

Religious Bulletin
December 19, 1927.

Prayers.

Senator Robert E. Proctor, of Alkharth, an alumnus, asks prayers for his deceased mother, and Tom O'Neill, of Akron, Ohio, for his deceased father. The deceased Mr. O'Neill was chairman of the board of the General Tire Co., and a benefactor of the University. Bernard Bird, of Buffalo, was called home Saturday by the critical illness of his father. George Monroe has received word that his father has suffered a stroke. Five other students ask prayers for deceased relatives, three for sick persons, and three for special intentions. Prof. Wack also asks prayers for a relative who was killed in a railroad accident Friday night. -- Saturday's Bulletin requested prayers for Wm. Cronin's brother; it should have read "uncle".

Thank God Fervently.

Tomorrow is the twenty-second anniversary of the promulgation of the decree Quam Singulari, of Pius X, the famous decree on daily Communion, which has meant more to Notre Dame than anything else in a generation. We owe a deep debt of gratitude for this, and we should not forget to thank God for the privilege tomorrow, and for all that it has meant to Notre Dame and to Notre Dame men.

It's Cold.

Old clothes, something to keep a poor fellow warm, are much in demand these days. If you have something on hand you don't need, bring it around. The old clothes closet is empty -- and it's cold.

Merry Christmas, Bengal.

With half a crowd at Mass yesterday the Bengal collection came to seventy-seven dollars. It is six hundred and seventy dollars short of a thousand for the fall's work, but it will be very welcome where it goes -- and it will do great good.

Empty The Rack.

A new supply of everything will have to be in after Christmas, so you might as well take home to the folks what's there. Beads are not so much in evidence; from three gross we are down to seven pairs. Medals and chains are still in abundance. Clear out the rack in the corridor. There are some very good pamphlets in the recent issues, and we want to make room for them.

Squirrel Whisky For Christmas.

Eight years ago this Christmas sixty-four people died in the Connecticut Valley from one barrel of alcohol. Hartford, Springfield, Chicopee, Holyoke... all the towns along the River were hit; in Mercy Hospital, Springfield, fifteen out of the sixteen brought to the first floor died, and the one who remained looked mighty shaky a week later. Every year since that time the crop of liquor deaths during the holidays has been large -- and the season for this year is well under way. There is one good thing you can do with holiday booze -- leave it alone.

A Letter To Santa Claus.

"Dear Santa: There are lots of things we want and lots we could use, but what we want is the thing that will do us most good. Let's have a sensible Christmas for once. Please give us the sense to use the brains God gave us; that will give us all a very

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."