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Over Pop's Desk.

Over Pop's desk within a year come mighty few sentimental letters, but plenty of bills--bills, bills, bills--and, of course, those carefully-worded touches of yours for more \$5's and \$10's. Old Pop has scratched out most of his hair with your future and those touches before him.

As a kid you took it all for granted. Pop had it pretty easy--no school, no chores around the house. You saw him go away in the morning all slicked up and later come back at night without scratches and bruises on his face. Once in a while you visited his office. There you saw him ordering around this one and that, and you just reasoned that Pop's life was swell.



And maybe, in spots, it was.

But you can bet your belt

buckle that at that desk of his

he has spent plenty heartless hours with many of them pretty black. Ask him some day, now that you're older. A nice home, the right kind of education for his kids, a little money laid away for them--these don't come through one man's loafing. You'll find that out for yourself before many more moons rise and fall.

But let's get back to Pop. You can set him up to a huge treat--and, for once, you won't have to borrow his money to do it. Be careful, though, the treat will cost you something. Here's the idea: along about this time, year after year at Notre Dame, we put on a Novena for the Forgotten Father. We arrange the Novena so that it ends on the Feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph. This year we must start tomorrow morning because the Feast falls on April 14. Boys seem to like the idea of a Novena for Dad, and, traditionally, they make it (along with the Novena for Mother) one of their big efforts of the year. This Novena helps them to show in a genuine way how much their Dad really means.

By way of cooperating, so that Dad gets out of it the kick of his life, we prepare hundreds of special bouquet cards and distribute them freely through the pamphlet racks. Each of these cards is lettered, simply, "For My Father." Along about the 5th or 6th day of the Novena a boy gets one of these cards, fills it out and addresses it to his father. Only that.

To Pop's desk it comes. "From the kid," he says. "Well, well." He looks more closely. "Nine early morning Masses and Holy Communions; not for Mother, but for me. And how that boy likes his sleep!" He pushes back his chair and sits there staring. Maybe he takes out his handkerchief and wipes away something from the corners of his eyes. After all, you can't blame Pop. Over a long life of rough usage he hasn't received many such sentimental messages, even from his son.

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of Thomas Brennan (Br.). Ill, mother of Joseph Gleason (Dil.); Thomas Brennan (Br.); Mrs. John Howath; Robt. Schulz (off-campus).