

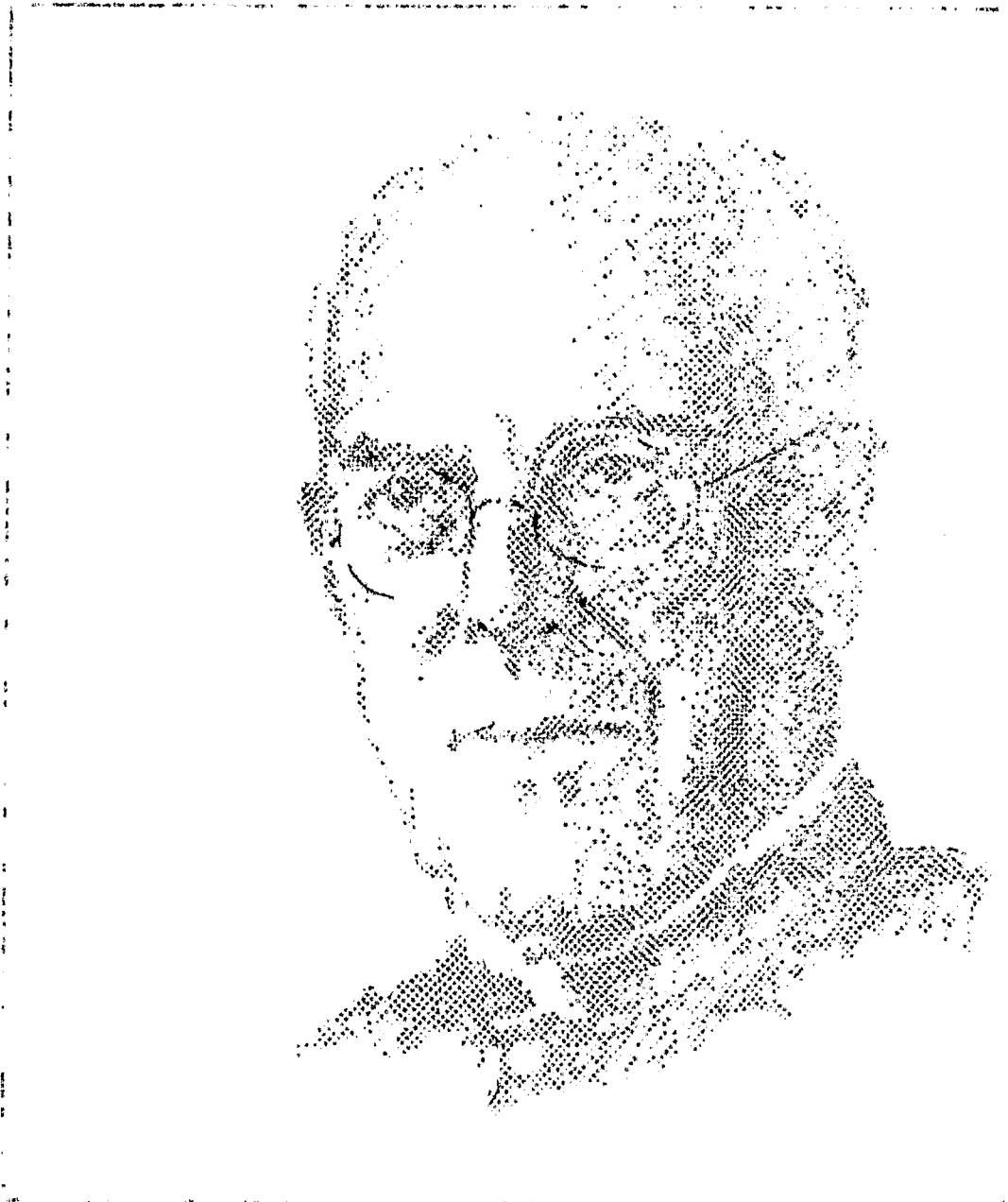
FATHER FARLEY LIES IN STATE IN THE UNIVERSITY PARLORS. PAY HIM YOUR LAST RESPECTS.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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The "King" Is Dead.

It is yesterday morning again. There is peace and white on the campus. Two sharp notes, marking eight-thirty, strike high in the tower of Sacred Heart Church. Inside, Moreau's choir begins to chant the Introit of the Mass: "Let all the earth sing to Thee; let it sing a psalm to Thy name." At the foot of the altar the priest signs himself and ascends: "I will go up to the altar of God; to God Who giveth joy to my youth."

At this same moment, on the other side of frozen St. Joseph Lake, Notre Dame knows another joy. Another one of her priests, one you revere, signs himself and ascends. Not to the altar does Father John Farley ascend. Not this time. He can lift neither limb: not the one God gave him, nor the one man made. But he lifts his soul, smiling, into eternity. Now he has joy and eternal youth. God is his very own!



Most of you knew Father Farley, at least a little. If you ever walked past the Scrin porch when he was there, you heard "Hi, boy!" You saw his friendly salute. If you heard him call you by a personal name, it was always that ribbing one, "Hi, Chester!"

He had a way with the boys. Not just with you but with thousands over a period of thirty years as prefect or rector. He knew your tricks and loved them if they were fair. If they weren't you had to watch out. If you misused the Holy Name or told a bad joke you put yourself on his blacklist. With him all was fair play, none foul.

He championed interhall sports, always led winners whether in Corby, Walsh or Sorin. He fired his men with zip. They played rough and tough . . . On the porch they "monkeyed" with him. He threw the mail to them after meals. Each letter had its special comment. If you muffed when he threw your card, you were a "softie." His was the family spirit. That's why they called him "Pop." He was rough, at times, to look at, but inside he was always the same, ever kind. If he poked your ribs when he hawled you out, you were privileged. Your lesson was learned doubly quick. He had the discipline, "fixed" things in his hall his own way. That's why he was "King." When you went to the "board", you weren't coming back. . . He never missed a thing in Washington Hall: neither movie nor opera. And you didn't dare bock. If you did, you didn't twice. He was "King." . . If students did any marching to town they might have made noise, but they didn't destroy. He led the gang. . . More of this noble priest later on. His rough sort of kindness won many a boy to the Lord!

ASSIST AT MASS AND OFFER HOLY COMMUNION FOR FATHER FARLEY. FUNERAL TOMORROW AT NINE.