

Masses: Sat., Whitsunday University of Notre Dame  
Eve, p. 484; Sun., Whitsunday, Religious Bulletin  
p. 490; Mon., Whitsun week, p.495. May 29, 1936

General Communion Sunday  
to The Holy Ghost will  
terminate the Novena.

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Our Gallant Dead.

Walk over to the Memorial Door at the east entrance of the church. There dedicated to St. Joan of Arc, lily-sword of France, and to St. Michael, angelic sword of God, you will read upon two bronze tablets the long list of the Notre Dame dead.

Gallant men are immortalized upon those tablets: brave and popular Captain Campbell who, with a cane to support his feebleness, walked into his last battle in France; Big McInerny, famous football tackle of his day; and many, many others.

You of today owe high honor to the memory of those gallant dead. Pay that honor in the Catholic way at the Field Mass which starts tomorrow morning sharply at 9:00. (Breakfast at 8:30.)

Last Call For The Hottentots.

The fund for Sister Emelia's Hottentots amounts now to \$64. Contributions have been coming in fast; there is still time to make the total a round \$100. But hurry!

And, gentlemen, gentlemen! Next Sunday is the very last of the year upon which to redeem those pamphlet racks. Are you listening? If everybody will come through this one time, we'll finally get out of the red. We beseech you!

Know And Love Your Cross!

"Who would have imagined that two pieces of wood placed one upon the other could assume as many shapes as there are individual destinies! And yet such is the case. Your cross is made to your measure, and you must stretch yourself out on it whether you want to or not, whether with hatred and revolt or with submission and love. It is a mystery that man should have lived for so long without discovering that, above life's charnelhouse, there was a sign, a leafless tree, a naked tree on which, one day in human history, God Himself came to die....."

"And even if our weakened and impoverished faith can perceive the supernatural only from afar, we still have this wood to touch--this wood on which our flesh is nailed. The elements which make up each cross are a common heritage. Old age! Long before we reach it we all breathe the breath of death; but there is more agony than this, for above the base of communal pain there is each man's individual pain, the pain which corresponds to his heart and is measured with his body and which has no resemblance to any other pain....."

"The Cross! I cannot escape from it. 'If Thou art the Son of God,' cried the insulters of Christ Crucified, 'come down from Thy cross.' He could have if He had wanted to. But as for us, His creatures, nothing can tear us from this gibbet on which we were born, which has grown side by side with our bodies and stretched itself with the stretching of our limbs. We are hardly conscious of it in our youth, but as the body develops and grows, the flesh becomes heavy and drags on the nails. What a time it takes for us to realize that we are born crucified!"

"....To flee one's sorrow and evade and ignore one's cross is the whole occupation of the world; but that occupation is at the same time a fleeing from one's own self and a losing of one's own self, for our special aspect is given by our sorrow and our special contours are fixed and checked by our cross." (--Adapted from Francois Mauriac's "God and Mammon.")

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Ned Joyce (Corby). Ill, Mary Sniadowski, sister of Alfred Sniadowski (Sorin); John Glanzner (appendectomy) (Sorin); Bub Brucker, '33, seriously ill.