

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Last Days Of A Senior's Diary.

Monday. Got up at 8:30 after nine hours' sleep. Shot a 98 this afternoon; can't get my drives straightened out...Heard that the Cool-off Air Conditioners want enterprising young men....Saw that glamorous production, "Mitzi's Memoirs," at the Palada....Wrote just now to Clarice. Anyway, I'll be enterprising with her always in my mind.

Tuesday. That rector! Rolled me out at 6:30, then came back and bawled me out at 9 because I was still in bed. What does he think I am, a seminarian or a West Pointer?....Guess I'll write to the Cool-off people. Should be a lot of easy money in air cooling these next few years....Had a 94 today; my putting is improving....Took Gracie to the show tonight.

Friday. Got a check for \$25 from home. About time. Haven't had a thing from them for two weeks...Went down to Rosie's for spaghetti-and...Dad says I'm spending too much. If he only knew how tough it gets for a fellow. Wait till I'm making my own money and don't have to ask him for a dime!.... All Clarice and I want is \$200 a month and then we'll get married. She says that any company would pay me that if they only knew me. And she ought to know.

Tuesday. Another run-in with the rector this morning about the same thing. He thinks I'm lazy, weak-willed and dumb. I'll show him. He says all that I'll ever burn up is a mattress. Wait till he sees the offer I get from the Air Condition people. Should be here any day now....Clarice writes that she's saving her pennies to buy a vacuum cleaner. That kid's really an inspiration...But at that, I'll miss Gracie when I go home.

Saturday. Saddest day of my life. Heard from the Cool-off people, and there's not what you call hyperbole in their name; they froze me stiff. My attitude they said was immature and

PRAYERS: (deceased) Bishop Le Grand, C.S.C.; brother of Fr. Broughall; brother of Fr. Cannon; relative of Fr. Boland; friend of Prof. Bartholomew; Tom Browning's grandfather.

presumptuous in asking for \$50 a week. They want men who are anxious to work and learn and who give signs of getting ahead fast. So far, 523 applications have come in to them from other college men. All had far better scholastic records than mine. (I guess my 79 did look pretty weak.) All my references were non-committal about my "industry." That cost me plenty. One said he guessed I had ability but he never could catch me awake. That crack came from the rector....Things look blue for me and Clarice.

Monday. Bought myself a new top coat. Had to, with the Ball week-end coming up...Life looks pretty tough, and sometimes I wonder what's the use....I'm writing old Charlie for my last summer's job on the beach. There's \$14 a week in it, and I won't have to be there till one in the afternoon.

Hardening Up For Life.  
(Brownsonite's version)

"Student, darling, do get up. Your rector is waiting for you.

"Aw, Brother, tell him something. Tell him I'm not well this morning. Let me sleep.

"But, you told me last night you'd get up at 6:00 A.M.

"I know, Brother, but let me sleep.

"Well, maybe you do need sleep.....But you'll get up anyway"... (Bang!)

Sayings Of St. Francis de Sales.

We always do a thing quickly enough when we do it well.

An ounce of virtue acquired amid contradictions, reproaches, fault-finding, censure and reprimands is worth more than ten pounds acquired in any other way.

The throne of God's mercy is our misery, and though we change, He never changes, but is always good and merciful.