

Mass Wed. of Octave of
St. Joseph, p. 461. 2nd
col. of St. John, p. 809.

University of Notre Dame
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Ill, mother of John Koon-
igshoff (Dil.); friend of
Jim Burke. 1 special int.

Beg Your Pardon!

You ran along so well during Lent that we started to take you for granted--in the wrong way. We boldly assumed that you had reasons to be grateful to your mothers. Beg pardon.

After all, it's too much to ask a bunch of mothers' sons to get up half an hour before breakfast, even for their mothers--especially when the sons are in college with their three hours of class and their two hours of study and their golf and tennis and soft ball and long evening walks and all the rest. It's awfully hard under those circumstances to do much for anybody but one's self.

They tell this story of a widowed mother whose son came back from medical college for Easter holidays on the farm.

"Artemis," the mother said to her brilliant offspring. "I'm afraid I've taken that dreadful new disease!"

"What makes you think so, mutha?" asked the son tenderly.

"Well," she replied, "yesterday after I got up, I dressed myself and the children, cooked breakfast, washed the dishes, prepared the children for school, strained the new milk and set it out to cool, churned and worked the butter, did the ironing, got the hired men started in the fields, cooked dinner and washed the dishes, sewed all afternoon, cooked supper and washed the dishes, undressed the children and put them to bed. Then I sat down for the evening but I was too tired to do any darning. I never used to feel that way. Artemis, what can be the matter?"

"Mutha," the son answered apocalyptically, "it's simple. You have a severe case of ankylostomiasis, commonly known as hookworm."

Nobody but a college-trained man could make a diagnosis like that!

And shucks, fellows to get back to the point: your mother probably won't feel bad if you don't send her a Novena card. More than likely she doesn't even know that there's a Novena for Mothers going on here at school.

Along about Thursday, just sit down and write her a nice affectionate letter. Tell her how much she means to you and how much her love inspires you to do great things for her. She ought to get that letter before Mother's Day.

Or you might do something easier: send her one of those ready-made telegrams that you don't even have to think out. Your roommate could do that for you as late as Saturday night.

Yes, Yes, Backbone!

From an eighth-grade teacher in Chicago:

"I'm glad to tell you, Father, that even my boys are very much interested in what you are doing at Notre Dame. They read the Bulletin and make applications to themselves very nicely. There are some copies, a little beyond them, that I do not allow them to read..but I understand why those things are said to the young men. It is edifying to us to realize the esteem in which the youth hold the young men of Notre Dame. I take time out to let them know it is not the place that makes the saint but what is in the young fellow himself, and his ability to overcome himself."

PRAYERS: Ill, Bro. Loo, C.S.C.; relatives of Vince Turiano, Lindsay Phoobus (Walsh).