

Atta x'y!

These generous students of the Universitas Nostrae Dominae a Lacu who are violating the moral law in supporting filthy shows and the law of the Church in supporting public dances on Saturday and Sunday nights have given further proofs of their overwhelming spirit of charity:

1. They have filled out the following spiritual bouquet for the injured players and for the protection of the team from further injuries:

Masses heard...	206
Holy Communion...	389
Rosaries...	135
Visits...	129
Benedictions...	69

(The boys are certainly behind the team -- miles behind.)

2. They have contributed for the adornment of the Sorin Hall chapel the sum of eighty-five cents.
3. They have put 280 pennies in the collection box the past two Sundays.
4. To defray the expenses of the pamphlet rack, which to date total \$658.00, they have contributed \$208.00 through the Sunday collections and \$95.00 through the rack.

Zaccheus, the publican who climbed the sycamore tree to see Our Lord, and who was rewarded by having Our Lord as his dinner guest, promised that if he wronged anyone he would restore four-fold. Some good-natured sinners at the present time make a practice of spending on charity twice as much as they spend on sin.

What's The Lesson?

You were told last year that one of the ear-marks of the modern boy is his inability to draw an inference. Let's draw one for you, then.

There isn't an ounce of malice in the whole pack of bona fide students at Notre Dame. (This classification excludes, of course, the occasional bootlegger or sneak thief or other parasite who comes here in September each year to ply his trade, not to get an education.) But although there is no malice, there is a sea of gullibility and an ocean of dumbness. You know what happens to the play when the guards and tackles get sucked in. Your jejeune crookedness follows the same lines: in your fight against the world, the flesh and the devil, you let your guards get sucked in.

For instance: it doesn't make one particle of difference to you whether you dance on Saturday and Sunday night, but when the devil tells you that you are not smart unless you do, you follow his lead. Your decent self-respect and your regard for your mother and sisters forbid you to be seen entering a show advertised as filthy, but the devil tells you that there's safety in numbers and that impurity is manly, and you go. How many of you would have walked through the well-lighted lobby of the Oliver during the past week if your mothers had been there watching?

May the Lord deliver us from human respect! We were getting away from it a few years ago, but the devil finds it his most powerful weapon, and he won't let it slip if he can help it. By instinct, training and environment, by the traditions of Notre Dame and of the Catholic Church, you are decent, self-respecting young men; but this fall you have been insufferably silly in trying to live up to the reputation College Honor gives college men. Don't let it happen again. Be your own decent self.

PRAYERS: Richard O'Brien's brother died yesterday.