

Religious Bulletin
November 29, 1926.

Gondoge, Tear; God Bless You!

Dear boys:

And now you start for sunny California, to wind up a glorious season. It's a long, hard ride, but it has its compensations; and a nice victory, a smashing come-back, won't be hard to take. You'll get a nice rest on your special train tonight; then all day tomorrow you can regale yourselves with the beautiful Kansas scenery; by Wednesday morning you'll be slowly climbing the endless bare hills of New Mexico; you'll cut the corner of Texas in the afternoon, get a glimpse of Mexico, then shoot right back into New Mexico and on to Arizona, where the Sunshine City, Tucson, awaits you with open arms.

There's no use in your wearing long faces about last Saturday's game. It was on the books. The Bulletin a week ago today told the boys they had sold you out; on Friday it told them again that you went away blue, expecting defeat -- and they didn't come across on Saturday morning either. In fact, the number of Communion through the past week was just about forty per cent lower than the week before the Army game. And you can't blame the boys much either. They have good hearts, but they are so dumb. They mean well, but they remind one so much of Moon Mullins in the funny paper. They'll come back, now, though, you can be sure of that. They'll be saying three rosaries a day for the next six days to get out those thirty-six thousand rosaries before next Saturday.

It's too bad you can't receive Holy Communion every day, as you would like to, while you are traveling. Tomorrow and the next day you will have to miss, but Thursday and Friday morning you will be on dry land, in Tucson, and the cathedral is only a step away from the charming Santa Rita Hotel; Saturday morning you will find Father Kirk waiting for you at St. Basil's Church, only two blocks from your ritzy stopping place, the Ambassador. On Saturday afternoon you want to stop in at St. Agnes Church, Vermont and West Adams, for a little act of thanksgiving. The church is up Vermont street just a piece from the stadium. Father Molony, the pastor, was never a student here, but he is a loyal Notre Dame man, and has sent a good many students to us; and he has not only one of the prettiest but the best conducted church in the city.

Father Blackwell, who saw Notre Dame from a taxicab last summer, has invited you to St. Paul's Church, on Washington Boulevard at Tenth Street, for Mass Sunday morning. Several of the Notre Dame boys from Los Angeles live in his parish when they are here for the summer, so by all means accept his invitation and show him that Notre Dame does turn out some real Catholics. And if you have a minute's time to spare at Father Molony's and Father Blackwell's, stop in to the convents and give your blessing to the good Sisters from our own St. Mary's, who teach in two parish schools.

And now a word of advice for the trip. Take ear-muffs along for the gentle Kansas breezes, and gas-masks for the dinner in Tucson. Don't let any of the boys climb cactus trees, and keep away from Villa's cave; the Mexicans don't like the Hibernians at this writing. See the Mission at Tucson if there is time; it's more worth while than Harold Bell's right's here. Play dumb when you see the orange trees, and say "What's then?" They'll be glad to tell you. Do as much for the poinsettias and the Angelus Temple. But don't point your finger at things. They'll think you're from Iowa and will direct you right to Long Beach.

Be good. When you can't receive Holy Communion, make a spiritual communion and join with us in the Novena in honor of the Immaculate Conception; say the litany of the blessed Virgin for this every day -- and don't forget about the beads. Say a prayer that some of the old reprobates back here will make use of the opportunity for the Sacraments you won't have these two weeks. And come back with another scalp.

J.F. O'H.