

May 17, 1926

Ravelled Edges.

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A lot of little things have come up during the past few weeks that could not be attended to while the Modern Boy was on the pan. Now that he has been disposed of, some ravelled edges can be caught up.

The first of these is a letter: "Dear Father: While listening to Fr. Carroll's sermon last night there came to mind a perfect definition of the Notre Dame man. It isn't original, but what is truly original today? 'A boy who is the boy his mother thinks he is, is a Notre Dame man of the highest order.' I have had a year's course in Sophomortitis. -- One who is learning to think."

Another letter, from a resident of Howard Hall, complains of the poor sportsmanship of amateur gunners who boast of how many birds and squirrels they have killed about the campus. In answer it may be said that while there is no objection to the driving away of the blackbirds that are preying upon the more desirable birds there is no necessity of thinning out other wild life here; and a fellow who can't tell the difference between a blackbird and a robin has no business with a gun.

A third letter takes the Bulletin to task for panning H. Broun. This letter was written before the Bulletin on Lack of Discrimination appeared; but in case the proper inference was not drawn, the letter is answered with a bit of detail. The letter reads in part: "Though Mr. Broun did write sports, this does not necessarily imply that he is ignorant. To the contrary: Mr. Broun is an intelligent man. He graduated from Harvard in 1910; was a reporter on the Morning Telegraph (1908-09) and 1910-12); was with the New York Tribune (1912-21); with the World (1921-----). During the World War Mr. Broun was foreign correspondent for the Tribune. He has written many well-known books; is dramatic editor of Vanity Fair. Mr. Broun must have some intelligence, or his superiors in the profession of journalism would not have promoted him from the sports department to the literary department of one of America's greatest newspapers."

The facts adduced to show that Mr. Broun is an intelligent man prove nothing of the sort. A degree from Harvard may be a badge of ignorance. It is only five years since Harvard brought Dr. DeWulf from Louvain to introduce Scholastic Philosophy there, and Harvard is responsible for some of the most mistaken notions of things in general that the country has known. Westbrook Pegler and Warren Brown are satisfying their superiors in the profession of journalism, and are making much, much more jack than Broun did at the same game; and as a matter of fact, either of them would be better qualified for literary criticism than your friend Broun, as both have sipped a bit at the sources of knowledge; but none of the three has any background for literary work other than the writing of unsupported opinions to be swallowed by people who lack discrimination. You clinch the case for the superciliousness of Broun by mentioning Vanity Fair, organ of the sophisticates in which the gullible are goofed by Conde Nast, who got too big for the Catholic Church when it told him what it had already told Henry VIII about divorce.

Still another letter-writer brays contempt for the Bulletin which called his parents goofy. One might say something about the shoe fitting, but it is best to let the matter drop; his parents are punished enough in having such a son.

Prayers.

Arthur Kirk's mother died Saturday. Harold Neu, who finished in February, lost his mother Friday. Three other deceased persons and five who are dangerously ill are recommended to your prayers.