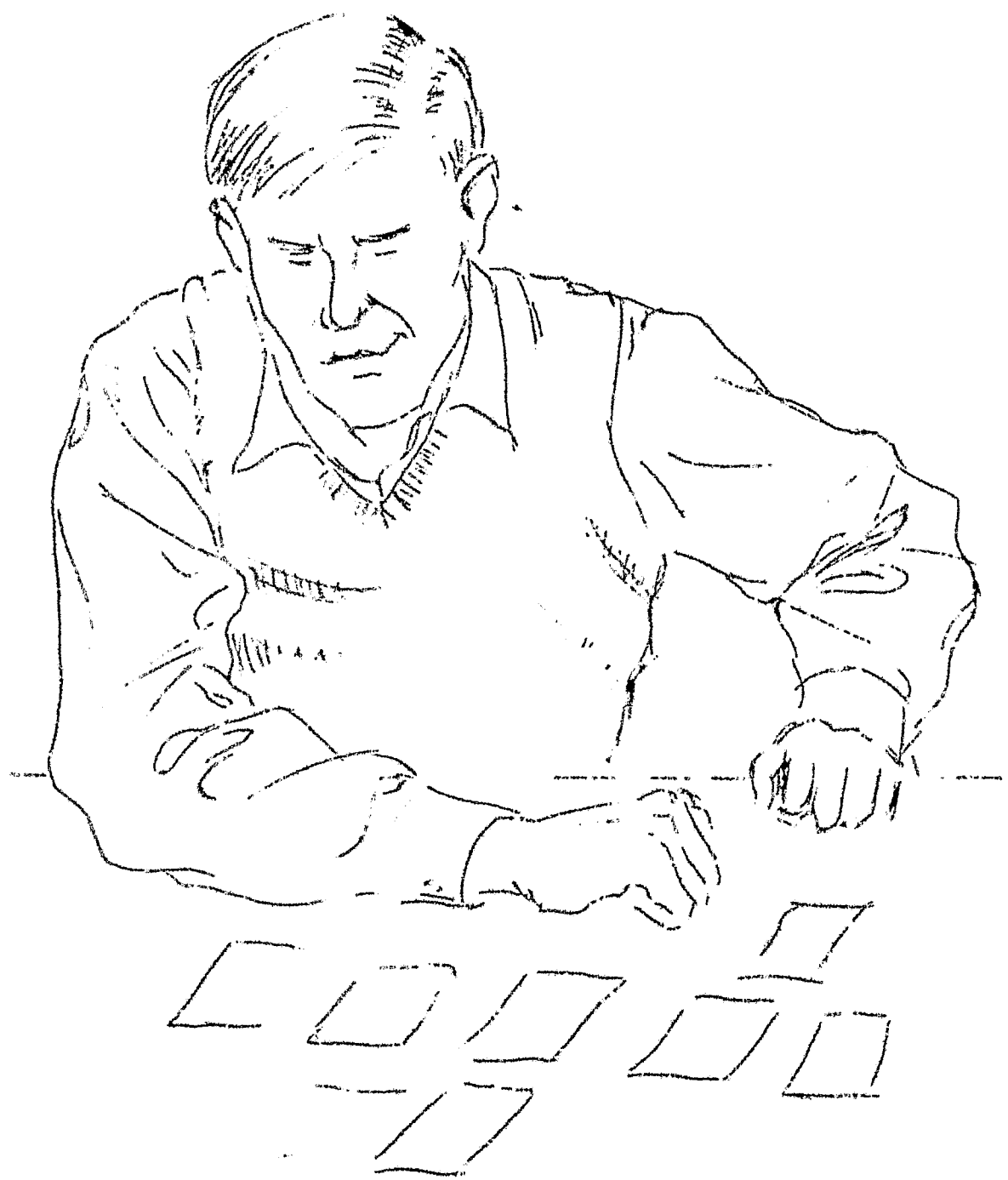


During the Missions Fr. Schulte hears also in Main Church 5 to 6 P.M. Visit him in the Mission House at any time.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
September 18, 1939

Masses in Sorin and Morrissey 6:25 Tues; Dad of the Colemans.

Let's Have All The Cards
Face Up On The Table.



This year I'm down in the Sorin Sub. The roommate and I have been doing some thinking out loud. We've got one great worry in common. And I don't mean we both have our eyes on the world's one, best girl.

As a matter of fact, we're both pretty luckily fixed that way. When we were freshmen we met two fine lasses over there at Saint Mary's. But this common worry I speak of includes them, too.

I'll speak for myself. Yet I can tell you my story is the same as his and the same as millions of other American lads.

I was born on November 11th, 1918, a big day in history. Not because it was my birthday, but the Armistice which wound up the World War was signed that day.

My Dad was maimed in that war. He finally died of his wounds late in the fall of '23. He hated war. He often spoke of its

horrors and whenever he was able to assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion he told me he prayed the good God might keep me and my younger brothers out of war.

Well, my roommate, Paul, and I have been listening in to the radio, reading the papers, praying for peace, talking all these things over in bull sessions. We're not cowards, no more than our fathers were who died, as they thought, for their country and for democracy. But we do feel this way: the next time, if ever, this country goes to war, we want to know for what and for whom we're fighting. Unmistakably.

I'll be twenty-one in two months. I'll be privileged to vote. And I want my say. This girl of mine is a peach. We're laying plans the best we can. We hope, after I'm graduated from N.D. next June, to be married reasonably soon. I'm looking for an employer who'll give me a living wage. For my part, I'm studying now to give him my best. But this war business is a positive nightmare. It's my flesh and blood!

Of course, I'd give my life in a minute in defense of American shores against an unjust aggressor. I mean it. And I'd give my life, I know I would-- with the help of God's grace-- for Christ. I'm 100% for Americanism and Christianity. But I've got no mind to be sucked in by propaganda or pressure. If this country's ever to fight again, and I hope that's never, I want to know for what and for whom we're to fight. If it's to keep the world safe for big business and rackets, or to protect a tiny minority's fancy interests abroad; if it's not for the common good; if there's no hope whatever of good to be gained, I don't want to budge one inch. Why should I fight for some damned economist whose interests are across the sea and who won't ever give me a decent job with a decent wage in our own country?

Paul and I figure the best thing we can do for God and country is work for peace here. We have a big enough fight on our hands right now to clear out Nazi and Communist horrors among us and to rid our own political set-up of craft and graft. We can't help ourselves or Europe by fighting. We can help both by working toward social justice and peace and renewing all things in Christ within our own troubled borders.

SPECIAL PRAYERS: Brother of "Scrap" Young, critical;(deceased)Rev.Leo Chaplin, pastor Epiphany Ch., Detroit, head of Parish Labor Inst. of Detroit, benefactor of the Univ.