

Jan. 29, 1925.

Urgent Prayers.

Five students request prayers for sick relatives. Two of these are cases of fallen-away Catholics, who are in serious condition. Maurice Walsh, of Badin Hall, wires that his father died Tuesday afternoon.

An alumnus who, after 26 years away from the Church, has returned to the Sacraments (in answer to many prayers, including your own), asks prayers that his twenty-three-year-old son, who was brought up without any religion, will become a Catholic.

Five persons ask prayers for special intentions.

Sister Cecelia, who has been in charge of the Student's Infirmary for the past twenty years, is seriously ill.

Father Scheier, who suffered a serious relapse Saturday evening, is much improved.

Jimmy Crowley's Sickness.

There are so many wild rumors about Crowley's condition that it is thought advisable to give a full summary of his case. He was first taken sick on the morning of Saturday, January 3rd at about 10:30, on board the train from Los Angeles to San Francisco. A doctor and a nurse were secured on the train, and after two hours and a half of strenuous work on their part and on the part of Jimmie's teammates, he secured a temporary relief.

The symptoms were those of a severe nervous crisis, and death was narrowly averted. In San Francisco he was placed under the best medical care available---the best on the coast, it is said---and after a thorough examination, covering four days, it was determined that the crisis produced on the train was caused by an intestinal poisoning, due to something he had eaten, and lobster was picked upon as the likely offender.

The length of time which elapsed between the eating of the food and the reaction produced made this the most likely theory. There was no evidence of any injury received during the game, and nervous prostration was ruled out because Jim was in excellent condition for nearly forty-eight hours after the game. But lobster was the first solid food he had taken in two days. For breakfast the morning of the game he had a cup of coffee. At noon he took half a cup of bullion and half a cracker. In the evening he was not in the dining room more than five minutes, and took only a little fruit. When he rose at ten the next morning he took another cup of coffee. The rest of the party was in Hollywood with Rudy, and in his haste to catch up he really forgot about breakfast. (He did not catch up with the party, but he received from Colleen Moore a very pretty picture, inscribed to "Hollywood's New Sheik, Jimmie Crowley".) At 2:30 that afternoon he and Morris Starret, his cicerone, had a cheese sandwich. This was the foundation upon which the lobster was laid at the dinner dance at the Biltmore Friday night. Jimmie was in fine condition Saturday morning. He had breakfast with his recent roommate, the Prefect of Religion, then took a nap and shaved, then sang an Irish song or two and collapsed.

He responded well to treatment in the St. Francis Hospital, and within four days the poison was removed. The nervous condition persisted, however, and he was subject to attacks which varied from very mild to extremely grave forms. He was very weak when he first sat up, eleven days after his first attack, but he improved rapidly; two days later he went for a ride about the city, and on the following day he attended the opening baseball game at Stanford. Two days later he took the train and made the journey without mishap until he was within five hours of Chicago. He then suffered a serious relapse, which lasted until he was parked in Mercy Hospital.

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