

OUR PARENTS

What can we say, what can we do,
For those we love the best?
We owe them gratitude and thanks
And love above the rest.

We often caused them grief and care
And worries manifold,
We troubled them and e'en pained,
And often made them scold.

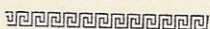
But always are they kind and good,
We never have to plead.
On this account we know not cares,
Nor ever have great need.

We write and write and still don't tell
How valued is their love,
But we are thankful silently,
To God, our King, above.

—Francis Bucher, '31.

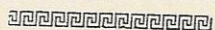
typifying the Catholic arts and sciences that have honored the Mother of God. These are, sacred oratory, music, architecture, Catholic theology and poetry. When Father Theophilus, of beloved memory, placed that picture before our eyes, he meant it to be, and let us strive to make it during this month, a sermon with a definite message: *Omnia pro Jesu per Mariam.*

—The Editor.



SO YOU SEE

The *Antonian* is a little late this month but for a good reason. Only one more edition is to be printed this term—the vacation number—and that will come off the press early in June. So we delayed this issue just to put the two numbers a little closer together.

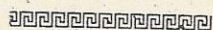


REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Father Louis, Father Turibius and Father Victor Bucher left over the week-end lately to attend the funeral of Father Capistran, who died suddenly in Los Angeles. Father Capistran was formerly a professor at St. Anthony's. After the services in the south, his body was brought to Santa Barbara and was buried in the Old Mission cemetery. The students attended in a body.

WELCOME HOME

After being away from Santa Barbara for nearly a year and a half, during which time they made a tour of Europe, Mr. and Mrs. Mutter, old time friends of all the Fathers and the students, returned home early this month. They will remain with us here till they are able to move into their other home on upper State street.



THE BEST BOOK I EVER READ

What is the best book that I have ever read? Before I answer this question, I want you to understand what I mean by "best book." By this I mean the book from which, in my opinion, I have received the most profit. Looming up out of a cloud of half-forgotten titles, in bold and indelible characters, stands the name, "Treasure Island."

I read this book for the first time when I was twelve years old. Up to that time I had been reading such books as "The Motor Boys in the Air" and a host of others with similar titles and contents. My reading had been rather listless and uninterested. But Jimmy and the immortal John Silver completely changed my attitude. I had become a bookworm. Having read and re-read "Treasure Island," I found that "The Motor Boys" appealed to me no longer. My next book was "Kidnapped." This, in turn, was followed by about twelve of Cooper's novels, all of which lead to Scott and Dickens, two authors from whose works I have not yet graduated.

Thus "Treasure Island" threw my reading into a new and deeper channel. I can now see, very plainly, that, had I followed the course that "The Motor Boys" indicated, I would now be reading, exclusively, Zane Grey and his innumerable companions in arms. I confess that, at times, I do read these modern books, and I enjoy them too. But I soon forget what they are all about and eventually I lose sight of their very names. But not so with a real book—the kind like "Treasure Island," with all its humor, adventure, and pathos, introduced to me. Yes, for me this book has meant much. I shall never lose the impressions made on me by its vivid pictures and gripping descriptions.

—Henry Lauer, '33.