

-----  
The Man Behind You.



He's the gent who puts up the cash. He started at it when you were knee high to a grasshopper--bought you toys and ice cream whenever you whimpered. Boy, how you liked him when, for the first time, he put you behind the wheel of the new car--set you up financially for the first date!

And he's still at it--buys your clothes, your golf clubs, shells out the spending money. When you were a green September freshman he brought you to the campus and laid down the cash that puts you through school.

Yeah, it's true, you take it all for granted. But he doesn't get it by taking it for granted. Don't forget that!

It's true, too, that the "old man" gets a little tough on you at times--puts you on the carpet and combs the kinks out of your hair, to get those sappy high-falootin' notions out of your head.

Maybe, even, because of that you find it easier to show attention to sympathetic mother.

Of course, of course, the Dad isn't the kind that wants you to get sentimental. But, after all, the old Dad would like to know that you are grateful. That's only human, you know. Even a strong man like yourself occasionally wells up at 'most anybody's show of unexpected gratitude. No? Think.

Very fittingly folks go for sending flowers and telegrams and candy on Mother's Day. But what about Dad? You can't very well send him flowers or a mushy message or a box of bon bons--not when he knows that he'll have to pay both the invoice and the freight!

Well, for the Forgotten Father there really is something you can do--something commensurate with your feeling of debt to him. You can get up tomorrow morning, and for eight mornings afterwards, and go to Mass and Holy Communion for him. Those nine days you can perform the other acts of devotion that usually go to make up a Novena. (If you don't know them already, look them up on any ordinary bouquet card.)

You needn't make a fuss about it. Dads don't like fusses. You needn't write a demonstrative letter. Sons don't like such displays.

But along about the fifth or sixth day of the Novena, come over to the Pamphlet Rack and get one of the Bouquet Cards specially printed for Dad. Mark down what you have done for him. Slip it into an envelope and put it in the mail. That's all.

Old Dad will get it and, in his own way, he will understand that it hasn't been only a song and dance. He will sense all that you have put into it.

The day it comes he'll take many a look at it. And, in tearless Dad, that night, there will be a strange new sensation; even if, man-like, he only says to Mother: "The kid's o.k."

BLANK QUESTIONNAIRES at both Pamphlet Racks! Fill out one and hand it in today.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Harry Maher's father; grandmother of Neil McCarthy (Walsh); aunt of Prial Curran (Sor.); uncle of Vincent De Coursey (St.Ed's); Holten Sexton, ex '11. Ill, mother of Bill (Walsh) and Phil (Morr.) Bayer; friend of Bill Bayer (Walsh); grandfather of Joe Ratigan (Sor.); Arthur Gerend, former student; Fred Snite, seriously ill in Peiping, China; Mrs. Daloy, Andover, Mass.; Dr. W.A. Scullen, Cleveland.