The President's Feast Day Tomorrow.

Wednesday is the Feast of St. Charles Borromeo, patron Saint of the President of the University. Catholic courtesy demands that you give Father O'Donnell a remembrance in your Holy Communion tomorrow.

Cast-off Clothing Needed.

There are requests now and then for cast-off clothing (they will be more frequent as it grows colder). Right now we need an outfit for a short fellow - from socks and underwear to a suit of clothes. He has prayed a hole in the knees of his present trousers, asking for a job which has not been forthcoming; he will pray for his benefactors as long as the next knees will hold out. If you are five feet four or under, here is a chance to get some prayers.

When The Blood Reaches The Balcony.

A few weeks ago an alumna dropped in for a chat. She was one of the blockheads when she was here - received the Sacraments once in his junior year, and not at all in his senior year. She recalled an interview we had before that junior Easter duty, and said: "I have not forgotten a word of what you told me then, and I am beginning to understand it now. I have been a daily communicant for the last six months." "How come?" we asked. "The depression," he replied. "Things were going very well with me; then business started skidding. Finally I went to the Sacraments. Then I tried daily Communion for two weeks - and I haven't stopped yet. It hasn't improved business any - in fact, things are much worse than they were - but business doesn't worry me now - nothing does."

There you have the proper fruit of the depression - it should make a man think deeply enough to find God - the final quest of the mind and heart, the only end that can satisfy then. And there are many students here who have not yet been reached by the depression - even among those who are struggling to get along - they haven't sought God.

They remind one of a story that is related of the wife of one of the presidents of Uruguay, that beautiful little republic that has been cursed with so many revolutions. It is said that during one of these revolutions a group of ladies begged the President's wife to ask her husband to resign in order to put an end to the slaughter of Uruguay's best manhood, and that she replied: "Not until the blood reaches the balcony of the presidential palace." Three days later the blood reached the balcony; her husband was assassinated.

There are about one hundred men here who need a darn good general confession. They will want to make it if they wake up some morning and find blood on the doorstep. If they wait that long, they are hard to console and encourage, but then study the depression.

Corin Is Ready To Bury The Hatchet.

Corin sooths today - with something or other. Corby's rule jibe at the four-corner men has brought thought - perhaps even action. Corin wants to bury the hatchet - in Corby's week. There may yet be a normal challenge to a case of football issued by the Corin Agricultural College to the Corby Chorung Section. Should the event materialize, Bill Harley's longed-for Corin Combo will have to be on hand to search the contestants for lethal weapons before the game.

PROTEST: A sister of mine and is not expected to live. An aunt of Joe, Mary (and sister of Fr. John, C.S.C.) died last week. Three Notre Dame students, friends of boys here, were seriously injured in the gas with St. Mary's last Sunday. Ed O'Keiley of Norrissey calls these prayers for a cousin who is very ill. Frank Ruxton's grandmother died a few days ago. Mary and Joe Schaffler were called home today by the grave illness of their father. Nine special intentions.