



at irregularly spaced intervals throughout the year, rev. robert e. voelkle, s.j., b.a., m.a., ph.l., s.t.l., or "voelks," as he is known to his associates, leaves his regular post at st. vincent's hospital and makes the long, hard pilgrimage to regis to visit his boys.

during his stays here, father voelkle occupies a tiny cubicle just down the hall from the editorial offices of this annual. there, in an atmosphere noisome with every variety of tobacco smoke known to civilized man, as well as a few that no self-respecting savage would touch with a ten-foot hookah, he grants audiences to dejected and downtrodden regians who come in search of his fabled wisdom in all matters ever discoursed upon in the writings of the ancient greeks and romans, the metaphysical meanderings of pierre teilhard de chardin, and his own myriad theses.

there are certainly very few mortals who could provide so pleasant a blend of sigmund freud, bill graham, abigail van buren and henny youngman. nor could many add to all this the joviality of a st. nicholas, the earthiness of a catullus, and the beard of a ulysse s. grant.

but voelks is all of this and more. in fact, he's a sort of mother figure to everyone at regis — but especially to us, the **regian** staff, the ones who need it most.

so we figured ater all he's done for us, the least we could do was to dedicate the 1972 **regian** to the star of a thousand theology project movies: our hero, father voelkle. and since our policy is to do as little as possible, we went and did it.

voelkle, it's all yours.

to voelks with love

