So you wise gossips don't think it's worth while praying for the girl, huh? That's what it looks like, taking a glance at the Communications this morning.

Here's food for your cranial. 75% of your elder brothers, the alumni, are unreservedly against mixed marriages. 17%, a noticeable minority, feel that under certain favorable circumstances the mixed marriage should succeed; a mere 8% have no objections whatsoever to it (six individuals even favor it) and 8% are non-committal.

Here, further, my dear blind, stubborn lovers, are some of the statements the alumni have been good enough to leave for your perusal:

(The question asked was, What is your attitude toward mixed marriage?)

"Contracted one and was luckier than most, my wife being a high church Anglican, but advise Catholics to shun them."

"Against. Not because of bigotry. Because of fundamental differences in outlook on life."

"I married a Catholic. Tell your boys at N.D. to try and stay within the Church looking for a wife. It is hard enough to practice certain laws with a Catholic."

"The experiment is too serious." (Meaning conversion before marriage takes a load off the fellow's mind)

"My father was a non-Catholic and a good man; but I married a Catholic. I should know first-hand and I am very much against any mixed marriage."

"Something to be avoided if possible. Nothing like having a wife kneeling and praying beside you in Church."

Well, that's enough. Two hundred similar remarks (maybe more) are printed on pages 88-93 of Father John Cavanaugh's SURVEY OF SURVEYS. Start making the UNITY OCTAVE now.

Items.

Last week you read of the sudden death of Joe O'Flyle of the class of '38. At that time details were lacking. *** He died of monoxide gas poisoning, was found slouched over in his car in the garage outside his home. Remember him generously. Be cautious yourself of monoxide gas.

"Greater love than this no man hath that he lay down his life for his friend." I.I. O'Brien of Alaska, friend of John Hillethal (C3) and Frank Ketecar (Di), was skating with his girl the other day when the ice gave way. After saving his girl, Rob unfortunately slipped and drowned. R. I. T.

At the banquet for Bishop McLean of Alaska, he was introduced. He said: "I am a toastmaster, I am a toastmaster." *** And: "I am a toastmaster, I am a toastmaster."

"The ability to stop at one saluted patron." *** And: "For a toastmaster to say a few words of introduction."