
Your Folks And The Depression.

A bulletin from the office of the Prefect of Discipline last Saturday called your attention to a fundamental fact that many of you have overlooked. Your parents deserve the greatest consideration during the economic crisis through which we are passing. To give them a break and lessen their worry, the University has, in many instances during the past semester, applied minor penalties in punishment of offences which usually call for dismissal.

It wasn't brainy on the part of students to mistake that policy for softness; and it was gross miscalculation to consider that it involved the nullification of rules.

Our reference to the problem, however, is for its bearing on your spiritual life. Now and then this year we have called your attention to the fact that your parents need all the help that prayer can give them to carry them over this crisis. What has been your response? The only prayers some of you seem to have offered in view of the depression are the ones addressed to the Secretary for an extension of credit on your bill, and the ones made to the Prefect of Discipline for permission to take meals off-campus.

What sacrifices have you made that match in any way the ones your parents are making for you? Some of you have done nobly, without a doubt. Others have chiseled here and there and spent the savings for beer. You are more or less familiar with a cartoon republished in an old Religious Bulletin posted on the campus during the fall. It depicted a high school boy ordering "another shot of gin" and the insert showed his mother scrubbing floors to keep her boy in school. That cartoon tells a true story. The story came out when the boy was shot by the proprietor of a speakeasy.

The Director of Studies will have a report ready for you within a short time - on the results of the last examinations. How good or how bad it will be we have no intimation, but it will tell its own story of your sense of responsibility to your parents.

A Depression Story By Howard Vincent O'Brien.

"There was a time when they had plenty of money, but they gave no thought to preparation for a rainy day. They were magnificently improvident. They spent every penny, some on people who had more than they had, most of it on people who had less. The world was welcome in their home, and there was no service too troublesome for them to render. They gave of themselves even more than they gave of their possessions. They visited the sick, comforted the sorrowing, and, in general, did as fine a job of Christian living as they did a poor one in financial foresight.

"The picture has changed, and they have no money, now. To continue the story in the familiar pattern, we should have to quote La Rochefoucauld's cynical dictum that we dislike no one so much as our benefactors; and report that their friends had proved to be the fair weather sort. But the cynic is sometimes wrong, and the truth of the matter is that their investment in friendship has turned out sound. It has increased in value with the pressure put upon it, and extra dividends - even in cash money - are being paid. The intangibles that were laid away in the good years have not been corrupted by the moth of ingratitude nor have the thieves of selfishness been able to break in and steal.

"A certified public accountant would not cheer at their present statement of assets and liabilities. Yet as we look about, making a comparison of values, they seem to us the richest people we know." - The Chicago Daily News.

PRAYERS: Deceased relatives of Gen. Reese and Mm. Devine; a deceased pastor. Mm. Book's uncle, Fr. Sheridan, of Lafayette, underwent a dangerous operation yesterday. Four special intentions; two thanksgivings (from the Depression Novena - 7 in all.)