

Mass Sun. 1st Sun. in Lent.
2nd. col. of the saints, p.
660. 3rd one & d 661.

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Mass Monday after 1st Sun.
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To Daily Mass at 5 A. M. For 58 Years.

From Dublin comes the following story of old-time Irish faith:

"God's goodness and plenty of hard work," is Miss Hannah Farrell's explanation of 111 years of life she will have completed on Sunday. Her age is certified by a Bona Mors Society card in her possession. For 58 years she was employed by Messrs. Pim Brothers, Corn Market, as a dressmaker. During this time she rose each morning at 5 o'clock and walked from her home at Rosemount, Dundrum, Co. Dublin, to her work in town, attending Mass on the way. She was 100 when she boarded her first tram-car, and Maynooth is the furthest limit of her travels. She is one of the few people living who have heard Fr. Tom Burke, the famous Dominican, preach, and she testifies to the marvellous influence he had over all who attended his sermons.

Here, for you sons of ease and fortune, Masses are offered daily just before breakfast in the very halls in which you live. If you have even a spark of Irish faith, how can you pass them by? (And, remember, Sunday Masses begin, not at 5, but sharply at 6, 7, 8, and 9.

No Thank You!

A few of the advantages of abstinence are clearly shown in the following selection, condensed by the Editors of the "Reader's Digest." It is taken from a new book entitled "No Thank You," an unusual narrative of personal experiences written by Wash Young:

At the age of 25, when I was a steady drinker, my endurance was not sufficient to play an entire game of handball. But at 45 I can play two fast games, take a cold shower afterward and walk forth exhilarated as no drink or series of drinks ever had exhilarated me. At the age of 25 I was all in after a few business calls, and ready for the evening drink. At 45 I can go hard all day, call on dozens of men, present my case each time with enthusiasm, and when night comes I neither need nor desire a drink. It happened that I stopped drinking just about the time national prohibition came along, the same time that a great many of my friends took it up. Drinking became a sport. At parties where I did not drink people laughed and called me a mossback, a reformer, a man who was cutting himself off from a good time for no good reason. But as far as I am concerned, booze is the same yesterday, today, and forever. I am wholly convinced that a lot of trouble is about all I have missed by not drinking during the past 10 or 12 years. I have had a far more interesting time remaining sober than getting tight, and this is not "sour grapes". A great many people think a party without drinks is a dull affair. I do not agree. If a group of congenial folks are together they need nothing in addition to their own wits to create a good time. I go to parties when there is no drinking and enjoy them tremendously. What's more, persons who ordinarily drink appear at these parties and seem to like them. Even moderate drinking has some hangover effect. If one hour is mad merrier, there will be two hours rendered less agreeable than normally. As I see it, and in my own case, the cost of moderate drinking is too great. Too great in money, in health, in clear thinking...Over against every illustration of the prudent drinker, I can cite an illustration of the imprudent. So can you. It is dangerous stuff...Therefore I shall continue to say, "No thank you!"

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