

From Catalina Foothills.

Jerry Kane is a thirty-eightier. Last year he was a Sorinite, served the last "regular" Mass Father Farley ever said. Kane admits "Carl Doozan was his regular server. It was just a fluke break for me." See-- it was a favor to have known good old "Pop." Jerry writes from Arizona. He has just picked up notice of Father Farley's death in the papers:

As I read the few lines, they seem to frame themselves against a swift-moving panorama, a jumble of scenes complete with sound effects; the rest-rendering jangles interrupting the snores in Sorin Sub as "Pop" lustily swings his hand bell; a hearty, strident, insistent voice, heedless of the early morning hour, rousing by name, nickname, first name, last name or home-town, dough-eyed sleepers; a final crescendo as each door is machine-gunned by the blows of the hammer in Father's good right hand. Then the tempest past and a kind of peace!

"Pop" sitting on his folding chair outside the chapel door as we filed in; his head way back, one eyebrow up, a caustic crack, twinkle-tinged, for his favorites. . . His noonday, three-hundred word a minute, streamline edition of grace before meals, steely eyes all the time searching for tieless seniors at tables 1, 2, 3 and 4 in the upper dining hall. . . The never to be forgotten picture of him bowling along under full sail from the post office, back straight as a mainmast, mail and newspapers under each arm, disdainfully unaware of the Walsh Hall Smoothies perched awkwardly on their concrete steps.

The comedy scene he loved so much-- the mail delivery on Sorin's porch. Other halls might have their student postmen. Not old Sorin. Not as long as "Pop" could walk and sniff old lavender on a pale-blue envelope or could hit a Sorinite with a letter at twenty feet. . . The action that made him loved and imitated by all who met him on the campus; an umpire's "all-safe" gesture with the right hand, an upward twitch of the head, the staccato "Hi-Boy!" They all got the same: Father O'Hara or Old Tony, Sorin's tobacco-chewing janitor and the Sub's chambermaid!

It seems as though Father John's death marks an end of an era at Notre Dame. He spanned the years when Notre Dame rose from a country boarding school to the dignity, depth and universality of a great Catholic educational center. He seems to fit into the ranks of Cavanaugh, O'Donnell and Rockne; the builders, scholars and developers of Notre Dame. Far less well-known outside the campus than those great figures, he hallowed, humored and salted the daily life of those growing days. In his field he did a great job. His field was the Notre Dame Man. His special plot was the Sons of Sorin.

May Saint Peter open wide the pearly gates when he hears "Pop's" gruff "Hi-Boy!"

Please note, all Seniors and others: THURSDAY MORNING AT 6:20 Father O'Donnell will sing a Requiem Mass for Father Farley in Sacred Heart Church at the request of the Notre Dame Alumni of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Two Other Masses.

The 7:20 Dillon Mass Thursday will be said for Father Fogarty's Mother at the request of Father's M-W-F 9:00 o'clock section. . . . The 7:20 Dillon Mass Friday will be said for Camille McCole at the request of the Faculty.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Mr. T. Martin Kerrigan, Mrs. Kate Kilduff and Mrs. Mary Farley, friends of Bro. Angelus; friends of Steve Smith (Bad.); mother of Bob Wall (Morrissey); Ill, "Cookie" Morse (Dil.)(in N.Y.); father of John Landry (Bad.); (injured) friend of Ed. Huff (How.); mother of Tom (Cav.) and Dick (Dil.) Eillon; (operation) mother of Donald McDonald (Al.). One Thanksgiving. Eight special intentions.