

Religious Bulletin  
January 4, 1927

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Thank You - The Same To You.

And many of 'em. You sure must have had a swell time. Tired? You can sleep that off in a week. How did your father like the corn-cob pipe you gave him for Christmas? That's fine. Only arrested once? What was it - speeding? or drunk and disorderly? Killing the motor and tying up traffic on Main Street! That's a darb! The town sure is growing up. Sixteen dances - three in one night! Oh, well, you always was popular. What did you do to that fathead who grabbed your girl? I'll bet you did. Bet he felt woozy after that one.

All right, now. We've heard it all before, and we believe it, and we feel sorry for you. But this is Notre Dame, and it's time for you to pack your red socks back in the old trunk and protect the moth balls with that green and lavender cravat.

It was below zero here too. Some of the boys from Lowell and South Pasadena and Los Angeles and similar points of far-off culture studied basket ball in Naperville, but they didn't have a coach along and the fellows they were playing with wouldn't give them any pointers, so when they got their hands on the ball they didn't know what to do with it. One of the boys from Lowell had played goal-tender when hockey was a geographical sport at Notre Dame, so he stood guard; over his dead body the ymca scored 47 points. Three times the ball slipped out of our boys' hands and rolled into the basket and the herexaminer (which didn't have a reporter to spare for the Princeton game that night) credited our death-defying scrappers with four.

The referee was a good scout, however, all things considered. When the full seven of the squad had all accumulated a quota of fouls he opined that since the rules call for five men on the floor and the major rules takes precedence over the minor ones, the foul-filled Notre Dame boys would remain in the game. Our boys held their heads high, however. They were too proud to accept the quarters proffered them at the y, so they took a room at the hotel and slept cross-wise in the bed.

And then the Survey got done and will soon be in the hands of the printer. It could not have been done in such record time without the sterling services of some of the boys from Los Angeles and Utica and New Rochelle and Alexandria and Chickasa and New London and the like who added and subtracted and punctuated cross-ways and up and down, copied the wise cracks of junior infrequents, and corrected the spelling of seniors abs. It was a terrific job, but they will get their reward in heaven -- which is more than can be said of some of the Christmas activities.

Prayers.

The Christmas season brought many sorrows. Tomorrow's Bulletin will carry an extended account of the death of Eugene Kelly, of Denver, who went home for the holidays with an attack of flu and passed away the day after Christmas. Please remember him in your prayers and in your Holy Communion tomorrow and First Friday. A Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul will be announced later.

Al Taylor, who circulates the Bulletin every morning, has been detained at home by the critical illness of his mother. S.E. Kehoe, of last year's class, lost his mother; Joe Gartland's mother is very ill; Red Hurley's sister has pneumonia; Martin Callagy underwent an operation; Vincent Mescall, of a year ago, lost his father. Four students wired for prayers for friends who were ill or died. Father Healey's mother has been quite ill, but was saved an operation. Seven special intentions have been recommended three of them very urgent.

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P.S. Jim Rasor turned down a chance to play at Naperville because he couldn't play with so much snow on the ground.