

Ill, sister of Bob Scott;
aunt of Don Allon;....

University of Notre Dame
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....son of Dan O'Connor.
3 special intentions.

James McCaffery, R.I.P.

A man who served the university for 48 years as superintendent of maintenance died suddenly in South Bend Saturday night as a result of an automobile accident. He was Mr. James McCaffery, father of Joseph '29, Bernard '22 and Clarence (former student). It was Mr. McCaffery's proudest boast that he carried steel for the erection of the Golden Dome on the administration building. We may be confident that the Lady of the Dome took good care of this faithful and conscientious man. Remember him tomorrow and frequently during the year in your Masses and Communions.

A Letter From Professor Myers.

If anyone needs to observe a living example of heroic faith in God's goodness and of resignation to His holy will, let him come to know Professor Myers, author of the following beautiful letter:

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

I am an adopted son of Notre Dame just as I am an adopted son of the Blessed Mother--not to the manor born as the most of Catholic sons are; but like adopted sons the love is none the less warm. For three years now I have been part of the family: for seven summers before I was a guest! And how completely you all have made me a part!

In fact you have laid such a debt of obligation upon me that I know not how to discharge it. I had been here only one year when this affliction of Leukemia struck me; at first it was thought to be anemia but since last February it has been definitely established as Leukemia. The consideration of my students in class, of my colleagues on the faculty (the last thing Charley Phillips said to me that Christmas vacation was--"I'm taking that world classics class off your hands after New Years!"), of the administration, the yard policeman, the girls in the laundry--every where that thing called "fellowship" or "charity" has flowed out to me. And the extreme charity which has made it impossible for us to call for blood donors without getting it in great quantities has just overwhelmed me. I want all of you to know how complete and humble and entire are the bonds you have put upon me.

And like a son of Notre Dame, I try to make return. All of you are curious as to what ails me--I want you to know. Leukemia has many types--mine seems to be a very rare one, a complete blind spot in medical science. Either there is an organic deficiency causing inadequate white blood cell development with consequent anemic condition of the red cells and the haemoglobin; or there is a hostile cell like cancer (called a leukemic cell) which attacks or destroys the red bone marrow (neoplastic condition), causes lymph coagulations all over my body (chronic lymphatic), and accompanied by spleen enlargement, over-abundance of gas, and insomnia. This explains why the frequent transfusions: I am unable to make enough blood with my own spleen (the red bone marrow seems largely dead) and when I contract an infection have not enough whites to fight it off. If it were not for the kindness of your boys, dear Father, I should long since have become entirely helpless.

And I make my return to you: my sleepless nights, the fatigue that assaults me in just walking from one class room to another, the sense of suffocation that accompanies exertion from the crowding about my heart, I offer these for your boys, Father.

And will you ask them to remember me in their prayers?

Most sincerely,

Fred I. Myers

Notre Dame students count it small charity to do everything within their power to bring Professor Myers even a moment of ease in his trying illness. They pledge him their frequent prayers and thank him with all their hearts for his efficacious "return" to them.

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Jimmy Comeau; mother of Oliver Schell ('29).