



Father Conner New Chaplain At Brothers

Many changes greeted the students who returned to the Brothers School on September 12. Not only had Y Street become Broadway, the sandlot a beautiful campus, but even the faculty had lost some members, gained others.

At the departure of Father James O'Shea, chaplain and professor of Latin, Father Maurice Conner, J. C. D., took over the double duties of the position. Father O'Shea, whose prowess as Latin instructor is known far and wide, has been transferred to Marysville, where he is at present assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church in that city. Father Conner, recently pastor of St. Christopher's Church, Galt, is returning home, as it were, having been at the school before.

Other former instructors whom the students miss in the classrooms and on the grounds are Brother Phillip, former prefect of the boarding department, now

Freshmen Lead On September Honor Roll

Brother A. Patrick, principal, issued last week the first Honor Roll for the Fall semester. Freshman A class took highest honors by placing seven members on the coveted list. Sophomore A class, with five students listed, ran a close second to the Freshmen.

The complete Honor Roll for September follows:

Senior A: Russell Knight, Tom Meriarty.

Senior C: Edward Condon, James Cox.

Junior A: Roy Cortopassi, Ellis Harlow, John Hennessy, Jack Maxwell.

Sophomore A: Alfred Arellano, Raymond Bambery, Robert Cunningham, Stanley Gilliam, Joseph Kehoe.

Sophomore B: Ernest Bertalotti, Robert Harlan, Anthony Smolich, Wayne Varozza.

Frosh A: Louis Barbeau, Jack Caffrey, Henry Fernandez, Emilio Tanghetti, James Walsh, Frank Veegtle, Frank Zeglis.

Frosh B: Thomas Fealy, Max Jerich, Joseph Larrea, Gordon

NEW CHAPLAIN



Father M. Connor

Annual Retreat Pronounced Huge Success

In an auditorium transformed into chapel by altar and reredos and crucifix and statues, the students at Christian Brothers School saw their annual retreat come to a successful close on Fri-

Rooney Regular Fellow Says News Reporter In Snappy Interview

It all came about just because the American Legion and the Scouts had to be charitable, and they figured some outside light would help a heap.

This reporter, hailed before the editorial cubicle on that glorious Friday morning, given the order to interview Mickey Rooney and instructions as to details, with a further editorial threat against an empty-handed return, felt about as flustered as an Easter bonnet on a stormy spring day. This reporter was, as they say in the best circles, perplexed. He'd seen Mickey Rooney time after time, but only on the screen; and liked him, but only with an affection trimmed with awe. He'd liked him especially as Andy Hardy, because, underneath his grease paint, Andy was an ordinary guy, thrilled at wearing a tux and bothered by a lot of girls. But supposing Mickey Rooney off the screen wasn't the

swell town, swell people. I'm coming again sometime, stay longer—I hope.

"And as for the American Legion and the Scouts, the fellows that sponsored this affair?"

"Quote me as saying the American Legion and Scouts are swell scouts—the whole bunch of them. It's keen to be able to help them here."

This reporter, having duly registered these pearls, with pencil poised, plunged again into the fray: "How about a few statistics, Mickey? When you were born, etc."

"Sure, pal. Born September 23, 1920, about eighteen years ago. Must be about your age; pretty old, huh! As far as the rest goes, Frank, I'm just an ordinary kid, a freshman at UCLA, like swing music, the big apple, truckin'; and boy! can I swing on down! I had my own band but the studio, pulling a federal gov-