What Price Your Memories?

Well, they're all gone now, those sunkist afternoons you lolléd away on the sand, the crackerjack ball games you saw, those dine-and-dance dates, all the fun you had with the red-headed baby nephew.

Wafted away with the last warm breeze of summer, your vacation joys, with perhaps some sorrows mixed in, are only memories now.

But as you recount them tonight, all the things you did during summer, how do they register?

Do they, frankly, make you more or less than the man you were when classes let out in June?

As you start a new lap in your school career, are there no drooping memories weighing you down?

You know, it's temptingly easy to start off '38-'39, like many another college is doing, with lots of rah-rah ideas that make freshmen feel goofy. But what of those things you remember, that intimate, secret vacation diary of yours? Certain memories won't drown in fraternity cocktails but only in the Blood of Our Lord.

After almost a century, Notre Dame still knows only one good way to open her scholastic year: with the annual Mission. It, better than anything else, will help you take stock of vacation memories, make the heavy ones light, price-tag all with values quoted from God's infallible standard of Justice and Mercy.

Get those details correct. The FIRST MISSION runs for a week, beginning Sunday night, September 18, 7:30 o'clock. Besides the evening sermon, you will have an instruction each morning at 6:30. Who attend? ALL the freshmen, ALL students living off-campus, and the men of Carroll, St. Edward's and Feland Halls.

The SECOND MISSION commencing a week from next Sunday, takes in all who don't make the first Mission.

And this year, rejoice. Father John F. O'Hara preaches both missions. He knows the maturing man's mind and heart, its plugged-after victories, devastating defeats, its most buried secrets both good and bad, as only one can who has heard untold thousands of young men's personal stories and who has, with God's help, successfully adjusted their infinitely precious lives to Christ's ideal of a red-blooded, life-loving gentleman.

Such a one is the carefree and joyous man not gnawed by the memory of sins unforgiven, but gladdened by all the good things he remembers.

PRAYERS: (deceased) brother of Michael Mines; mother of Mr. J. T. McQuinness; Sister J. Rosary, C.S.J.; Sister M. Flandina, C.S.). Three special intentions.