

If your mother's not a Catholic, read Father Lynch's Students' Bulletin in YOUTH tomorrow.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
January 30, 1940

Unity Intention Sunday,
return of Lutherans &
other European Protestants.....Pax vobis..

Freshmen, Get This Straight.

The upper-classmen are getting sick of being pushed all around at the ten o'clock Mass. And the Prefect of Religion is right with them.

We're all for making a few holes in the ice and dunking a few of you after Benediction tomorrow night. Your spiritual director will be along with the cils.

Get the history behind this plain talk. The present juniors and seniors remember the day when the last Mass on the campus was celebrated at nine. It was a High Mass at that. So nobody could have a long sleep.

Early in the schoolyear '37-'38, the High Mass was pushed back to eight-thirty and the last low Mass was changed from eight to ten. That accounts for the present order of things: 6:00, 7:00, 8:30 and 10:00.

Of course, everybody would want to jam into the 10:00 and in order to preserve the balance it was absolutely necessary (as any reasonable freshman will admit) to make a restriction. It was announced: "NO FRESHMEN ALLOWED AT THE TEN-- YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANGE TO SLEEP LATE FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS."

Both that first year of the change, and last year, the rule was generally obeyed. A fresh guy here and there, having no regard for the common good, insisted on breaking the rule. Nothing was done about it. BUT THIS YEAR THE DISREGARD HAS BEEN GENERAL. Something will have to be done about it. Suggestions from the S.A.C. are hereby requested. And, please, make them practical. The more self-governing you can master the better. The Prefect of Religion doesn't like to turn to the Prefect of Discipline to rout you either into the Church or out of it.

Everybody, Be On Time.

You have called the bluff of this writer one Sunday after another. "Keep coming late and you'll be back on the old schedule" is a trite refrain. You still have the ten.

Doggone it, I CAN arrange that. I don't want to. As a matter of fact, I'm coming down off my high horse. Backing out. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Sometime, somehow I'll get my reward for becoming a pussyfoot.

For the 23 millionth time, and this time successfully (I hope, I hope) I'm asking you to arrive on time for Sunday Mass and stay till the priest leaves the sanctuary. I'm putting you right where you want to be, on your own.

Best motive to help, now that you're back on your own: demonstrate that you wish to honor Our Lord who is about to re-enact the Sacrifice of the Cross.

Most practical, immediate motive: demonstrate that self-discipline works better than working commands and shot-guns behind you.

Suumi Pontificatus.

The Knights of Columbus are passing out copies of the Holy Father's encyclical to each one of you at tomorrow's Masses. Show your appreciation of their good thought-- and soul-- by reading, studying, meditating, reducing to practice this letter to you from the Vicar of Christ.

PLAYERS: (DECEASED) Clement G. Kite (Phil.); (ILL) Miss Mary Gallagher; father of Bob Parks; Sister Loyola, C.S.C.; mother of Geo. Winkler, '29; father of Art McCann, '30; Mr. Vukob (Angola, Ind.); Mrs. Ritchey (Columbus, O.); daughter of Mrs. Hergen (Portland Ore.); Bill Crowley; friend of Geo. Greene (How.); friend of John Flynn (Wal.); Sister Petrus, friend of Bro. Canuto, C.S.C.; Mrs. W. E. McHugh (Cleve); aunt of Harry Scott