

Thomas Aquinas Comes Back For More.--III

Behind the Main Building, there must have been two hundred trunks. The boys were coming back. You could tell the old-timers. The air was thick with greetings. A hand clasp, a slap on the back! "Where're you going to live....Give me a lift with this trunk, will you?"

Bag and baggage, back again after a summer of rest, or perhaps, work. The sophomores were the loudest. Back and forth, they searched for their own trunks, and to read the names printed on all. On one of them was written: Thomas Aquinas.

"That bird back?" cried one.

"Who?"

"Thomas Aquinas!"

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During the summer, no one had seen him; no one had heard from him.

"Rich guy. Doesn't have to work. All summer at some beach, I suppose."

And yet, that didn't seem right, either. For as the fellows in Zahm had come to know last May, Reggy's word had been true: "He's a darn sight better than we are."

Reggy was back. He was going to be in Carroll: this year. Things were a little tough at home. He didn't care. It was swell to think he could come back at all.

He found Thomas of Aquin over in Morrissey.

"Did your folks drive you down, Tom?"

"No," answered Tom, with a little smile that seemed to say there was more to it than just that.

And that night, Reggy learned what it was.

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PRAYERS: (deceased) uncle of Don Hengel (Zahm). Ill, mother of Harry Gettron (Cav); Mr. Harry Duffy, uncle of Bill Bryar (Cav). Three special intentions.

"My father and my mother didn't want me to come back. In fact, they never wanted me to come here at all. Last year, they finally let me come, persuaded that I wouldn't be able to stand it, that the fellows would drive me away, that I would go crazy living my life.

"During the summer, they told me they had made other plans for me. I waited. They thought I'd blow up, but I didn't. I just prayed hard. My dad has a farm up in Wisconsin. I persuaded him to let me go up there and work for the summer.

"It was only two miles to town. I rode a bike in every morning for Mass and Communion. I worked hard all day, and slept hard all night."

"Weren't you lonesome?" asked Reggy.

"No. I've never been lonesome in my life!"

"Well, what do you do? What do you think about?"

Just a moment of hesitation, as though Tom feared Reggy wouldn't quite comprehend. Then:

"I think about Our Lord."

Reggy sat quiet for a moment. Tom continued:

"Does that seem strange?"

"Not from you, Tom. It seems all right."
(to be continued)

On Gambling.

"Come on, Plato, let's shoot dice. The stake is only a trifle."

"Oh, yes, the stake's just a trifle! But the habit is not a trifle."

On the same principle Plato probably lived the drab (?) life of a tee-totaler.