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## Lumina Volume 4

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# LUMINA

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE

CLEVELAND, OHIO



COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOLUME FOUR

JUNE, 1919

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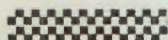
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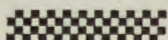


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# LUMINA

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# L U M I N A

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VOLUME 4

JUNE, 1919

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## De Profundis

AH, life can be so fair with Love  
To point the way and guide,  
To sweetly smile encouragement,  
And just as sweetly chide—

So fair we scarce can realize  
How softly beamed the sun,  
How blithesome sang the birds until  
We find Love's course is run.

Love lived with me—a mother Love,  
That led me by the hand  
Thru childhood, youth, unto the verge  
Of manhood's promised land.

And when I could best repay  
Her sacrifice and fears  
The all-arresting hand of Death  
Reach out—naught's left but tears.

But tears—the emptiness of home,  
A few stray wisps of hair,  
The memory of a long, last glance,  
A rosary lying there.

And in my heart the fervent hope  
That soon, no man knows when,  
That same hard hand will strike and I  
Shall kiss my love again.

PAUL E. MURPHY, '19.



## Americanization\*

“GREAT have been the problems of the war, but greater still will be the problems of peace,” was the warning voiced by a man high in the diplomatic circles of the world shortly after the signing of the armistice. The great struggle in which the nations of the world have been involved has left its mark upon the people and thinking men cannot but look with apprehension upon the portents of the times. Those who are in close touch with the masses of the populace and are familiar with the trend of events in Europe have seen, as the first heritage of the war, the handwriting upon the wall which spells the downfall of our present economic system and the dawn of a new era. The Treaty of Peace or the League of Nations are not today first in the minds of those who have the welfare of the human race at heart, but the question they are asking is, “How can we combat the growing spirit of unrest so that the new order will not be brought about in bloodshed and revolution”

We have lately learned a lesson we shall not soon forget, for we realize now that events in Europe have a very direct influence upon our lives here in America. Every day the newspapers pour forth their story of the ravages of Bolshevism in Germany, Russia, Hungary and Bavaria. We read of the conferences between employer and employee in England, and of the various labor disturbances in France, Italy and even in far away Japan; and by applying this new wisdom which we have so lately gained we can readily see that this unrest must sooner or later reach our own doorstep. Signs of it are, indeed, already apparent in this country. Although we have had no armed revolt or great uprising, the mass of the people is nevertheless far from content. The prevalence of unemployment and the sorry condition of the working classes; the failure of wages to increase in proportion to the ever mounting cost of

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\* Winner of fifth place in Essay Contest among students of Jesuit Colleges of Middle West.

living and the age old antagonism between the worker and the capitalist, all play their part in fostering this spirit of discontent. It is only natural that the masses, groaning under the burden of such palable misfortune, are determined to remedy the present evils and secure those rights, which are theirs by nature, at any cost.

It is at this juncture that the Socialist and the Bolshevik appear upon the scene, painting for the delectation of the restless worker an Utopia of milk and honey, wherein the laborer will be supreme and capital his abject slave. The high-sounding phrases of these agitators find willing ears among the workers who are all too prone to take them at their word. They know nothing of the false philosophies upon which these systems are based and are too busy exulting in the thought of the happiness which is to come, to bother about the means by which it is to be obtained. They want not theories but results and these the Radicals promise them in good measure.

If then we wish to combat Radicalism and thereby avert revolution, if we wish to eradicate these doctrines which menace the very foundations of our government, we must meet the restless and disgusted masses of the people on their own ground. Fine spun theories they will not have; hence we must discover some other means of satisfying the proletariat's demands. Can we find an effective remedy in the institutions of our government?

Our nation is a great republic founded upon two striking truths, namely, that every man has an inalienable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" and that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." The Constitution of the United States, on the other hand, provides that this "consent of the governed" shall find expression in popular elections. Herein lies the answer to the Socialist and the solution of our difficulty. By the ballot we can achieve these reforms which the working man insists are his due, and through its use we can bring about the new and better order of things without involving our country in the toils of revolution. We must single out men who are friends of Labor and the Right, but who are at the same time free from the taint of Radicalism. We must place these men in those positions in the



state wherein they can best serve the interests of the people and carry out the wishes of their constituents. Let them pass laws granting all men participation in the profits of the industries, a minimum wage and decent hours of work and living conditions and the proletariat will be as happy and contented as ever he was in the rosiest dream of the most radical Socialist.

We have now found a means of defeating the systems which capitalize the discontent of the people in order to attain their end, and which threaten the very existence of our government. We must next consider ways and means of bringing our solution to the attention of the masses and proving to them that their only real hope of economic salvation lies in our Constitution. But before we can accomplish this we must assure ourselves that they are familiar with this Constitution and its laws. It is here that the great work of Americanization begins.

America has been described as the melting pot of all the nations in which Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, Slav, Celt and Latin meet, merge, and become one great people. No nation, as we know, can be truly great unless its members are one in thought, purpose and ideals. The problem that confronts us is, then, to make a united people of all these various racial elements, and this we can do only by implanting in their hearts true American spirit. To achieve this our first step must be to teach the foreigner the English language. We must remember that the ultimate object of our endeavors is to acquaint the foreigner with American laws, customs and ideals and this we can never accomplish unless we first teach him to speak, and incidentally to think, as we do. Moreover, the knowledge of the English tongue will open up to him the treasures of American literature and in these books he will gain more knowledge of our mode of living and inner selves than years of personal contact would bring him. Most important of all, we must remember that there is no stronger bond between man and man than a common tongue. Once the immigrant has learned our language we can meet him upon his own ground and the task of educating him and opening the vista of true liberty to his eyes will be immensely simplified.



When the immigrant is familiar with our tongue we must acquaint him with the fundamental truths upon which the American government is based. He must be taught the difference between liberty and license and be made familiar with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution wherein all our political tenets are laid down. Once that he has grasped the fundamentals and knows what rights are his under the government, he must be shown how he is to obtain and secure these rights. We must instruct him how to vote and impress upon his mind what a mighty weapon is his in the ballot. We must make him look upon the ballot as a sacred thing which assures to him his rights, as a weapon with which he may protect himself from the attacks of extortion and oppression. The workings of the Federal Government are to be laid open to him so that his country will not be the awful hidden power he knew in the old world, but a government in which no secret sins are kept concealed from his eyes. When he has become familiar with our laws and processes of government he is ready for his lesson in American ideals.

Our government, he must be told, does not aim to become a great and powerful nation by waging war upon weaker peoples and by preaching and practicing the doctrine of "Might is Right," but it wishes only to provide for the peace and content of its citizens by letting them rule themselves, secure in their possession of their right to "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This is the American ideal. We must weed out from the minds of our embryo citizens all the old world notions of government and life, and place in their stead this ideal which makes America the greatest nation in the world. It will be well for us to remember throughout all this work that patience and kindness will effect more toward gaining the good will of our pupil than all other virtues and that we cannot hope to secure his attention until we have won his heart. We must place ourselves in the position of the foreigner who has but lately come to our shores. We must remember that the hurry and hustle of American life will bewilder him for some time and that it is only by treating him as a brother that we can hope to win his favor and implant in his heart the desire to be a true American and a worthy citizen of so great a country.

But while we are busy with the foreigner, we must not neglect the large percentage of our native population which needs to be taught American ideals and even our own language. Statistics show that over one and one-half millions of native born Americans can neither read nor write the English tongue. This fact was clearly brought out during the war, when so many of the men called to service were found deficient in the rudiments of education. Men in the various camps could not obey orders because they could not read them, and confusion, which means disaster in war, was inevitably the result. We must take steps at once to eradicate this evil by reaching the illiterate of the country and giving them the essentials of education. Our next move must be to undertake a campaign of education with the end in view of reaching three distinct types of citizen, the laborer, the capitalist, and the politician. We have seen that our only hope of salvation in this crisis lies in the orderly enforcement of a new economic program by the proper legislation. This is the message we must propagate. The laborer must be taught that his is the right under the Constitution to the concessions he claims of capital. The capitalist must be shown that he is not acting in accord with the Constitution nor the ideals of the government when he exploits the laboring classes, and finally the politician must learn that the people, and not cheap politics, are to be his masters in the near future. In short, we must Americanize them all. This will prove to be no easy task, but we must stop at nothing, no matter how discouraging the outlook may seem, in order that our country be not involved in the throes of revolution.

I have said that our present economic ills will be no more when all our people live their lives in accordance with American ideals. This is true in the main, but there is a still more important requisite for our complete happiness. The spirit of Radicalism which we are striving to overcome may be likened to a dread disease which is epidemic throughout the world. Like the good physician rather than soothe the external symptoms with ointment and balm we must strive to eradicate the root of the disturbance. The ultimate cause of all this distress lies in our nation's gradual defection from the Christian re-



ligion. Christ taught love for one's fellow man. He said that all men stand equal in the sight of God and, most important of all, that we must not expect all happiness in this world which is, after all, merely a place of trial in which to prove ourselves worthy of the blessings in the next life. All this America has forgotten and the more it has disregarded religion, the deeper has it sunk into the mire of social unrest. Reform in the social order can never be accomplished without reform in the religious order. Before success can crown our endeavors to make America a unified nation, we must convince the people that religion is the basis of all good government. George Washington, who has exerted a greater influence upon our institutions than any other man perhaps, clearly stated this in his address upon leaving the Presidential chair. He then voiced the warning that disaster must inevitably befall a people who strove to lead their lives without religion. The government which turns its face upon God is, in truth, a "house built upon sand" and the first test of its stability will witness its crashing downfall. Consequently we cannot hope to become a strong and united nation until we have restored religion to its proper place in our lives. We must attack the source of the great disease by restoring Christ to the hearts of men and impressing upon their minds the lesson which Christ taught when He said, "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; to God the things that are God's." We shall not become a great America until we have become a Christian America.

When this is done our labors cease. We have seen that there is great unrest within our country and that the people are determined to better their condition at any cost. We have established the fact that the proletariat's supremacy can be better secured through the proper use of the means afforded by our Constitution than through the revolution of the Socialist or Bolshevik. This conclusion led us to the problem of Americanization and we have seen that our laws are useless and futile unless they are understood and appreciated by every racial element within our boundaries. To achieve this end we have determined that we must educate every citizen, foreigner and native, in the basic principles of the American government, in our language and our ideals. This, as we have seen, will be



no easy task. But finally we have come face to face with the most important point of all. Before we make our nation one in spirit and ideals, we must restore religion to the hearts of the people.

Our work, then, of making our beloved country a truly unified and compact nation lies before us. Let us embark upon this great enterprise, secure in the belief that ours is an apostolate which must succeed because God cannot help but smile upon it. Once our labors are over, the reward will more than obliterate all memories of our troubles. For America, one in thought, purpose and ideal, with her eyes upon God, will know that greatness which only the righteous can attain, and will become in fact, as well as in word, the home of a government such as our forefathers visualized when they shed their life blood that they might found a nation wherein every man was guaranteed the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

PAUL E. MURPHY, '19



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Of glorious blue and red.

A harbinger of summertime,  
Of woodland dells and nooks,  
Of shady trees, of limpid pools,  
Of gurgling, babbling brooks.  
A sunbeam strayed from out the sky  
To revel mid the flowers,  
A fairy loosed by Spring's light hand  
To gladden fleeting hours.

So farther on its way it flies,  
This blithesome spirit gay;  
O could I with it places change,  
If only for a day.  
Ah! to be as free and happy,  
As this airy Maytime sprite,  
And to join this roaming gypsy,  
As it vanishes from sight.

CLETUS J. KOUBEK, '22.

## The Liar

“**S**AY! If anyone kin pull a joke off as good as the Liar and get away with it, I'd like tuh see the guy. Why that man makes us look like a bunch of orphans from a one candle-power town, lost, strayed or stolen in Noo Yawk. Take it from me that chap ought tuh be blinkin' behin' the footlights and not wastin' his actin' abilities on this here God-forsaken hole. Holy Smokes! but it's funny how he takes us in every time—everree-time.”

Such were the sentiments of “Sandy” Sanderson, official spokesman of the crowd of cow-punchers, ranchers and stranded prospectors who were seated about the tables and leaning against the bar of “The King of Spades” Saloon. They were awaiting the arrival of the 5:30 express, which bore their wives and children back to Golden Hope after a day's picnicking in Ute Pass, and had been discussing the madcap jokes and pranks of Jack Covin, alias “The Liar.”

Sandy's words evoked a chorus of similar opinions, all pointing to the incontrovertible fact that the above named individual could make the men assembled in “The King of Spades” look and act like fools at any time he wished.

“Yeh!” exclaimed Joe, the bartender and proprietor of the “Pride” of Golden Hope, “'member the time he had us goin' wid that story about some guy's widder an' five childern an' collected over a hundred bucks tuh 'nable 'em tuh live in the comfort tuh which they was accustomed, as he put it. Believe me, I felt about as important as the hole in a doughnut when he comes aroun' the nex' day with that noo outfit of his'n; noo spurs, noo chaps, noo sombrero, noo saddle, an' everythin'. An' then kind o' indifferent like thanks us all for the gen'rous donations what paid fer that noo outfit. Everytime I think about it I feel like askin' some guy tuh kick me.”

And with a commiserating shake of the head he began to polish the shining bar with far more zeal than he was ordinarily wont to exhibit. In truth something must be radically wrong when staid old Joe showed signs of misdirected energy.



"What about that fake gold strike behin' this darn saloon," said Sandy. "Imagine anyone strikin' gold aroun' here. Then there's the time he had us waitin' down by the water-tank with the story that the Guv'ner of the State was goin' tuh honer Golden Hope with a visit. The train stopped all right—Oh! you bet it stopped—tuh throw off that drunken souse that the Liar put aboard at Ute Pass."

"Yeh! We looked real smart then!"

"You bet!"

"He! He! Old Sandy with his 'welcome speech.' He went about four days' hard work on it, didn't yuh?"

"Yuh know it yet, don't yuh, old man?"

Reminiscences and exclamations of assent and disgust came from all parts of the large saloon, a fact which showed that though the Liar's work had reached wide limits, yet in every case it had been very effective.

"Gee! We oughter form some kind of mutual pertection sacyety, er hire a nurse tuh take keer of us," came from one corner of the room.

"Yes sireee! yuh're right when yuh say that, but believe me, Sandy Sanderson," for that gentleman was now speaking, "has been tuk in fer the last time. I make a resolushun right here that if I swallow anuther darned thing that Liar says, I'm gonna pull my stakes in this here town an' begin tuh go tuh school in anuther joint."

"Same here!"

"Me too, doggonit!"

"Yuh're right, Sandy. We've been foozled too darned many times already."

"Come on, boys," said the official spokesman, "let's drink on it. Set 'em up on me, Joe!"

The men gathered around the bar, eagerly discussing the probable effect their newly-born resolution would have upon the Liar. They would show the joker that the days of his reign were over.

Suddenly the sound of hoofs thundering along the pike was borne to their ears. It was a mad and reckless gallop and betokened something important. Straight towards the saloon came horse and rider. The latter had dismounted with a leap

and now—with a laugh the men turned to their drinking again, for there in the wide swinging doors of "The King of Spades" stood the prince of jokers and liar beyond compare.

To the close observer the expression of his face was that of a man in deadly earnest, but this fact was lost upon the personnel of the "Pride." Dusty, careworn and haggard with anxiety, he strode rapidly into the room and without pausing to return the greetings flung at him, began to speak.

"Listen, for heaven's sake listen, boys! There's been a washout near old man Johnson's ranch—about three miles this way—and the 5:30 left Ute Pass at 4 o'clock. It's crowded with that picnic bunch—your women an' kids—an' we have tuh—I say we have tuh do somethin'! I tried the telegraph office down the road, tuh get tuh send a wire tuh Rocky Point an' have 'em hold the train there, but the fools won't believe me. They sez I tried a joke like that once before an' it nearly cost 'em their job. It almost drives me dippy—an' I swear it's the truth! Come on! Git a move on. The express passes Rocky Point in about eight minutes an' if we don't have that wire down there waitin' fer it, it won't even stop. Fer heaven's sake, boys, make 'em send that wire."

Alas! How many times had they witnessed similar exhibitions of the Liar's histrionic abilities. That heart-rending appeal, that unwonted fervor in his voice, that almost tearful pleading,—too well were they acquainted with it and only too often had they been made its victims. He had played upon the harp of their emotions until the strings no longer responded to his touch. A laugh broke the silence of the room. The nervous tension which had hung in the air for a few seconds was dispelled. His appeal was fruitless.

"Quit yer kiddin'!"

"Say! How old do yuh think we are, anyway?"

"Yuh bet we don't fall fer yuh this time, Liar!"

"Run along child! I'm goin' tuh keep that resolushun I tuk."

"I swear it's the truth I'm tellin' yuh!" protested the Liar, the look of anxiety and concern increasing; "I happened tuh see the washout when I was roundin' the calves fer Johnson an' I made fer Golden Hope right away. Men! your wives an' children are on that train."

His eye fell upon the clock hanging against the wall in the back of the saloon. What—ten after five! Too late! It was useless to telegraph Rocky Point now. The train must have already pulled out of there. And no stop between Rocky Point and Golden Hope. Not a moment to lose if those lives were to be saved.

"Yuh fools! Yuh couldn't help me now if yuh wanted tuh. I feel like—" and his hand crept towards the revolver holster at his hip. Again his eye fell upon the clock. His hand dropped to his side and without another word he rushed through the door, leaped upon his horse and sped away.

He knew he had one chance to intercept the express and that was between the washout and Rocky Point where the road over which he was now flying crossed the tracks, a distance of four miles, and only fifteen minutes in which to make it. Faster and faster along the rocky pike he swept! One mile must be behind him now! O God! Would he never reach the crossing! At last it is before him and—yes!—that was the express whistling its warning as it rounded the curve from Rocky Point. The train bears down upon him with tremendous speed. Only a few yards to the crossing now and then—with a cry of triumph he dashes in front of the oncoming express. Man and horse are swept along by the flying mass of steel and ground beneath its wheels. Slowly it comes to a stop and as the engineer descends from the cab, his eye lights upon the washout only a little distance down the track.

Yes! The Liar had told the truth!

\* \* \* \*

Two days later, in the saddened town of Golden Hope, Sandy Sanderson for want of a minister, presided over the simple funeral of Jack Covin, the Liar.

"Boys," he began, and a tear glistened in the eye of the rough cow-puncher, "I haven't got much tuh say, but somewhere's I red in a pome about all natur' standin' up an' sayin' 'this was a man.' An' I guess that's all the praise any man ud want in this wild country. Maybe we didn't know it, but he was a real red-blooded man—the kind that counts out here. But would tuh God we'd believed an' kep' 'im with us, because, boys, we've lost a—a man."

CLETUS J. KOUBEK, '22.



## Supplex

**T**HE April showers  
Have sought their bowers  
In Pluvius' watery main;  
And none too soon  
The violets bloom,  
And Spring is come again.

The altars gleam  
With taper's beam  
And Maytime blossoms rare,  
As purer hearts  
Send forth love's darts  
To the Sharer of our care.

Our Queen of May  
Is crowned this day,—  
Our tainted nature's boast:—  
A Mother pure  
With her secure  
Lived Christ the King of Hosts.

O Mary, chaste as mountain mere,  
Thy humble clients, hear oh hear!

JOHN J. TIVENAN, '22.

## The Interval

**I**T was the month of June and roses; the month of lovers as well. The moon's silvery beams stole through the pines and maples and fell softly, almost reverently, upon a man and a maid as they played the old, old game. The man was telling the old, old story, as he gathered the girl into his arms. A breathless moment; and then she drew slowly away and sadly shook her head.

"No, Dunstan, I cannot marry you." Then checking his protest with her hand, "I love you truly, but—you are so idle—I cannot marry you till you do something really useful."

"Blanche," he cried,—then realizing what her words meant, he caught himself and was silent. They had reached the house by this time. Blanche Allison at last broke the silence.

"Please, Dunstan,—really I care,—but—"

He slowly turned his flushed face away and then drawing himself up proudly left her.

\* \* \* \*

The early morning found Dunstan Churchill still pacing his room, his bed untouched. His face showed the effects of a sleepless night, but there was a light in his eyes that they had never known before. It had been a hard and bitter struggle. First anger had swept his soul. What right had this girl to tell him what he should do? He was her social equal; he had money and everything that goes with it. He was well known and a leader. He would not be dictated to. He would rather give up a hundred girls like her.

But this feeling could not last. His love for Blanche was too strong for that and slowly he began to see things in another light. Perhaps she was right after all. Perhaps he ought to be doing something and to show that there was as much of the man in him as he claimed there was. Perhaps—slowly these thoughts were becoming settled convictions, when suddenly

came the realization of his entire unfitness. What could he do? He had never done a real day's work in his life. Since leaving college he had given thought to nothing but pleasure. His social engagements had called forth the only exertions he had seen fit to indulge in. What was he to do? Again he put the question. A profession? He shrank from the studying entailed. Business? He knew too well his impracticability. He was rapidly giving way to discouragement, when in a flash he saw his way clearly. The war! the army! He would retrieve his manhood and prove himself worthy. He had often thought of it before, but he had lightly banished the idea, not through cowardice, but because of his habitual indolence which rebelled at the thought of the toil and hardship of army life. With this resolution came peace of mind and throwing himself upon the bed he slept soundly.

Event followed event in quick succession: enlistment, departure for camp and the preliminary training. At last came the day for embarkation and as Dunstan swung down the street with his regiment to the tune of "Over There" he heard his name called and turning caught a glimpse of Blanche as she bravely smiled through her tears.

The passage across was uneventful and two months later found Dunstan in the front line trenches. He was the typical American soldier, quick, intelligent, brave almost to foolhardiness. He was twice cited for bravery and finally one day, after a raid "over the top" in which he rallied the company after the officers had fallen, he received the Distinguished Service Cross. That was his last time "over the top," for his men had found him with an arm shot away in the midst of the German dead. A long stay in the hospital, then discharge and home.

\* \* \* \*

Two summers had fled and as many autumns come. The bright green leaves had turned to gold, withered and died. The autumns had faded into winters, bleak and cold, oft times bringing sadness to the hearts of those who had lost loved ones beyond the sea. But spring had invariably followed and the blossoms of May had filled the air with sweet perfume and gladdened the hearts of men.



Once more it was the month of June, the month of lovers, if you will. Again the moon's silvery beams stole through the pines and maples and fell softly, almost reverently, upon a man and a maid as they played the old, old game. The man who was again telling the old, old story had changed much in the interval; his face was seamed and rugged, an empty sleeve hung by his side. But the maid saw nothing of this as she looked into his eyes and listened to his words:

"Blanche dear, I have done as you bid me. I have proved myself a man. Will you marry me?"

HARRY A. HANNA, '22.



## The Great Peace Problem— Labor and Capital

THE temple of Janus has once more been closed. After four and one-half years of unprecedented carnage and havoc, the world is at peace once more. Mankind has laid aside the implements of destruction and has set about to restore cosmos from chaos. And what a chaos we find! Everywhere we turn there is a disorder so great, so apparently hopeless, that the mind shrinks at the contemplation. We are reaping the whirlwind which was sown many decades ago. The ambitions, passions, the selfish interests of individuals and classes are in violent operation and tumult, and above the din of it all, we hear unmistakably the demand for justice and the plea for charity.

Ruthless as has been the rapacity of war in lives lost and cities destroyed, it has not been without its blessings. Our ideals, our purposes, our economic institutions and our social systems have been subjected to a most searching scrutiny and now demand a re-establishment. Tangible evidence of this is everywhere to be seen. Complaint is universal. The employer is faced with cancelled war contracts and the demands of his employees for higher wages and less hours. The munition worker and the returned soldier are confronted with industrial stagnation, which means unemployment, while society at large finds reason for protest in the high cost of living and in taxation. Above it all, lowering and fearful, are the gaunt specters of Socialism and Anarchy, which have already cast their baleful shadows over some of the fairest portions of Europe.

That this distress and these disorders have become a menace, not only to the peace of the world but also to our national security, is certain. That they call for more than temporary preventives is equally certain. The time for temporizing is over. On the one hand we have the fair prospect of industrial peace based on social justice and contentment of the people, and on the other, we have the horrors and the

frightful conditions which prevail in Russia, Hungary and Germany. Our choice is definite. We must acknowledge the problem and apply effective means to remedy it.

There is certainly no disorder which calls for more immediate solution than the economic problem. In this paper we shall try to show the nature of this problem, its causes and its evil consequences and finally we shall give a brief exposé of a few practical means of correcting it.

The economic order of the day is the system of individualistic capitalism which to a certain extent is the logical result of improved science and invention. Machinery has been perfected so that production has been multiplied; transportation has been facilitated with the result that trade and commerce are world-wide; the telegraph, telephone and other means of communication have so revolutionized industry that, to permit its natural expansion, the old economic system is entirely inadequate. Our quarrel, unlike that of the Socialist, is not with the system as such, but with its gross abuses. We make common cause with him in deprecating the poverty of the masses and the opulence of the few, but instead of abolishing Capital and Labor, we hold that the only effective, equitable and lasting solution is to give Labor the rights it has been long denied and to enforce Capital to fulfill the duties it has criminally neglected.

That Capital has abused its trust and failed in its stewardship is patent to all. In the United States we are told that sixty per cent of the wealth is owned by two per cent of the people, while at the other extreme of the social scale sixty-five per cent of the population possess no more than five per cent of the total riches of the land. We have to confess with shame that despite our twentieth century progress in education, culture, science, altruism and philanthropy, many are actually starving in the midst of unprecedented abundance. A recent investigation in a New York school of twenty-five hundred children revealed the fact that one-third of them were so far below the normal standard of growth as to require institutional care. One-third of these needed special medical attention and all required better living conditions, especially in the matter of food. This school moreover was not located in the



worst districts. The record of sweated labor in all its forms, of excessive profits and low wages, of heartless dismissal and inhuman treatment, forms an overwhelming indictment of the un-Christian world when contrasted with the luxury and magnificence of wealth. There is solemn truth in the declaration of Leo XIII twenty-eight years ago, when he said "the laborer bears a yoke little better than slavery itself."

When Capital abuses its strength, the oppressed have recourse to organization and representation and its legitimate protest is a well-conducted strike. Trade unions then are the first practical measure to correct abuse. They were not only sanctioned by Leo XIII, but heartily encouraged by him. For the most part they have effected higher wages, shorter hours and usually make for industrial peace if well-conducted, for they furnish the means of collective protest and immediate adjustment of grievances. To relieve the hostility that often exists between the union and the employers, joint boards of master and men have been successfully established. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., enthusiastically advocates the idea of representation in industry and he points to the success of the War Labor Board which was composed equally of men from both ranks together with representatives of the public. Strikes were fewer and industrial matters were conducted with little or no friction because of it. The Whitley Report in England emphasizes the same principle and in America it was successfully applied in the case of the Philadelphia Transit Company.

Organization and representation have their undisputed advantages, but it must not be forgotten that they have their limitations. The fact is that women workers and unskilled laborers are practically incapable of effective organization, and as for the organized section of wage earners, we are told that the American Federation of Labor after almost twenty-five years includes not more than fifteen per cent. It is clear then that to secure for the laborer his rights, trade union effort is not sufficient. Hence we come to our second remedy, legislative action. It was by this means that much of the prosperity and contentment which existed between employer and employee during the golden era of the Catholic Guilds is to be explained. Profiteering and profit were then impossible owing

to the legal restrictions that were in operation. As for our day, the one great need of the worker, the right which is his beyond all dispute and which has been consistently denied him, viz., a living wage, can be secured in no other way except by legislative enactment. Pope Leo XIII had defined a living wage as "a remuneration sufficient to support the wage earner in reasonable and frugal comfort." There is no longer any question of the justice of this demand. Reliable moralists are one in affirming that this is the minimum of justice to the worker. As a matter of fact sound ethics requires that the adult worker not only receive a personal living wage but a family wage which will enable him to support himself and five children in reasonable and frugal comfort.

And yet Labor has not received this living wage. Before the war statistics showed that the majority of men were receiving less than eight hundred dollars a year, while the income of most women was not more than four hundred dollars. When we consider the millions of dollars of profits that were being made and when we remember that organized effort is not yet representative enough to secure every right, the only effective recourse of Labor against the greed of the Capitalist is state interference by enacting and enforcing a minimum wage law.

Other practical measures which legislation can either directly or indirectly effect are the restriction of financial gambling, the fixing of a maximum number of hours for a day's work, the regulation of women's work, the prohibition of Sunday labor, the taxing of child labor out of existence and the sanitary improvement of working conditions.

But it is not only necessary that the laborer's wages be sufficient to give himself and his family all the necessities of life and a reasonable amount of its comforts, it must also enable him to provide for the emergencies of sickness and unemployment and for old age. Until such a time as wages are increased so that the thrifty workman can make these provisions himself out of his own earnings independent of State support, a State insurance has been proposed and the policies are to be paid by the employers, who are not permitted thereby to lower the minimum wage. The advantages of this arrange-



ment may be seen in the Workman's Compensation Law, and from its success in this, we have every reason to maintain that its usefulness as a principle should be given a more extended application.

To reduce the cost of living, co-operation stores and profit-sharing enterprises should be established after the plan of Scotland and England. In this way unnecessary middlemen would be eliminated and people would have the advantage of dealing directly with the producer. The present high standard of wages should not be lowered because the high cost of living has also increased "*pari passu*."

A great evil that is especially pronounced at present is unemployment. To remedy this permanently the establishment of a national system of labor exchanges has been proposed. These were scientifically developed in the fifteenth century, but like other useful measures then in practice it fell into disuse after the Reformation. To be successful they should co-operate with the various municipal and State bureaus. The United States Employment Service has representatives in forty-five camps and it includes seven hundred and fifty regular exchanges and about nineteen hundred other special exchanges working in harmony with it for the placement of labor.

Another source of enterprise for labor is public improvement. It is estimated that six hundred millions of dollars will be expended this year for that purpose. This should be begun at once so as to provide work until industries regain their full stride. Undoubtedly the most effective means to relieve idleness is the farm movement. In Canada, for instance, if the returned soldier can qualify, he will be given a farm and as much as eight thousand dollars to establish himself, on a twenty-year payment plan at five per cent interest. Both England and Australia have adopted similar measures. In America there are more than a billion acres of waste land which when cleared and irrigated or drained can be made into valuable farm lands. As the principal source of wealth of a country is in its agriculture, we can easily see what an excellent project this is, not only to provide employment, but also to insure a prosperous future.



We have thus discussed the nature of the struggle between Labor and Capital and the various means which have been suggested to remove the abuse and make the two leading parties of industry partners with a common purpose in a common venture instead of enemies always seeking the undoing of the other. We have tried to show that Labor has its rights as well as its duties and that Capital has its duties as well as its rights and the performance of each of its respective duties is required by social justice, but we have neglected the one great and only force which can re-establish this order and make it permanent—religion.

Religion is the cornerstone of every society, the foundation and strength of every real reform. It was the irreligion consequent upon the Reformation which culminated in the many evils and abuses of which we have spoken. When those in power no longer acknowledged a responsibility to the Vicegerent of Christ, when the weak were deprived of their champion and the strong no longer felt a moral restraint upon them under penalty of interdict and excommunication, it was inevitable that might should become right, that the individualism and greed which have given rise to the wretchedness and misery of the masses, should result. The root of the evil, as Father Plater, S. J., expressed it, is suppressed Catholicism, and the only lasting remedy is a return to the Faith with its eternal principles and Christ-like ideals.

As Burns sang:

It's coming yet for a' that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a' that.

But we will never have a brotherhood of men until we have a Fatherhood of God, and we can never have that until the minds and hearts of men are regenerated in the Christian spirit of charity and justice. Already at a single stroke the four Catholic Bishops have formulated a program of social reconstruction which Protestant journals have pronounced "far in advance of anything that the progressive wing of either the Republican or Democratic party has ever advocated." It is again the Church of the masses and oppressed speaking, the

Church at whose altar rich and poor are alike. Hers is indeed the Faith which inspired martyrs and saints from the ranks both of royalty and servitude; the Faith which saved Europe from barbarism and again from Mohammedanism; the Faith which in every era has raised an all powerful arm against the tyrant and oppressor; the Faith which with her own immortal spirit of charity and justice alone can raise men from the degradation, the destitution and the misery into which they have been plunged and restore them to their rightful places as sons of God and heirs of heaven.

J. HAROLD TRAVERSE, '19.

## The Sunbeams' Quest

**W**ITH a crimson glow the spangled orient shone,  
Royal wreathes of purple crowned the fleecy domes  
And from the splendor wrought, the mighty monarch  
Woke, and to the blooming world of May  
The sunbeam fairies on a mission sent.

They danced upon a nestling sylvan lake  
And left a thousand sparkling gems amid  
The golden waters; gleefully they fled  
Amongst the new born leaves and where'er a touch,  
A fairy touch, there gleamed a golden stain.  
Some few did slyly peep into a twig-built nest  
And woke a slumbering mother; while others kissed  
The pink peach blooms and their petals tinted o'er,  
As blossomed gems of splendor, emerald set.

They fitted down a bowered glen and swift  
The golden wisps of watery spray entwined  
Among the hoary rocks, and ever restless  
Wandered, until within a cabin door  
They softly crept to where an infant lay  
And midst her golden ringlets shyly played.  
Eft-soon their playmate slowly oped her clear  
Blue eyes and smiling flashed her joyous thanks.

CYRIL J. MARQUARD, '22.

## Destiny and Shoes

**R**EADER, I am convinced that shoes do more than shape our feet—they also serve to shape our destinies. In fact I believe that revolutions have been born and dynasties have trembled because the unhappy fit of a monarch's boot fostered in him a surly temper. Few of us are unfamiliar with the influence of corns upon mind and matter. Few of us, on the other hand, realize, when we tingle from head to foot with the joy of living, that our elation has its source to a great extent in comfortable feet. It is not my intention to sing the praises of a favorite corn-plaster or to elaborate upon the skill of a favorite chiropodist—I have a more serious end in view. Let me tell a story that should convince you that what I say is true.

Long years ago I was a humble student in a well known college. What little romance there had been in my life had been garnered from the poets, for so deep was I in my "Isms" and "Ologies" that I found but little time to spend with Terpsichore or Bacchus. I existed from week to week on the allowance my parents saw fit to give me and I was not above striving to pad my pocketbook by working Saturday nights in a little shoe store which catered to quite a respectable trade.

I enjoyed some small success in my work—I believe that my name was once featured in the store's ad in the college magazine—at any rate I knew that number three hundred and twelve was an old lady's comfort shoe and that two-four-eight was a man's tan blucher. I experienced the rage that swells within the shoe clerk's heart when a patron strives to convince him that a size six shoe will coincide with a size eight foot and I learned to fit a struggling baby. In short I became proficient in "handling the trade," and was able to smile the smile that says "we aim to please."

Saturday nights in my Senior year found me still busy changing buttons. May I digress here to say that I believe that every decent chap holds in his heart some sort of ideal or other where women are concerned, whether it be his mother or the wonderful somebody he hopes one day to meet? At



any rate, one soft springtime night my ideal came through the door and asked to see "a pair of those tan shoes that are in the window, please,—size four A."

It will not further my cause to describe her in detail. Suffice it to say that she had auburn hair, brown eyes and a smile that surpassed anything my favorite poet had ever described for me. I produced the shoes in the size she asked for, but to my practiced eye they seemed a bit too large.

"Really," said I, "I think that this pair is a trifle big. May I try on a three?"

"If you think so, but these seem very comfortable."

The new pair seemed to fill the bill, but she deliberated for a second.

"Do you really think they are wide enough? They seem a trifle tight."

"The very thing," I assured her, "I'll stake my professional reputation on it."

"Well," hesitating, "all right. I'll take this pair."

When she left the store I saw auburn hair, brown eyes and a wonderful smile, all over the store.

We held the Senior Prom during the next week and whom should I meet in the course of the evening but—The Girl. Heretofore all waltzes had seemed alike to me, for I looked upon dancing more as a concession to tradition than a pleasure, but when the last bars of that particular dance died out I was converted. Dancing—with a certain partner—was the greatest sport in the world.

"I'd surely like to see you again, some time," I managed to say. "You are a wonderful dancer."

She smiled at the platitude.

"I'm having some friends up Thursday evening,—would you like to come? Seventy-nine Elm is the address."

Would I like to come! I wonder yet how I ever got through the intervening day.

Thursday evening found me bright and early at seventy-nine Elm Street. The maid ushered me into the parlor and I found two of my classmates there.

"Oh hello, Ed," they said, and grinned.

Presently the Girl came down—there were others with her no doubt, but believe me or not, all that I saw that evening was auburn hair, brown eyes and a wonderful smile. The evening passed as such evenings do and at last I reached home flushed with the thought of my Ideal's promise to go to the theatre with me that very next week.

There followed a series of theatres, dances and parties which inevitably found The Girl and me together. Time was getting on and Commencement was only a week away. I had been promised a good position in an advertising firm up-town and the outlook was all that could be desired. The Girl and I had become fast friends and I dared to look into the future. We parted on the eve of Commencement with her promise to be on hand next night ringing in my ears.

"And do you know," she said, "I'm going to be all dressed up. I'm going to wear those shoes you sold me for the first time."

I met her next, a college student no longer, but a full-fledged Bachelor of Arts. As long as I live I shall never forget that night. The air was like the breath of a goddess—balmy, sweet, and the moon shone on, winking in his sly old way at the derisive stars. But something had gone wrong. The smile I loved to see was there no longer; a little petulant wrinkle had found its way into her brow; nothing that I said or did seemed to please her; her replies were snappish—almost rude. We reached her home at last and bewildered by this change in her, I decided not to stay.

"I think you had better go," she said.

"I hope I'll see you soon again," said I. "Tomorrow, perhaps?"

"I don't care if I never see you again as long as I live!"

I retraced my steps, a broken man. There is nothing in life so sad as a fallen idol; nothing so pitiful as a shattered ideal.

\* \* \* \*

Reader, gaze about me as I write and see the unmistakable signs of bachelorhood,—the briar pipe, the collar and tie on the table, the grains of tobacco on the floor, the picture on the mantle-piece. Years have passed since the events I have

related to you. I am a staid old lawyer now with friends who say that some day I shall be a judge. It was foolish of me no doubt never to have married. I realized that in my lonesome hours, but I have my work and—well, no matter, I must go on with my story.

Contrary to custom I took the street car uptown this morning, for my machine was in the garage being repaired. I chanced to sit down beside a lady who was holding a little boy in her lap. He had auburn hair, brown eyes and a wonderful smile. I like children, so I smiled at him and he at me. I ventured to say something to his mother—just to pass the time away, you know. I raised my eyes to hers and started. She started.

"You!" she cried. "Well, this is a surprise!"

It was The Girl. We chatted on general topics for a while when suddenly she queried, "Married?"

"No," said I. "Too busy with the law for that."

"The law! I thought you meant to be an advertising man."

"I did. But my naturally serious disposition got the better of me after you—after that night."

Then I asked her to solve the riddle that had puzzled me all my life.

"Will you tell me," I said, "what made you act that way?"

"I can smile at it now," was her rejoinder, "but I couldn't at the time. Those shoes you sold me—my, but they were tight!"

PAUL E. MURPHY, '19.



## Sic Transit

**T**HE hungry ocean feeds upon the shores,  
Grinds rocks, eats cliffs and countless sands devours;  
All Nature grim Mortality adores;  
Its span of life is reckoned by the Hours.

The restless tides in ceaseless surging roar.—  
Drink deep, ye thirsty sands, the briny waves  
Born of the deep to die upon the shore  
And be laid to rest in darksome caves.

The prairie to the hill-top owes defeat.  
A quake, a tremble, mighty mountains crash;  
Granite's worn by rills and from its seat  
The doughty oak is hurled by lightning flash.

A babe is born, then soon a man is grown;  
Sad dirges toll to waft his soul away:  
His fame is chiseled in immortal stone,  
Which a day doth crumble to its kindred clay.

Time's ravages the whole wide world adorn:  
We're born at eve, but perish in the morn.

JOHN J. TIVENAN, '22.

# Class of '19

## A TABULATED RAZZ

**CARNEY** Better late than never. A mathematician but can't rhyme  
**Long Tom** 50-50 with 48th. Did his bit in the ship yards and the  
S. A. T. C., and claims a ham sandwich carried him through  
both. Working partner of J. O. Hanley, to whom you are referred for  
references.

**CORRIGAN** Owns a five-passenger Ford and four wish they weren't  
**Curly Joe** in it. Has his eye on aviation and aspires to be a bird-  
man from the ground—a kiwi. Never read "Casey at the  
Bat" but knows "Slide, Kelly, slide!" backwards.

**COZZENS** An athlete, an orator, a student. Caught cold, "sniffed"  
**Simply, But** and landed a place in the Intercollegiate English contest.  
**Not Simple,** Senior class president but Gallagher and others can't see  
**Jim** it. Sergeant in the S. A. T. C. and many was the battle  
he won asleep on his bunk. His motto was "Excelsior,"  
but lately he has come down to earth. Aspires to be an M. D.—but  
biology don't mean nothing to us. Owns a watch like the frog in the  
well—slips back two for every one it gains.

**DOWNIE** Mr Royal, manager of the Hippodrome, tells of a cool,  
**Mysterious** piping voice calling out for "Mammy's Little Coal Black  
**Jim** Rose." Ask Jim—he knows. Only one of us who lacks  
an appendix—all other volumes are complete. Father  
Kleist has something on him. They do tell of the wonderful battles that  
occur when Greek meets Greek. Backed up Heinie Smith back in the  
days of Freshman class and still maintains that, "Mr. President, I think  
that's a very good idea."

**GALLAGHER** Didn't know which army to join so compromised on  
**D. A.** the S. A. T. C. Was top sergeant, b'gosh, and dignitased  
his urbanitas twice for every stripe. Only bugle call  
he knew was Taps because then he had to quell a riot. Knows all about  
the artillery for he picked a Dud. Never owned a towel or razor, but  
held a mortgage on Sergeant McCarthy's funds. Authority on musical  
comedy, prohibition and Bessie Barriscale. You sometimes hear of him  
in Youngstown. Ask Ignatius. "He's looking for someone." A three-  
decker K. of C.



McDonnell, Edward A.  
Walters, Theodore W.  
Hill, Albert

Surtz, Francis M.  
Kocour, James L.  
Wahl, William J.

Hanley, Jerome O.  
Traverse, Harold J.  
Corrigan, Joseph B.



**HANLEY** He capped the climax because Ed Pinaud fell down on the job. "Going! Going! Gone!!!" Knows Ed Carney intimately, but won't tell a thing—except for a consideration. Gallant purveyor of red, red roses, and his Hart, Schaffner & Marx is a purveyor of spring. Four years in the Rainbow Division, the "Fighting Forty-eighth." Ran away to Omaha and we missed him so much we had to stop the war.

**HILL** Left us for the Coast Artillery last year and just missed  
**Artillery Al** going overseas by a day or two. Returned to find his buddies wearing chevrons and ain't over it yet. He who laughs last laughs best, but I don't see anything to laugh about, Albert, do you? There are parties who like him for his name.

**KOCOUR** Claims to be the only Senior who wasn't a non-commissioned nincompoop in the S. A. T. C., but J. H. T. ain't so sure about that. Jim is a good student, intends to take up medicine, and like all silent water, will get there.

**McCARTHY** Started up the ladder, but the war quit before he got  
**Huck Finn** to be a major gen. According to his figures every man in the company was a caterpillar for socks, the quartermaster's nightmare. Has the dope on the kind of noise that annoys, etc. Class norm of morality. Will be an engineer some day if the fates are kind.

**McDONNELL** The only hand he never shook was Judge Moylan's. Full  
**"Shut Up,** of statistics, soup and sophistries. Still owes for a raincoat, but can't dodge pleurisy. Sergeant in the S. A. T. C.  
**You Goog!"** and had his typewriter doing right dress by the numbers—a bomb-proof job. Went through College on "Cataline's Defiance" and his rep. The original of Gilbert and Sullivan's treatise on "His mothers, cousins and his aunts."

**MURPHY** Went through the Chicago Stockyards and is still sheepish.  
**P. Everett** Some say he's color blind but red to him is Red always.  
**Moonshiner** Quartermaster Sergeant in the S. A. T. C., and decked the company out in uniforms that would make even the most sanguine mother take her service star out of the window.  
**From Virginia** Has a batting average in the Sunday night league that would rival Ty Cobb's present one. Social Bolshevik and participated in the June riots. Intends to study either law, real estate or advertising, but his co-workers think he will discover an oil well. Bright prospects for the future.

**SURTZ** A red, red Radical, but oh how he liked his poetry. Sees  
**Wild Oscar** everybody that ever saw 52d street. Keeps Jimmy Peppard full of pep and objections. Was a conscientious objector during the war and isn't over it yet. Thus the "thesis seems to be proved" means nothing to him.

**TRAVERSE** The original subsumed minor. Believes in intellectuals,  
**J. H. T.** in checkers and phantasmagorias projected on the background of nothingness. Hopes never to see the inside of Webb C. Ball's. Has an universal idea cum fundamento in Chicago. Put on an uniform; hoped to catch a train for Chi, but couldn't get them all into his trunk. Will call later with several trophy trunks. Hates non-commissioned officers, B flats and almonds. "Someday waiting will end." Motto: Esto paratus—B. Reddy.

**WAHL** Takes biology, but if he intends to make a go of life will  
**Bill** have to be a lawyer—25,000 in it. Wallace Nurtin's only rival and has a strong love for chemical reactions. There it is and there it isn't. A slight of hand performer and an authority on whale-oil. The originator of the famous phrase, "Ain't nature wonderful?"

**WALTERS** Keeps his nose in the air like an anti-aircraft gun, but  
**Ted** is a darn good kid. Will trade two, three or twelve for any authentic seven. A crafty gambolier. Takes Red day and hot dog in the same breath. Basketball captain '19. Shines at explaining baseball to the uninitiated. The law will claim him.

CLASS MOTTO: Words are Rozzers



McCarthy, Eugene R.  
Carney, Edward T.

Gallagher, Daniel I.  
Downie, James H.





James P. Cozzens



Paul E. Murphy

## A Prayer for Graduates

**T**HEY stand with girded loins and eager hearts—  
The dales of happy youth behind. Before  
The hard rock-ridden path, the struggle or  
The Siren, Gold, the wide world's toiling marts.

They smile, all confident, a glad song starts  
Forth from their lips; like knights of ancient lore  
They ache to plunge into the battle's roar,  
To ply their swords amidst the flying darts.

Protect them, God, and grant their paths may wind  
At last to Thee. Vouchsafe that victories  
Be theirs. I see a nobler human kind  
For having lived and laughed with such as these.  
Grant Thou them love—true love—and may we find  
In life a friend; in death, sweet memories.

PAUL E. MURPHY, '19.



## Bluff

**A**LLAH is great. So is Buddha. But the Yankee deity, Bluff, makes Al and Bud look like two deuces in a bad deck.

I know a man who is an ardent devotee of Bluff's. He is Billy Powers. Though the suns of only thirty-five summers have shone upon his brick red hair, he has seen every land on the old globe from Alaska to Bombay; and as Billy is a lively lad, he has managed to hit the funny spots wherever he has traveled. Billy's theory is, "You can bluff your way through anything and bluff a good time out of nothing."

Hence as I settled down in a big rocker before the fireplace in Billy's den and listened to the wind outside whistling up Forty-second street, only a tale of Billy's wanderings was needed to complete my supreme enjoyment.

"Billy," I ventured, "where did you spend last summer? I didn't hear a word from you the whole time."

"Well, to tell the truth, George," drawled Billy between puffs of smoke, "I had a hot time of it last summer, but," he added meditatively, "very pleasant."

I prepared myself for a night of adventure in a far away land, but his first words showed me my mistake.

"I was in Chicago with Jeff Edwards last June and as our bank rolls wouldn't choke a canary, it looked like a long monotonous stretch of hot weather in that old burg for yours tenderly. But we got our old brains working and together we soon patched up a plan to bluff our way into a good time despite our limited capital.

"We bought some classy outfits in Chi and on the last day of June boarded the train for Atlantic City. We picked out a select little resort in a quiet part and settled ourselves. There were ten other people in that resort and believe me they were some real folks. They all had some kind of a car and all dressed up to a millionaire's income. They played bridge, golf and in short did everything that left Jeff and me out in the cold. Of course we attracted no attention from the plutes,



but that didn't phase us. It would have seemed hopeless to some folks, but remember this was what we had expected and we weren't unprepared either. You'll recollect that I said we had fixed up a little plan back in Chicago.

"Everything went along smoothly, but we had to eat a cold breakfast if we arose late in the morning. Nor did we get the little attentions the others got, such as the richest cream in our coffee or the choice bits of the chicken at dinner. The manager manifested an air of indifference toward us and his 'Good Morning' sounded as if it came from the refrigerator.

"Our chance, however, came at last.

"About three days after we were there, Jeff was sitting on a 'rustic bench,' made by a New Haven furniture company, reading a novel when along comes one of the young lady vacationists and she up and says:

"'How do you do, Mr. Edwards. I hate to interrupt you, but they're playing bridge, and I simply detest it. You'd sooner talk than read; I know you would.'

"She flashed a winning smile and Jeff fell.

"'Certainly, Miss Harker. It's a relief to talk to somebody besides Billy here. Won't you come up on the porch where we can sit in the shade? It's pretty warm out there.'

"She came up and soon we were talking sociably. She was not as haughty as the rest of the crowd and after a while she asked:

"'What is your occupation, Mr. Powers?'

"Oh joy, here was the chance we had been waiting for.

"'Why, Jeff and I are down here resting up for a big production in which we are going to appear in the fall,' I answered easily.

"Say, you should have seen the change that came over that girl's face.

"'Movie actors!' she exclaimed. 'Well, who would have guessed it!'

"And there came such a volley of questions that we were nearly taken off our feet.

"'What, Mr. Powers, is the name of the film?' asked Miss Harker.

"'Moonbeams,' said I.

"How romantic! Do you play an heroic part, Mr. Powers?"

"Oh yes. That is, I will in Moonbeams. Jeff here is a villain, though."

"Oh my!" giggled Miss Harker. "To think we have with us two real movie actors and we never knew it. Mr. Edwards," she said, turning to Jeff, "couldn't you sketch me the plot of Moonbeams?"

"Here I thought is where Jeff has to use his head, but he rose to the occasion like the old timer he was."

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but really, Miss Harker, actors, you know, are not allowed to reveal the plot of the scenario. It would never do."

"But," said she, "why don't you young men visit the live places? Why don't you go in for a good time? You won't even join us in a game of bridge."

"You see, Miss Harker, it's something like this," I put in. "We must have a complete rest. Our parts in Moonbeams are very strenuous and we must be in good condition."

"We talked for a long time, but finally Miss Harker excused herself. When she had gone, I said:

"Now, Jeff, my boy, the seed is sown on good soil. Unless I am very much mistaken before tomorrow, thanks to the young lady, we shall be recognized as the long lost heroes and things will start to come our way."

"We can look for velvet from now on," laughed Jeff; "and by the way, Billy, don't you think that Miss Harker is a nice looking girl and—well, very attractive?"

"I looked curiously at Jeff. He was twenty-four and not bad looking. Just the age, you know. But he did not look up, so I thought I would give him a gentle reminder."

"Yes, Jeff, she seems to be a very nice young lady. Her dad, I hear, is a lumber king out West. Must be pretty well off. She has a swell yacht, too. I suppose you and I will be whiffing the briny breezes from its deck in a few days. All actors have yachts, but ours is down in Florida with brother Harry."

"Well, here's hoping for the best," sighed Jeff, "but I think I'll finish this book."

"That afternoon we were scarcely seated on the veranda facing the ocean after the best meal we had had since we arrived (movie actors make a hit with cooks), when we were surrounded by four charming young ladies and two young fellows. The same ones formerly did not care whether we existed or not, but all was changed now. We were soon answering all kinds of questions and like true disciples of Bullhamed were getting away with them.

"One of the young ladies was very shrewd and nearly got us into hot water a couple of times. She asked why we had not brought our large wardrobe with us. I told her we did not plan on any social life while resting up. She asked why I didn't bring my Stutz. I told her Moonbeams was a romance of the Cumberlands and we had to get used to walking in all kinds of rough country.

"She finally said to Jeff: 'Mr. Edwards, don't you think you could get me a part in Moonbeams? It is the height of my ambition to be a movie actress.'

"Jeff saw his chance and took it. 'Really, Miss Bisby,' he said, as if pondering the matter deeply, 'I am afraid that—well, all our company is engaged.'

"Billy's unfinished sentence was enough for her and she didn't speak to us for the rest of our stay. Next morning I was about to rise when some one rapped at the door and a voice from outside said:

"'Mr. Powers, it's raining hard and is a very mean morning. Wouldn't you like your breakfast served in your room this morning?'

"I winked at the picture of honest Abe Lincoln on the opposite wall and answered, 'If you please,' just as carelessly as though that was the usual thing. It was a breakfast fit for John D.

"After that there was nothing too good for us. The girls were always around, the young fellows looked upon us with envious eyes and the elder people treated us with quiet respect. Thus passed July. But I noticed with growing alarm that Jeff was becoming more and more attached to Miss Harker. You know what youth, deep blue eyes and wavy brown hair will do to a young fellow. But a lumber king's daughter! It



was out of the question. And so I talked to Jeff about it in a friendly way. It was no use. They were more and more in each other's company and by the middle of August I decided that for the good of Jeff we would have to hit the trail again.

"It was a sad parting for Jeff. And Miss Harker was not indifferent, believe me. Jeff and I went to New York, but in September went back to Chicago. Jeff never seemed the same and I knew Cupid had hit him hard.

"At breakfast one morning, our first week in Chi, Jeff told me he thought he'd go up and see a friend who was a prominent man and get a position.

"'All right, Jeff, let's go up there this morning,' I said.

"We went up to an office in a skyscraper and the office boy took in Jeff's card. We were next ushered into an office with **PRIVATE** in black letters on the door glass.

"Inside at a big roll top sat such a man as you will see in almost any office nowadays. Clean cut and capable. On a chair opposite him, pencil and pad in hand, sat a nice looking young lady.

"The next minute I was staggering against the wall. Jeff had pushed me aside on his way past. When I recovered I saw Jeff and—yes, it was Miss Harker, over at the window holding each other's hands and looking into each other's eyes in a way that spoke volumes.

"The manager, or whoever he was, looked kind of dazed. He recovered himself quickly, looked at Jeff, then at Miss Harker, then at me and smiled.

"'My,' he said, 'this is some surprise. I don't think our presence is required.' And nodding to me, he took my arm and together we left the room.

"'Say,' I said, when we were outside, 'who is this Miss Harker?'

"'Why,' said the manager, 'she is my stenographer, just back from Atlantic City. A rich uncle, I think he's a lumberman, sent her down there for the summer.'

"'Well, well,' I mused, 'Bluff and Cupid sometimes get together.'

"I turned toward the inner door, but was confronted by the word: **PRIVATE.**"

CHARLES J. PATTERSON, '22.

## Sweet Memories

**S**WEET childhood days! how sweet they seem,  
When all the world was bright and fair  
And life one long and sun-kist dream  
Wafted adown the fragrant air.

The hum of bees among the flowers,—  
No sweeter song has e'er been sung;  
No joy like those enchanting hours,  
When life and nature both were young.

No wanton storms their fury spent  
The virgin skies to violate,  
But nature sweet with peaceful bent  
Thwarted their lust insatiate.

While soft and gentle were the winds,  
As round the cottage door they played  
And filled with joy our youthful minds  
As the lingering day began to fade.

Then on the hillock's distant trees  
The waning sun with touches bold  
Limned the pale and ashen leaves  
With lively hues of red and gold.

Then in our hearts the bee, the flower,  
The gentle wind response awoke;  
And tinted skies at sunset hour  
To our souls of God and heaven spoke.

ANTHONY BOEFF, '22.

## Editorial

### Anent College Journalism and Exchanges

One whole year has elapsed since the LUMINA has been issued. When the S. A. T. C. was instituted, our worthy contributors turned their backs, so to speak, on the gentle art of writing and with grim realism gave their whole efforts to Surveying, Martial Law, War Issues, Military English, drill and fatigue duty. Of course the magazine was not forgotten—quite, but with our best pens functioning as acting sergeants and looking fondly forward to the time when, instead of putting the boys through the “jab” exercise, or of edifying some out of town belle by leading the grand march at our first hop, or of trying to slip Smith a size seven hat when it was the largest in the lot (and they were to be issued alphabetically), when instead of all this they would be carrying a world on each shoulder in the form of a gold bar, you can understand how much thought there was of magazing. As for the honorable privates in the uncamouflaged sense, they, too, had onerous duties to perform, such as treating the peacefully sleeping non-coms to a barrage of Irish confetti after taps or tipping them over in the midst of their dreams and scampering away before the abused ones could marshal enough consciousness and strength to crawl from beneath their overturned beds. All this and more, gentle critic, made journalism impossible.

However, in the fulness of time we received our salaries (ahem), were discharged (honorably, of course), collected our bonuses, went out “stepping” a few Sunday nights looking like Pershing himself and finally got back to the old routine of alarm clocks, tied-up street cars, desks and home again. But this was not all. Our ambitions came to such a pass of presumption one day that we decided to resurrect LUMINA and here we are.



Of course we know that apologies are in order for thus desecrating such a staid and formal department as that of exchanges, but it seemed quite apropos for us to inform our well-wishers that we have during the last year been rather busy in war work trying to train a few sergeants for the United States army with the Fort Sheridan awkward squad furnishing the material.

This, however, is our valedictory and it is seemly that a few serious words be said about what we have thought of college journalism in general and "exchanging" in particular. To begin with the latter, we have found it amusing to notice the attitude of the various magazines toward their exchange department. Some appear to look upon it as a superfluous luxury and have consequently dropped it out for fear of the luxury tax; others have regarded it as a convenient vehicle for sarcasm or unwarranted wit, while the majority esteem it for its true value and usefulness and treat it accordingly.

The properly conducted exchange should serve two purposes, viz., it should be the clearing house for ideas and suggestions which may be incorporated into the general make-up of a magazine and it should provide constructive criticism. The latter is a hackneyed phrase of today, but its popularity has not spoiled its meaning. Bizarre notions of criticism are everywhere in evidence. One critic will apply every conceivable canon to an article and woe betide the article and its author, if it is found wanting! He no doubt will be presented with a criminal record and relegated to the class of no-accounts in the end. And then we have the hand-shaking, back-clapping, palavering functionary who will probably convince a gullible writer that he is inferior to Shakespeare et al. only in point of time. Which type of critic does more harm to college journalism, it is difficult to say. But they both do harm—worlds of it—and very little good. There was a shining example of the type first described in one of our best exchanges last year. The more delicate and higher the literary caste of the magazine, the harsher was its fate in his hands. Every time we read his facetious outbursts, we were reminded of the proverbial ox in the china shop. However, he was scored and scored properly by a number of writers.

Our first protest then is against the iconoclast critic. He it was whom Canon Sheehan in an excellent paper charged with the responsibility for the failure of Catholic writers to achieve the prominence which is their due. Johnson probably had him in mind when he said "criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense, and he whom nature has made weak and idleness keeps ignorant may yet support his vanity by the name, critic." And as for the other extreme, we certainly hold no brief for him whose specialty is bouquets and platitudes. As in most other things the golden mean should be scrupulously observed. Qualities in an article which are deserving of commendation should be given it without stint and if their excellence warrant it, let the praise be even enthusiastic. So likewise faults should be singled out with equal diligence, not ostentatiously for the sake of ranting and raving, but with a view to counsel and improvement. A professor's word may carry great weight with a young writer, but it does not stimulate him on to greater and better efforts as does the right kind of criticism from a fellow writer.

It is reasonable to say that most of our Catholic writers and apologists of the future are the contributors to our college magazines of the present and anything which might dampen their spirit or spoil their early efforts is to be vehemently condemned. Our college journals have every reason to be proud of their achievements. Drawing their articles from a much smaller student body than other journals they are nevertheless better represented pro rata in every anthology than any other class of periodicals. Any one who has been exchange editor and has had the opportunity of comparing them with non-Catholic journals finds that they suffer not at all by the comparison. Their success has been more emphatic in poetry. It is not within the scope of these remarks to inquire into the reason for this, but we may say in passing that the method of Catholic education of training the heart as well as the mind, together with unnumbered beauties of the Catholic religion, cannot fail to leave a most enduring impression upon the work of those who have drunk deeply of its sweet waters. Remarkable as has been our success in poetry, our efforts in short



stories have not been regarded with the same high favor, but beyond peradventure we will come into our own in that, too, before long.

We do not want to lay down our pen without at least giving expression to a plan which we have wished to broach for some time. It has occurred to us more than once that an immense amount of good might be derived from an annual convention of exchange editors or editors-in-chief. The only question is whether it would be possible. This is indeed the close of the year, not the beginning, but we would like to submit the idea so that those who follow us may examine into its possibility.

As to the future it is our fervent hope that college journalism may quickly repair the rupture caused by the war and that next year our many friends may come from North and South and East and West as of old. We also hope that he who succeeds us in this work will take it up with the viewpoint it took us two years to acquire and which we have tried to indicate in part in this paper. Let constructive criticism be his object always, and, if this is obtained, the LUMINA will have done the part its high-minded founder intended, namely, to give to college journalism that caste and prestige which it so richly deserves.

J. HAROLD TRAVERSE, '19.

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## Students and Studies

There are at least three distinct types of students. First we have the individual who is gifted with strong mental powers which he rarely uses. His great failing seems to be a lack of will power and ambition. His motto is "Don't let your studies interfere with your college education." Needless to say, this type passes through school—literally. Next we have the student of rather meagre mental endowments, but—oh—worlds of industry. He is frequently of the self-abnegating, mopish sort who is about as much at ease in a drawing room as a fish out of water, but he succeeds, and for that he is deserving of the highest commendation. Then we have the third type which appeals to us as ideal for all ordinary purposes. He is the lad who has at least a normal amount of



intelligence and who supplements this gift with grit and determination to get to the top. He, too, can be "big" when the time and occasion warrant, but he never forgets that duty comes before pleasure and that duty fulfilled is his first pleasure. Trying to balance both of these seems to be the big problem with many college students and it is not hard to guess which gets the benefit of the doubt in the majority of cases. But this is the age when everything is analyzed, organized, synthesized, synchronized, systematized, and why not studies! The aim seems to be, to get the maximum of result with a minimum of effort and every conceivable contrivance is brought into operation to secure this end. If, then, our young scholar would receive better averages without curtailing his movies, soireés, and baseball games proportionately, let him look into this problem of his and see what devices he may use. And there are little tricks—many of them—artificial in a way but none the less efficient. Repetition is the first great plan we would suggest. It is by no means of recent origin, for it has been handed down as an adage from the ancients, but how many students of today avail themselves of it? The best way is to devote a half hour or a whole hour at the end of each week to a private review of the matter just seen. Then at the end of three or four weeks, a general review will fix it firmly in the mind with the happy result that when the examinations approach, our modern student can sleep the sleep of the just for eight full hours each night. The only caution which must be observed is, that this repetition must never be postponed even for a day, for this will prove fatal if it becomes a habit. The second aid we invoke is synopsis. There are many subjects such as history, English, philosophy, etc., which can never be thoroughly understood unless they are boiled down and the relation of part to part is vividly brought out. The very fact that the matter is often spread out over a hundred or more pages is so confusing that to read it over, even with the greatest concentration, will avail but little. If, however, the individual picks out the ideas which are developed in each paragraph and notes them down, he will have the skeleton of the whole subject clearly in mind and then it is only a question of reading the text to secure such

minor details as will explain these ideas. Local memory is an invaluable asset in studying. A picture or an unusual word will often lead to a whole page of ideas. There are many more artifices such as a crude short hand system, marginal notes and underscored words which will enable the student to devote most of his attention to the important items. But after all, just how this problem of studies is solved and with what success, depends upon the character of the individual, upon his foresight, method, determination and intelligence. If he uses these, success in study is as easy as eating crullers with port wine.

J. HAROLD TRAVERSE, '19.

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## To the Pine



CHIEFTAIN of the wooded hosts,  
Thou tall and stately giant,  
Pray tell me how despite Time's boast,  
Thou stand'st a rock defiant.

O tell me how, when wind and storm  
Spread devastation round,  
Thou loom'st aloft with stately form,  
Adamantine bond.

O tell me how mid winter's cold  
And sleet and icy blast  
Thou, noble pine, upraiseth bold  
Thy verdant, spiral mast.

O thou, who neath bright summer's skies  
Giveth forth thy fragrant balm,  
Art mightier far than men surmise  
And worthier of their psalm.

And as the lowering shades of night  
Enfold the race of men,  
Thou tower'st high, a sentinel dight,  
The sleeping world to fend.

EUGENE CHESNEY, '22.

## Alumni Notes

**Father Hanley Receives D. S. C.** Father James M. Hanley, whose name has appeared more than once in these columns and those of the newspapers, has crowned all his previous achievements with a distinguished honor. During the last months of the war he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery on the field of battle. Father Hanley was the first chaplain to go from the Cleveland Diocese and from the start proved himself an able and zealous worker, popular with both the officers and men.

Upon his return to Cleveland he was enthusiastically welcomed by a crowd of three thousand of his admirers. They assembled at Grays' Armory to listen to Father Hanley's account of his adventures. The reception and lecture was under the auspices of St. Bridget's parish. We are very proud of Father Hanley and heartily congratulate him. His is the merit and satisfaction of a work well done.

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**Alumni Ordained** St. Ignatius College set a unique record this year. Out of the fourteen young men raised to the priesthood on Ascension Thursday, twelve claimed St. Ignatius College as their Alma Mater. They were: Reverend Chester J. Bartlett, Reverend Albert J. Bishop, Reverend George B. Burke, Reverend James J. Duffy, Reverend Thomas I. Gaffney, Reverend John F. Gallagher, Reverend Owen L. Gallagher, Reverend Joseph P. Hurley, Reverend Thaddeus Marchant, Reverend John L. Mauer, Reverend William L. Newton, Reverend Joseph N. Trivosonno.

LUMINA extends to these young priests, in the name of the faculty and students of St. Ignatius College, most heartfelt congratulations and wishes them every success in their priestly work.

\* \* \* \*

**Overseas Men** Word comes from "Over There" that Lieut. Daniel I. Savage, our old Alumnus and Athletic Director, is still with the Army of Occupation. He is back at his old work and has been appointed Athletic Officer.

Lieut. Jerry Murphy, we hear, is still overseas. The latest report has it that he is still in the service and studying law in Paris.



Lieut. Carey      Another of our Alumni has been honored. This time it is Lieut. W. A. Carey, who has been given charge of the K. of C. Employment Bureau for returned soldiers. We are sure that Lieut. Carey will make a success of this great work and that the Alumni and students of St. Ignatius will heartily co-operate if in any way they can.

\* \* \* \*

R. I. P.      We are sorry to have to chronicle the death of two of our Alumni. Our sorrow though is lightened to a great extent by the knowledge that they gave up their lives in the service of their country. They are Martin P. Hynes and Joseph B. Glavich, both ex-'17 men. When the S. A. T. C. was organized they returned to S. I. C. and joined our unit. They were both popular and ever cheerful and did much to while away the tedium of army life, so that when they fell victims to the epidemic they were universally mourned by the unit. The Faculty and students extend their sympathy to their bereaved parents and relatives.

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Lawrence Coughlin      Lawrence W. Coughlin, 'ex-'16, writes from France that he is still over there with the 34th Sanitary Squad, though he expects to return to the U. S. before long. Lawrence will be remembered as the Ignatius man whose poem was selected and published in the Anthology of the Best College Poetry for 1916. He has found time to keep up his studies and to write considerable poetry. We have several of his poems at hand and all of them are deserving of publication, but we have picked the following little gem because particularly apropos of a soldier-poet:

#### Fallen on the Field of Glory

Here blooms no rose of beauty,  
On the wan waste field of death—  
Where men have died for duty,  
    And rendered up their breath;—  
Tho meet it were, if tender,  
Frail blossoms rose in splendor,  
Where brave men dared surrender  
    Joys such as years bequeath.

We know not what the faces  
Of those who sleep below,—  
Here in these lonely places,  
    Where winds forsaken blow,  
O'er ramparts deadlly crested,  
Which gallantly they breasted,  
Till Death their arms arrested  
    And brought their spirits low.

They need no verse of glory,  
Who fell for liberty;—  
Men's hearts keep fresh the story,  
    With love as well as we;—  
For the fight they fought was peerless,—  
Brave men who went as fearless  
Down to the tomb all cheerless,  
    As to festivity.

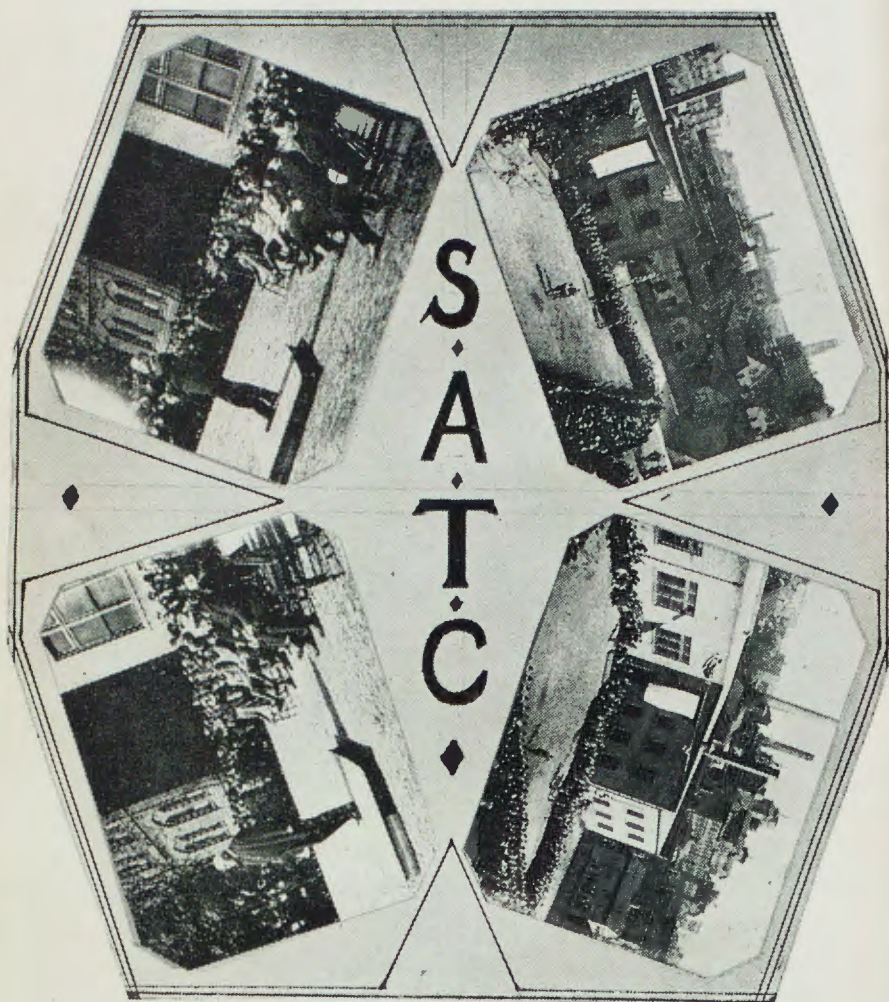
And no light lips of laughter  
Shall speak of these, the dead,—  
In the years to come hereafter,  
    When the praise of men be said;—  
And streams shall cease of flowing,  
And restless winds of blowing  
And men refrain from sowing,  
    Ere love of them be fled.

And tho the Spring of beauty  
Breaks not in fields forlorn,  
What matters it!—if Duty  
    Still in men's hearts be born,  
And we be still beholden  
To deeds, as those of olden,  
On fields, where glories fold in  
    Brave dust from deeds of scorn!

LAWRENCE W. COUGHLIN, ex-'16.

34th Sanitary Squad, A. P. O. 762, A. E. F., France.







# College Chronicle

## S. A. T. C.

Sometime during the Great World War that terminated on November 11, 1919, the United States Government decided to include the students of America in her great army. Perhaps you have never heard of the S. A. T. C. taking a hill or a bridge (except perhaps the hill in Edgewater Park) but nevertheless it was considered part of the army.

However, on the first day of October of last year, 130 fighting students brandished their swords, kissed their doting mothers on the foreheads and set out for the wars to be waged on the college campus. From all parts they came, some from as far south as Youngstown, others from the barren wastes of Sandusky and still others from the Oriental Conneaut. The newcomers were met at the lodge gate by Sergeant McDonnell, who shook their strong right hands and then proceeded to find out their middle name, financial standing and whether or not they read the Alumni Notes in this magazine.

\* \* \* \*

The gymnasium served as an improvised boudoir for the boys from out of town and promptly at 9:30 on the first night they were "tapped" to slumber by the siren strains of Bugler Bricks, the young gentleman who discovered the flaw in the social circle argument. We shall proceed here to give all due consideration to the buglers, including, of course, Felix Wisniewski, who blew his adenoids through the bugle one evening at retreat. However, ambition is not to be discouraged here. "Murder will out." The opening of the whole affair was a very auspicious one. Such established orators as the Rev. F. T. Moran, D. D., Wilferd Mahon, Rev. J. F. Smith and Father Rector thrilled our hearts with patriotism—"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," etc.—and gave us a sincere longing to get right up there in the first line trenches. But alas, the nearest we got to the battle front was E. 40th St. and that on the night of the Victory parade. In fact our uniforms failed to come until after the armistice was signed (serge included).

\* \* \* \*

Our commissioned officers were Lieut. R. W. Hall of Neola, Ia., and Lieut. Howard of Champaign, Ill.

We cannot let this opportunity pass by without inserting a word of just praise for Mrs. Regnatz, our company Mess Madame. Every man in the company was unanimous in proclaiming her the best cheffess that ever "stirred" up a pot of soup. Oh, Lady, Lady!!!

\* \* \* \*

Now for our company Physician. Every morning as the clock struck eight Dr. Bruening would draw up to the Orderly Room and call for the sick report. If Amer wasn't on the report for the day he went away disappointed. He sure did keep us in the best of physical condition. "Chills and fever"—Infirmary.

\* \* \* \*

Speaking of the three weeks quarantine—"Corporal of the guard post Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Oh, there's Fulwebber—you-hoo!

\* \* \* \*

Social activity did not interfere with our military training in the least. During the course of our three months' service two informal balls were held in the college auditorium. The room was all decked out in the flags of the warring nations—save one. A picture of George Washington hung in an elevated position on the wall. The father of our country no doubt looked down on the scene of swishing lace, of gay laughter and tuneful melodies and listened to the sound of army shoes tickling the senseless rushes. We looked up at the picture when the tumult and the shouting died and there beheld the strong outlines of the face enveloped in a languid smile. He must have said to himself: "This surely is a wonderful century, but Martha Washington still looks good to me."

To settle all disputes as to which was the best squad in the whole company let us go on the record books as saying that the honor belongs to 14. The only time they stayed together was after taps.

\* \* \* \*

Famous sayings that cannot be illustrated:

Charles Birt: The next exercise will be krauts rest. (No reference to the Crown Prince's sleeping quarters.)

Bob Roehm: Say, Carney, when do we get a Sunday night pass.

Gene Chesney: I wonder if they're going to play. "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" at the side-straddle HOP.

John Hayes: Remember, Westy, you've got to drive that machine.

Lieut. Hall: The old Major was some slicker.

Pat Haggerty: Lisy and Fink grab an ax and perform—Yes—Yes, what—Yes 'im.

McGhee: That boy has a personality.



INTERCOLLEGIATE ENGLISH WINNERS



James P. Cozzens

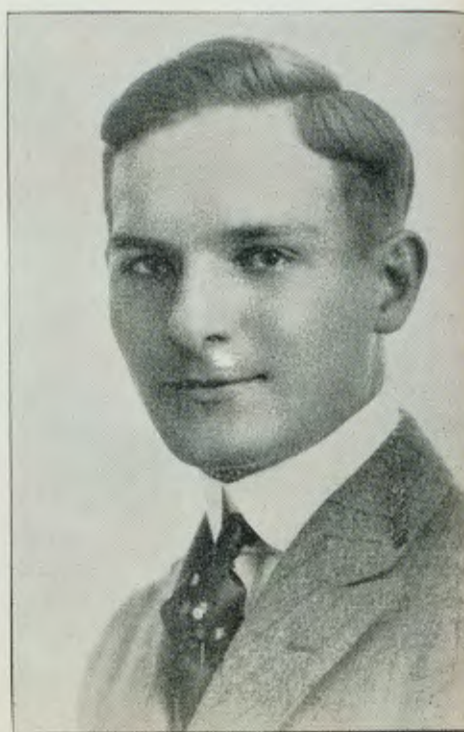


Paul E. Murphy

INTERCOLLEGIATE LATIN WINNERS



Cletus J. Koubek



Raymond J. Matousek



It was a great life if you weren't appointed a sergeant or corporal. Requirements for non-commissioned officers—corporals, previous military training; sergeants, nothing. TAPS.

\* \* \* \*

**Degree Conferred** Father James Kleist, S. J., Professor of Ancient Classics,  
**On Father Kleist** has recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from St. Louis University. We extend our most heartfelt congratulations to Father Kleist. Father Kleist submitted as his thesis a translation of the Odes of Horace. The value of the work consists in its originality and thoroughness. In his preface the author lays down certain principles for translation by which he maintains the full substance and flavor of the original may be retained. As regards the form he says: "It should be borne in mind that I have not bound myself to any sort of metre in the technical sense; that is, my lines are of various length, containing sometimes more feet and sometimes fewer. There is, of course, a sort of general uniformity, but that is all. iambs are used throughout but I have never counted the number of syllables. My sole aim has been to reduce the length of each line to its smallest possible compass." It is a second principle of Father Kleist's that verbatim translation, where the English words are carefully chosen, is often the best. Of course he insists on the careful choosing of the words and he gives us many instances where the Latin of Horace may be beautifully and effectively translated into English by rendering the Latin noun by English noun, the adjective by adjective, and the verb by verb. An example:

Horace: *lituo tubae permixtus sonitus.*

Fr. Kleist: the trumpet blare with bugle blent.

Again:

Horace: *qui primus alma risit adorea  
 dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas  
 ceu flamma per taedas vel Euris  
 per Siculas equitavit undas.*

Fr. Kleist: The first to smile with gracious victory  
 Since direful Afer rode thru Italy's towns—  
 E'en as a flame thru pines or  
 Euris rides o'er Sicily's waves.

We are eagerly expecting the time when Father Kleist will publish his work.

\* \* \* \*

#### INTERCOLLEGIATE WINNERS

In spite of the general unrest and irregularities of the current school year St. Ignatius was again well represented in the Intercollegiate Contests. In the English Paul E. Murphy of the class of '19 captured fourth

place and James Cozzens merited seventh place. Our representatives in the Latin Contest were Raymond J. Matousek, with eighth place, and Cletus J. Koubek, with ninth place. The last two named are Freshmen and therefore have fine chances for high places next year. Our heartiest congratulations to all concerned.

\* \* \* \*

### POETRY AND STORY CONTESTS

LUMINA ran this year a Poetry and a Short-story Contest. Cash prizes for the best poem and the best short-story were offered. Paul E. Murphy, winner of a place in the Intercollegiate English Contest, was judged to have written the best poem. The prize for the best short-story was awarded to Cletus J. Koubek, a Freshman, and winner of a place in the Intercollegiate Contest.

\* \* \* \*

### THE POETS OF THE FUTURE (1917-1918) AND THE BEST COLLEGE SHORT STORIES

The Stratford Company, Boston

In these collections of college poems and short stories Mr. Schnittkind is doing for the college magazine that same great service which Mr. Braithwaite and Mr. O'Brien have been doing for American periodicals. He has, namely, selected what he considers the best in college magazines and given it permanent distinction in his collections. We have not space to attempt a review of his works, but in general we may commend his careful choice. There are, however, poems of whose permanent worth we are rather skeptical. We refer particularly to a few bits of impressionistic free verse admitted into the collection.

They may perhaps add variety and please for the moment, but we cannot see their right to places in a collection which professes to embrace the best work of college men. We hope Mr. Schnittkind will continue his work this year and the years to come.

DANIEL I. GALLAGHER, '19.



# **VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM**

Top Row, Left to Right: Mahoney, Jordan, Walter Daly (Coach), Rice, O'Donnell  
 Bottom Row, Left to Right: Mahoney, Jordan, Walter Daly (Coach), Rice, O'Donnell, O'Brien, Mr. Pofski



# College Athletics

## BASKETBALL

With the signing of the armistice and the abandonment of the S. A. T. C. the loyal sons of St. Ignatius College soon shed their khaki and came back strong, hearty and refreshed for hard work. The war had knocked out football, but basketball was soon in full swing. Although many a brick wall had to be bucked up against, Jerry Hanley, our plugging little manager, lost no time in fixing up a schedule. The next thing was to get a coach. It was thought that Dan Savage's shoes would never be filled but after Walter Daly, our old Alumnus, had handled the squad for a few days, we saw that he was the man. Daly was a member of the cage teams of '14 and '15, captaining the team in his second year. He was released from the Aviation Corps and turned up just in time he was needed most. Pep seemed to be his middle name for he went about his work with everything that was in him and before long rounded out one of the best teams that has ever represented St. Ignatius in basketball.

### S. I. C. 13; Camp Sherman 37

The opening game was more or less on the practice order. It was a hard fight all the way and although Ignatius lost they showed they had the real stuff, for they were pitted against men far above their class. All the men were given a try out.

### S. I. C. 24; Case 28

Before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a basketball game on the College court, Coach Daly's warriors went down to a 28 to 24 scalping at the hands of Case. The collegiate basketball championship of Cleveland was at stake and it was the first time the two schools had come together. Reserve had won the first round when they defeated Case 18 to 13. The absence of O'Donnell, who sprained an ankle in scrimmage, was greatly felt, as O'Brien, inexperienced at the position of guard, had to fill the gap at the last moment. The game was close throughout and though Ignatius came back strong in the second half and scored more points than their opponents, they could not quite overcome the lead which the Scientists had acquired in the first half.

Our baskets were scored as follows: Mahoney, 4; O'Brien, 4; Jordan, 2; Dorsey, 1.

### S. I. C. 14; Western Reserve 22

At our expense Reserve strengthened its hold on first place in the city collegiate basketball race. Ignatius took the lead and held it all

the way until Howells and Somers for Reserve, in the last five minutes of play, sank a few heart-breakers from the center of the floor.

Here is what one of the city papers had to say about the game: "Ignatius played the Red and White to a 9 to 9 standstill in the first half and maintained a see-saw fight during the most of the second half. At this juncture Howells and Somers broke loose and quickly drew away from Ignatius. The Saints meanwhile were having poor luck in shooting, missing more than a dozen close ones. Howells and Somers between them accounted for all Reserve's counters with 14 and 8 points respectively. O'Brien with 6 points, Jordan with 5 and Mahoney with 3 garnered the score for St. Ignatius."

#### S. I. C. 30; Hiram 4

At last St. Ignatius shook off the old jinx. The Cleveland Plain Dealer said in part: After loosing its first encounters by close margins the Saints took it out on Hiram, overwhelmingly, by a 30 to 4 count. Ignatius got an early start and worked consistently through the first half, which ended 13 to 1. They came back stronger in the second period, Hiram netting meanwhile but three points. The wonderful attack of the team before which Hiram was helpless accounted for their score, while Captain Walters maintained an impregnable defense. Mahoney, with five goals and four fouls, led in the offensive; Dorsey, Jordan and O'Brien contributed the remainder of the tallies.

#### S. I. C. 27; Baldwin-Wallace 25

The contest was one of the most interesting ever staged on a Berea floor. Coach Daly was forced to make an eleventh hour change in the line-up, due to the resignation of Dorsey, star center, whose physician ordered him to forego sports for a while. Dorsey was certainly missed, but the team was determined and full of pep. O'Brien was switched to center and O'Donnell took his place at guard.

The Berea boys got away with a flying start and soon had scored 13 to our lone 1; but Ignatius, by consistent fighting, slowly forged ahead into what proved to be a hair-raising contest. It looked as though the game would be carried an extra period, but in the last minute of play Rice, replacing Mahoney, caged a neat basket, which copped the bacon. Jordan pulled off a clever piece of headwork when he intentionally traveled in the last half minute of play, when B-W was rushing the Saints. By the time the Bereaites had shot their little foul time was up and the game saved.

Mahoney led with 11 points, Jordan and O'Brien came next with 6 apiece, while O'Donnell and Rice followed, each with 2 to his credit.

#### S. I. C. 29; St. John's University 33

For many years Ignatius and St. John's U. had clashed in basketball. Each year the spirit of rivalry increased in intensity. Ignatius was confident of victory but the absence of Dorsey soon told. Every minute

was one of intense interest. The Toledo team chalked up ten points before our boys got started, but the first half ended with the score 14 to 13 in our favor. The second half was a see saw and the game went into an extra session when O'Brien tied the score in the last half minute of play.

In the overtime period Ignatius was too anxious to bag the pill, shooting from the middle of the floor, and the whistle found us with two baskets chalked up against us and none to our credit.

Gerkin was the main works for Toledo, while for us Mahoney, O'Brien and Jordan were our point gainers.

#### S. I. C. 26; Canisius 28

Ignatius was still convalescent after the close one St. John's had hung on them, when Canisius arrived and departed with a 28 to 26 victory neatly tucked under its wing. Hendricks, who entered the fray just five minutes before closing time, was accountable for the defeat.

The paper once more: "By overcoming a lead of eight points the Canisius five of Buffalo managed to defeat the fast St. Ignatius varsity. In the first half the Blue and Gold had things their own way, leading at the end 19 to 13.

"The game was fast throughout. The brilliant work of Mahoney and O'Brien kept the Saints in the lead and not until two minutes before the close of the game did Canisius forge to the front."

#### S. I. C. 26; St. John's University 22

Despite their last two defeats the members still retained the old pep and they set out for Toledo determined to give St. John's a trouncing. Dorsey was off the sick list and soon showed what his rest had done for him. Walt shot three baskets himself and for the rest gave Gerkin, Toledo's star forward, the time of his life. The Toledo papers could not praise Dorsey enough and well summed up the game when they said: "St. John's could not overcome the brilliant playing of Dorsey." Of course the others were there, too; Capt. Walters playing a fine game of guarding and Jordan contributing 8 points, Mahoney 7 and O'Brien 4.

#### S. I. C. 26; Hiram 18

The Varsity despite the absence of Capt. Walters had an easy time of it disposing of Hiram on their own court. Hiram played a good passing game but could not locate the basket often enough, while Daly's men were effective both in shooting and guarding. O'Brien led the offensive with field baskets, but the fine floor work was to a great extent responsible for the Saints' score.

#### S. I. C. 30; Alumni 28

The college wound up its season with a game with the Alumni. The Vets forced the varsity to go the limit and Mahoney's caging of ten fouls



helped out a whole lot. The game was snappy throughout and the winning basket was made just as the whistle blew. For the Alumni Sommer was the big point gainer with 14 to his credit; while O'Brien led among the varsity men with ten points.

### **Coach Daly**

The curtain cannot be rung down upon the basketball season without a word of appreciation of the splendid work of our coach, Walter Daly. He showed that as an Alumnus he has still the old Ignatian spirit. He generously devoted all his time and energy to the training of the team and though handicapped at the start by a number of unavoidable adverse circumstances he persevered and soon developed a winning team. He directed the efforts of the men along the proper lines and to him is due in large measure the success of our basketball season.

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### **BASEBALL**

With the conclusion of basketball spring sports came in with a boom. In addition to the introduction of tennis the Blue and Gold has put a baseball team in the field ready to live up to the standard set in former years. Under the close eye of Faculty Moderator, Mr. Polski, the team rounded into shape. James Peppard is manager. This is really a reappointment for "Pep" was the manager of the varsity nine last year prior to his enlistment in the service. He returned to college after ten months in the army, three of which were spent overseas. "Pep" has booked a corking good schedule and it is keeping our ball tossers on the jump.

#### **S. I. C. 11; Western Reserve 4**

Our opening game with Reserve on the 25th of April proved easy. Aylward, who won his spurs last year with the High School, did the hurling and pitched a fine game. Some of the features were O'Donnell's home run with two on and John Gallagher's triple which drove in another run. We got a flying start in the first inning when Matousek reached first on a fumble. D. Gallagher sacrificed and Jordan and Stasny followed with bingles that sent Matousek across the plate.

Reserve's runs all came in the fourth inning on a combination of three hits, a walk and two errors.

#### **S. I. C. 24; Western Reserve 7**

Zawee-e-e-e. This score looks more like a basketball contest. Our boys had no trouble in meeting the pill that day. We were sure of the game from the beginning and Lutheran, who was on the mound, had an easy task of it. Had his team-mates played air-tight ball behind him, chances are he would have secured a shut-out. The team was full of confidence, which neither Lavin or Davies could shake.

## S. I. C. 2; Case 11

On May 10 the Ignatians met the hardest defeat in years. The tilt, played on Reserve field, was a good battle until the eighth, when Case hammered Aylward off the mound and before they had finished the rally seven runs had trickled across the plate.

St. Ignatius took the lead in the first when Stasny tripled and scored on a fielder's choice. Case tallied three times in the fourth on hits by Barnes, Ehrke and McCuse, coupled with a pass and a wild pitch. A pass to O'Brien and a two bagger by Hitz gave the Saints another tally in the seventh. But Case sewed up the game in the eighth when they scored seven times on six hits and two errors.

Vanderhoof pitched good ball for Case and was accorded fine support by his teammates in the field. Barnes for Reserve and Stasny for Ignatius were the batting stars of the contest, each hitting safely three times.

## S. I. C. 3; St. Mary's 9

On May 15 the team scampered down to Brookside armed to the teeth and with a big hunch that the long list of defeats which St. Mary's had piled up against us was going to be avenged. The St. Mary's boys were full of confidence but before long began to open their eyes and take things seriously. The game proved to be a pitchers' battle with the Ignatians leading the way. Aylward allowed our opponents only seven hits, but he hit three and walked four. Five costly errors helped to our own undoing.

Bogusz, who succeeded Stronski on the mound for the Michigan team, completely mystified the Ignatians. He was wild in spots but tightened when scores threatened.

## Remaining Games.

We close up our season with a trip to Detroit, where we play St. Mary's a return game at Orchard Lake and Assumption College in Canada.

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TENNIS NOTES

Since the completion of the gym, no greater event has occurred in athletic activity than the erection of the two tennis courts which now adorn our campus. From their inception hosts of racket wielders have watched their progress with the keenest interest and the miserable weather is the only obstacle to their opening.

A college team composed of Jack Rice, District Junior Champion and holder of various other titles; Walt Dorsey, joint holder with Bartel of the Municipal Doubles Championship of Cleveland, and Arthur Tooman and Clarence Hayes of High School fame has been unable so far to display its superior brand of strokes and cuts, since its initial match with Hiram has been postponed on account of the capers of "Jup Pluvius."

However, we dare to predict that these experts will have a few pompadours dangling from their belts by the time this sees the printer's ink.

PHILIP H. O'BRIEN, '22.

## Among the Musicians

Music is essential to a complete education. That's why the S. I. C. musicians are so constant in their efforts and so ambitious in the choice of their music. The best is just good enough for them. Of course, for some of us music will be a means of subsistence and a life's vocation. But most of us use the art as a means only to shape heart and mind and to strengthen our will power. The greatest mind that ever adorned Greece, the mother of all education and culture, Aristotle himself, insisted on music as the best supplement to truly liberal education. Aristotle was right in his views on education as well as in his philosophy. No greater thinker ever lived after him nor have his thoughts proved faulty.

From this ideal viewpoint this year has been very successful at St. Ignatius College. As a result of our steady efforts the mid-winter concert at Grays' Armory, the public test of our musical standing, turned out to everybody's satisfaction. To judge by press comments, by words of friends and critics, we made "a well nigh perfect success of our art." "This time solo parts and individual feats were not requisite to win the audience, for all parts of the great orchestra fitted together so well that the whole constituted that quality which alone makes a symphony orchestra what it is intended for, a means to thrill, educate and score triumphs." An audience of nearly two thousand honored us with their presence and showed by their enthusiastic applause that they were not sorry for paying their dollar and more for their seats. This time it is true beyond a doubt, they would have liked to hear some more of our music. Several times we had to refuse additional encores so as to finish the program within reasonable time limits. A prominent lawyer wrote to the director, "The boys did sublimely well, and I wish I could express in musical elegance the delights we felt in their splendid rendition."

The May concert which is coming off just as LUMINA goes to press, we hope, will leave as happy memories in everybody's mind. The program is made up of more popular numbers than the February concert, there being only one number of really symphonic character, the overture to Offenbach's "Orpheus in Hades." The other offerings of the evening consist of lighter classical compositions and several pieces which have been selected with the frank purpose of exploiting certain instruments not usually called for in the regulation symphonies and concertos. One of these, the "Chimes of St. Paul's," will introduce the latest addition to our musical equipment—an expensive set of symphony chimes. John D. Buck



will be the artist to draw all eyes during that number. Another, curiously baptized "The Mouse Trap," will be rendered on the marimbaphone, a percussion instrument, lending an oriental effect to our standard western orchestra. Thomas Donahue will make his debut as a solo violinist. His number is the difficult Polish Dance, "Kujawiak," by Wieniawski. There will be two performances and a supper in between, later on a grand picnic! Plenty of reasons to enjoy membership in the musical organizations of our alma mater. We hope that some of our former members, who are no more with us at school, will honor us by sailing along with us on that bright June day.

The orchestra numbers now over eighty musicians, and some more are starting on horns and flutes and clarinets and strings. What a great amount of happiness we are spreading all over Cleveland and Lakewood! Just think of all the happy homes in which resound those charming strains of music. And if your neighbors are thinking of moving away to more quiet surroundings, tell them that your music will become more beautiful as the days go by; missing your melodies and scales would be a real loss. Speak to them of Aristotle and the training of heart and mind and will power. They will then gladly continue to listen to your first exercises.

We invite our friends to a visit in the music room. If you have not been there for some time you will be surprised at the improvements. Everything has been transformed according to a real artistic style. Comfortable seats are there for your convenience. A fine selection of talking machine records at your disposal, if you wish to study classical music. Among these you will find many numbers that have appeared on our programs. Possibly, though, you would not care for that "canned music," since real living notes are coming forth from throats and instruments during the greater part of the day.

We are not finished, of course, but we continue to improve and to build up the music room and our material. That's the reason why the boys have an agency for Victor and Columbia Talking Machines and Records. Give us your orders, the prices are the same as elsewhere, and we will show our gratitude for giving us this financial lift by serving you to your satisfaction.

James J. Ambrose, the comedian of the orchestra, would like to find employment for the summer. Circus work or a job on an aeroplane preferred.

John Schneider is the first oboe player of our orchestra. He is growing stouter daily and orchestra expenses are rising in proportion. If only there were an "un-chewable" oboe reed on the market.

Joe White, first cornet, has suddenly become a very intimate friend of Tom Haessly, the sixth 'cello. What's the matter, anyhow, Joe?

Lawrence Ptak wears glasses and plays now first violin. He is quite a player. What was that again that Father Doyle said of Teddy's friend?

The horn players are beginning to be quite reliable. They observe now the greater part of the rests. Whilst Steve Driscoll smiles, Hugh looks classical, Rieger turns up his nose and Sally giggles. Do you know Sally Hartmann? They say his capacity for talking has decreased considerably, since he belongs to the orchestra. Whether this is the effect of the training for heart and mind and will power connected with the study of music, or simply lower gas pressure, we don't venture to decide.

Our friends often inquire about the prima donna of days gone by, little James Flood. Well, he has changed quite a bit, but he is attractive still, dresses very carefully, has a fine selection of neckties and sings when nobody hears him. His voice is turning into a beautiful first tenor and will be heard for the first time at the next concert in Grays' Armory. Meanwhile he plays piano and 'cello. At rehearsals he generally plays the "Idyl on a Southern Plantation" whilst the rest of the orchestra plays "Orpheus." He likes especially the bars in which the 'cellos imitate the evening song of the cow.

Very few of us have ever seen Massillon. The trains that connect inhabited places via Massillon go so fast that, unless you make a special effort, your eye will not get even a momentary impression from the few brown specks outside the car window. Yet, great musicians hail from Massillon. Two of the three have been specially faithful and self-sacrificing. It would be a considerable loss to the orchestra, if those fine violin players should go out west after vacation. Let's hope that we all meet again in September for another happy and successful year.

T. H.

## MUSIC IS ESSENTIAL

To a Complete Education

### *St. Ignatius College Musical Department*

Theory  
Piano

Harmony  
Voice

Counterpart  
Organ

Violin

All the different Orchestra Instruments

*We have a Complete Symphony Orchestra  
of Eighty Members*

# High School Notes

For the first time this school year, LUMINA is among us to brighten the dull monotony of study and learning. This year has been replete with subjects for interesting journalism, but so far the fates have decreed that they shall go unrecorded. The S. A. T. C. and the various activities connected with it, the operetta and other musical successes, and even the athletics have gone unchronicled. At last, however, as spring draws her beautiful canopy of fresh verdure over the barren wastes which mark the wake of old King Winter's campaign, an opportunity to arouse the slumbering talents of would be Dickens, Longfellows and Nick Carters, and LUMINA comes once more into our midst.

But a few weeks remain before the High School will say, "So long for a couple of months" to old St. Ignatius and separate for the summer. Now the incidents which happen to every fellow during the vacation make the best kind of reading and since we all want LUMINA to be a bigger and better magazine next year, let's all make little notes of these experiences and contribute them to the first issue of LUMINA next fall. Let's prove that LUMINA can come back with a "knock out in both feet."

\* \* \* \*

## Junior Debating Society

The Junior Debating Society, comprising both Fourth Year classes, is at present putting the finishing touches to a year of singular success. All the bi-weekly meetings throughout the year were on subjects of public interest and many questions were up for discussion at the time in Congress. All the debates were spirited and well prepared and the intentness with which they were listened, well bespoke their true worth. The society gave a number of orators the opportunity to show their wares and the ability exhibited by many forecasts the future eminence as statesmen, lawyers and other leaders of public life.

\* \* \* \*

## Second High B

Some one ought to appoint Cyril Vana "excuser-in-chief" of the class. Cyril certainly has an alibi for everything and any thing concerning missing home-work.

The slogan for the class picnic seems to be, "We don't know where we're going, but we're going." Maher tells us that his machine will hold ten if we go to that picnic. Our guess is that if Jerry McIntyre goes in it, it will do well to hold three.



Warning is hereby given that you will do well to keep from Second B in the near future. Something is going to take place soon and we do not want any innocent bystanders injured.

Steve Driscoll's weather report: "Let it rain while it can; it's going to be rather dry a month from now.

\* \* \* \*

**First High B** The members of First High B were grieved to hear of the death of James Burke's mother. The entire class unites in offering its sincere condolence to their friend and classmate. Father Halligan said a Mass in the boys' chapel on Thursday, May 8, for the repose of her soul and the members of the class attended and received Holy Communion for the same intention. R. I. P.

Cusick's picnic thermometer has mounted to \$29.65 and it is still going up. We sold the most concert tickets, you know.

The result: Free day.

The time: June 5.

The place: Bedford Glens.

The eats: Yards of hot ones.

Robert McGinness underwent an operation recently and is not expected to return to school this term. Jimmy Burke was elected Vice President to fill the vacancy. Burkie led the Blues, the class team, in basketball and is now Captain of the baseball team, which has two victories to its credit.

\* \* \* \*

### Seen Through the Chalk Dust

Murphy selling two concert tickets for a free day.

Donahue arguing with Habert.

Zurlinden figuring out a basketball average.

Boyle paying attention in class.

Cusick advertising the picnic.

Geiss springing his favorite joke.

Ad Borgeois teaching Chuck Zurlinden the gentle art of fishing since the latter's retirement from baseball.

Izzy Kilcoyne and Battling Downheimer mixing it up.

Arth throwing his double-play ball.

\* \* \* \*

**Handball** On these warm spring days, when the majority of us are lolling under some shady tree with drops of perspiration standing out like warts on a toad's back, we feel great pity for, and worry over the sanity of certain individuals known as handball fiends, who, seemingly immune to that most delicious of diseases, vernal lassitude, get out there in the sweltering sun and chase a ball around and seem to enjoy it.

As for the champion handballers, this honor seems to fall almost undisputed to Fourth High B. Represented by Knittle, Roth, Holleran and Kleinschnitz IV High has won every match so far. Many of the First Year contingent have also shown fine form in hitting the bottom brick, especially Shea, Coyne and Hughie Gallagher.

\* \* \* \*

### Uncle Josh Wonders

How much Sibi Hull pays for a shine.  
 When Knittle will join the teamsters' union.  
 If Kelly knicks the razor when he shaves.  
 How Krummert is always up at 11:45.  
 Why Fat Hayes always plays pennies in the Yiddish orchestra.  
 Why Cody's hair shines in the sun.  
 When Walter Camp will pick Carl Belle for the All-American.

\* \* \* \*

### JUNIOR BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

Great interest was manifested in the Junior Basketball Tournament. The teams were made up of players from the different classes of First and Second Year High and each team represented some class. The games were well played and spirited. The results follow:

Sox—9				Browns 2			
Players	G.	F.	Pt.	Players	G.	F.	Pt.
Peppard, r. f. ....	1	0	2	Learn, r. f. ....	0	0	0
Gallagher, l. f. ....	1	0	2	McKay, l. f. ....	0	0	0
Mahoney, c. ....	1	1	3	Dempsey, c. ....	1	0	2
Kickham, r. g. ....	1	0	2	McIntyre, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Bertrand, l. g. ....	0	0	0	Madigan, l. g. ....	0	0	0

Blues—29				Cubs—2			
Players	G.	F.	Pt.	Players	G.	F.	Pt.
Burke, r. f. ....	5	1	11	Shea, r. f. ....	0	0	0
McDermott, l. f. ....	6	0	12	McGuire, l. f. ....	0	0	0
J. Gallagher, c. ....	2	0	4	Lang, c. ....	0	0	0
McCarthy, r. g. ....	0	0	0	Hull, r. f. ....	1	0	2
Zurlinden, l. g. ....	1	0	2	Learn, l. f. ....	0	0	0

### Final

Blues—17				Sox—6			
Players	G.	F.	Pt.	Players	G.	F.	Pt.
Burke, l. f. ....	3	1	7	Peppard, r. f. ....	1	0	2
McDermott, r. f. ....	1	0	2	Kickham, l. f. ....	0	0	0
Gallagher, c. ....	0	0	0	Mahoney, c. ....	1	2	4
O'Brien, l. g. ....	2	0	4	Gallagher, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Zurlinden, l. g. ....	1	0	2	Bertrand, l. g. ....	0	0	0

The Blues won the tournament and subsequently played several outside games. Of these they won sixteen straight games, six of them from teams representing local schools. St. Vincent's was defeated 18-10; St. Patrick's, 18-2; Wizards, 10-6. A Junior team from West Commerce High was swamped by the Blues 22-0. Two games were played with the Emeralds. In these games the guards did very effective work in holding their opponents to low scores, while Burke and McDermott kept busy rolling up scores for the Blues. The first game ended 24-14 in the Blues' favor, but in the second game the Blues broke loose and scored a 41-5 triumph.

In a post season game the Cubs gave the Blues a hard tussle. With the score 14-16 against them Zurlinden for the Blues shot a foul and then with a half minute to play Burke dropped the tip off into the basket for a 17-16 victory.

The Blues took the last game on their home floor and incidentally the sixteenth victory when they defeated the Oak Juniors 15-8. Zurlinden got two field baskets in the first half and in the second Burke's accurate foul shooting kept his team in the running until three baskets in quick succession cinched the contest for the Blues.

The last game of the season ended in a defeat at the hands of the St. Stephen's Casinoes. The Blues put up a plucky fight against their heavy opponents but when the whistle sounded the score stood 19-15 against them.

The Blues scored, during the season, 657 points to their opponents 338.

#### Individual Records

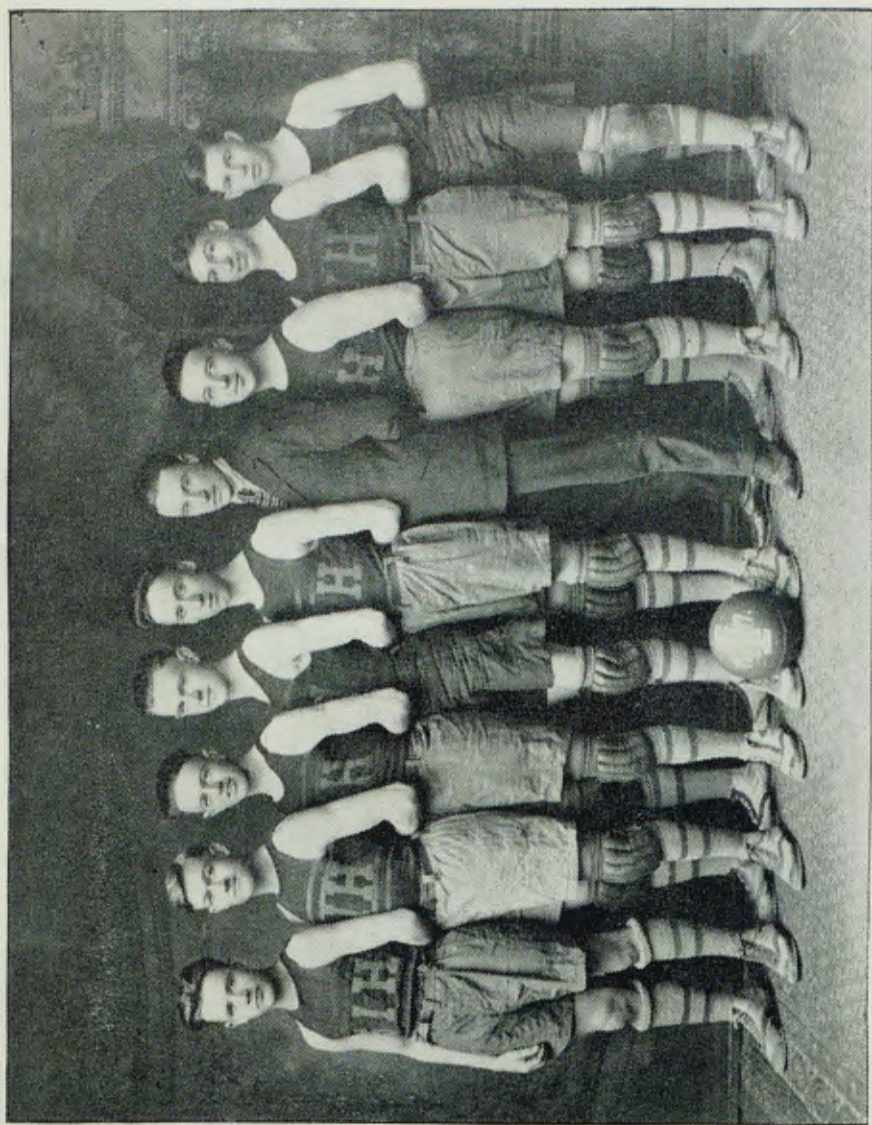
	G.	F.	Pts.
J. Burke, l. f.....	92	33	217
McDermott, r. f.....	79	0	157
J. Gallagher, c. ....	48	0	96
Zurlinden, r. g.....	39	7	85
J. O'Brien, l. g.....	21	2	44
McCarthy, g. ....	16	0	32
Bourgeois, c. ....	11	3	25

#### Standing of Indoor League

	G.	W.	L.	Pct.
Donahue . ....	6	5	1	.835
Learn . ....	8	6	2	.750
McDermott . ....	8	4	4	.500
Hartmann . ....	7	3	4	.429
O'Brien . ....	8	3	5	.375
Kickham . ....	7	2	5	.286

RICHARD P. WALSH, IV High.





ST. IGNATIUS HIGH BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Roth, Craft, Huil, Greulich, Dorsey (Coach), Hayes, Walsh (Captain), Mc Padden

## High School Athletics

The basketball season opened up very auspiciously by a victory over West Commerce on December 13. The outlook was very rosy indeed when Walter Dorsey offered his services to the team as coach. The team won seven games and lost five. When we consider that the schedule was the heaviest ever attempted by any St. Ignatius High team and that it included such teams as East Tech, Lorain High, Akron Central and Loyola we must place the credit where it is due—with the team and the coach.

When the season wound up Bob Craft was chosen as All-Scholastic guard on the second team. He was considered the peer of Cleveland standing guards and the critic explains his absence from the first by

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saying that he picked a scoring team. Captain Walsh was given honorary mention as a forward. Bud was the best foul shooter, with seventy points to his credit, and was third among the point makers with one hundred and forty-four.

#### S. I. H. 30; West Commerce High 13

The first game of the season was a grand old victory for the Blue and Gold. West Commerce boasted of a veteran five and so did we. During the first half, which ended 10-6 in favor of the Ignatians, the play was close. With the start of the second half, however, we simply ran away from the Senate five, piling up twenty points. Commerce only scored one basket in one period. "Bud" Walsh was easily the star of the contest. He caged five baskets and ten fouls.

The Seconds lost 11-10 in an overtime period.

Points scored: Walsh 20, Roth 6, Hull 4.

#### S. I. H. 13; East Tech 22

We were fresh from victory over West Commerce, but the team's fight was unable to overcome the superior weight of the East Side boys. The first half was fairly even, with the breaks against us, and the score stood 10-8. Roth played a beautiful game, but Walsh had an off day. No one could locate the basket except Roth. He score four from the field, while Walsh shot four fouls.

#### S. I. H. 17; Lorain High 20

S. I. H. traveled to Lorain for their third game of basketball. The battle was clean and hard fought with the outcome in doubt until the final whistle. Since Lorain won the championship of the little Big Six, the showing of the team against superior weight and on a strange floor was entirely satisfactory. The Lorain papers said in part: "Lorain was up against a style of play that was something new. It has been a long time since Lorain stacked up against a team that played a five man guarding game. This was the style of playing used by St. Ignatius last night.

"The Cleveland was one of the strongest teams that have played on the local floors for some time and their style of playing was absolutely new. The Saints' team work was excellent and most of their points came from this source. They also had a good guarding team and credit must be given them for their clean playing."

Walsh and Craft were our stars; the former caging seven fouls out of ten attempts, while Craft played a wonderful guarding game.

Points score: Walsh 11, Roth 2, Hull 2, McFadden 2.



**S. I. H. 18; University School 15**

The High School met their ancient rivals on the University floor and came home with the long end of an 18-15 score. The game was a walk-away for our boys during the first half, which ended 16-4; but University came back strong in the second period, and although we had plenty of easy shots there was only one field basket scored by us during this time. Roth rolled it in on the first tip off in less than fifteen seconds. Hohfelder scored thirteen of University's points. Roth and Walsh starred throughout.

Points scored: Roth 6, Walsh 8, Hull 2, McFadden 2.

**S. I. H. 21; Loyola 9**

St. Ignatius High met Loyola on their own floor and though the dope seemed to favor a victory for the East Siders, we came away with the score 21-9 in our favor. Minus the services of Nueracher, who transferred to East Tech, Loyola was helpless on the offensive. Our boys took the lead early in the game and held it to the end. At the end of the first period we were leading by only one point, 7-6. Roth, who was still limping on account of an injury sustained in the University game, retired in favor of Greulich. Bert then proceeded to star. He dropped in three pretty ones from the side lines and was all over the floor. McFadden also caged three on the "guard-up" play. The whole went at a fast pace and the last half looked more like the form exhibited in the West Commerce game. The Loyola players were out of luck on their close shots. The team was royally entertained by the Loyola boys after the game.

Points scored—Loyola: Zucker 5, Smith 2, Dietz 2. S. I. H.: Walsh 7, Greulich 6, McFadden 6, Hull 2.

**S. I. H. 33; St. Vincent's H. S. 11**

St. Vincent's journeyed here from Akron and gave Bud Walsh a chance to pass the century mark in scoring. His total for the season after the game was 106. Bud was in superb form, while the consistent team work of his mates afforded both him and Roth innumerable chances to score. The Akronites found our defense impregnable.

The game was rough but the outcome never in doubt. Roth had to retire again in favor of Greulich.

Our point makers were: Walsh 16, Roth 8, Hull 4, McFadden 2, Craft 2.

**S. I. H. 11; University 14**

Our boys were just fresh from three straight victories, but from the first tip-off it was evident that they were in poor condition. Time after time the ball was taken to the rim of our basket, only to have an easy basket missed. In the second half we kept the ball flying at the basket

but lacked accuracy and only three fell through the ring. Even at that the Saints were leading up to the last three minutes, when three field baskets by University in quick succession put them in the lead to stay. University played a hard game and took advantage of every shot they had. Craft played a good guarding game.

Points: Walsh 9, Roth 2.

#### S. I. H. 15; Lincoln 19

Disasters never come singly. The Hi team lost to Lincoln 19-15. Much credit must be given to Lincoln for their hard, clean game. Both teams used the defensive style of play. But Lincoln broke through by short, snappy passes, while our boys had their longer passes intercepted. St. Ignatius had used the five man defense game for years, but Lincoln beat them at their own game. Walsh scored thirteen of our points, while Roth made 2. Bud, however, was off on his foul shooting. Hayes played a good game at guard.

#### S. I. H. 16; Loyola 12

Loyola came over to pay us a visit and again they were forced to accept defeat by two baskets. The score scarcely indicates the close game Loyola gave us. With three minutes Loyola came up from behind and tied the score, 12-12. Both teams then set up a fast clip, but we got the results. Two pretty long shots by Walsh and one by Roth sewed up the game for us just as the whistle blew.

#### S. I. H. 34; B-W Freshmen 15

The Baldwin-Wallace College Freshmen met us on our floor and received a 34-15 beating. The Hi School team did not have to exert themselves. Walsh and Roth each scored 10 points; Greulich 8, McFadden 4, and Hull 2.

The same evening the College Senior-Soph team defeated the Freshmen 27-26. There was never more than a two point difference in the score at any time, but Carney's basket in the last minute for the Senior-Sophs and O'Brien's failure to cage an easy one for the Freshmen decided the contest.

\* \* \* \*

### THE BALDWIN-WALLACE HIGH SCHOOL TOURNAMENT

#### S. I. H. 15; Glenville High 13

The Saints won the first game of the tournament at Baldwin-Wallace. Though the score was close the team was never forced to exert itself, though at times they were sadly off form. Craft's defensive work was the big factor in winning. This victory put the Saints into the second

round against the Tourney winners. Greulich played a fine game at center.

Points: Walsh 9, Roth 2, Greulich 4.

S. I. H. 12; Akron Central 18

The Saints dropped a hard fought game in the second round to the team that eventually won the tournament and it may be remarked here that we made the champions work harder than any other team did.

The Baldwin-Wallace Exponent says of the game: "In this game the Saints showed that, although small, they had plenty of go and pep in them, tackling the classy Akronites hard and fast. In the first half the play was pretty even, the score being 7-6 in favor of the rubber city men. The second session was equally as exciting and fast as the first, but the Akronites had the edge. The game as a whole was a battle royal between two well balanced teams. Although the Akron team displayed more polish and class, the Ignatians had it over them for pure grit."

Points scored: Walsh 11, Roth 1.

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## Loyola Notes

**Reading of Marks**      The results of the Quarterly Examinations in April showed that the students of Loyola were hard at work at their books despite the irregularities due to the "flu" epidemic.

Several pleasing musical selections were rendered and then the eagerly expected examination results were announced. The laurels in Fourth Year were won by Francis Kren. In Third Year John McHale was the recipient of the premium ribbon. The highest honors in the A Division of Second Year were merited by Joseph Krizman, while Raymond Zucker and Alvin Daughy were declared of equal merit in Division B. Joseph Deucher bore off the palm in First Year.

**Sodality**      With Father Brockmann, S.J., as spiritual director and Carl Turk, '19; Francis Dietz, '19, and George Shea, '19, as prefects, the Sodality has had a very successful year. The Peter's Pence collection during Lent was indicative of the religious fervor of the Sodalists.

It was agreed among the Sodalists that they would each establish a self-denial fund during Lent and that they would contribute to the Peter's Pence the money they ordinarily spent for candy and ice cream. The amount thus collected was an eloquent commentary on the sincere devotion of the Sodalists.

The members of the Sodality were no less generous in their contributions for flowers for the decoration of Our Lady's altar during May. The shrine was always kept well supplied with beautiful flowers throughout the entire month.

Paul Cavanaugh, '19, is Secretary of the Sodality and John McHale, '20, is Treasurer. The Promoters are: Joseph Aldrich, Fourth Year; Aloysius Faehrman, Third Year; John Maynard, Second Year A; Ralph Pfeiffer, Second Year B, and Francis Hribar, First Year.

**The Retreat**      Father Francis J. O'Boyle, S.J., Dean of the Departments of Philosophy and Theology at St. Louis University, gave the students' retreat this year. Father O'Boyle is a well-known retreat master and made a deep and lasting impression upon the boys. He possesses the peculiar charm of an eloquent preacher and clothes sound doctrine in a style that cannot help but captivate. Loyola was very fortunate in obtaining such a capable retreat master.

**Alumni Ordained** Two of the young priests just ordained are Alumni of Loyola. Father Joseph N. Trivosono and Father Albert J. Bishop were members of Loyola's second graduating class. The faculty and students of Loyola have followed with interest the careers of these two young men and now tender them their most heartfelt congratulations and wish them every success in their grand work for God and His Holy Church. Father Wilwerding, S.J., was Assistant Priest at the first Mass of Father Trivosono at Holy Rosary Church.

**Alumni Winners in Intercollegiate Contests** Three of the four men at St. Ignatius College who who honors in the Intercollegiate Contests are Loyola Alumni. In the English Contest Paul E. Murphy of the class of '16 merited fourth place, while in the Latin, eighth and ninth places were won by Raymond R. Matousek and Cletus J. Koubek, both of the class of '18. Paul Murphy won another distinction by taking first place in the Poetry Contest at St. Ignatius College, while Cletus Koubek obtained like honor in the Short Story Contest. We congratulate our former schoolmates and hope to hear of still greater distinctions in the future.

**Newman Literary Society** The Newman Literary Society has had a very successful year. Meetings have been regularly held and the literary efforts of the members have been characterized by a high degree of excellence. The President for this year is David M. Kilway. Francis Dietz is Vice President; Howard Keegan, Secretary, and Carl Turk, Treasurer.

**Newman Quartette** A new feature at our gatherings this year has been the work of the Newman Quartette. They rendered songs at all the entertainments during the year and acquitted themselves in tip top style. They are to be highly commended. The members of the Quartette are: James Smith, Howard Keegan, John O'Hara and Francis Dietz.

**Elocution Contest** Our contest in elocution was held on Wednesday evening, the twenty-eighth of May. The contest was close in each division and the selections were rendered with more than ordinary skill and finish. The musical program, too, was of a high order and all who participated won great applause. The program follows:

Piano Selection.....James Smith

#### FIRST DIVISION (First Year)

Pancratius.....Ralph Kelly  
That Boy Jim.....George Hausser  
The Dandy Fifth.....Francis Hribar  
The Painter of Seville.....Leo Brennan

Violin and Piano Selection.....Gerard Shiffer and Sylvester Gilles

## SECOND DIVISION (Second Year)

Bernardo del Carpio.....	Earl Murray
The Soul of the Violin.....	Leo McPherson
The Other Wise Man.....	Albert Seymour
Where Ignorance Is Bliss.....	Louis Dresky
Vocal Selection.....	Leo Boylan

## THIRD DIVISION (Third and Fourth Years)

Clan-Alpine's Chief.....	John Muhic
Mustered Out.....	David Kilway
Speech of John Adams.....	Paul Cavanaugh
The Lost Word.....	Aloysius Faehrman

## Instrumental Trio:

Violin, Carl Firstos; 'Cello, T. Justin Lynch; Piano, Louis Carrabine

Decision of the Judges

## JUDGES OF THE CONTEST

Dr. R. J. Lawlor

Dr. R. D. Delmege

Mr. Paul E. Murphy

Leo Brennan was selected as the winner in First Division. In Second Division the choice of the judges fell to Leo McPherson, while David Kilway was awarded first place in the Third Division.

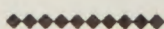
**Graduates** On Monday, June the twenty-third, twenty-four young men will receive their sheep skins and sally fourth to try their spurs in other fields. We wish them every success in whatever walk of life they may now enter. Following are the names of the graduates:

Joseph Aldrich	Howard Keegan	John Mulrooney
Frank Bittenz	Eugene Kelly	George Murphy
Paul Cavanaugh	David Kilway	Raymond Noonan
Frank Dietz	Frank Kren	James Smith
Clayton Drees	Charles McCann	Carl Turk
Harry Geurink	James McGinness	Daniel Wikisal
Anthony Grdina	Clarence Matousek	Albert Zucker
William Herczog	William Mound	Frank Zwilling



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