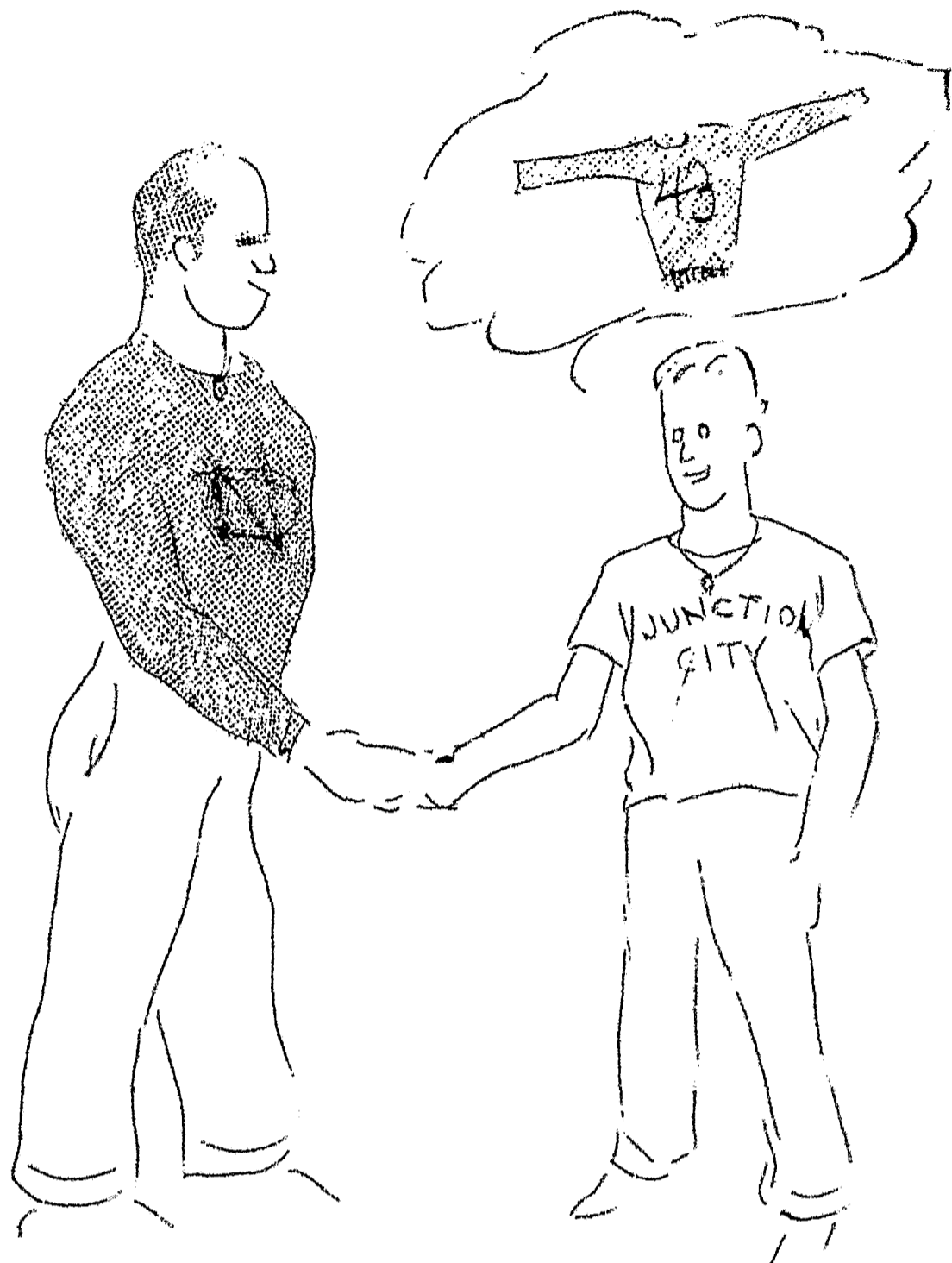


Welcome To Our City.



At a lot of colleges this week and next, freshmen will be getting the devil kicked out of them by sacrosanct upperclassmen.

After the hazing's over, the new men will be wearing their red or green skullcaps. They'll be cautiously treading this path and not that. They'll be stupidly running an errand for some regal guy they never heard of before and to a destination even the Lord can't find. They'll be shining the senior's boots. In one word, they'll feel like a bunch of unwanted saps, kow-towing to big shots.

It's not like that here. Any freshman will tell you tonight he feels at home. He may still be figuring out from his wrist-watch what Ma and Pa are doing back in Junction City, but in that letter he's writing to Marge he's raving about that Notre Dame spirit. "Gee, Marge, the fellows are swell. I know you'd like 'em." The fellows would probably like Marge, too.

So, when you see some burly Green Mountain junior from Dillon shaking hands with Frail Fred of Breen-Phillips over there in the Caf, you can be sure it's a man's grip.

To the new gang the Religious Bulletin says a hearty hello, especially the Prefect of Religion for Freshmen, Father Lynch. He's holding forth this year in the Green Room on the corner of Cavanaugh Hall. He's the man the new men are anxious to see for a scapular medal and chain. When he says "Welcome To Our City," it's not any ordinary Rotarian salutation. He means: "Welcome, freshmen. This is the City of the Blessed Sacrament. Make yourselves at home. Start off tomorrow with daily Mass & Communion."

Incidentally....

.....that settles the question of "Who's Where?" Many of you have been fooled. One anxious resident of Alumni rushed into 117 Dillon, gawked at Father Gartland a moment and (automatically) exclaimed: "Jeepers, where's Father Lynch?" Father Grimm still sticks to his post in Howard. There he devises ways and means of sobering sophomores. (Sobering, in the sense of helping them guide their lives by calm reason instead of fluttering emotion.)

The Hand Of The Lord Has Touched Two Of You.

In August Bill Washington of Zahm Hall last year and Emil Luckey, off-campus student of South Bend, were both killed in accidents. Details later. Put them in your best prayers. *** A later Bulletin will also record the deaths of Notre Dame's friends.

You Owe It To "Scrap."

Eugene Young, '27, athletic trainer, who has gone out of his way a million odd times in the gym for students, brothers and priests alike, to give them a good afternoon on the handball courts or plaster their wounds, asks prayers for his brother who is seriously sick of peritonitis. Offer Mass and Communion for "Scrap's" brother Friday.

PRAYERS: (Critically ill) father of Jack Adams, '26; mother of Professor John Sheehan.