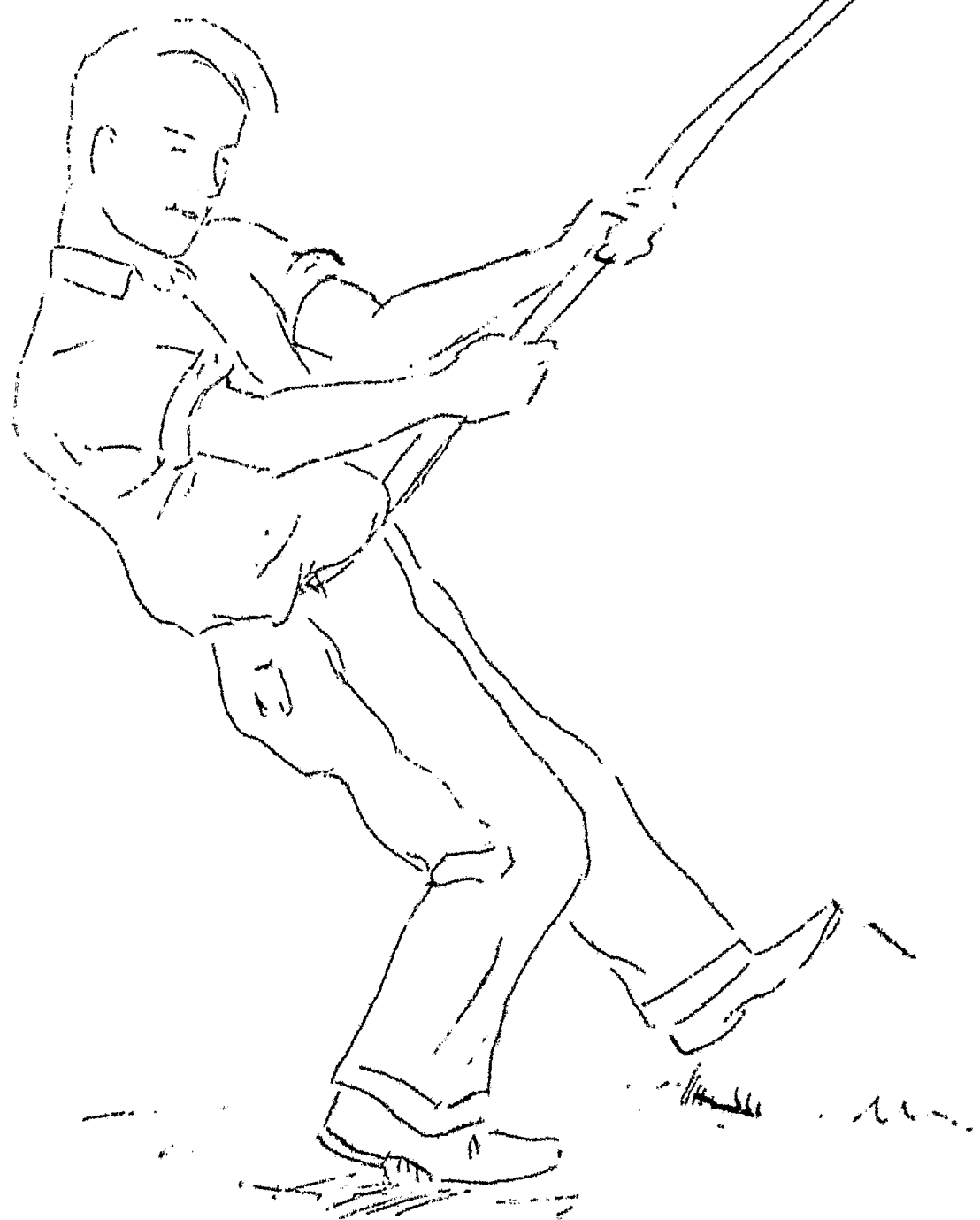


South Bend Deanery  
EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS  
at N.D. Mother's Day.  
See Friday Bulletin.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
May 11, 1939

GENERAL CONFESSIONS.  
Seniors. Any night.  
(underclassmen too.)  
LOST, Donnelly's Missal.

Pete Goes A-Fishing.



You don't know Pete. You just think you do. Like the rest of the gang he's witty and flashy now and then. He's a good sport. But he's different; really quite different. That's why you don't know him.

Pete never swears, Pete never tattle-tales. He never retails a dirty story. If you tell one, Pete may not bawl the devil out of you, but somehow you know he doesn't like it. You never catch Pete talking uselessly about sex. Nor does he wise-crack about girls. Pete's every bit a man. He never gets in your way. He's a cheery chap.

You see, Pete has a problem. It bothers him. Not in the sense, he's upset, but he's thinking. After all, this Pete is a deep soul and sees something very profound about life. It's not all newspapers and radio and the stage. Life is very, very real to Pete. He's going places and so is everyone else. That interests him.

Pete's not a misogynist. That means his slogan was never "I hate girls," but the girls don't interest him.

Pete's fun, he thinks, is in fishing. You probably never heard him mention the matter once. He rarely speaks of it. That's why you don't know this fellow. Someday, and very soon, he'll surprise you. He'll be saying goodbye to the gang. "Well, so long, fellows, I'm going now. I'm going fishing."

Pete will be fishing for souls. He has heard, as St. Peter once did on the shores of Lake Galilee, the voice of the Master. James and John heard it, too. "Come ye after Me and I will make you to be fishers of men."

Christ's voice, in the case of priestly or religious vocation, is unmistakably clear. It's true Pete never heard it out loud. But for a long time now this "fishing for souls" idea has been ringing. It never stops, not even when Pete takes in a show or a dance.

He makes his Mass and Communion with a little more thought and care, as a rule, than the others. He doesn't mind making a half-hour a day at the Adoration. He naturally gravitates once a day toward the Grotto.

The big question seems to be, when will he start out on his fishing trip? A senior and a sophomore are beginning at the shore of a little lake in Rolling Prairie this August. Two or three freshmen haven't quite made up their minds. Last year a well-known senior "forsook" the world to hook souls for Christ. One freshman went East to join up with Maryknoll. He wants to fish in foreign seas like Father "Red" Barron once of Badin Hall.

If you're Pete, and in doubt when to leave this side of the lake for the other, or if you need a few pointers on the fishing in other seas, drop around. And God bless you, because though the rest of the gang has been getting a great kick out of hints on marriage, you're the luckiest man in the world.

PRAYERS: (deceased) James Bresnahan '30, Ill. Richard Gray; mother of Rev. Frank Flynn.