

Sunday's 8:00 o'clock
Mass for Leonard Casassa,
request of Italian Club.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 13, 1937.

Offer Sunday's Mass
and Communion for the
next one of us to die.

"Sessions."

Now nobody's thinking of you and your particular friends, so don't be writing the Bulletin fan mail. This is just a little imagination, a story about him and those other fellows: the thoughtless, harmless J. McGutzky and Company, Limited

Here's the scene: any freshman hall any night at nine-thirty. The top floor is seldom checked and so usually safe. But this night, right in the midst of things, the slim cassocked figure from the floor below unexpectedly clicks the lock with his master-key. The shrill cackles of a moment ago, the raucous guffaws, and all the funny noises splitting the peace of the hall vanish snuff out the window. The door swings open on eleven men in a muddle. Oh, the serious-minded students: so still, all eyes intent on the visiting Prefect, as though he represented the Dome and were snapping their picture.

The ever affable, genial host, Mr. McGutzky--"Our Joe"--pops up mechanically to offer the Prefect his seat. "Good evening, Father," he boyishly ventures, "We've been talkin'."

"Been what?" inquires the priest, emphatic and unconvinced.

"Talkin'. Plannin' careers. Here's 'Pete the Polite Politician'" and Joe shows him one of the late-sleepers-in. "There's 'Little Pete' his First Stogie" and he turns to the half-pint cramped up in the window sill curling the stars with his cigarette smoke.

"Polite Politicians, eh. . . I hope not the slick kind that rob widows and orphans." And then he lets fire. "Listen you men, why don't you stay in your rooms? The first thing, we told you to make your room the center of operations, your own not the gang's. You know the gang now; turn them loose if you want to study. You're afraid to say 'Scram!' Some bitter day you'll want to buy back your wasted time, you'll want returns on your father's money."

"But, Father..." Joe's voice is soft. "We're just relaxin' after the quarterlies"

"Say, you're not kidding me, nor anyone else. I said, you're wasting time; you're manufacturing trouble now, and storing more up for later on. Why all the killing cackle and the riotous laugh? You forget that God is your roommate. You forget something else. Every time that you roared, the Betrayer of Men, triumphant, quietly sneered." The priest stoops to pick up a copy of STARE half-hidden, not quite, under the bed. "Sure, you might as well fork over QUAGMIRE and PEAK... Why don't you think? It's college grads, men just a little ahead of you, printing that tripe, poison that's killing their baby brothers, filth that will one day seep into the lives of their kids no matter how they try to protect them today. And you say it's only a little relaxation!"

Change Your Mind.

"Change your mind. That's what you came to college for. If you leave Notre Dame with a mind unchanged, what will the University profit you? Don't throw away those precious years, your mother's love, and your father's money. Buckle down. Change your mind on the politicians; make your life one of love for the poor. You want to write? Change your mind on what's fit to print. 'Only the clean of heart shall see God.' You want relaxation? the old 'sessions'? All right. But, please, change your mind on these sessions!"

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Bob Murbach (Cav.). Ill, John Lynch (appendectomy in Chicago)(Cav.); John F. Kelley (not a student); father of Elias Hoyos ('36) (serious). Four special intentions.