Opportunity, like the hole in an opposing line, has to be recognized at the instant that it opens if it is to be made the most of.

Most fellows see it too late. They stand stupid, picking their teeth, arguing with their own quarter back, or wondering what the clippings will say. They are too slow or too thick or too much immersed in themselves to profit by the advantage before them.

Here is how a 1934 alumnus, after only a few months' absence, compares the "old" days in Sorin with his present life:

"Father, I am in a country where there is no church within 75 miles. For this reason, I have to do all my praying here and hope for the best when I shall be able to again go regularly to church.

"Each morning when I get up at six, I think of the time when I used to get up to go to the chapel last year. Quite a contrast! Last year church every day and this year perhaps only a couple of times.

"I know it is going to be hard, but I am going to do my best to live up to the things I learned at school. I want you to remember me when you go to the chapel to give Communions to the boys each morning. As you have heard from the boys many a time, 'I wish I was back at school', I am almost like those in Bengal for whom Father Farley was collecting money from the boys in the hall."

Certain dignified seniors, not far from the Sorin Chapel, might as well be living 75 miles away for all the good that it is doing them. Pray for them, too,—and for some of their brethren in Corby and Walsh—when you remember the writer of the foregoing letter. They really need prayers more than he does.

A diet of long sleep, loafing, and milk toast, is hardly preparation for life today. Listen to another 1934 graduate, writing from a highly-civilized city in the East:

"Through my uncle I was fortunate to get work. What I am doing is work, Father, common factory work. I can't see any future, but, nevertheless, I suppose I'm lucky at that. I imagine Father Farley would be overcome with laughter if he knew I had to get up at six every morning in order to get to my place of work by eight o'clock.

"Father, I certainly do miss Notre Dame, and I only wish that I could go back. You know I got to like Notre Dame so much that now I seem to be away from home. It seems to be a part of my life—I can't realize that it is all over. I certainly miss the facilities that Notre Dame afforded for Confession and Holy Communion. If one can't go to Confession on a certain Saturday one just has to wait till the following Sunday. One can't press any buttons and produce a priest!"

Gaps in Adoration for this week: Wednesday, 2:00-2:30. Thursday, 8:30-9:00; 12:30-12:30. Friday, 8:30-9:00; 9:30-10:00; 10:30-11:00; 3:00-3:30. PRAYERS: Decased, George Mack's mother; three friends of a student, Ill, brother of Joe Loftus; Frank Hagonbarth Sr. '86; younger brother of Justin O'Toole; Gilbert Bohrens(Dillon); Don Allen (Badin); friend of a student. Six special intentions.