

June 5, 1925.

One More Day.

There remains one single day in which to avoid the crush on Trinity Sunday morning. A few years ago a senior who had received Holy Communion once a year on five consecutive Trinity Sundays became a daily communicant for the remaining two weeks of the year. On the day after Commencement he came around for a pair of beads, a scapular, and a full set of medals. He couldn't stand the thought of leaving Notre Dame the pagan he was for five years here.

"Mother, Here's Your Son!"

Tags bearing this legend will be available for those who go home without making their Easter Duty. They will be done in festive green, with scalloped edges. The text will be, "You were proud of me, mother, when I was born. You may be prouder of me now. I belong to the one per cent that held out. I am a man of my own mind. Be proud of me, mother; I'll make you famous yet."

What About Van This Summer?

Van Wallace's mother reports that a week ago Monday his pulse rose to 140 for nearly twenty hours, but he overcame it nicely and is again back to normal. Each heart spell is of shorter duration, and he rallies more quickly each time. Without much effort he can now bring his hand to his forehead, and the reflex action in his knees is so strong that they have to hold his knees down to the bed when cranking him to read. The bed sores are entirely healed, a thing at which the doctors marvel, for there is constant weight on them.

The Fourth of July is the anniversary of the accident that made him a helpless paralytic. You have been told before that he cheated death on the ninth day of the Summer School novena to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, that he continued to improve as long as the Summer School was in session, and that he lost much that he had gained during the month of vacation before classes resumed in September. "May my right hand wither if I forget thee O Jerusalem," said the Jews in their Babylonian captivity. We should offer Van some pledge that he will not be forgotten this summer.

Old Clem.

The pastor of a colored congregation tells this one. One of his parishioners was waiting for him after Mass one Sunday morning to explain why she came late: "You see, it was this way, Father. Ah wouldn't come late for the world 'cept old Clem yu'all bettah get goin' if you wants to get in time fob Mass today." An' Clem says, 'What foolishness you talk, gal. You ain't goin' to Mass.' An' I says, 'Ah am to goin' to Mass, an' you ain't goin' to stop me.' An' Clem says, 'No you aint't; ' an' Ah says, 'Yes, Ah am;' an' Ah was ther jest a-wrasselin' with Clem an' a-wrasselin' till Ah come late."

"But who's Clem?"

"Don't you know Old Clem? He's the devil."

Old Clem has been pretty busy here lately, and he will sure to be busy this summer. All you have to do is to keep a-rasselin' with him.

Prayers.

Five students want prayers that their fathers will make their Easter Duty. A student asks prayers for a friend who was murdered a few days ago. Three students ask prayers for sick person. Three friends of students have died within the last few days.

Questionnaires.

Dig out your half-filled questionnaire, finish the job, and send it in.

John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.,
Prefect of Religion.