forcefulness and freedom, but despite this, true humility and genuine eloquence underlay it all, for he says: "Surely it is better for you to comfort us, poor old men, strangers, too, in your midst. Let us rather love one another in the charity of Christ, striving to fulfill His precepts, and thereby secure a place in the assembly of the just made perfect in heaven."

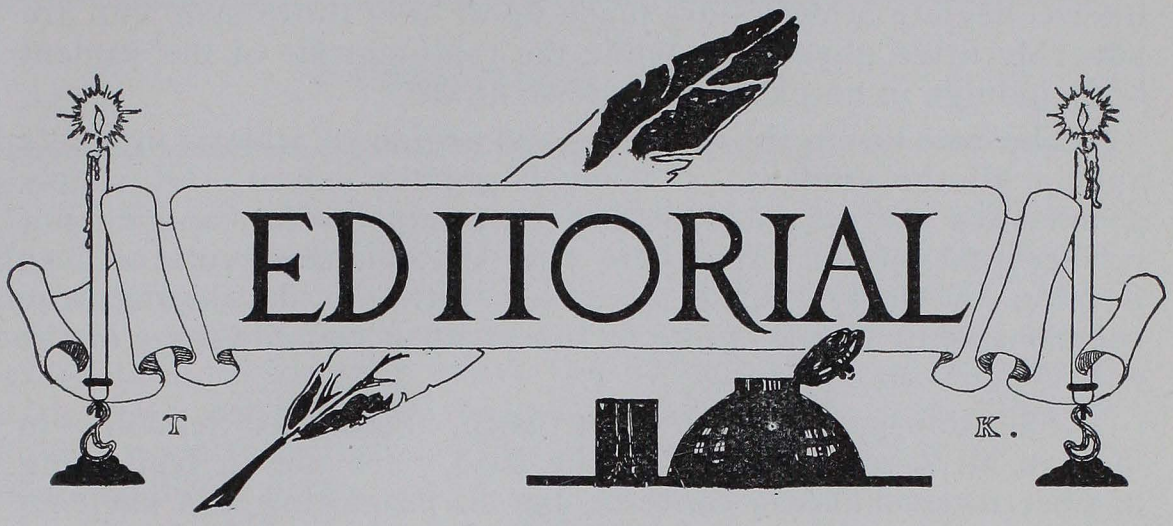
Nor were disputes with Bishops the only source of trouble to the Irish wayfarers who had left their native land that they might better follow the precepts of the Master and the Apostles. The young king of Austrasia, Thierry, encouraged by his grandmother, Brunehault, who was afraid that her own popularity might wane if there were two queens at Court, repudiated his lawful wife and fell into the most scandalous debauchery. The young king, despite his bad habits, had a religious turn of mind, and often went to visit Columbanus at his monastery. The Irish zeal of this holy man took advantage of the occasions to reprove him for his disorderly conduct. Thierry promised amendment, but Brunehault soon persuaded him to go back to his former bad practices. When Columbanus found it useless to further remonstrate with the king, he denied both Thierry and his grandmother admission to his monastery. They in turn decided to banish the old monk from the place. He was only made a prisoner for the time at Besancon, however, and one day, seeing nothing to hinder him, Columbanus returned to the monastery. When the news of his arrival reached the court, Thierry immediately ordered Columbanus and all his monks to be sent back to Ireland. At first the old monk refused to go, but fearing that the soldiers sent to take them might be punished, gave himself

up. They took a boat down the Loire where they found a ship in which they embarked for Ireland.

However, it was not God's will that these Celtic missioners should go back to their Erin and a heavy storm rose and threatened the ship on which they had embarked. It became necessary for the ship to return to port. The captain, fearing another storm, refused to take any of the monks on board the second time. Columbanus resolved to preach the Gospel to the pagans on the right bank of the Rhine. After a time of many toils and dangers they came to Lake Zurich, in Switzerland, but finally established themselves at Bregenz on the Lake of Constance. They had little success with the pagan natives, for discretion was not a gift of Columbanus. With axe in hand he preached the Gospel and chopped down theh sacred oaks and destroyed the pagan temples. The natives were so angered that the missionaries were forced to fly. They crossed the snow-covered Alps into th kingdom of the Lombards, who were at this time infused with the heresy of Arianism. Through the influence of Queen Theodolina, a devout Catholic, the king kindly received Columbanus and his companions and gladly gave them an old church and lands near Bobbia. Columbanus himself daily worked with untiring zeal, helping his monks cut down fir trees to build a monastery.

Soon the task was completed and there, in the valley of the Appenines, stood the monastery of Bobbio, name of which will never be forgotten by saints and scholars. Here the old monk gave his Monastic Rule to the new house, a rule most rigorous in many respects, but not nearly as complete and systematic as the Rule of St. Benedict. He also left sixteen short sermons, a penitential treatise, a few Latin poems and six letters, all of which are still extant, and of which six letters are the most important, because they reflect most clearly the character of the writer and his Celtic genius. The poetry shows that Columbanus was well acquainted with the Latin language and it also illustrates the classical culture of the Irish schools in the sixth century.

Then, much to the grief of the brotherhood, just a year after the founding of the monastery, Columbanus passed to his reward. No greater man ever went forth from Ireland to do the work of God in foreign lands. For centuries his spirit dominated France and northern Italy and even today his influence is felt. His character was not, indeed, faultless, but like St. Jerome he was consumed with a restless untiring zeal in the service of his Master and we forget his faults in our admiration for his virtues and his labors. It is said that a man more holy, more chaste, more self-denying, a man with loftier aims and purer heart than Columbanus, was never born in the Island of Saints. The remains of this holy man are enclosed in a stone coffin and rest in the crypt of the old monastic Church of Bobbio.




Date of Issue May 1st. 1925

Faculty Director—Rev. L. T. Phillips, C. S. V., M. A.

Editor—J. Griffin Gallagher '28

Associate Editors—

Exchanges—Zenis Lemna '28, Eugene Sammon '28.
Alumni—Emmet M. Walsh '28
Inter Alia—Ray Lawler '28 Harold Pfeffer '28
Viatoriana—Arthur Armbruster, 28' Ernest Walsko '28
Business Mgr.—James Gallahue '28
Circulation Mgr.—John Laden '28

**The Value of Intramural Sports.**

A short time ago one of the sages of Emporia, Kansas, employed the press to publish his opinion on physical sports as found in the institutions of learning of that state. He declared that the athletic contests which took place in the educational centers of Kansas had supplanted the work of mental development in importance. His strongest argument was that these friendly disputes as to athletic supremacy "arouse the contentious, combative, partisan instincts so deeply that other instincts and interests take second place." He adds to this statement by declaring that "we are now really spending millions in America to make a lot of blind, 'roughnecked', yowling rooters for cheap causes."

To many of the young people of to-day, his opinions may sound old-fashioned and harsh, but even so, they contain no little amount of truth. The remedy, however, for the complaint mentioned, lies not in the abolition, but in the democratization of college sports. The trouble lies not in the number of interschool games, but in the fact that the representative teams in

inter-collegiate athletics are made up of only those men who are superbly fitted physically, while the rank and file of the student body indulge in no physical exercise at all.

The cure lies in the fostering and urging of athletic interests among all the students to a much greater extent. Of course gymnastics are an aid, but they only supplement, and do not replace real sports. It is also true that physical culture does develop the body, but it does very little in developing true sportsmanship which is one of the greatest contributions of the entire sports movement.

The solution for the disturbance in Kansas Schools,—in fact, in all schools througout the land,—lies not in legislating against interscholastic contests, but in promoting and abetting inter-school and inter-class competition so that the student body as a whole may take part in the games and not merely take their exercise in the bleachers.

* * *

**Let George Do It**

Wherever a gathering of human beings is found, an age-old custom exists which is quite popularly known as "passing the buck." This practice of shifting responsibilities is prevalent in all vocations of life, in the office, in the factory, in the warehouse, in the mines, in the quarries, and even in the home.

There is a mythical personage on whose shoulders are thrown those tasks which are too hard or require too much thought or are considered beneath one's dignity to perform. "Oh, let George do it," seems to be sort of an explanation or an excuse for laxity in the performance of a duty which is tiresome or boring in its meniality.

We are constantly endeavoring to shift the burden of some loathsome task to this so-called "George." He is the butt of all our forgetfulness and slack performance of work. To him we pass the fulfillment of all odious undertakings and on his head is heaped the burning coals of blame.

Even in class organizations we find a few of the "slackers," or, "buck passers." They are constantly avoiding anything which means responsibility and are serenely contented to let the burden fall on other, more willing shoulders. When meetings are announced they casually read the bulletin and then stroll off nonchalantly to some place other than the meeting room. They are a detriment and a drawback to any organization and the sooner this spirit of laziness or disinterest is rooted out of their beings, the more effective will be the efforts of the student body and the more successful the attempts to foster fraternal spirit in schools.

# Freshman Notes

In the year 1924 thousands graduated from high schools in this country. Out of this number a few were marked to become the members of the Freshman Class at St. Viator College. They became a part of that organization known as the student body, which is more formally called the College Club. This contact with older and helpful friends will undoubtedly have great influence upon their future. The class numbers forty-seven. The membership is given below:

| Name and Home | Prepared at |
|---|---|
| Arthur Armbruster, Bloomington | Bloomington High |
| John Benda, Duluth, Minn | Cathedral High |
| John R. Bowe, Chicago | Viator Academy |
| Raymond Bueter, Fort Wayne, Ind | St. Francis College |
| Ignatius Cleary, Chicago | St. Paul High, Odell |
| Camillius Conway, Newton, Kan | Newton High |
| Francis A. Corcoran, Earlville, Ill | Viator Academy |
| Roger C. Drolet, Bourbannais | Viator Academy |
| Leo Fitzgerald, Ashland | Ashland High |
| John Forrestner, Springfield | Washington University, St. Louis |
| Lawrence Fox, Rockford | St. Thomas High |
| Wendell Fronville, Clifton | Viator Academy |
| Griffin J. Gallagher, Rockford | St. Thomas High |
| James Gallahue, Piper City | St. Viator College |
| John Harrington, Humboldt | Viator Academy |
| Martin Healey, Gary, Ind | Viator Academy |
| Howard Hoettls, Bloomington | Bloomington High |
| Paul Hutton, Kankakee, Ill | Viator Academy |
| Michael P. Kennedy, Seneca | Seneca High |
| Lyford Kern, Eureka | Eureka High |
| John Laden, Rockford | St. Thomas High |
| J. M. Lamarre, Bourbonnais | Viator Academy |
| Michael Lawler, Chicago | Viator Academy |
| Zenis Lemna, Beaverville | Viator Academy |
| Manuel Loughran, Bourbonnais | Viator Academy |
| James Madden, Chicago | St. Mels High |
| Franklin T. May, Kentland, Ind | Kentland High |
| Bertram Menden, Chicago | Viator Academy |
| William Menden, Chicago | Viator Academy |
| Grady Mobley, Ardmore, Okla | Oklahoma University |
| Robert L. Moore, Aurora | St. Ignatius High |
| Edward J. McCarthy, Rockford | St. Thomas High |
| Joseph E. McCarthy, Bradley | Viator Academy |

Warren McClelland, Bloomington.....St. Mary's High
Joseph P. McGovern, Bradley.....Viator Academy
Glen E. McNamara, Rockford.....St. Thomas High
Thomas B. Nolan, Bourbonnais.....Viator Academy
Ralph Pendleton, Clifton.....Viator Academy
G. Harold Pfeffer, Urbana.....St. Mary's High
Louis Petranek, Kankakee.....University of Louisville
Charles Riley, Assumption.....Assumption High
Eugene Sammon, Bloomington.....Viator Academy
Samuel Shapiro, Kankakee.....Kankakee High
Charles Sheedy, Seneca.....Seneca High
William J. VanMeter, Winchester.....Winchester High
Dale Walsh, Campus.....Reddick High
Emmet E. Walsh, Streator, Ill.....Viator Academy
Ernest Walsko, Whiting, Ind.....Whiting High
William Walton, Jr., Rockford.....St. Thomas High
Frederick Wenthe, Bourbonnais.....Viator Academy

From this number, two graduates of the St. Viator Academy were chosen as officers. They are: James Gallahue, President, and Eugene Sammon, Vice-President. To Ernest Walsko, of Whiting, Ind., was intrusted the combined office of Secretary-Treasurer.

At one of the later meetings it was decided to hold a Freshman dance. While this is a yearly event, we wanted it to be an event of unusual importance. The new K. of C. ballroom was obtained and the affair was a financial and social success.

The Freshmen rank high in the number of athletes on the different varsity teams. To football they gave Franklin May, Charles Riley, Ernest Walsko, Arthur Armbruster, Dale Walsh, Bertram Meden, Camillius Conway and James Madden. In basketball John Bowe and John Benda received letters. Eight men were given to baseball. They are: John Benda, John Bowe, John Harrington, Joseph McCarthy, Harold Pfeffer, Dale Walsh and Ernest Walsko.

This Frosh Issue of the Viatorian will help to show in a way what we can do in a literary line.

—JOHN LADEN, '28.


It is with a great deal of reluctance that we write an article like this, yet we were so thoroughly disgusted at the attitude taken by the exchange editors of some of our contemporaries that we feel it is both necessary and expedient. The point of view taken by some of the aforementioned is sickening to nausea; indeed, we can hardly stomach their unhealthy nonsense. Time and time again we have seen college publications bitterly criticized because the color or design of the cover of the magazine in question did not appeal to the aesthetic taste of the self-appointed critics, and in spite of the evidence before our eyes, we can hardly compel ourselves to believe that any exchange editor could make such a monumental farce of his position as to hurl literary vitriol at a magazine because of the color of its cover. It is so utterly nonsensical that it scarcely seems possible for such a man to continue holding down his job after having once displayed the wares of his shallow mind.

To be candid and frank is an exemplary virtue, but to condemn a magazine because of its cover is entirely different. It is like condemning a man because of the shade of his eyes or the arrangement of his hair. Many a man with a homely face turns out to be a genius. May we consign a volume to the waste basket unread because it is not bound in morocco and its pages not faced with gold? To do so would be the height of folly, for many of our masterpieces are bound poorly enough. Yet some exchange editors delight in tossing a few literary brickbats at a publication because its cover does not come up to their acutely developed sense of color scheme.

◇ ◇ ◇

St. Joseph's Prep Chronicle, a monthly from St. Joseph's College High School, Philadelphia, Pa. The February Number of the Chronicle has left upon our minds the same impression as has all previous issues of this periodical, that it is one of the best written High School publications which we have been privileged to read. The authors seem to have an unusual way of presenting their ideas. This magazine seems to take a great interest in the welfare of Philadelphia, for in three of its subjects it deals with places of interest about the

city. Several verse selections are found within the covers of the magazine, of which *"Flower Buds," "The Spirit of the Tempest,"* and *"The Phantom City"* strike us as being the choice of the lot. The prophecy, *"A Dream,"* is a good piece of imagination, yet contains some thoughts which some day may really change from imaginary to realistic ones. The short essay on Lincoln is well presented and treats of all the qualities that have made Lincoln a great man. The editorials, especially the one on *"The Holy Year,"* are good. The column, *"School News"* is also well written.

◇ ◇ ◇

THE CAMPION, Campion College, Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin. The Winter Number of the CAMPION is a most welcome visitor, for within this neat and well arranged book we find a number of carefully written essays and sketches which bring this college publication up to, and even beyond, the standard of many college journals. Of the essays presented we find that the one entitled "Appeal and Influence of Dante" is most deserving of our praise and commendation. In this interesting essay, the author shows the great influence which Dante, through his works, is exercising throughout the literary world today. Another essay which is deserving of mention is that on "Lord Kelvin," but it does not come up to the standard set by the one previously mentioned. The quality of the short story contained in this book is rather poor. The story seems to have been hastily written and ends too abruptly. The idea contained therein is good, however. The issue is graced with three selections of fine verse. *"The Day of the Storm,"* a play in two acts, is well written and is very interesting.

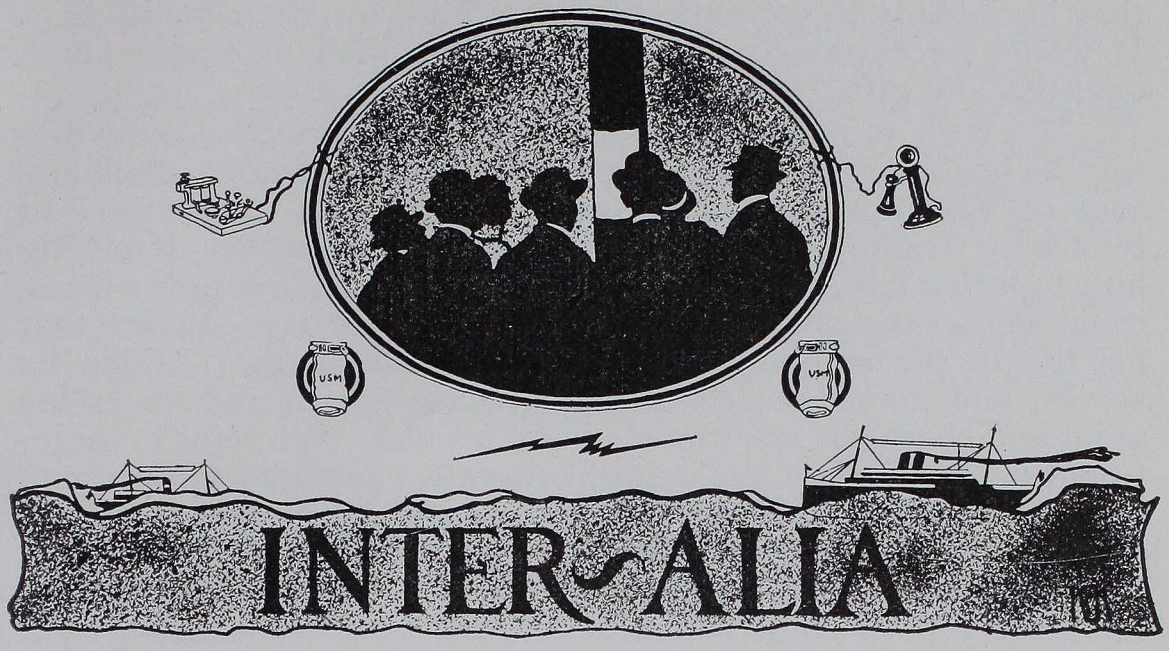
◇ ◇ ◇

THE CASCIAN, St. Rita Prep, Chicago: Greetings and congratulations, CASCIAN!

You are deserving of the highest praise and commendation in the February issue. The cover and introductory pages are properly devoted to February's two great statesmen. Your short stories are interesting, humorous, pathetic, and magnetic. We believe *"The Wood Cutter"* is the best story in the number, containing a thread of mystery and superstition woven throughout. *"The Lure of Happiness"* and *"Coming Events"* are also worthy of honorable mention.

The poems are placed in very appropriate positions, while their humor and sterling characteristics are refreshing to the reader's mind. An extensive section is devoted to athletic activities and contains an interesting account of last year's National Catholic Tournament.

Your exchange department is of a very copious nature and contains fine criticisms of other scholastic magazines. The Alumni section is rather short and not of equal prominence with the other features of the issue. The humor and comic section is very pleasing with its abundance of laughable poems and sketches. The introduction of the cross-word puzzle into the issue is a very good idea and helps to conclude the praiseworthy number.




**Rev. Thomas J. Lynch Receives Holy Orders**

On Monday, April the thirteenth, Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, professor of English and History at St. Viator, was raised to the dignity of the holy priesthood, by the Right Reverend Peter J. Muldoon, D. D. in St. James Pro-Cathedral at Rockford, Ill. Many of his friends among both the faculty and the student body who were present at the conferring of the ordination journeyed on with him to Bloomington, Ill., where Father Lynch celebrated his First Solemn Mass in Holy Trinity Church on the following Sunday. Rev. Fr. T. E. Shea served as deacon, and Rev. Louis Dougherty former school comrade of Reverend Lynch at St. Viator, served as sub-deacon on this solemn occasion. Rev. Father S. Moore acted as arch-priest. An eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, c. s. v., who commended Fr. Lynch for the choice he had made in life, and complimented him upon his recently acquired honor.

Father Lynch made both his philosophical and theological courses at St. Viator. While a student here he was known and respected by teachers and classmates alike because of the leading role he played in the class room, and the active interest and hearty co-operation he showed toward all student activities. He was a member of the famous debating team that triumphed so victoriously over Notre Dame University, and his share in that memorable victory was one reason why Notre Dame lost so badly. After finishing his studies, Father Lynch accepted the chair of professorship of English and History at St. Viator, which post he has held for the last seven years. His unusual ability as a teacher is testified strongly by all who have been fortunate enough to study under his guidance, and we are glad to know

that he intends to continue his work here for the coming year. It would be extremely difficult to find a man of equally high qualities and gifted accomplishments to replace him.

We wish to congratulate Father Lynch upon the great dignity he has received. We are proud to number among the many sons of Viator who have devoted their lives to the services of their holy religion, one so capable and deserving as he. Knowing him so intimately, as we do, by our contact with him in the classroom and on the campus, we feel perfectly safe in predicting that his life in the ministry will bring honor upon the religion he serves, and upon the school under whose gentle influences his mind and character were molded and formed. We rejoice, therefore, that the Church has gained so worthy and able a champion, and while participating in her good fortune, we extend to Father Lynch our sincerest and most heartfelt wishes that his life as a priest of God will be a long one, rich in success, and fruitful in the perfection of souls committed to his care, whose glory will flow back upon him as their guide and constitute his surest title to an eternal reward.

* * *

**Departure of Fr. Fitzpatrick**

The faculty and students of St. Viator College were extremely saddened on March 14th when the announcement was made that the Reverend Father T. E. Fitzpatrick was to leave his Viator home and become an assistant at St. Edward's Parish, 4344 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago. Father Fitzpatrick must be commended on his work in organizing the Academy Club, of which he was chosen Moderator. His zealous and untiring labors will long be remembered by the Academy Graduates of '25. The college students likewise feel the loss of Father Fitzpatrick, for they knew him as the amiable Prefect of the Third Corridor last year and also as an ardent booster of athletics. The prayers and best wishes of students of Saint Viator accompany Father Fitzpatrick into his new field of labor.

* * *

**Mr. Olander Addresses Sociology and Economic Classes**

Mr. Victor Olander, secretary-treasurer of the Illinois Federation of Labor, gave an address to over one hundred students in the Economics and Sociology classes on Tuesday, March 24th. The topic chosen by the renowned speaker was "Trade Unionism," and he proved such an adept orator that all who listened to him were delightfully instructed and entertained. He described in detail the great improvement in working conditions wrought by Organized Labor. The salient blessings bestowed by trade-unions, Mr. Olander pointed out, were better living conditions, and, in behalf of the younger generation, the opportunity to attend school to a more advanced age. Numerous illustrations were

given to substantiate the points outlined by the famous proposer of the Seaman's Act, and a charming verse from Lowell concluded the address. For a half hour after he had finished his talk proper, Mr. Olander was open to questions relevant to the subject he had treated and also to the subject of Injunctions. Several students availed themselves of this opporunity, and all marveled at the logic and conciseness of his answers.

Fr. Maguire's introductory words well describe Mr. Olander: "He possesses such a wonderfully developed encyclopedic mind and has so much naive talent as a speaker that he is truly a remarkable champion of organized labor."

* * *

**K. M. I.**

The Knights of Mary Immaculate report an increasing membership. This organization made its debut with a sparse enrollment. Gradually, however, it has grown until now its membership is comprised of approximately one hundred students.

The organization has a twofold purpose. Its primary end is the offering of prayers for the redemption of captives, that is, supplications for souls that are the slaves of sin. The secondary end is prayer for the success of foreign missions.

The association is now inaugurating a new work, namely—aiding foreign missions by pecuriary means. Brother Koelzer, the zealous moderator and Mr. Sarto Legris, the president, are to be congratulated on the progress and work of the society.

# ALUMNI

The Easter issue of the New World announces the conference of a pastorate upon the Reverend S. E. McMahon, a loyal alumnus and former professor of philosophy at St. Viator. St. Therese Parish, over which Father McMahon will exercise his priestly care, has been newly erected at Eightieth and Wood streets.

Father McMahon was born in Chicago. He made his theological course here at St. Viator. After his ordination in 1911, he served as an assistant at Our Lady of Lourdes for a number of years. From there he was transferred to St. Anne's. Fr. McMahon formerly occupied the Chair of Philosophy at St. Viator and his students are loud in their acclaim of his ability as a professor, and his attainments as a scholar. The Faculty and Students extend their hearty congratulations and best wishes to this singularly gifted and loyal alumnus.

A number of Viator alumni have been affected by the recent clergy appointments made in the Archdiocese of Chicago.

Reverend Edward Dillon,'15, is transferred from St. Anselm's to Our Lady of Solace. Reverend Michael Mugan, '11, goes from St. Basil's to the Church of the Precious Blood. Reverend Joseph Dionne, '15-'17, was changed from St. James Church, Maywood, to Our Lady of Peace.

* * *

Viator Alumni will be interested in the following clipping from the secular press, describing an unusual affair tendered in honor of Father John O'Brien, '14.

Champaign, Ill., April 7.—Acacia, a Masonic fraternity of University students and faculty members, presented a gold Knights of Columbus emblem to the Rev. Father John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., chaplain to the Catholic students at the University of Illinois, Sunday, at a banquet at which the Rev. Father O'Brien was the guest of honor.

Among the Acacia members participating in the ceremony was the Rev. Dr. J. C. Baker, a Methodist minister. In presenting the Knights of Columbus emblem to Father O'Brien, John Wendell, a senior, said:

"In these days of racial prejudice and religious rancor, we deem it an event of unusual and far-reaching significance as an organization composed entirely of Masons to bestow a Knights of Columbus emblem upon a Catholic priest in recognition of the great services he has rendered in breaking down the barriers reared upon misunderstanding and in fostering the splendid spirit of harmony and good will between Catholics and Protestants and people of all creeds, that prevails at the University of Illinois.

"We look upon this occurrence as heralding the dawn of a new day of religion and racial tolerance among the citizens of America."

* * *

During the Easter vacation, we were delighted to receive word of Father Girard's safe arrival in France. Father Girard is en route to Rome for the Holy Year ceremonies. We wish him a happy visit to the Eternal City and a safe return. During his absence, Father P. L. O'Leary, c.s.v. is in charge of his parish at Momence, Ill.

* * *

Peter McGuire, '11-'12, returned to Alma Mater recently, Pete is an undertaker down at Chatsworth.

* * *

One of Viator's greatest all around athletes, Le Roy Winterhalter, '24, had the honor to participate in the National Bankers Basketball Tournament held recently in New York. The same pep and enthusiasm that helped him win basketball games at Viator enabled him to star on the Banker's team. Yea, Winnie, atta boy!

* * *

The beautiful spring weather, the fine state roads, and the irresistable attraction of Alma Mater are all responsible for Dr. Joseph Daley's appearance on the campus on Sunday, April 3rd. Joe is practicing dentistry on the West Side in Chicago.

* * *

All Viator men will be delighted to hear that Eugene McLain, '24, has recovered his health sufficiently to resume his studies at St. Paul Seminary. The same fighting spirit that made "Red" a hero on the gridiron and on the diamond has won for him the battle for health.

* * *

John Raycraft, '16-'18, in company with his wife visited the campus which he enlivened and cheered some few years ago.

* * *

Father Kelly recently received an enlarged picture of our famous John "Dizz" Clancy in action. It was presented by Ray Marvel, '18-'23. Ray is at present the manager of the Sterchie Jewelry Company, Terre Haute, Ind.


**"Blessed Are They Who Die in The Lord"**

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mr. George Armbruster, father of our classmate, Arthur. Mr. Armbruster's death came after a lingering illness, but this did not lessen the keen grief that was felt at his passing. He died at St. Joseph's Hospital, fortified by the Last Sacraments of the Church. Father Landroche represented the College at the funeral.

The faculty and students extend to the family of the deceased their sincere sympathy and assurances of prayers for their dear departed one. The Freshman Class, of which Arthur is a member, drafted the following resolutions of condolence:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Father in his infinite wisdom to call to his eternal reward the father of our esteemed classmate, Arthur Armbruster; and

WHEREAS, His family have been bereft of a kind and loving father, and his wife of a good and faithful husband; be it

RESOLVED, That we, his fellowclassmen, extend our heartfelt condolence, both to our classmate and to his bereaved family; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be published in the Viatorian as a mark of our sympathy.

FRESHMEN CLASS OF ST. VIATOR COLLEGE.

* * *

**Emil Munsch**

The faculty and student body wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy to Rev. Fr. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V., Director of St. Bernard's Scholasticate, on the death of his father, Emil Munsch, who died April 21st. The Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Father Munsch at St. Mark's Church, Chicago. Very Rev. W. J. Suprenant, C. S. V., Viatorian Provincial, acted as deacon, and Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., as sub-deacon. The eulogy was delivered by Father Rice. Many of the clergy and of the alumni attended the funeral.

**Miss Rose Harbauer**

Death has claimed for its own Miss Rose Harbauer, sister of Brother Harbauer c.s.v. Miss Harbauer died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Springfield, Ill., March 19, after a period of serious illness. The obsequies were held at St. Agnes Church and interment made in Calvary Cemetery. The sermon was preached by Rev. F. E. Munsch, c.s.v. The prayerful sympathy of all the College goes out to Brother Harbauer and the family. May she rest in peace.

* * *

**Walter Mullins**

On March 25, death entered the ranks of our alumni and summoned Walter Mullins, '15 and '17. The summons came after a lingering illness borne with Christian patience. Walter, or "Drowse" as he was affectionately called by his pals, will ever be remembered as a lovable character. St. Viator College extends its sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

* * *

**Francis J. Hronek**

Another son of Viator was claimed by death on March 13th. During the years Frank spent at Viator, he endeared himself to every student and teacher, proving himself a gentleman on the campus and a scholar in the classroom. Nor did he forget his Alma Mater after his departure. Frank was one of the Extension boosters and one of its first members. To his bereaved parents and relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathies .

* * *

**Joseph Hartnett**

The heartfelt sympathy of the faculty and the students is extended to Raymond Hartnett of the College in the loss of his brother. Funeral services were held at Hubbard, Neb., on Monday, March 23rd. On Tuesday, March 24th a Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by our Very Reverend President at the request of a large number of Ray's friends.

# ATHLETICS

## ST. VIATOR, 5; MICHIGAN AGGIES, 5

**April 17th.**

Some wild west pastiming was dished up for the fans who attended the opening of the Viatorians 1925 diamond campaign and after all the fireworks had been set off neither team could claim supremacy as the final count read 5 to 5. The ball game really should have ended with the "Irish" ahead 3 to 0, as Captain Dundon pitched a perfect game until the ninth and had allowed the Aggies but five hits. Meanwhile his teammates had been treating Kuhn pretty roughly, combing his offerings for eight hits and three runs. But after the Aggies had their turn at bat in the first section of the ninth, the locals were mighty fortunate in pulling the tussle out of the fire, and forcing it into extra innings without either team gaining the decision.

After that turbulent ninth, the Aggies were leading 5 to 3 and McAllster had replaced Dundon on the mound. There was still a bit of dynamite in the Viatorians bats when their turn came and after two were down a big wad of luck, and a hit and stolen base by John Winterhalter enabled the locals to knot the reckoning. The luck came in the form of three errors which were instrumental in boosting local runners over the plate.

McAllister quelled the Aggie hitters in the tenth but Wakefield, who took Kuhn's place on the hill, had a deuce of a time keeping Father Kelly's boys from running away with the tilt even though darkness was making it a difficult job to see the ball. The Viatorians clogged the bases with one down but trouble was averted when Walsh fanned and Winterhalten grounded out. The game ended after that frame as the moon was the only source of illumination.

| | | | | | | R. | H. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| St. Viator | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 0 2 | 0—5 | 10 | 3 |
| Michigan Aggies | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 0 5 | 0—5 | 10 | 5 |

**Batteries: Dundon, McAllister and Bell. Kuhn, Wakefield and Freemont.**

## ST. VIATOR, 7; Y. M. C. A. COLLEGE, 2

### April 25th.

Y. M. C. A. College provided little resistance to the smashing hitting of the Viatorians, a total of 13 blows being collected by the locals to rush over the runs to beat the invaders 7 to 2. A half dozen more runs were tossed away because the "Irish" were not awake on the paths. Exactly eight men were cut off after reaching first base.

Vince Pfeffer and Pete Harrington halved the pitching job and did well. Vince allowed three hits during his term of five innings while Harrington pitched a no-hit affair during the closing rounds. The hostile nine did manage to garner a run off the south paws delivery, but two errors and a stolen base did the damage and not the maces of the Y. M. outfit. The other Y. M. run was gained off Pfeffer who permitted two blows in the fourth which were augmented by two errors.

Donnelly, who has been getting a regular assignment in right field, justified his choice by slamming three singles in four journeys to the pan and Johnny Benda was up and up with the Peorian as he cracked a trio during the fracas. It remained for "Dode" Walsh to lead the batters. The freshman outfielder had a flawless day with the stick, ramming two safe ones and strolling twice for a .1000 percent average.

* * *

## ST. VIATOR, 3; KANKAKEE LEGION, 0

### April 26th.

One more expert performer has been granted admittance into that exclusive company of athletic geniuses whose emphatic bid for fame rests on their authorship of a perfect ball game. Charles "Mickey" Donnelly, an athlete of parts who is at home in the outfield or in the box, is the most recent applicant and his claim rests on the creation of a no-hit, no-run masterpiece, fashioned at the expense of the Kankakee American Legion team at Amusement Park. The final count favored the collegians, 3 to 0.

Charles "Mickey" was absolutely czar of the proceedings for eight of the nine frames. His one tempestuous inning was the seventh when a streak of wildness populated the bases. He showed superbly, however, in this predicament and fanned McCormick to end the trouble. That one flaw, however, didn't mar the brilliance of his pitching in the remained of the struggle. He set back eight Legion hitters by strikes and had the rest of them poking to the infield. Only three balls went to the oufield, and

Walsh planed under them for easy outs. Perfect control, save in the seventh, and a sweet curve ball, were the leading items in Donnelly's stock but he made these more effective by a deceiving change of pace and a sizzling cross-fire.

To Donnelly, along with Jimmy Dalrymple, goes the major share of the hitting honors, as Charley clicked two singles, as did Dalrymple. Donnelly's first blow was in the fifth and he scored along with Bell. In that frame Dalrymple drilled a safe one to center to boost his pals along the runways. Again in the ninth Donnelly singled to hoist "Gus" Dundon to second after the captain had bounced one to the outer works, but the no-hit artist was snuffed out by a double play that also sacrificed Dalrymple.

Seven hits were manufactured by the Viatorians to win the ball game. Johnny Bowe, starting his first game as a regular outfielder, was the producer of one of these, a stinging double that banged agaianst the center-field wall. John Winterhalter poked another, as did Dundos, while Dalrymple and Donnelly provided the juiciest cluster.

In the field the "Irish" imbibed a bit of the rare inspiration that led Donnelly to his masterly no-hit performance. The youths fielded splendidly, but one lone error being chalked against them. This splotch was the doing of John Benda who juggled a bounder from Breese just long enough to let the runner perch on first. The imperterbable John didn't let this bother him though and quickly engineered a double play after taking a grounder from the bat of Beltz.

* * *

## ST. VIATOR, 14; LUTHER, 11

### April 27th.

Father Kelly's Viatorians took a mighty stride towards the diamond championship of the Western Interstate Conference by slamming out a thrill-packed 14 to 11 win over Luther College at Bergin Field.

For eight innings in this battle Luther was away the best ball club. They clawed Sam McAllister's delivery in the sixth for five runs and prior to that fat frame they had chased across three markers which put their total at eight while the locals had been having a furious time of it boosting over two counters. But in the home half, things began occuring. Some mighty mauling was provided by the "Irish," and before Mr. Orwoll had tossed up the sponge twelve runs had ambled in.

All the boys were pretty spry with the stick in that big eighth. Eight hits were rammed out in that frame, three of them

doubles. Two of these were offerings from the mace of Sam McAllister and the other was a wallop by Dalrymple. The efficient Peoria combination of Donnelly and McGrath crowded into the picture because of their rude hitting manners. This Donnelly chap, after twirling a no-hit, no-run perfecto the day before, pulled a quick change stunt and encored in right field against the Luther nine. Just three safe blows rattled off this versatile chap's stick during the game, and two of these were clustered in the eighth. Fellow-townsman McGrath stayed right in step with "Mickey," his socking mood tending toward long drives. Twice during the fray McGrath drilled circuit clouts and one of these enlivened the hectic eighth.

But all the thrills weren't packed in the eighth. Plenty were left over for the final frame, when McAllister weakened, hit a batsman and permitted a double and homer to put three runs over for Luther. That cleared the sacks, but with none down the locals were still on the brink of disaster. Captain Fred Dundon, alias Sheriff Gus, stepped in to quell the rumpus. To say he halted the insurrection would be to phrase it mildly. Officer Dundon just proceeded to the task of fanning three would-be hitters with business-like abruptness.

Orwoll fanned nine while he was master of the twirling duties for Luther, and McAllister was right on his heels with six, while his control was much better than Orwoll's as he passed but three while the latter gave tickets to ten Viatorians.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | R. | H. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| St. Viator | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | x | — | 14 | 14 | 14 | 4 |
| Luther | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | — | 11 | 13 | 13 | 3 |

**Batteries; McAllister, Dundon and Bell; Orwoll, Radtke and Brykeland.**

# TRACK

**Track** The first track team organized at St. Viator suffered a severe, but not wholly unexpected, defeat at Bloomington, Ill., April 24th, Coach C. E. Cartwright's Illinois Wesleyan University flyers running up a 104 to 21 count on Ralph Glaze's inexperienced men. The boys had but a few weeks of training and this preliminary work was made less effective because of the lack of a cinder path. We are glad to chronicle that this deficiency is being remedied by the athletic department and that a 220 yard straightway will soon be in shape for the athletes.

But to get back to that ill-fated track meet. Every first place in the dual meet was gained by a Wesleyan athlete, though Jimmy Dalrymple and Lyle Boultinghouse sprang into prominence by copping seconds Jimmy earned his in the century and Boultinghouse leaped 5 foot, 6 inches to gain second in the high jump. Other passable performances were contributed by Phil McGrath, who ran in the hundred and in the low hurdles; Bill Neville, whose work was impaired by an injured knee; Walton, Meade and Fox who were entered in the longer runs; and C. Riley and Hartnett who ran the dashes and hurdles. Bill Kelly and D. La Charite failed to place in the weight events, but both heaved the shot for creditable marks.

Several other meets are booked for Ralph Glaze and his men. They will, of course, participate in the Interstate and Little Nineteen meets held at Chicago and Galesburg and they are to perform in other meets during the month. Following is a list of the meets scheduled:

May 8th—Armour at Chicago.

May 15th—Bradley and Wesleyan at Peoria.

May 16th—Interstate Meet at Chicago.

May 26th—I. I. A. C. Meet at Galesburg.

May 30th—Y. M. C. A. College at Chicago.

JOHN RYAN, '26

# VIATORIANA

Mickey D.—Say, John, don't you tire of having blondes sitting on your lap?

John W.—Not at all; they are light.

* * *

Bill McG. (seeing Gus running)—Training for a race?

Gus D.—No, you simp; racing for a train.

* * *

Fritz—Would you love me even though I were ugly?

Bernice—Darling, you know I do.

* * *

**One For The Book**

Prefect's Voice in the Corridor—"Angelus!"

Pickles Baldwin—Who is this bird, "Angelus?" He's been missing at this hour for the last week.

* * *

**Famous Firsts**

There is one so dumb, he thinks Ground Hogs are sausages.

* * *

Teacher—How do you spell Chicago?

Student—K. Y. W., Chicago.

* * *

Joe—You can easily tell that Zeke isn't two-faced.

Moe—How's that?

Joe—He wouldn't wear that one if he were.

* * *

He—Your cousin refused to recognize me at the dance last night. Thinks I'm not his equal, I suppose.

She—Nonsense. Of course, you are. Why, he is nothing but a conceited idiot.

* * *

New Student—How large a town is Bourbonnais?

Conway—Look for yourself, John.

Mac—This Lenten fasting reminds me of poor old McSweeney.

May—When did this happen, last month?

Bill—I'll bite.

May—Was he from Gary, Ind.?

Chorus—Ha, ha, ha.

* * *

Jake—Say, Art; can I use your pipe?

Art—Sorry, but it's Lent.

Jake—Can I have it when you get it back?

* * *

Pfeffer—Boys, I'm as pure as driven snow.

Farrell—Yes, but a long time after it is driven.

* * *

Fr. Cardinal—Mr. May, you can tell us all you know about radio next class.

Fish—Lucky bird.

* * *

### Every Knock a Boost

No wonder Bourbonnais is known as a sleepy town. People staying up late at night look sleepy next day.

* * *

### George, Call The Wagon

While driving through the country the other day, Mac came upon a farmer laboring in his field using a fertilizer spreader. Mac being very inquisitive, questioned the farmer, "Say, Old Top, what kind of an implement do you call that?"

"That is a fertilizer spreader," replied the farmer.

"Oh, for lands sake."

"Yes," bellowed the farmer.

* * *

Black—Where have you been keeping yourself these past years?

Blue—I am working on the railroad.

Black—I see.

Blue—No, the New York Central.

* * *

### Rest in Peace

Candidate—Fellow-citizens, I have fought against the Indians, I have fought against the Mexicans, I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no roof but the sky, I have forded icy rivers and marched over frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood.

Voice in Audience—I'll be darned if you haven't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. We'll vote for the other fellow.

## OUR VAUDEVILLE SHOW

(Associated Press Dispatch)

The widely advertised student vaudeville show was presented in the Gymnasium of St. Viator College, at Bourbonnais, Ill., on Monday, February 22nd. The show was a form of Washington's Birthday celebration. The show consisted of eight acts. On the whole it was presented in a most novel manner. All the acts were supposedly being broadcasted over station S. V. C., Bourbonnais. Mr. Boultinghouse was at times very efficient and at other times not so efficient as an announcer. When he blew the whistle he acted like a "dead fish." He put very little pep into the part.

Mr. James Corbett opened the show by reciting a poem which was a parody on some other poem (I don't know the name). It was very good as far as it went. It was the story of the mental struggle of a young boy choosing between the prefects good-will and a package of cigarettes. He chose the cigarettes.

The second act was announced as a "Black and Tan" act. Bill Lane and Joe Harrington, both of New York City, were made up in black-face comedian style. Their act consisted of one or two fairly good jokes, others no good, a dance and a song. I would rate it about 70%. I'm flattering them at that.

The third act was a monologician, Mr. Eugene McCarthy. His act consisted principally of Irish stories and jokes. Some were funny, some were mediocre, and one in particular was "old enough to vote." He would rate about 75%. His acting brought him up. He also sang a song, "Laugh It Off," with a parody as an encore. The parody was clever, illustrating some of the troubles of the student-body.

Gus Dundon and Homer Knoblauch were the cast in a sketch called "Moonshine." It was the story of the resourcefulness of a revenue officer. Mr. Dundon of the two did the better acting. Knoblauch was too stiff; 85%.

Mickey Donnelly, as a street salesman, and Jimmy Dalyrimple, as a young girl, were the hit of the evening. Donnelly was the vendor of some wonderful pills if all he said was true. I dunno. They had some clever repartee, plenty of "speed," good singing, and a "wow" finish.

Joseph Ambrosius followed, singing "I'm a Little Bluebird, Lookin' For a Blackbird," and "Mornin'." He sang, as usual, very well.

Then a pick-up college orchestra rendered three numbers which would have been very good if White, one of the cornetists, had not had some difficulty. I don't know what was the matter, but he sure was in trouble to judge by the facial expression of Barton.

Then came the finale with the entire cast. Jimmy and Mickey again sang one of their songs, some fictitious telegrams were read, Bill Lane gigged and the curtain came down.

Altogether, it was very good for an amateur performance.

M. RAYMOND LAWLER,

* * *

Tommy—Mother, why didn't you marry some other man instead of papa?

Mother—So, you've began to wonder, too.

* * *

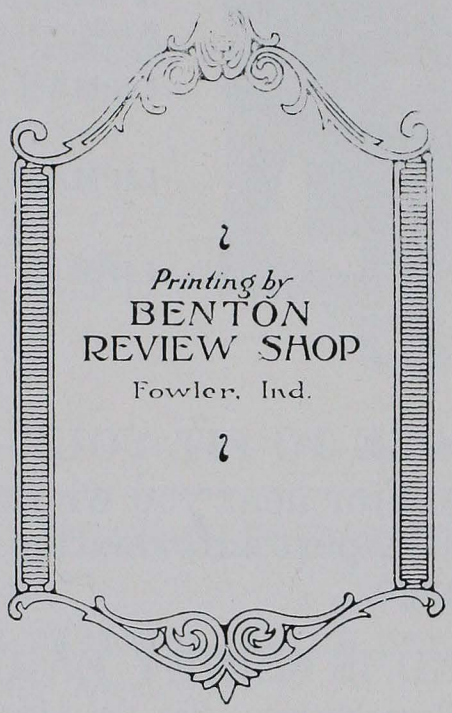
### Special Announcement

The sages of the Bloomington Club will hold their annual meeting in the telephone booth, located in Room 102, Roy Hall, Tuesday evening, May 15th, 1925.

* * *

### Ye Olden Days

The Indiana Club defeated the Assumption Club in an old-fashioned spelling bee. The Illinois aggregation were eliminated in the first round, due to the fact that a certain individual spelled "father" as "fodder."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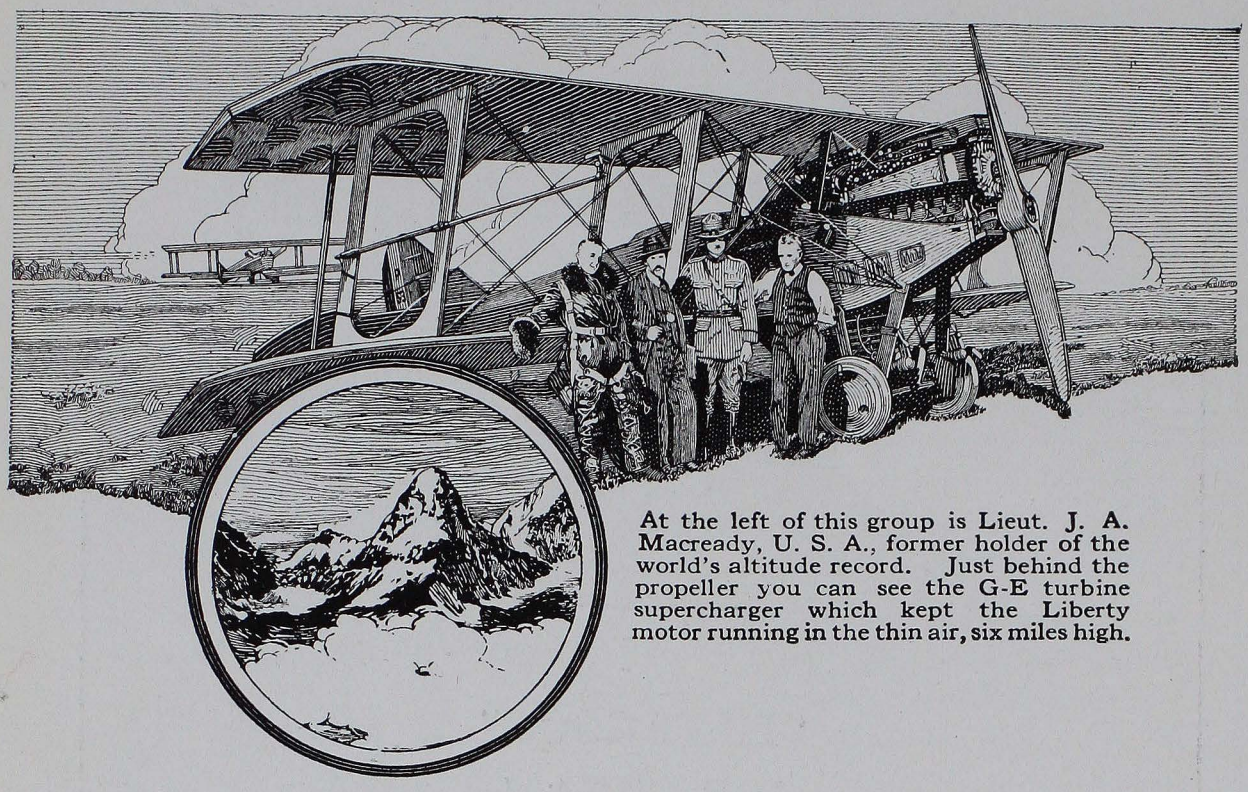

At the left of this group is Lieut. J. A. Macready, U. S. A., former holder of the world's altitude record. Just behind the propeller you can see the G-E turbine supercharger which kept the Liberty motor running in the thin air, six miles high.

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