Sunday's 8:00 o'clock
Mass for Leonard Casassa, 
request of Italian Club.*

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 13, 1937.

Offer Sunday's Mass
and Communion for the
next one of us to die.

"Sessions."

Now nobody's thinking of you and your particular friends, so don't be writing the
Bulletin fan mail. This is just a little imagination, a story about him and those
other fellows: the thoughtless, harmless J. McGutzky and Company, Limited

Here's the scene: any freshman hall any night at nine-thirty. The top floor is sel-
dom checked and so usually safe. But this night, right in the midst of things, the
slim cassocked figure from the floor below unexpectedly clicks the lock with his mas-
ter-key. The shrill cackles of a moment ago, the raucous guffaws, and all the funny
noises splitting the peace of the hall vanish snuff out the window. The door swings
open on eleven men in a muddle. Oh, the serious-minded students: so still, all eyes
intent on the visiting Prefect, as though he represented the Dome and were snapping
their picture.

The ever affable, genial host, Mr. McGutzky—"Our Joe"—pops up mechanically to offer
the Prefect his seat. "Good evening, Father," he boyishly ventures, "We've been
talkin'!"

"Been what?" inquires the priest, emphatic and unconvinced.

"Talkin'. Plannin' careers. Here's 'Pete the Polite Politician!'" and Joe shows him
one of the late-sleepers-in. "There's 'Little Pete' his First Stooge" and he turns
to the half-pint cramped up in the wind-wall curling the stars with his cigarette
smoke.

"Polite Politicians, eh... I hope not the slick kind that rob widows and orphans." And
then he lets fire. "Listen you men, why don't you stay in your rooms? The first
thing, we told you to make your room the center of operations, your own not the
gang's. You know the gang now; turn them loose if you want to study. You're afraid
to say 'Scram!' Some bitter day you'll want to buy back your wasted time, you'll
want returns on your father's money."

"But, Father..." Joe's voice is soft. "We're just relaxin' after the quarterlies"

"Say, you're not kidding me, nor anyone else. I said, you're wasting time; you're
manufacturing trouble now, and storing more up for later on. Why all the killing
cackle and the riotous laugh? You forget that God is your roommate. You forget
something else. Every time that you roared, the Betrayer of Men, triumphant, quietly
snereed." The priest stoops to pick up a copy of STARS half-hidden, not quite, under
the bed. "Sure, you might as well fork over QUAGMIRE and PEAK... Why don't you
think? It's college grads, men just a little ahead of you, printing that tripe, poi-
son that's killing their baby brothers, filth that will one day seep into the lives
of their kids no matter how they try to protect them today. And you say it's only a
little relaxation!"

"Change your mind. That's what you came to college for. If you leave Notre Dame
with a mind unchanged, what will the University profit you? Don't throw away those
precious years, your mother's love, and your father's money. Buckle down. Change
your mind on the politicians; make your life one of love for the poor. You want to
write? Change your mind on what's fit to print. 'Only the clean of heart shall see
God.' You want relaxation? the old 'sessions'? All right. But, please, change
your mind on these sessions!"

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Bob Murbach (Cav*), Ill, John Lynch (appendectomy in
Chicago)(Cav*); John F. Kelley (not a student); father of Elias Hoyos ('36) (serious).
Four special intentions.