
"As We Were Saying...."

Yesterday's Bulletin made mention of Bolshevik professors, companionate marriage, behaviorism, and the like, in secular colleges; yesterday's Chicago Tribune brought us a case in point, and from Boston and Northampton, no less:

"Boston, Mass., Nov. 25. -- Prof. Harry E. Barnes, head of the historical sociological department at Smith College and author of many books, tonight told a forum meeting that there is no such thing as sin, scientifically speaking, and hence it disappears into the limbo of ancient superstitions such as "witchcraft and sacrifice."

"He conceded that many acts branded as sinful may be socially harmful, but such should be scientifically re-christened, he said, as immoral or criminal. The world should dispense as rapidly as possible with such an anachronistic term as "sin," even in popular phraseology."

(Would that he would abolish the fact as well as the name!)

But why bother, Professor, about things that are socially harmful, if they satisfy the wants of the individual? If there is no God-Creator to whom we are responsible, if we "just happen," why shouldn't the individual be his own god, his own law-maker, his own center of the universe? If the individual is here, and is asking no questions about where he came from or how he came, why shouldn't he have just a swell time while he can, and shoot himself when his possibilities of enjoyment are played out? The gunman does very well by your philosophy, Professor.

"And In The Meantime...."

the Notre Dame football team moves on across the continent, having a swell time but not missing Mass or Holy Communion. The Mass this morning will be said at Alamogordo, a lovely little service stop on the Southern Pacific, where there is a nice grassy square with a spouting fountain, right alongside the station. It is a treat for eyes that have rested on nothing but tumble-weeds and cactus, sage-brush and jack rabbits, prairie dogs and lava flows, the long journey across the state. -- And while you are thinking about the team's devotions, don't forget your own. A Novena for the team began Friday.

Our Boy Is Not Doing So Well.

Edmund Hogan did pretty well Saturday night and Sunday morning. Sunday evening new complications made their presence known and caused a bit of a reverse. He is still holding his own, and his physicians have the satisfaction of remembering that a similar case of theirs, nine years ago, cleared up. Prayer is what is needed -- but he will have to call on more than his hall-mates of Brownson to help, however, as that hall seems to be hibernating. (The basement chapel had 174 Holy Communions yesterday morning, and it serves for Brownson and Carroll Halls, as well as between forty and sixty from other halls. The first morning of examinations the same chapel had 269.)

Wash Yourself, Inside and Out.

You wouldn't go home to your mother with a dirty face; don't do it with a dirty heart. If you are going home for Thanksgiving Day, square accounts with God first.

Prayers.

Bernard Roethel's grandfather died Sunday. Dan Cunningham, '27, wires a request for prayers for a deceased uncle. An aunt of Matt Cullen was buried yesterday. Four special intentions are recommended. Jos. Canty's grandfather died Sunday. Karl Brer-
nan's aunt is still seriously ill.