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University of Notre Dame
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Boys, It's Tough!

Woe's you, the whole 2700 of you. You're back to the grind called college life. On this 800-acre campus you must eke out an existence for six weeks more. Terrible.

It's true that there are two lakes for you to swim in, a golf course and plenty of tennis courts for you to play on, diamonds for baseball and softball, and dear old South Bend society ever beckoning. It's true that you don't have to grub for food, nor for clothing, not even for spending money. But the life is awful just the same.

Here you are cooped up while other fellows your age are out gaily driving trucks, mining coal, working in factories. They may have tobacco-chewing bosses over them, but, lando' living, they have no hawk-eyed prefects and professors after them from morning till night! And they have no unreasonable rules that make them go to bed and get up once every day. No sireeo!

They don't have to sit three hours a day listening to lectures that professors skillfully devise for the improvement of students' minds. They escape all that and also they escape the indefinite number of hours that a college student must put in at study. Think on that!

Granted: your life at college is a frightful one, an awful drag. But this is to call your attention, gently, to the fact that there are only about six weeks left of it. You are the favored Sons of Fortune and we wouldn't for the world hurt your feelings or cause you to worry.

But it might be pointed out that these Spring days there are such dangers as too much golf, and too much play, and too much loafing in general. It might be further averred that these six weeks are often, very often, crucial in the lives of college men,--if you get what we mean.

The new infirmary's open, but you can't get in on that popular malady known as Spring Fever. You're up against an awfully hard proposition: it begins to look as if you'll just have to get down to work. It's tough, this college life, especially if you try to get by without working at it.

For Father O'Donnell's Mother.

Father Hugh O'Donnell's saintly mother died last Sunday night. She was buried yesterday in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Tomorrow morning at 6:25 in the main church there will be a special students' Mass for the repose of her soul.

Needed: 300 Questionnaires!

Some of you still have blank questionnaires in your rooms. Others probably filled out questionnaires but, in the flurry of leaving for home, neglected to hand them in. We need 300 more filled out quickly for the forthcoming Survey. Please co-operate. Blanks are obtainable at the Prefect of Religion's office, 117 Dillon Hall.

And, by the way, if you have 25 or 50 cents left over after the vacation, preserve it for next Sunday's collection. We'll tell you why tomorrow.

PRAYERS: (deceased) grandfather of Hugh, '34, and Ed, ex-'34, Fitzgerald; sister of John Hemming; friend of Rev. Howard Keena, C.S.C. Ill, friend of Dan Cochran (Lyons); Ben Miley (Morr.); Bob Mark (St. Ed.); Jim Dougherty (Bad.); Frank Kirchman (Morr.); Bob Sullivan (How.); uncle of Rev. Eugene Moriarity; mother of Harold L. Noonan, '34; Leona Weidner; Mr. James McPartlin, friend of Bert Smith (Lyons). Three special ints.