

The President's Feast Day Tomorrow.

Wednesday is the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, patron Saint of the President of the University. Catholic courtesy demands that you give Father O'Donnell a remembrance in your Holy Communion tomorrow.

Cast-off Clothing Needed.

There are requests now and then for cast-off clothing (they will be more frequent as it grows colder). Right now we need an outfit for a short fellow - from socks and underwear to a suit of clothes. He has prayed a hole in the knees of his present trousers, asking for a job which has not been forthcoming; he will pray for his benefactors as long as the next knees will hold out. If you are five feet four or under, here is a chance to get some prayers.

When The Blood Reaches The Balcony.

A few weeks ago an alumnus dropped in for a chat. He was one of the blockheads when he was here - received the Sacraments once in his junior year, and not at all in his senior year. He recalled an interview we had before that junior Easter duty, and said: "I have not forgotten a word of what you told me then, and I am beginning to understand it now. I have been a daily communicant for the last six months." "How come?" we asked. "The depression," he replied. "Things were going very well with me; then business started skidding. Finally I went to the Sacraments. Then I tried daily Communion for two weeks - and I haven't stopped yet. It hasn't improved business any - in fact, things are much worse than they were - but business doesn't worry me now - nothing does."

There you have the proper fruit of the depression - it should make a man think deeply enough to find God - the final quest of the mind and heart, the only end that can satisfy them. And there are many students here who have not yet been reached by the depression - even among those who are struggling to get along - they haven't sought God.

They remind one of a story that is related of the wife of one of the presidents of Uruguay, that beautiful little republic that has been cursed with so many revolutions. It is said that during one of these revolutions a group of ladies begged the President's wife to ask her husband to resign in order to put an end to the slaughter of Uruguay's best manhood; and that she replied: "Not until the blood reaches the balcony of the presidential palace." Three days later the blood reached the balcony: her husband was assassinated.

There are about one hundred men here who need a darn good general confession. They will want to make it if they wake up some morning and find blood on the doorstep. If they wait that long they are hard to console and encourage. Let them study the depression.

Gorin Is Ready To Bury The Hatchet.

Gorin seethes today - with something or other. Corby's rude jibe at the four-corner men has brought thought - perhaps even action. Gorin wants to bury the hatchet - in Corby's neck. There may yet be a formal challenge to a game of football issued by the Gorin Agricultural College to the Corby Cheering Section. Should the event materialize, Neil Hurley's Bengal Boxing Commission will have to be on hand to search the combatants for lethal weapons before the game.

PRAYERS: A sister of Mike Gaul is not expected to live. An aunt of Jos. Knapp (and sister of Fr. Liner, C.S.C.) died last week. Three Santa Clara students, friends of boys here, were seriously injured in the game with St. Mary's last Sunday. Ed O'Malley of Morrissey Hall asks prayers for a cousin who is very ill. Frank Iuen's grandmother died a few days ago. Henry and Jos Schaffer were called home today by the grave illness of their father. Nine special intentions.