

The Passing Of The Alarm Clock

Si Junkins down at Mishawaka Corners says that an alarm clock is a great little invention. "You just put together a handful of springs, bolts, cogwheels and bells and the blasted thing wakes you up just like you hoped it would. More regular than a human," says Si. "Gets me up every morning at five to milk the cows and feed the stock."

Glad to hear it, very glad to hear it, Si. But watch over that Big Ben of yours. If you should let it fall from the bureau Aunt Malinda gave you at the time of the Big County Fair back in '98, you won't be able to buy another Ben to arouse you from your slumbers. Clocks just aren't on the market any more, Si. The war. No metal for such contraptions, that's it.

And that's what we Catholics are worried about, Si. No more clocks. Our young people won't have clocks to set on Saturday night as a preparation for rising on time for Sunday Mass. And it really bothers us.

You know, Si, in a real Catholic home an alarm clock gets lots of attention on Saturday evening. More than any other evening. Good Catholics begin their Saturday night retiring procedure by checking the family clock with the other clocks and watches in the house, or by calling the Western Union Time Service, or some accommodating cab company for the correct time. Never is the main spring twisted more tightly than on Saturday p.m. Nary a chance has it to run dead.

In a Catholic home one of the most solemn meetings of the family is around the Big Ben at the Saturday retiring hour. Pa usually sets the alarm. "Well, what time are we going to Mass, my dears?" At Seven O'clock? That means we rise at six so we won't be late." And Pa proceeds to set the alarm. In the morning, the O'Mahoney family, eight strong, are at Mass, in front.

We said we were worried about the clock situation, and we meant it.

In some student rooms there are alarm clocks, and they work, soft, loud, and medium. On Saturday night they are set for a definite time. And their owners get to Mass well before the priest arrives at the Altar.

Other sleeping quarters contain clocks, but their owners don't have the O'Mahoney spirit. Four months ago the alarms ran down and were never reset, with the exception of the night before the girl friend's train arrives from Kokomo for the class dance. The owners of these timepieces never arrive at Mass on time. "Was it my fault that I didn't wake up on time?"

Yes, fellow, you were at fault, aplenty. If you retire on Saturday evening without the assurance that something, a clock, or a friend, will awaken you, then you are guilty of negligence. If you just go to bed at night knowing you are due to sleep soundly and at length, and you trust to luck in rising on time, your negligence is most likely a mortal sin.

With the passing of the alarm clock, will we have more late comers, more mortal sins, more half-baked Catholics? Our Lord asks the students, His brothers, to arrive on time for Sunday Mass: Watch yourself Sunday to see how faithful you are to your loving Master.

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of Bro. Hyacinth, C.S.C.; two aunts of Bill Oliver (Bron) (Ill) Sister Ludharda, C.S.C.; mother of Jack Craite ex. '46(dying); wife of Band Director Lee Hope.