

Mass Thursday of St. Cath-  
erine of Siena, p. 798.  
2nd col. Octave, p. 461.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Deceased, Judge Wm.  
Brooks, Chicago; O.A.  
Clark, South Bend.

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Metamorphosis.

(Related, more or less, by a student.)

Strange thing happened to me over the Easter holidays. One of my pals took me home with him. That isn't strange, understand, but what followed is. This pal's quite a character on the campus. Somehow I expected his family to be pretty rough and ready.

We met his father and mother and sisters, soon after our arrival, in their living room. I was frankly flabbergasted at their gentility and especially at the beauty and grace of his sisters. They completely disarmed me--I mean all of them, father and mother included--and I turned in embarrassment to my pal. How would he act in this rarefied environment?

Without warning, the Great Gent had completely changed--had shifted the point of emission of speech to the middle of his mouth where it belongs; had dropped the dese and dose and adopted all the airs of the correct college gentleman home for the holidays. It was amazing.

I chuckled to myself--wait till we get to the dining room. He can't keep it up there. At table he sat directly opposite me, and I had every chance to observe him. There was no lounging on the elbows, no fussing with glasses or silverware, no games under way with salt or pepper cellar.

I waited for his ghoulish shriek for service, but, on the contrary, I heard him speaking deprecatingly, in modulated tones, of the outlandish pranks of his roistering college playmates. Instead of lunging at the food as it approached the table, he never deigned to notice. It was amazing.

I had often seen him bang the table when his favorite dish failed to matriculate. No such maneuver in his own dining room. I watched the rolls intently. It is an old trick of his to expropriate an extra one and hide it for future reference under his teacup. He utterly spurned that injustice.

Then I thought he was reserving his cup for another strategem. Often he fills his glass, then, for reserve, his cup with an additional supply of milk. No, he was strictly on the level at his own fareboard.

Finally, when he himself actually got his hands on the meat platter, I looked for the crisis. He would pour gravy off the end or bust. But his very look at me termed that outrageous. He was the well-mannered man through and through.

Since returning to the campus he and I have never discussed his metamorphosis. We prefer to leave it among the unmentionables. So far, at table he has not reverted to earlier type. Maybe it is only because I now know his family. If so, it's a pity that all on his table don't visit his home. That trip would do much to repair his and his family's bedraggled reputation.

Memo For Friday.

First Friday. First day of May. Mass, 6:25; Adoration all day. Hymns at Grotto after supper. Opening of May devotions 7 and 7:30 (sermons by Father Lahey.)

NOTE THAT the primaries are over, how about ye politicians filling out a questionnaire? More than 200 are needed by the end of the week.

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Joe Gilchrist, ex '38; friend of Bill Horan; Mr. Frank McBride; grandfather of Joe Ratigan (Sorin); uncle of Prof. James Corbett; first anniversary of Mr. William Donahue; friend of a student. Ill, sister of Prof. James Corbett; aunt of Prof. Paul Fenlon; aunt of Jack Liley (Dillon); Thomas Walsh, sister of Sister Catherin, Carmelite, killed in an auto accident and for seriously injured wife.