

LOST: a wrist watch.
FOUND: Initialed wrist
watch. Apply at 107 Cav.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
March 14, 1939

Mass, father of Dick Karr
(How.) Wed., 7:20 Howard
Chapel, request of Band.

The Priest Prays Out Loud.



"Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, how is it some of the men around here can stay away from You in Holy Communion months at a time? Do You think it's because they're hard-boiled and don't care? *** I don't think there's one man on the Notre Dame campus who wants to be at odds with You. *** Those few stay away because they've been so weak in the past and they fear the future. One or two are afraid of confession. *** If they'd only reflect who You are and what You've done for them. If they'd only picture You and the Father of the Prodigal Son. If they'd only call on the Mother You gave them. If they'd only convince themselves that they'd be much happier out of their sins. *** Won't You almost force them into the "box?" And teach Your priest how to handle them "Your way." *** They want to get back.

Bengal Prelims.

Tomorrow night at the door of the gym one skinny dime will let you in. You'll laugh if you see two of the Bengal bouters simultaneously knock themselves silly. You'll be proud of Alumni or Lyons or Brownson if you see one of your men rap somebody else's chin and the somebody else is from Walsh or Morrissey or Zahm. You'll tell your roomie on the way back to the hall, "I didn't think the punk had it in him." You'll also be glad to know your dime is a big help.

"I don't know how to thank you," wrote back Father Vince McCauley from Bengal. "Dorgachalla is just as much a part of the Modapur jungle on Christmas day as on any other day of the year. It was damp and cold. Four days of spicy curry-and-rice a la Garo would make an elephant dyspeptic. Then there were the twenty-five miles of bullock-cart road for the return journey. But, oh, what a surprise was waiting when a certain jungle-walker arrived home at dusk Christmas night -- your letter, of course. Then Christmas took on a new color. The wild pig, cooked over an open fire in the little jungle clearing, didn't feel half so heavy, and tired legs could have kicked the ceiling in any part of the house. I was walking on air by the time the late arrivals came in for our Christmas spread. We were eleven priests and one brother, gathered from all over the north Garo missions -- and what a time we had at the one and only annual get-together."

Your dime any night of the prelims, your two-bits a week from Friday for the finals is a heartening whisper from one Notre Dame man to another. "Keep gcin'."

PRAYERS: (deceased) (3rd anniv.) father of Conal Byrne; (2nd anniv.-- March 12) Johnny O'Brien; grandmother of Floyd Richards (Freshman); wife of John Salomon (tailorshop); father of Dick Karr (Howard); friend of Charles Schmid (Morrissey); uncle of Fr. L.R. Ward, C.S.C.; uncle of John C. Kirby (Freshman). Ill, Rev. Gerald Daly (Manhattan College); mother of James O'Brien (Bro.); father and aunt of Fred Digby (Walsh); father of Dan Ryan (Sorin); Mrs. Norine Hauck; Frank Earls (So. Bend). Five special intentions.

YOU'RE EXCUSED FROM FAST BY THE BISHOP'S DISPENSATION DURING LENT, BUT NOT FROM PENANCE.