If your mother's not a Catholic, read Father Lynch's Students' Bulletin in YOUTH tomorrow.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
January 20, 1940

Unity Intention Sunday, return of Lutherans & other European Protestants...Pax vobis...

Freshmen, 'Get This Straight.'

The upper-classmen are getting sick of being pushed all around at the ten o'clock Mass. And the Prefect of Religion is right with them.

We're all for making a few holes in the ice and dunking a few of you after Benediction tomorrow night. Your spiritual director will be along with the cils.

Get the history behind this plain talk. The present juniors and seniors remember the day when the last Mass on the campus was celebrated at nine. It was a High Mass at that. So nobody could have a long sleep.

Early in the school year '37-'38, the High Mass was pushed back to eight-thirty and the last low Mass was changed from eight to ten. That accounts for the present order of things: 6:00, 7:00, 8:30 and 10:00.

Of course, everybody would want to jam into the 10:00 and in order to preserve the balance it was absolutely necessary (as any reasonable freshman will admit) to make a restriction. It was announced: "NO FRESHMEN ALLOWED AT THE TEN—YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE TO SLEEP LATE FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS."

Yet that first year of the change, and last year, the rule was generally obeyed. A fresh guy here and there, having no regard for the common good, insisted on breaking the rule. Nothing was done about it. BUT THIS YEAR THE DISREGARD HAS BEEN GENERAL. Something will have to be done about it. Suggestions from the S.A.C. are hereby requested. And, please, make them practical. The more self-governing you can master the better. The Prefect of Religion doesn't like to turn to the Prefect of Discipline to rent you either into the Church or out of it.

Everybody, Be On Time.

You have called the bluff of this writer one Sunday after another. "Keep coming late and you'll be back on the old schedule." is a trite refrain. You still have the ten.

Peggene it, I CAN arrange that. I don't want to. As a matter of fact, I'm coming down off my high horse. Pecking out. "So that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Something, somehow I'll get my reward for becoming a pusseyfoot.

For the 73 millionth time, and this time successfully (I hope, I hope) I'm asking you to arrive on time for Sunday Mass and stay till the priest leaves the sanctuary. I'm putting you right where you want to be, on your own.

Best motive to help, now that you're back on your own: demonstrate that you wish to honor Our Lord who is about to re-enact the Sacrifice of the Cross.

Best practical, immediate motive: demonstrate that self-discipline works better than running commands and shot-mans behind you.

Suzi: Filuminate.

The knights of Columbus are pressing cut action of the Holy Father's appeal to sanctify your lives this Advent season. Show your appreciation of their good thought—will work—by minding, attending, resisting, rousing to practice this letter to you from the Voice of Virtue.

MAYO: (DEFNAM) Thomas C. Kite (Phil); (HIL) Miss Mary Gallagher; father of Rev. John; sister Edythe, S.R.L.; brother of Rev. John; son of Art; John; son of Art; son of Art; daughter of Mrs. Horgan (Portland, Ore.); William; friend of Mrs. Horgan (New); friend of Rev. John Horgan (Wash.); Sister Martin, friend of Rev. Martin (OH.); Miss A. E. Kinyon (Texas); aunt of Harry Scott...