

Father Alan Heiser
underwent serious
operation this A.M.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
February 13, 1939.

Ill, Mrs. Margaret
Clancy; R.I.P. un-
cle of Fr. Gorman.

Our Lord's Grand March.

Quite impressed by the throngs heading for the altar railing in Sacred Heart Church these days of the Triduum in filial tribute to the late Holy Father, one of the men sums up his impression in verse. He says it lacks finesse, and perhaps it does, but the thought and sentiment count:

Our Lord's Grand March began at dawn,
The tramping feet, three thousand strong;
Straight as an arrow to the altar, their trail
Was made to receive the Holy Grail.

Their hearts and minds as pure as snow,
All with one thought: "To Christ we go."

These are the true men of Notre Dame,
Their love enkindled with one great flame;
Marching at dawn, in sunshine or snow,
All with one thought: "To Christ we go."

You can be sure that you're going to Christ when you offer your tribute of Communion and Masses for the beloved Pius XI. For Pius was Christ's Vicar on earth. And Pius, like all the popes, called himself the servant of the servants of God, that is, the least of Christ's brethren. "What you do to the least of My brethren," Christ said, "you do to Me." How spontaneously you want to pray the prayer of the Missal which Father Irving read at the Holy Hour yesterday afternoon:

O God, who by Thine unspeakable providence was pleased to number Thy servant, Pius, amongst the sovereign pontiffs; grant, we beseech Thee, that he who reigned as the Vicar of Thy Son on earth, may be joined in fellowship with Thy holy pontiffs for evermore. Through the same Lord, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who with Thee liveth and reigneth in the unity of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Pope Pius And The Press.

"Anything which you do for the good press, I will consider as having been done for me personally. The Catholic Press is very close to my heart, and I expect much, very much of it. . . ." Now comes the test. You love the memory of this magnificent pope? You just read his words about the Catholic Press?

The Catholic Press launched yesterday a campaign-- you might call it a renewal campaign, and a campaign to the death-- against the smut-publishers. This national organization for decent literature is going to succeed. It shall not relent. It shall not spare. It shall call a spade a spade and a smut-publisher a morn-maker.

A year ago, under the zealous patronage of their Bishop, the Catholic women of this diocese really started something. Now all decent thinking Americans, Catholic or not, lovers of love and haters of lust, are going to town against these vicious, sex-exploiting magazines, these popular "picture" books that vilify everything sublime in the human frame. Yes, get it! Sex is sublime. Without it, you wouldn't be. Not because of it, but because of the abuse of it, other people-- the smut-publishers-- also happen to be. But, if slitting their pocket-books as well as chasing their vile-ness off the face of America means anything, they're not going to be much longer. Take it or leave it.

Yesterday-- Again.

Brother Mathias, with five-hundred others, answered "Merciful Jesus, have mercy on me" to each line in the litany for a happy death, recited during the Holy Hour. That was five-thirty. But he did not respond to the supper bell. Brother Mathias is dead.

PRAYERS: (deceased) uncle of Ray Dubriske (How.); aunt of Claude Schmide; friend of Norm Burke (How.). Ill, father of Ed. Sullivan (Morrissey). Five special intentions.