
An Open Letter to Freshmen.

Never mind if you have heard about the few encephalitic seniors who were chased out of bed every morning during the mission but never arrived at the church.

You probably know too of the juniors who came to the church entrance at the night service, and having found that there was no check-up, ducked off in the dark.

A handful of weak-kneed sophomores used to come all the way into the church and then sneak out the side door before the sermon began. Big stuff, you know.

They are all like the wise guy who slipped his broken leg out of the splints, then crowed that he had put one over on the nurse. These dumb upperclassmen won't realize the resemblance until, like the wise guy, they discover incurable bumps and weaknesses later on in life.

Don't get the impression that the majority of upperclassmen are that way. The majority of them come frequently, very frequently, to the communion rail. And this month of October you will learn (if you yourself go to the church) that adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is very popular with upperclassmen.

A prominent--a very prominent--member of last year's graduating class has written recently to Father O'Hara something that even most sophomores would consider too preachy to tell to you man-to-man.

"Any student," he writes, "who is fortunate enough to attend Notre Dame and fails to go to Mass daily, to receive Holy Communion daily, and to visit the Grotto daily, is not attending Notre Dame, and is not worthy of the title 'A Notre Dame Student'.

"Book learning can be had in most of the educational institutions in the country, but the spiritual guidance, the value of which no words can possibly depict, in addition to the book learning, can be secured best, in my opinion, only in a Catholic university, and especially at the Catholic institution from which I have been fortunate enough to graduate.

"For four years, Father, I visited the Grotto daily, praying for, among other things, the conversion of my father, and asking Our Lady for the grace to find 'the girl of my dreams', so to speak, before my graduation.

"Prayer is all-powerful as I found out. Sometimes I thought my requests were being ignored, but I persevered faithfully. Two months before Commencement my father was baptized. Three weeks before Commencement I found the girl. Both made me exceedingly happy.

"Above my bed at home is a large etching of the Grotto. Nightly before retiring and every morning before going to work I 'visit' the Grotto. It is a devotion I shall always practice."

Note that, besides daily Mass and Holy Communion, he emphasizes devotion to the Grotto. It is an old Notre Dame custom to pray daily or nightly at the Grotto for, among other things, the right girl. Are you observing that custom?

PRAYERS: Deceased, father of Jack Cannon (Alumni). Ill, mother of Ed. J. Tully '28; uncle and friend of Bill Smullen (St. Edward's). Three special intentions.