

Mass at 6:25 in Cav. Sat.  
for Jack Sweeney who was  
killed on way to enrol...

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
September 15, 1939

...as freshman in Cav.  
four years ago. God  
grant him eternal rest.

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I Go For Caf Smoke Mixed  
With Iced-Tea.

I've been taking a ribbing for living in a downtown hotel. Some of you say I must have had a low average. A few of you pity me. You laugh unconvinced when I tell you my Dad couldn't scrape up the cash till late summer and I didn't figure it worthwhile applying for room space till mid-July.

Well, laugh. Laugh over those nifty new table-cloths in the dining halls. I've got the last laugh on you. I've got the Caf. I eat what I like when I want to. And, boys, am I filling myself on iced-tea. What's more, I smoke during meals.

Last night I sat me down in the Caf about a quarter to six. I was alone till this priest came along to sit opposite me. I didn't know his name because I'm only a freshman. But he talked to me as if we'd been friends since my block-building days. All we did was ask questions.

He wanted to know what I thought of the Fair. I wondered about the Rockne Memorial, how soon I could learn how to swim in the little tank, what tests I would have to pass before Tommy Mills would let me take my first plunge in the big tank.

Then I asked him about the Missions. I told him I saw the sign that said Father F. Schulte, C.S.C. was going to conduct them. I asked him whether Father Schulte was that famous flying priest. He said, "No, you're thinking of the O.M.I. man-- the Oblate who covers the Arctic. But this Father Schulte, the C.S.C., takes to flights of oratory." He said it's going to be a rip-snorting, hell-raising mission. Well, those weren't his words, but that's what he meant.

I figure I can stand a mission. I heard a student say he'd skip it. "That's impractical stuff." He just wants to learn how to make money. But I'm sticking by something my parish priest told me when I was in catechism. He said: "Practical-- what could be more practical than saving your soul?" Besides, I've got a couple of

things bothering me. I know darn right the best way for me to have a good year is to get 'em out of my system and not only that but settle down this year and learn to do what's right.

This priest I'm telling you about told me the topics: Salvation, Sin, Death, Judgment, Mercy and Perseverance. I got the jitters when he mentioned death. I always do. But this priest kept onto the point. "You didn't know Bill Washington of Zahm Hall last year, did you? A hay-rack ran into him August 4th. He lived for an hour. But Bill was a frequent communicant last year. He had a medal and chain on. He had all the sacraments. He died with a Notre Dame smile on his lips, said something about not being afraid to meet Our Lord." I got the creeps when I figured Bill's voice should be one of those that were making noise in the dining hall.

Then this priest went right on. "You didn't know Emil Luckoy either. He was a fine lad, too. He lived right downtown in South Bend. His car ran off the road. They found him dead." I said to myself, that could have been me. And, as I walked back to town last night past the cemetery, I jumped two feet as a car jammed its breaks on fast to avoid a collision. I said, suppose I was Bill; suppose Emil was me. I tell you, I'm all for the Mission.

The morning instructions hit the positive side: The Need of a Strong, Living Faith, How to Make a Good Confession, How to Make a Good Communion, Prayer, and Temptation Is Not Sin.

I've decided I'm going to go to confession tonight after supper in Dillon or over there in the Basement. If anything holds me up, I'll make it at nightprayer in one of the halls. Because it stands to reason I'm going to get MORE out of the Mission by starting off on a string of Communions right now. \*\*\* The priest left in a hurry, saying: "I'll see you on the handball court Saturday and also Sunday in Church." Meanwhile I'm still in the Caf...So long.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Sister of Brother Donald, C.S.C.; mother of Ernie Frauendorff, '40; father of Bob Connolly, '40; Mrs. Sarah Walker (Grand Rapids); mother of Jim Hackner (Badin); father of Bill Kuntz, '41; grandmother of Joe Larkin (Dillon); Walter Clausmeyer (Boston). Ill, (critically) Rev. Leo Chaplin and Rev. John Cook (Detroit); Ted Hrubec '39 (seriously); John Skelley '31; father of Joe Thosing. Two special ints.