
Flagpole-Sitters in College.

In recent years there arose in industrious America a curious army of flagpole-sitters --men who had ambition to climb to the top of some flagpole and sit there for months waiting nly for the passage of time.

The tribe got a play in advertising. Clothing stores offered "Three-pants suits for flagpole sitters!" Crowds gawked admiringly at the new variety of biped who could remain complacently on the perch as the rest of the world milled about making a living. Well, flagpole sitting, ex profess, doesn't pay any more.

And the flagpole-sitters seem to have moved into the colleges. At least, there's a species present that will rank with the best when the history of sitting is recorded.

The college sitter likes to remain on the green campus pasture, for four years if possible, doing nothing but sitting. In his room, you find him, day by day, sitting and smoking. Oh yes, occasionally he gets violent enough to make a movie or a dance or a beer parlor.

But after that he's tired out. His nerves get the best of him, poor old fellow. Sleep comes so miserably late at night and tarries so frightfully long in the morning. Those rules!

Yes, and it becomes dull, stale and boring to kill time and to have time kill you! "It's the bunk! It's the bunk!" These are the words the flagpole sitter uses on all occasions. "Oh yeah?" and "I'll say so!" are his Sunday expressions, thrown in to show range of vocabulary.

The pity is that such a bird sometimes gets a degree, on somebody else's work, after four years of flagpole sitting.

What happens when he gets out in the world? Well, if he's lucky and gets the right kind of political job, he may eat three times a day and even grow fat and rich--mostly fat, however.

But most of the professional flagpole sitters end up in a breadline or in the poor-house, and most of the amateurs from the colleges fare just a little better. They wind up with a grouch and an empty stomach. And then they start writing incoherent speeches for stronger-lunged communists.

If you're spending your time indolently at college, wake up! Look five or ten years ahead and try to figure out what you'll be fit for. Don't dare the university to give you an education!

And don't cite the case of Simon Stylites! He lived on the top of a pillar, it's true, but up there he did a hard day's work of praying. He simply chose the pillar to get away from pesty roommates who cut in on his time.

Money, Money!

Funds for FLOOD RELIEF are coming in slowly. Will the various balls please hurry with their contributions!

And tomorrow in church, PLEASE be liberal with the pamphlet racks. Sunday collections are at a new low, and the pamphlet rack debt has reached an all-time high!

PRAYERS: (deceased) anniversary of Colonel Hoynes, after whom the Law School is named; aunt of John Rueger (Morr.); uncle of Bill Marguet (Morr.); brother of Mr. Richard Ghamla, Glencoe, Minn. Ill, Dan O'Neil, '25 (seriously ill); Scallon Reilly's mother (Sorin); grandmother of Tom Tracy (Sorin); Sister Jane Robert, C.S.C. 6 sp. ints.