

The H. C. C. JOURNAL

HAYS CATHOLIC COLLEGE

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ALUMNUS TO BE ORDAINED

Rev. Hyacinth C. Grabbe, O.M.Cap., '25 Will be Raised to the Priesthood at Victoria, Kansas, June 14

The Rt. Rev. Francis J. Tief, D.D., Bishop of Concordia will ordain four young men to the Holy Priesthood on Sunday, June 14, in St. Fidelis Church, Victoria, Kansas. Among those to be ordained will be the Rev. Hyacinth Carl Grabbe, O.M.Cap., a graduate of Hays Catholic College.

The Rev. Hyacinth Carl Grabbe was born at Munjor, Kansas on August 2, 1905. After finishing his grade school work at St. Francis Parochial School he came to Hays Catholic College where he completed his high school and junior college courses. He was graduated in the spring of 1925. In the summer of that year he entered the Capuchin Novitiate at Herman, Penna., and after taking his vows he pursued his studies in philosophy at St. Fidelis Monastery, Victoria, Kans. In 1928 he went to SS. Peter and Paul's Monastery, Cumberland, Md., where he completed three years of Sacred Theology. He will now be ordained and then take up post-graduate work at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Father Hyacinth is the first graduate of Hays Catholic College, who joined the Capuchin Order.

While a student at H.C.C. the school paper was launched and Father Hyacinth was the first editor-in-chief. The Journal joins with his many friends in congratulating him and wishing him a long and fruitful career as a "Priest of God."

Mackey Wins Oratory Contest

Speeches Are Varied and Interesting

The annual oratory contest for the Bishop Tief Medal was held on the evening of May 15. Eight contestants were entered. The subjects chosen for the contest were varied and proved very interesting. The judges were Mr. B. M. Dreiling and Mr. George Gatschet. Following is the program:

The Practical Catholic a Good Citizen Harold Mackey
The Catholic Layman—An example A. Kinderknecht
Pope Gregory the Great.....E. Beilman
The Saint of Molokai.....B. Rohleder
Home to Our Cabin Bliss
Our Boys Will Shine Tonight Quartet
The Catholic in Business..... C. Bahl
The Catholic Position on Prohibition Tony Dechant
The Catholic Layman and Sisters..... Henry Drees
Joan of Arc Harry Maguire
When Roses Bloom Reichardt
Glee Club

The judges awarded first place to Harold Mackey and second place to Tony Dechant. The Journal congratulates all the entrants and especially the winner. In the name of the institution the Journal also thanks the judges for their kindness.

Alexander Pfanenstiel '24 was joined in holy matrimony to Minna Eleonora Koestel on May 25 in St. Joseph's Church, Hays by Rev. Father George, O.M.Cap. Congratulation and best wishes!

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

H. C. C. Alumni Association Elects Officers

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Hays Catholic College Alumni Association was held at the College on Thursday, May 28, 1931. A large and enthusiastic group gathered to discuss the problems of the Association.

At the election the following offices were filled:

Honorary Pres.: Rt. Rev. Francis J. Tief, D.D.

Honorary Vice-Pres.: Rev. Herbert Schehl, O.M.Cap.

Active Pres.: George Ruder.

First Vice-Pres.: Jacob P. Rupp.

Second Vice-Pres.: Richard Dreiling.

Third Vice-Pres.: W. A. Toepfer.

Secy-Treas.: Conrad Rupp.

Historian: George J. Gottschalk.

Chaplain: Rev. Cletus Blockinger, O.M.Cap.

After the elections lunch was served in the Refectory. The afternoon was spent playing ball. In the evening the annual banquet and dance was held at the Lamer Hotel.

Alumni banquet program:
Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here.....
Led by Otto Weigel

Invocation Fr. Frederic, O.M.Cap

Address of Welcome
..... Fr. Herbert, O.M.Cap., Director

Vocal Solo—"Sing, Sing, Birds on the Wing Miss Regina Brull

Response Geo. J. Gottschalk

Music Otto Weigel

Introduction of New Officers by A. J. Kuhn, Pres. Emeritus.

Address—The Past V. A. Weigel

Music "Rusty" Schmidt

Address—The Future.....G. W. Gatschet

Saxophone Solo—Norwegian Cradle Song Miss Regina Brull

America Assembly

J. Don Blevins, Toastmaster.

The Alumni have formed a baseball club. All the scribe knows about it is that Dr. A. A. Herman '12 is business manager. For further information as to membership, schedule, standing, prospects, etc., call him.

21st Annual Commencement

Thirteen are Graduated from High School, 20 Promoted from Junior High—Medals Awarded

The Twenty-first Annual Commencement Exercises of the Hays Catholic College was held in the College Auditorium on Wednesday, May 27. The Rt. Rev. Francis J. Tief, D.D., Bishop of Concordia gave the Commencement address and also awarded the Diplomas and gold medals. This was the last commencement held in the old building. To emphasize this Tony Dechant gave the speech: A Fond Farewell.

Thirteen young men were graduated from the high school departments and twenty boys were promoted from the Junior to the Senior High school. Here is the Commencement Program:

Professional—Priests March from Athalia Mendelssohn

Orchestra

Salutatory Ernest Peay

Listen to the Lambs Dett

Mixed Chorus

A Fond Farewell Tony Dechant

Address

Londonderry Air Roberts

Orchestra

A Vision of the Future.....E. Beilman

Address

Bells of St. Mary's Adams

Male Glee Club

Valedictory Harold Mackey

Heavens Are Declaring.....Beethoven

Mixed Chorus

AddressRt. Rev. F. J. Tief, D.D

Awarding of Diplomas.....

..... Rev. Fr. Herbert, O.M.Cap.

Holy God We Praise Thy Name Assembly

Recessional Orchestra

Class Roll—J. Harold Mackey, Ernest Peay, Jr., Alfred Koch, Richard R. Rupp, Anthony Wasinger, Anton P. Klenda, Joseph S. Palen, Richard F. Keberlein, Arnold L. Schandler, Alphonse A. Schmidt, Henry Leiker and Roy F. Eaton, Bernard J. Rohleder.

Class Motto: "The Road Called Toil Leads to the City of Success." Class Flower: White Carnation; Class Colors: Blue and White.

FINAL RECITAL IN MUSIC

Many Numbers on Program—Freshman Present Play

The final music recital of the school year was held on Tuesday evening, May 12. The program was a long one, but was well rendered and was enjoyed by a large audience. After the recital the freshman class presented a one-act play.

The program follows:

Royal Kingdom—March Brown Orchestra

Piano—Dance of the Wild flowers Isidore Stecklein

Voice—Mighty Lak' a Rose..... Nevin Marvin Dinges

Voice—Requiem Homer Robert Dreiling

Piano Duet—Jolly Company Polka..... Alfred and Francis Brull

Voice—The Palm Tree..... Arthur Brungardt

Violin—The Pony Race.....Krosgman Leonard Schenk

Voice—Carry Me Back to Old Virginia Bland George Schaefer

Piano—St. Paul Walz Vaas Charles Bahl

Voice—Morning Oley Speaks Louis Dreiling

Violin—Holiday Walz Schmidt Mike Stecklein

Piano—Scotch Poem McDowell George Schaefer

When Roses Bloom Reichardt Male Glee Club

Lead Kindly Light Newman Mixed Chorus

Voice—Duna McGill John Vosecky

Piano—Orvetta Walz Spencer Alphonse Linnenberger

Voice—By the Waters of Minnetonka Frank Stecklein

Violin—Turkish March Schmidt Edwin Weigel

Piano—A Quiet Minuet Aletter Wendlin Sander

Violin—Intermezzo Siebold Paul Sauer

Voice—Sylvia Oley Speaks Edward Dreiling

Voice—A Heart Paved Down.....Balfe Rudolph Brungardt

Quartet—Home to My Cabin.....Bliss

Our Boys Will Shine Tonight * * *

Tarcisius, or the Martyr of the Blessed Sacrament

By the Freshman Class, Assisted by the Junior High School

Dionysius—A Venerable Priest Charles Bahl

Tarcisius—An Orphan Child Victor Leiker

Quadratus—A Christian Soldier..... Benedict Wasinger

Christians—

Simeon Tony Dechant

Jacillus Jerome Rome

Damian Clarence Grabbe

Street Urchins—

Petilius Alfred Schuvie

Juda Aloysius Rupp

Pedro Arthur Schlyer

The coming marriage of Francis Staab '27 to Miss Margaret Mackey has been announced. Mr. Staab has the position of high school coach at St. Louis University.

Patronize Our Advertisers

THE HANDS OF A PRIEST

We need them in life's early morning,
We need them again at its close;
We feel their warm clasp of true friendship,

We seek them when tasting life's woes.

When we come to this world we are sinful,

The greatest as well as the least,
And the hand that makes us pure as angels

Is the beautiful hand of a priest.

At the altar each day we behold them,
And the hands of a king on his throne

Are not equal to them in their greatness—

Their dignity stands all alone;
For there, in the stillness of morning,
Ere the sun has emerged from the East,

Their God rests between the pure fingers

Of the beautiful hands of a priest.

And when we are tempted and wander
To pathways of shame and of sin
'Tis the hand of a priest will absolve us—

Not once, but again and again;
And when we are taking life's partner.

Other hands may prepare us a feast
But the hand that will bless and unite us,

Is the beautiful hand of a priest.

God bless them and keep them all holy
For the Host Which their fingers caress:

What can a poor sinner do better
Than to ask Him Who chose them to bless?

When death-dews on our eyelids are falling,
May our courage and strength be increased

By seeing raised o'er us in blessing
The beautiful hand of a priest!

—Irish Catholic.

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FOR THE CONQUERING

Education is a grand thing, but it has its pitfalls. The poet says, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The really wise man is the man that knows that he knows but little. The pedant may look inaccessible behind his fortress of books, but a few thrusts from a learned pen show what a flimsy embankment his fortress is. True knowledge is simplicity, and true simplicity is wisdom.

Even the truck driver knows some tricks of the trade that a student won't find in his textbooks. And there's Mother at home—she may not be able to tell who won the battle of Hastings but she can make good pies. Mother and Dad are the pathfinder for our modern culture, and the young man that thinks little of them for being uneducated is in the same position as the President of the Union Pacific Railroad would be if he were to pass the Irish Martyrs' resting place and sneer: "The old fools! They came out this far and lay down on the job, and I run a million dollars worth of wheat over the rails."

Learning is not a useless thing. In fact, it would be a poor world without it. That's why we have colleges. But the wise graduate is not the one that leaves his Alma Mater with a sheepskin under his arm and a supercilious smile of wisdom on his face, but the one who leaves with a reverent bow and goes out into the world or goes up higher in educational circles with a beginner's capacity for learning. Nobody ever learned to swim from a book, and no graduate ever caught the world by the horns by brandishing his diploma. The diploma is just a Mother's blessing, as her son starts out to grapple with the world. Graduates, the world is yours—for the conquering. —G. S.

COMMENCEMENT

Graduation is here. It is the time which every student looks forward to throughout his high school career. He has reached that part of his life which is most desirable to all men, from the most prosperous to the common laborer—his goal.

The graduate has reached the climax of youth with all its glory to take up his position in the big game of life where he is to show his metal. It is the end and the beginning—the end of youth and all that is imaginary and the beginning of life in reality.

Although commencement is destined to be one of the happiest moments in the student's life, as the time draws near there is a thought connected with it that seems to sadden him.

It is the thought of the disunion of that class which has taken its members up and down the tide of life for four years or more. Together they have witnessed joyful events and sorrowful ones; hard boiled professors and lenient ones. But now the time has come when they must disband. That beautiful union of the class room must be broken.

The graduate has come to the period in life where he no longer deals with imaginary problems. From now on he must cope with things that are "genuine" in nature. He must pay dearly for any little slip or mistake, therefore he must go into the game "heads up."

The graduate has gained the respect of all. He has triumphed over four years of hard work. All eyes are turned in his direction. Men of the world are looking the graduates over for material. Their every move is being watched, every move being classed as desirable or undesirable to these leaders of men. The graduate must pass his screen test.

Years after the graduate will look back upon his commencement as something to revive his hopes just as anticipation of commencement spurred him on to do better class room work.

A FOND FAREWELL

The joys of life are many—its privileges great—its pleasures manifold and intense; yet even in the happiest hours and the most hilarious rejoicing comes to our mind the sad thought "This too, shall pass away." This is a fate from which we cannot escape, no matter how much we try. Many students have come to this institution. Four short years has been the span of their life here, years of youthful happiness, days free from care and sorrow. They have come and gone, "like ships that pass in the night." But it is not often in the history of an educational institution that students not only bid "God speed" to those who are being graduated, but also take farewell of the home that has sheltered them.

When the startling information was circulated months ago that this was to be our last year in this building when we learned that our future school days were to be spent amid new surroundings, our hearts were filled with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—joy for what the future had in store for us, sorrow for the sundering of ties that are dear to us. To be sure the information was not altogether unexpected for we had long hoped and prayed for such an event. Still, we were loathe to think that the time had come when we were to quit the scene of so many happy days in the lives of so many students.

The life of the school has been short just twenty-three years. But in this short span of time, she has fulfilled her destiny, she has produced fruit in abundance, she has been a bulwark of good in Western Kansas. No matter what walks of life we consider, no matter what profession we investigate, we shall always find representatives of this school. Priests, doctors, lawyers, civic and business men, all number within their ranks alumni of

Hays Catholic College. The 250 graduates who have passed from her portals have reflected glory on their Alma Mater; with but few exceptions, they have been recognized as leaders in their respective communities. Within the period of her existence, 483 students have been enrolled and felt the influence of her kindly teaching. They have gone forth to proclaim to the world the results of the lessons that were taught them to make them men of character, models of religious action, and an inspiration to their fellow citizens.

There is an old truth in life that the flock reflects the care of shepherd, that children are like their parents, that students resemble their teachers. Weighing the results of Hays Catholic College according to this standard, the teachers of this school stand forth as eminently successful. When we therefore bid a fond farewell to our present home, we would be remiss in our duty, if we would fail to give proper credit to you, our dear teachers. Often and often, in the days to come, when we are thrown upon our own resources, our minds will travel back to you and we shall be mindful of the noble principles and lofty ideals you have instilled into us. We can never repay you as we may wish, but we hope that the day will come when standing before the Great White Throne of the Divine Judge, who knows all, you will receive the just reward of your labors.

As I stand here this evening to discharge the painful duty of taking farewell, I am forcefully reminded of a scene familiar to us all in Bible history. In the Old Testament there is a picture of an old man sitting in front of the door of his small cottage. From morning till night he remains there immovable. His eyes stare into space, but they see not; for he is blind. Occasionally he turns his head to listen, as footsteps approach; at times he smiles as he recognizes the footsteps of one who is dear to him. They are the footsteps of his beloved son, Tobias. One day there came the time when the aged father, feeling that his days were numbered on this earth, called the boy to him and said: "Hear, my son, the words of my mouth, and lay them as a foundation in your heart. He then proceeded to give him his fatherly advice, which would sustain him in every crisis of life. When the old man had finished; the boy said: "I will do all things, Father, which thou hast commanded me."

O Home, that has sheltered us, tonight we are taking leave of you. But like Tobias, thou art not to die. Thy spirit shall pass into a newer and greater glory. Thy teachings we shall lay as a foundation in our hearts. Thy precepts shall ever accompany us. Thy love shall ever encourage us. We shall do all things thou hast commanded.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE

The Commencement which we are observing this evening will always stand out as one of the most memorable in the history of our school, for it marks a turning point in the history of our existence. Tonight we stand at the cross-roads. We have completed the first stage in our long journey. In a spirit of hope and confidence we look forward to the future that lies before us.

Next September when the curtain shall rise on a new school year, we shall be found in new surroundings, enjoying the conveniences of one of the best schools in the State of Kansas. Our Right Rev. Bishop, who has ever been a true father to us, has realized that Catholic education in

Western Kansas would be a potent factor in the maintenance and spread of the Faith. He has therefore built for us a new St. Joseph's College. We are of the opinion that the building which His Excellency is providing for us is second to none in beauty and architecture.

It is our intention to prove our gratitude to him. We hope that we shall justify his confidence in us. Not only shall it be our endeavor to scale the heights of scholarship, but it is our purpose to build an edifice of spirituality that will be an impetus for good in Western Kansas.

Our new school has a very definite destiny to fulfill. To-day as we look around upon the world, and unflinchingly examine the signs of the times, we can not help but note the smoldering fires of gathering storm and stress. Conditions may arise which will cause even the most determined to waiver. But amid the fire and fury of disturbed humanity, there will stand a mediator, and that will be the Church and her institutions. In the front line of battle St. Joseph's College will take her place, using her influence to stem the tide of disorder and irreligion. It will be her destiny to train men who will be willing to shoulder their share of the burden in maintaining the welfare of our beloved country and humanity.

She will welcome within her walls students preparing for the various professions in life. It will be her chosen and honored task to take a hand in the training of God's priests.

Next to her heart will the boy from the farm. Realizing that the future welfare of the country depends upon the rural population, special attention will be given to problems that daily face the family.

To show that she is not impartial, all due attention will be given to those who choose to follow a business career.

Following in the footsteps of the Divine Master, St. Joseph's College will endeavor to be "all to all." We realize that much of her success will depend on her students. Speaking as their representative, I pledge our undying loyalty. We shall always try to reflect glory upon our school, our Alma Mater. We, as the coming men of tomorrow, will try to fill our place in the nation. Inspired by the lessons taught us at St. Joseph's College we shall fight as all men must, we will work in whatever is our station, we will endeavor to endure through the long day of life until at the coming of night we may have the satisfaction of having gloriously finished our course.

To the H.C.C. Journal Advertisers:

During the past year we have tried to do our best to please our advertisers. We hope that we have fulfilled our obligation and given you the service that you looked forward to, and as a result we hope it has brought you the success and business that we wanted it to bring. We have tried our best to give you the kind of an ad you desired and tried to make the ad as attractive as possible. In the future we will try to give you better service and we hope you will continue to cooperate with us. I'm sure the boys people, and subscribers of the Journal have patronized you one hundred per cent. Again we wish to thank you for the wonderful support we have received from you throughout the year to make our College paper—The H.C.C. Journal—a success.

We remain at your service,

—The Advertising Manager.

SENIOR SALLIES

Klenda, Peay and Koch finish their baseball career at the H. C. A.

All the Seniors attended the banquet given by the Alumni. And most of them were called upon to give a speech.

Three of the Seniors were awarded baseball letters.

Seniors are packing their things and are getting ready to leave their old Alma Mater.

Rupp and Mackey represented the school as a double team in tennis; so far they have defeated Ellis, Plainville, and Russell.

Tony "Poosh" Klenda has been captain of the baseball club this season.

Alphonse "Rusty" Schmidt and Joseph "Cowboy" Palen entertained at the annual Alumni smoker. "Rusty" with his voice and guitar and Joe with his rope.

We are wondering whether the strange ring that Klenda has been wearing will be returned before school is out.

R. Rupp blew a horn the other day after prayer in one of our classes. Rupp and the rest of our class had a good laugh. But after class Rich was seen in the study hall writing, so it wasn't so funny after all was it Rich?

Koch: Television will add to the charms of the home and bring into it everything that the theater can offer.

Rohleder: "How about a place to park your gum?"

Rohleder seems to have something on his mind besides his lessons. H. Leiker said it was dust. That ought to be a wise crack, Henry, but we doubt it.

Prof: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"
Keberlein: "At the bottom."

"Now," said the Prof. "I am going to tell you about the hippopotamus but you will have no idea what it is like unless you pay strict attention and look at me."

Peav: "Klenda, do you snore when you sleep?"

Klenda: "Well, when do you think I snore?"

Joe Palen is getting very industrious of late, at least he is seen writing a lot; maybe there is another reason for his writing?

WILD HORSES AND THE COUNTRY THEY LIVE IN

In some of our Western States such as Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, Utah, Oregon and others a vain effort is being made to rid the range country of its thousands of wild horses that range from Canada down to Mexico. These wild horses take the place of much livestock, for the reason that a horse will eat much more than a cow or sheep.

In catching these horses different methods are used, all depending upon the country they are hunted in. In a

country where the land is rough two methods are generally used, one way is to chase these horses into a corral in the form of a spade, and another to build a corral around their usual water hole and to keep a watch on the others until these horses are forced to go to their water hole and are thus trapped. In a country where the land is not so rough these horses are run down and roped by cowboys riding on horses in relays.

During the World War wild horse hunting was profitable because they sold from thirty to forty dollars a head but now the wild horse hunter usually goes broke because from the sale of a wild horse he only realizes from fifty cents to three dollars a head.

Sometimes a person will pick up a magazine or a newspaper wherein a story is contained of the last of the wild horses being rounded up and their range country being broke up. Well, the person that writes these stories doesn't realize how big the West is and the large number of wild horses that range there.

Those who visit or who move to the western states naturally spend most of their time in the more settled regions and travel along the main highways. In this way they don't find the West as it really is, but if these people would exchange "honk for bronc" and do a little inland riding they would soon have a different idea of the West.

According to the latest government statistics up until 1925 the State of Utah has 1,715,000 acres of cultivated land from its 52,500,000 acres. Nevada has 71,000,000 acres but not much more than 500,000 are as yet cultivated. In one county in Texas there are 962,000 acres, 12 per cent can bear crops but at present only half of one per cent is cultivated. Even the State of California with its large cities one twentieth of the State is under cultivation and 94 per cent of the State is devoted directly or indirectly to the livestock industry.

From these figures we have a vague idea of the range country to be found in the Western States. Thus, we can readily realize that there are ranches larger than some states, and that the wild horses still have a place to roam.

The cowboys who hunt wild horses are generally in the game for the love of the sport. They admire these horses because of their cunning, alertness, and fleetness. But, he doesn't quite

"savey" the idea of canning them and using them as human food, or making soap of them to wash his shirts with.

A person was once brought to court in Oregon for attempting to dynamite a horse-meat canning plant. The person pleaded guilty and said, "I couldn't help it, I am cowboy and I love horses, I can't bear to think of people eating them." —Joe Palen.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomores have had their finals and are beginning to wonder what next year will be like.

Rudy was kept out of school several days on account of poison ivy, but is getting over it nicely.

Henry Drees and Tony Kinderknecht represented the Sophomores in the Bishop's Oratory Contest, May 15th.

Prof: "Wolf, what do we get from India?"

Wolf: "Hides."

Prof: "What kind of hides?"

Wolf: "Animal hides."

General Merchandise and Implements

at

LEIKER'S

Prof: "Staab, what else do we get from India?"

Staab: "They've got some kind of a tree there that they take the bark from it to make quinine, which is used for ah-ah-ah to make spices."

EXCHANGES

Sixty-eight awards given to students for outside work. Glee Club and Tennis letters given first time this year.—SCHOOL LIFE, Jetmore, Kansas.

The Exchange Department wishes to thank all the Exchanges of the past school term and we hope to see them all back again with us at the beginning of the new school term.

—EXCHANGE EDITOR.

Musings:—A lot of people would never talk about you if we didn't have backs.

The good die young; and the old dye hair.

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OUR MOTTO

"The Road Called Toil Leads to the City Called Success." We do not believe that we, as a class, could have selected any more inspiring words than these. Everybody, whether he knows it or not, has one predominating principle in his life—one supreme influence—one inspiring force—by which all his acts are shaped and arranged.

As a class we feel that we have worked hard. We have not done our work extraordinarily well—perhaps not being boys of exceptional brilliance—but we do have the supreme satisfaction of knowing that we tried hard and that we have done our very best.

We have chosen our motto with a wisdom surpassing that of earth, because it was due to the guidance and inspiration of Heaven itself. Stepping forth into the great, untried world of human endeavor and struggle, we are determined to bend every act and ambition to follow the road called "toil" which leads to the city called "Success." Words as these in their truest meaning, center deep in our hearts. Well do we know what the world will demand of us: well do we look forward to the future of our lives as we glance across the great seas of activity: be their waters calm as they are now pictured to us; or be they stirred by the rude streams of misfortune, yet which may be our lot, each heart must yield for we have learned the lessons of the providence of God—Who orders all things well, Lessons we trust we shall never forget, lessons the memory of which will oft recur to our minds and whose only peace may sustain us in the world's many cares; their fruits, too, lift our hearts to higher things in the path of duty on which we are now prepared to tread.

As the future lies before us, and searching deep into its precipice who but God can pierce its depth? But grasping one by one the joys that await to sweeten the cares and trials we meet, we stop in adoration to the wise beneficence of the Most High. If we cannot live again the joys of these years their fruit is ours. What we have gained can never be taken from us and though none of us may ever become great in the world's eyes the science of true greatness will ever be ours.

Our Colors

We believe in our colors. We believe that it is fitting for all individuals, or hands of individuals to show their colors bravely and boldly that the world and their friends may know exactly where they stand. We believe in our colors implicitly, because they symbolize all that a perfect life should be at the beginning of its course through the world's work, and we shall make it one of the dominating ends and aims of our ambition to force the world, through our exemplification, to believe in them too.

We chose the blue of truth for our foundation—the blue of the sky and the sea, and of all eternal things that are as true and as high as the heavens, and as deep and as unending as the ocean. With this blue we blend the pure white. Truth and purity always stand together. If a man wants to be truthful he has to be pure in mind and body.

Like many of the saints we should come forth from the trials of life with the white of pure unsullied actions free from all dross, and may we walk forth to our duties holding aloft our colors of blue and white, feeling that they are emblems of purity and loyalty. We are still further encouraged

by the colors of our nation's flag; to face our destinies with Christian courage, and patriotism, knowing if we but grasp the true significance of the two groups of colors; the blue and white, and red, white and blue, our lives will shine with purity, patriotism, and unity, in our service to Almighty God and our fellow-men.

Happy shall we be if we allow nothing to interfere with the first impressions we have here received; thrice happy we if these same impressions be already so graven, so stereotyped as it were, in the mould in which each individual character is cast that nothing will ever be able to obliterate them to hinder them remaining as an essential part of our life.

THE MAN IN BLUE

Down by the gate each morn I wait
For a little man in blue,
Who comes a-whistling all the way
And saying, "How d'e do."

How anxiously I've watched for him
Throughout the fleeting years,—
He's brought me grief and many joys
And soothed my empty fears.

I've been away from home so long,
I'm lonely as can be,
How glad I'll be to see him bring
Mom's love again to me.

For she is old and ailing, too,
And may not live so long,—
I wonder where he is to-day,—
There must be something wrong!

Perhaps 'tis well he does not come,
Though I never thought he'd fail—
Perhaps I'd hear that Mom had died
If he should bring the mail.

—F.S.

A FIREMAN'S POSITION

In case you have a disposition which calls for excitement and danger you should by all means be a fireman.

Besides, if you happen to have such a disposition you are likely to have only moderate tastes and can get along on a salary which does not permit you to be extravagant, therefore you can save enough money during your active period of life as a fireman to provide for you in your old age.

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Likewise, if you use your head and seek to win the favor of your superiors, you may be able to acquire one of the higher offices which will pay you an ample income.

Furthermore, provided you are fairly alert and are good at taking care of yourself, have a mind that acts with precision in spite of excitement and danger, you will not be running such a risk as a fireman, and these features will also help you gain advancement.

And finally, if you are in the habit of putting your mind to work at some business or difficult problem when you are not doing bodily labor, it will help you avoid the monotony of a fireman's life, will improve your thinking capacity and even advance you socially. H. M. '32.

Rudolph A. Diehl '28 has a candidate for the class '49. Here's wishing the youngster good health and long life. "Rudy" by the way, lives at Ness City.

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ALUMNI DONATE MEDALS

Awarded for Scholarship to Members of Each Class

The Alumni Association of Hays Catholic College donated four medals to be awarded to the student of each class who distinguished himself for scholarship. This year they were awarded to the following:

Senior Class: Alfred Koch.
Junior Class: Frank Windholz.
Sophomore Class: Wendelin Sander.
Freshman Class: Edmund Rupp.

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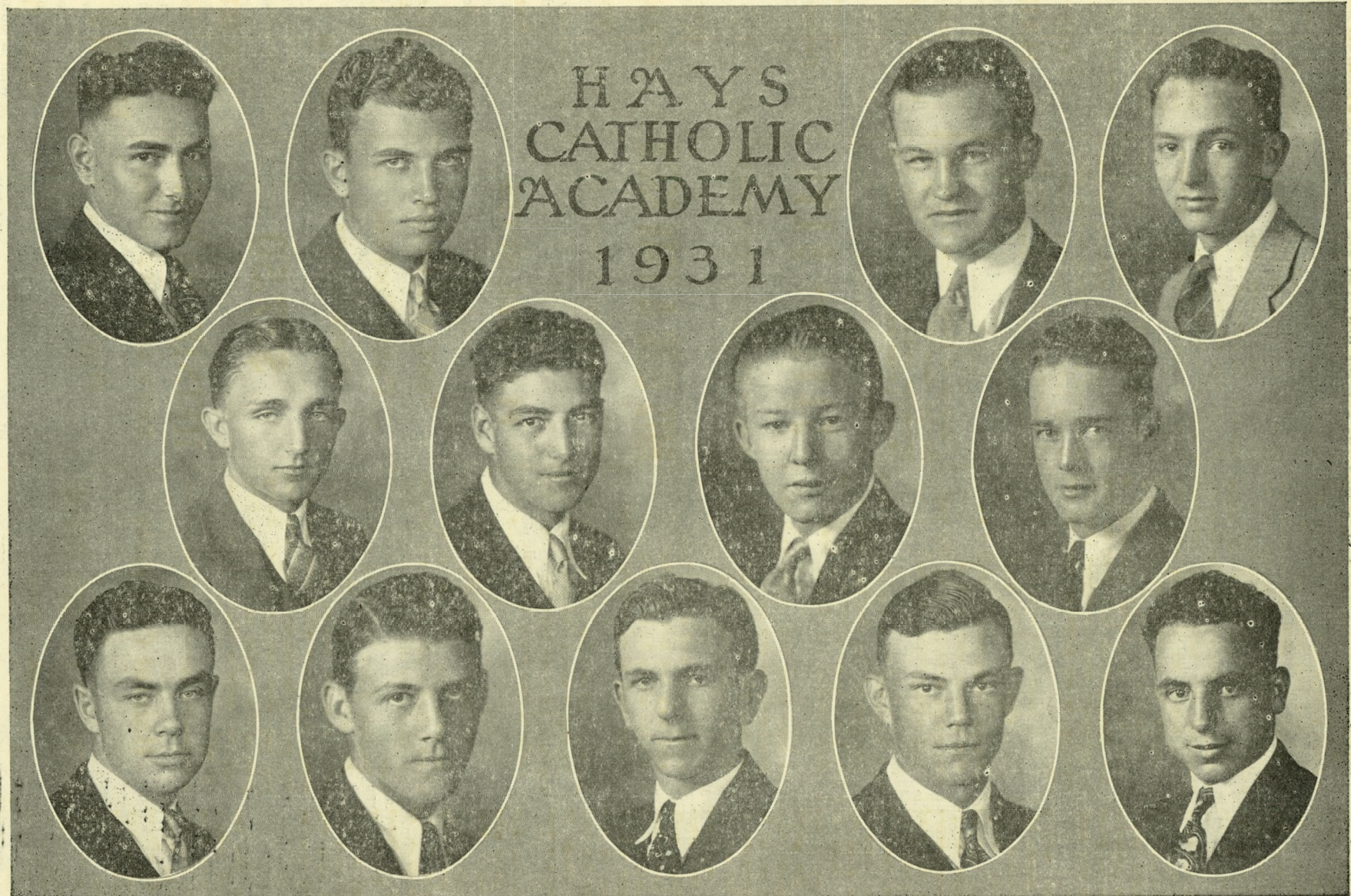
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Under Tholen's Jewelry

TOP ROW—Anthony Wasinger, Bernard J. Rohleder, Roy F. Eaton, Joseph S. Palen.

MIDDLE ROW—Anton P. Klenda, Arnold L. Schandler, Alphonse A. Schmidt, J. Harold Mackey.

BOTTOM ROW—Ernest Peay, Jr., Richard R. Rupp, Richard F. Keberlein, Alfred J. Koch, Henry Leiker.



WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

Eaton, Roy F., Hays, Kansas. Age 19. Eaton started with the class as a Freshman and continued through his Sophomore and half of his Junior year, but at this time circumstances caused him to have to quit school for the remainder of the term, but he came back again this year and by hard work, which is characteristic of him, he has been able to be graduated with the class with which he started. He was in the Glee Club for two years and in several of the Academy's plays. Eaton's ability to face hardships with a smile is bound to be a big asset to him in whatever work he undertakes.

Klenda, Anthony P. Tampa, Kansas. Age 17. "Poosh" has been with the class for but two years, having come here after going to St. John's high school at Pilson, Kansas, for his first two years of high school. He made one letter in football and one in baseball, besides being captain of the baseball team the past season. Tony's good humor and hearty laugh will long be remembered by all who knew him.

Keberlein, Richard F. Hays, Kansas. Age 21. "Rich" joined us for our Sop-

homore year and by his jolly character immediately became one of the "bunch." He made one letter in football and three in basketball. He also had the honor of being Captain of the basketball team during his Junior year. By his quiet sensible ways Rich makes friends with all who came in contact with him. Rich is another who will surely make good.

Koch, Alfred J. Spearville, Kansas. Age 17. "Koch" has been a class member for all four years. During this time in the way of athletics he has earned two letters in football, one in basketball and one in baseball. Aside from athletics, in the class room Koch has been a leader in his studies having won the scholarship medal for three consecutive years. For the past year Koch has been editor in chief of the H.C.C. Journal and on reading our paper one needs no explanation as to how well he carried out his work. Koch will be remembered in the class room and on the Athletic field as a real scholar and athlete and will be remembered by both students and faculty.

Leiker, Henry. Munjor, Kansas. Age 20. "Hank" has been with the class for three years coming from Hays High school where he went for his Freshman year. "Hank" is another of our more quiet fellowmen but we can judge from his nickname "The Old Reliable," which he received from his football playing, what kind of a character he really is. He made three letters in football and had the honor of never tasting defeat in the twenty games in which he played. He will be remembered for his healthy blush while being teased and his extraordinary ability for arguing.

Mackey, J. Harold. Hays, Kansas. Age 19. "Mac" has been with the class for all four years and has been a leading character in all school activities during this time. He has made three letters in football, three in basketball and played on the Academy double team in Tennis. He was Captain of the 1931 basketball team. He has also taken a leading part in all school plays put on the last three years. On top of this he has distinguished himself as an orator. First by representing Ellis Co. at Ellsworth this year for the District Oratory Contest, and second, by winning the Bishop Tief Oratory Medal in a contest held by the school. He was President of the class during his Freshman year, vice president during his Sophomore and Senior years and class reporter during his Junior. He was also Associate editor of the H.C.C. Journal during the past year. "Mac" has made himself a model in almost everything that he has undertaken and will long be remembered by the faculty as well as the students.

Palen, Joseph S. Hays, Kansas. Age 18. Joe is another who started with the class as a Freshman and stuck it out the full four years, and is now going to be rewarded by graduation. Joe is a man of few words but has an ever ready smile. He will be remembered for his stories about ranches and the West and on his ability to do tricks with a rope.

Peay, Ernest Jr. Spearville, Kansas. Age 19. "Stiny" is another who has participated in almost every leading activity of the school. He has spent all four years at H.C.C. and during this time he has made four letters in football, two in basketball and one in baseball. As a fitting reward for his services on the gridiron, he was chosen Captain of the football team during his last year. He was chosen class president during his Sophomore year and was re-elected every succeeding year. He was a member of the Glee

Club for two years and took a leading part in dramatics. He was also exchange editor for the school paper. Peay will long be remembered by sports admirers as well as his professors and the students. His place on the athletic field, in the classroom and on the campus in general will be hard to fill.

Rupp, Richard R. Hays, Kansas. Age 17. "Rich" is another who has been with the class all four years. He has taken part in many of the plays given by the Academy and was on the double tennis team during the last Spring. Rich has been holding a business position during his spare time and we are sure that if he keeps on he will succeed in life.

Rohleder, Bernard J. Victoria, Kansas. Age 17. Victoria lost a good student and character when Ben decided to come to the Academy for his Junior year. Ben could not participate in any athletics because of an injured side, but whenever anything had to be done to the athletic field in order to prepare for a game, you could always count on him to be a willing helper. Ben has a record of which we agree with him he can be proud, that of not missing a single day during his high school career. He is our only classical student but despite this extra work he is among the first in high averages. Ben is bound to make good in the world because of the untiring energy that he gives anything that he undertakes.

Schandler, Arnold L. Leoville, Kansas. Age 18. "Jack" has been with the class for but one year, but by his good humor and sportsmanship, he is as much one of the bunch as any other. The one thing we regret about Jack is that he was not with us for a longer time. Jack's winning smile and easy temper will aid him much when he gets out into the world.

Schmidt, Alphonse A. Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Age 18. "Rusty" as the nickname implies, has red hair, and with this has the honor of being the only red haired one in the class. He is another of the class who has been here for all four years. He has been studying electricity on the side and has made great headway in this line. He will be remembered for his ability to entertain with his voice and guitar.

Wasinger, Anton. Colver, Kansas. Age 21. Whenever we think of Wasinger we think of a fellow with curly hair and who can run like a deer. "Tony" has shown his speed as a halfback on the football team for three years, and at several different track meets. He was chosen class reporter in his Senior year, and we can truthfully say that he did a very good job. For some secret reason Wasinger is liked wherever he goes and we are almost sure that this same will happen to him after he leaves school.

—Class Historian '31.

CLASS PROPHECY

Oh, I am so tired and have such a headache. I think I'll fill my pipe, sit in my old favorite chair and look out of the window over the landscape. Just look at those flowers, trees, houses, streets and homes. Would you believe me if I told you that only 29 years ago this block only had one small house on it? I can remember it so vividly. Why, I used to walk across there every day going to school. I never will forget those good old days. "Martha, bring me my old scrap book. I believe it is in my old trunk. Thank you." You old scrap book with your torn pages and yellow from age. Some times I don't know what I would

do without you. You are precious to me. Funny isn't it, just how words and pictures can fill your mind with dearest memories. I wonder where this picture was taken?

"Mr. Mackey, some one to see you." "Show them in please. Why, Peay, old fellow, what in the world are you doing here. Why, you haven't changed a bit." "You don't look so bad yourself, Mackey." "Same old kiddier, sit down; have a cigar. Now tell me what you have been doing and all about yourself, seen any of our school mates, know anything about them and why in the world did you ever come back to Hays, I guess I had better let you answer those questions before I ask any more." "Well, I was on my way from Denver to Kansas City to attend to some of my oil affairs." "When you started to work driving an oil truck in Spearville I never thought you would turn out to be the president of that oil company. How in the world did you ever work yourself up, Peay?" "Oh, its a long story but I worked hard and saved my money. Then I built a service station and made good on it. I kept building one here and there and now—well, this is the result. Now tell me, how did you become editor-in-chief of the Hays Daily News?" "I thought that was coming. Well, when I finished school at St. Joseph's College, I got a job as a reporter, you know what I mean, writing news and so on. I stayed with them and as years went on I was promoted until now all I do is see that everything is done properly."

"Mackey, do you remember Alfred Koch?" "Sure I do. Remember the time he carried a certain young ladies clothes basket home after the play, 'Lighthouse Nan,' I'll never forget that, we kidded the life out of him about that and some one said they admired him for his act of chivalry. Now, what were you going to say about him?" "He is a lawyer and is now living in St. Louis, I saw him there last year and he asked all about you and the rest of the class. From what I heard he is doing very well, he always was good along that line, wasn't he? Mackey, do you have a match, this cigar won't stay lit." "Don't go kicking about my cigars because they are three for a nickel cigars and I use them to give to my guests. That is why I am smoking a pipe." "While I was in St. Louis, Koch and I went out to see the St. Louis Cardinals and the K. C. Blues play baseball and, who, in the world do you suppose we saw—Anton Klenda. He was playing with the Cardinals. Tony always was a baseball fan and I rather thought he would follow that profession." "Speaking of baseball, I saw a good game in Chicago a few months ago myself. After the game I went back to the hotel and as I was waiting for the elevator some one walked up and said, 'Hello stranger.' I looked him over and at first couldn't recognize him, then it dawned on me that it was Bernard Rohleder. He is a great musician now and is playing in Paul Whittman's orchestra. He said he traveled around with a tent show for three years. He grew tired of that, so joined the Salvation Army and while playing on a street corner in Philadelphia some one foresaw his talent and the result was he signed

a contract with Whittman's orchestra. I believe he said he played a piccolo. We had a nice long chat and he also said he saw Richard Keberlein, you remember him don't you?"

"Sure, he was the gray matter of our bookkeeping class."

"Well, Rich is on the bum. Rohleder said he gave him fifty cents to get something to eat. I guess he hadn't eaten a square meal since he got out of school. Every time he got a dollar he would look at it and say, I didn't have you yesterday and I won't need you tomorrow, so here you go."

"Speaking of bumming, while I was in Denver, just yesterday I saw Anton Wasinger taking a walk with an officer to the police station. I found out later he was arrested for selling a patent medicine without a license, on a street corner. He really amounted to more than I thought he would."

"Pardon me for interrupting, but Henry Leiker, I know you have not forgotten him. Well, 'Hank' turned out to be a beauty specialist and has just sailed abroad to accept a position in a Paris beauty shop. Henry sure must have changed since we left school because he wouldn't look at a girl, you know what I mean."

"Roy Eaton is a worthless as ever, isn't he?"

"Why, I don't believe I know what you mean."

"You know he always had ideas. Well, some fellow, why to recall it, Richard Rupp, sold him a lot of stock in some kind of a company that was selling a patent fly catcher. They went bankrupt and now both of them are in Mexico working on a new invention to keep gravey off your vest."

"Speaking of gravy, you have heard that late song-hit, 'Gravy Tastes More Like Oyster Soup Than Pineapples,' haven't you?"

"Yes, I just heard it this morning over the radio."

"Alphonse Schmidt wrote it and published it."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes, I thought he would some day be a radio engineer but I guess writing music is an easier job."

"Jack Schandler has turned out to be an architect. I saw him in Seattle, Washington two or three years ago. He told me what he was doing and pointed out several buildings he had drawn out. They were all very pretty buildings, too."

"Well, Peay, we have talked about every one of our classmates. I'll bet they think of us once in awhile, too. Wait a minute we forget Joe Palen." "That is right, but I don't know where he is or what he is doing. Naturally he was a cowboy and he has signed a contract with the Universal Pictures Co. He just completed his latest picture about a month ago. The name of the show is, 'Ride West of the Canyon.'"

"Why, that picture is showing here now, if we hurry we will get to see it."

"Hurry! Hurry, or you will be late. What time is it? Seven-thirty. Well, why didn't you call me earlier I have a test in bookkeeping this morning, and if I am late Prof is liable to flunk me. Where is my clean shirt?"

THE AMATEUR FISHERMAN

When I first moved into a certain neighborhood the boys all enjoyed telling me their gigantic fish stories which I appeared to swallow with perfect candor. They said they couldn't understand why the fish in this one particular stream grew to be so much larger than those in other streams about the country. I advanced the theory that the pure crisp air of the place might be given credit for their almost miraculous growth, or that the extensive hill-climbing which they were obliged to undergo might be responsible.

In spite of my secret disbelief in their stories I conceded to myself that there must be some very large fish, and wishing to get a sportsman's share of all game I set about buying an outfit. I purchased a good reel and flyrod, a wide assortment of hooks, lines and snares, a dip net and last but not least came the bait.

I was exceedingly particular about this part of my equipment, deeming that success or failure depended chiefly on this single article. I chose the best that years of scientific experimenting had produced. From the advertisements I learned that "the stuff could not be beat." If I remember right it was supposed to draw every fish within a radius of two hundred feet, right to the deadly spot. And although I never caught a single fish with the aid of this marvelous bait my confidence still remains unshaken in the powers of this wonderful material.

Preposterous you say! But not if you get my viewpoint. You see I do not doubt at all that upon the lowering of this bait into the water every fish in the prescribed area immediately dashes for your hook. But that is where the difficulty arises. It seems that the make-up of the fish is rather peculiar. He is inevitably destined to be a gentleman. And it is this simple little fact that saves him in this case. For when Mr. Fish rushes to the spot it immediately dawns upon him that there is a crowd, and seeing that there is not enough to go around he politely refuses to nibble.

Now, you may be tempted to wonder as to whether my little adventure ended in success or failure.

I haven't much to say on the subject except that I never did get much satisfaction out of my fishing until I had made another minor addition to my outfit—a magnifying glass with which to look at the fish that I caught.

—H. M. '32.

HAPPINESS IN PAIN

Doubtless, there must be a portion of pain in every human life; and ordinarily this is larger for the man of principle, the man who knows no moral curb. But what does that matter if faith has the power to transfigure afflictions, and if providence delivers us from them after we have been purified. Do you really believe that life would be more beautiful if it were merely pleasure? When you yourself are the victim of suffering it may be that you can find no compensation. But look abroad and judge. Where is genuine beauty of living? Is it to be found among the idle who squander their savings? Is it not rather to be discovered with them that work in the sweat of their brows, with arms which tire? It is

to be met within the halls of pleasure, where passions reign throughout a whirl of debauch; or would you not expect it rather in the silent house where a mother bends over her babe in the cradle, in the hospital where a Sister of Charity bathes the wounds of some unfortunate one or cools the forehead of a dying victim of disease?

JUST BE GLAD

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so.
What we've missed of calm we couldn't have, you know.
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known.
When our tears fell with the shower
All alone.
Where not shine and shower blend
As the Gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content?
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So forgetting all the sorrow
We have had;

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Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
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—James Whitcomb Riley.

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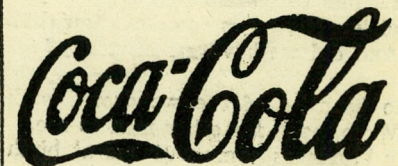
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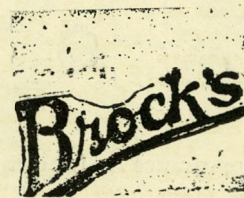
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FRESHMAN FROLICS

We kindly thank Fr. Florence, for his good teaching and his working us overtime.

We thank Fr. Cletus for his wonderful explanation in a subject we all liked, "LATIN."

We are pleased to say that Fr. Alfred has done all in his power to teach us the important subject: "English."

The reason some of the boys are feeling blue is an overdose of Algebra and Latin.

The Freshies are closing the school year, by wishing the faculty the best of luck.

Tony: "Bill, why don't you come to school in the afternoon?"

Bill: "I have to let the teachers catch up."

There was the absent minded professor who turned down the covers threw the examination papers in bed, curled up in the waste paper basket and went to sleep. Why can't we have a few absent minded professors?

THE BLIND MAN

I cannot see the light of day
That makes the world so fair and bright,

There is no glowing milky way
Amid the darkness of the night.

You say that snow is always white?
I'd like to see a butterfly.
And has the moon come out tonight?
And did we have a sunset sky?

The beauties of the wondrous earth
Were made for other men to see.
For blindness came with me at birth
And so they were not meant for me

But I shall never shirk my cross.
I'll rather bear it patiently,
And make a gain come from my loss—
The Light of Christ I yearn to see.
—F.S.



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1906 JUBILARIAN 1931

The Rev. Cyril Zeller, O.M.Cap.

On May 26 in Sacred Heart Church, Ness City, Kansas, the Rev. Cyril Zeller, O. M. Cap., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Father Cyril was professor at Hays Catholic College from 1909 to 1916 and Director of the institution in 1922 and 1923.

The Journal as representative of Hays Catholic College extends its best wishes for many more years. AD MULTOS ANNOS!

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ALUMNI NOTES

The recorder of these notes has the glad news to report to you, Alumni of H.C.C., that one of your members will be signally honored when he will be raised to the Holy Priesthood on June 14 at Victoria, Kansas and will celebrate his First Solemn Mass in St. Francis Church, Munjor, Kansas, on Wednesday, June 17.

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JUNIOR JOLTS

A number of Juniors are putting in extra time in their studies so nobody will fail to pass. Good luck, boys.

Prof: "What was Lincoln's platform?"

Bartonek: "What kind a platform?"
Wolf: "I bet he is thinking what kind of a platform he stood on."

John "Pee-wee" Vesecky went home again lately, and when he came back he had a smile on his face that reached from ear to ear.

Prof: "And why do you say the foothills weren't any good for grazing?"

Bartonek: "Because it was so heavy at the bottom and the grass couldn't grow."

Stecklein reading: More than 540 were believed killed, many villages and towns were devastated, hundreds of peanuts made homeless.

Sauer: "What makes you think Atlas was a bad man?"

Klaus: "The book says, that he held up the whole world."

The Juniors are proud to say they have six musicians in the school orchestra.

All the Juniors that attended the party given by the H. C. C. Alumni, reported of having had a good time.

Prof: "What is a person called who steals?"

After no answer, the Professor said to Schubie: "Suppose I were to put my hand into your pocket and take out a dollar, what would you call me?"

Schubie: "A Magician."

E. Beilman was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his so-called car when a stranger hailed him: "Stuck in the mud?"

E. Beilman: "Oh, no. My engine died here and I'm digging a grave or it."

Brungardt: "So that's your new tie. Why on earth did you select such a loud color?"

Schandler: "I didn't select it. My brother did and he's rather deaf."

E. Beilman and H. Maguire represented the Junior class in the oratorical contest, held Friday, May 15th.

George Brungardt takes his daily evening walk northwest from the college lately. What's the attraction up there, George?

Lindy: "Well, I just sold that fine new encyclopedia to Wolf."

Marcellus: "Why, I thought he already knew more than any encyclopedia."

Lindy: "Yes, he admitted that but he said he would get a thrill going through it and picking out all the errors."

We all, with a happy and joyful heart can say we are SENIORS.

Sign in a small town: Drive slow and see our chickens; drive fast and see our coop.—THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE, Conway Springs, Kansas.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1931 of Hays Catholic Academy, of the State of Kansas, County of Ellis, City of Hays, being sound of mind free of will, do hereby make and declare this our Last Will and Testament.

We, the Class of 1931, having come to the end of the trail of life in thirteen distinct and separable parts each in a peaceful and undisturbed, what we are pleased to hereby call, state of mind, do, make these decisions, and hereby cancel and make void all promises heretofore made and do revoke any statements that might possibly have been said thoughtlessly or foolishly at a time of idleness.

First, we direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and by our guardians, the Fr. Director of Hays Catholic Academy and his ever-qualified and ever-willing helpers—they of the super-human minds and immortal ability—the faculty of Hays Catholic Academy.

To our beloved Director we give and bequeath our heartiest gratitude, our eminent respect, our profound affection and the power to see into the great beyond and to watch the aforementioned 13 parts as we scatter like dust before the wind and to smile with satisfaction as he watches each victory and each attempt, and accepting all the honor and praise that we might achieve as a settlement of the debt which we owe to him for this great start he has given us in life.

To the class of 1932 we give and bequeath the articles below, and do declare them the sole and rightful owner.

1. We give and bequeath to the Junior Class only, our dignity. Also the privilege of initiating the newcomers and teach them the proper respect for the seniors. This privilege is given to the Juniors because they alone will be the survivors for next year's initiation.

2. We give to the Sophomores permission to enter competition for the producing of Athletes.

3. The Commercial department of this class gives to the janitor all bookkeeping sets that he may use them in his home next winter to kindle fires.

The following may seem but small bequests, but we do not consider them as worthless things to be thrown away because we no longer need them. Accordingly we ask that the Fr. Director who is the sole executor of this will apportion the following property as follows:

To Paul Wiesner we give and bequeath Rusty's position as advertising manager of the Journal.

To Frank Windholz we give and bequeath Hank's love for solitude.

To Albert Stramel we give and bequeath Wasinger's good looks.

To George Brungardt we give and bequeath Eaton's ability to try and lead the Senior Class.

To Edwin Weigel we give and bequeath Mackey's love for orations and his tennis ability.

To Harry McGuire we give and bequeath Palen's love for the western plains and ranches.

To Aloysius Preisner we give and bequeath Koch's ambition to become a lawyer.

To Joe Dress we give and bequeath

Rohleder's qualities as a shiek and stage manager.

To Alex Gerstner we give and bequeath Klenda's baseballs ability.

To Ernest Beilman we give and bequeath Keberlein's love for aviation.

To Paul Sauer we give and bequeath Shandler's ability as a piano player.

To Nick Klaus we give and bequeath Rich Rupp's knowledge of Physics.

Any stubs of pencils, fountain pens, ink bottles or notebooks that we might leave behind us in our excitement, we give to whomever finds them as a sacred possession.

Last comes the one hard thing for us all to will. To our successors we must leave our places in the hearts and thoughts of our beloved teachers.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF: We the Senior Class of 1931, have to this our last Will and Testament, written on parchment, set our hands and seal this twenty-seventh day of May, 1931.

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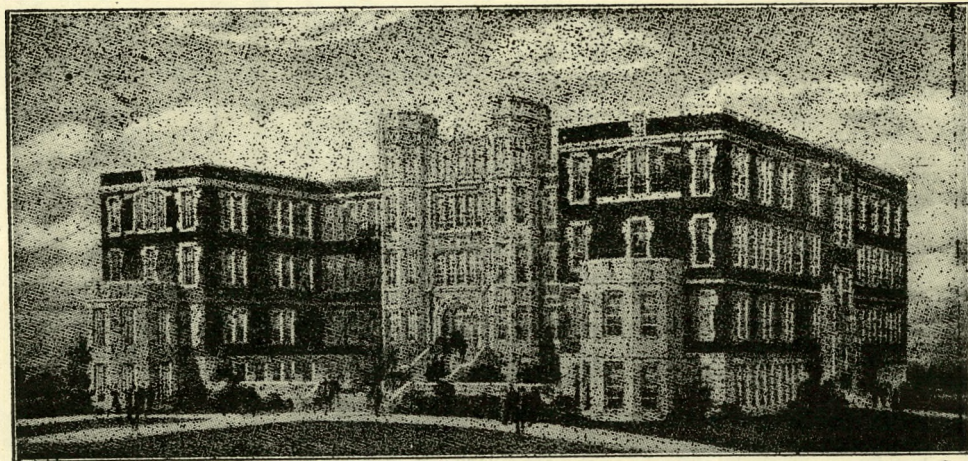
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