Blessing of throats tomorrow at times set by the respective rectors.

Wednesday night Father Mathis started his chalk talks on the morrow's Mass. There were fifteen on hand. Not many. And, still, enough; enough to start the word going.

Each of the fortunate ones whose curiosity or interest got the better of him has begun to catch something of Father's enthusiasm for the Mass, is talking the Mass at table, is even bringing it into his bull-sessions.

To some that will seem irreverent. But not to those who know that a Notre Dame bull-session often starts and ends on some point of Catholic doctrine or morals. Someone in the gang issues a challenge or expresses a doubt. After that apodictic conclusions:

"Well, I want to tell you you're all wet if you think you're getting the most out of Mass by just being there, or by saying your beads, or even by skipping through a missal or prayerbook. The best way to get the most you can out of every Mass is to do what the priest does. And that's what you're supposed to do."

Read IT'S YOUR MASS TOC! by Father Hugh Calkins, O.S.M. You can procure a copy by writing him at Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Chicago.

"That's what you're supposed to do." That is, in fact, what Father Mathis and some of the wiser Notre Dame men among Bulletin readers are doing.

The group is growing, growing spontaneously, growing because "one man is telling another." TIME OF THE INSTRUCTION: 5:15 P.M., in the Adoration Chapel. TIME OF THE DIALOG MASS: 6:15 A.M., chapel of the Main Building, fourth floor. (And, by the way, that chapel is dedicated to the patron of students, St. Thomas Aquinas.)

One Man Tells Another.

Last week you read about "The Fighting 69th." It was praised for being a worthwhile show—which still holds. But the mistake was made of giving credit to M-G-M instead of to Warner Brothers. Thanks to Jim Costir, late of the South Bend News-Times and now of Chicago, and thanks to Art Haley for the correction.

As always the Bulletin stands ready to praise M-G-M, W-B, R-K-C, Columbia Pictures and all other producers for the good they do—and to punch keys of wrath when they break with the code. It's strictly a question of what the producers produce.

The manager of the laundry misses his blue directory of the university which is marked up with appropriate laundry numbers (yours included). If you see trace of it kindly return it either to him or to the Prefect of Religion.

Your Throat Blessed.

Blessed with St. Blase, a day when the altar rail sees many strange faces. Even stay-aways from the Buddhist approach the railing to get their throats blessed. But add that a Catholic with any spark in his faith should value his epiglottis more than his soul or attach more importance to a sacramental than to a sacrament. Does it hold true to this felicitous thought—that St. Blase gives his blessing free but our Lord sometimes insists on a payment before He gives you His Body and Blood? If you press the point further, is the price of a good, cleansing confession very dear to your pocket book? *** Receive with St. Blase and your Saviour tomorrow. If need be to confession tonight. (After-supper traffic is picking up in Dillon & Dancourt.)

MAYERS (ALUMNI): Mother of Pat Mallory (ND); Brother Joe, C.S.C.; Sister Valerie, C.S.C.; Father of Fr. Martin, C.S.C. (S.J); Bill Maloney & had Law (St. Charles), uncle of Bob Dillon (AI); grandmother of Tom Cowan (LY). (ILL) sister of C. Gallagher

One Man Tells Another.