

Religious Bulletin

March 15, 1929

Some Plain Words On Vacations. II.

Do you think it quite proper to spend Good Friday in jail? "A place for everything and everything in its place" is an old saw, and perhaps it is quite proper for one to spend Good Friday in jail if that's his place. It seems a bit incongruous, however, that jail should be the place for a Notre Dame man on Good Friday.

Some students spend their vacations at home (we spoke of them yesterday), some spend them at school, some go to Chicago, some to Detroit (and Windsor). Those who do not come under direct home influence may have their own peculiar problems to solve -- and at times to solution is none to favorable.

Let's suppose you are the father or the mother of a Notre Dame student who is spending his vacation in Chicago. How would you like to pick up the paper on Good Friday morning and read over your black coffee that your son and heir is languishing in jail after a drunken brawl in a black and tan cafe Holy Thursday night? It sounds a bit hard on the folks -- but such things have happened and may happen again.

Suppose you are the sweetheart -- against your parents' wishes -- of a Notre Dame boy from the Sunny South who is spending the Easter vacation in South Bend and vicinity. Suppose you pick up the paper on Holy Saturday morning and read that your sweetie and two of his southern pals (this sort of stuff is meat for the feature writers, you know) were arrested by the South Bend police as drunk and disorderly Good Friday evening on complaint of the Palace management because the three homesick boys, rendered musical by a jew's harp and a jug of South Bend vin rouge, were sitting in the gutter doing a vocal and instrumental rendition of "Dixie" and drawing the crowd that would otherwise spend real money for less entertainment inside the theatre. How would you feel? Such a thing has happened, and not so long ago.

Suppose you are a sober student riding the New York train with a bunch of hoodlums who wear Notre Dame belt buckles and carry grips plastered over with Notre Dame signs. What would you say to the kindly old lady who asks you if these boys are really from Notre Dame? Do you think it is enough to tell her that she mustn't judge the school by a few of its representatives? Do you think that apology for your groggy fellows carries conviction?

What sort of stuff are you made of? If you don't mind breaking your mother's heart, causing your father grey hairs, disgracing the name of your school, causing your girl to lose faith in mankind, making Catholics hang their heads in shame for the fruits of their education, -- if none of these motives appeal to that absent sense of honor, what motive can make you behave? Self-interest tells you to seek heaven and avoid hell, it tells you to avoid sin if you would save your body from corruption, it tells you that an open, clean life is the only safeguard against the blackmail that may ruin your later ambitions to be somebody.

The Mother of God has been guarding you since September; the Catholic Church has been instilling into you right principles and sound practices of piety through which one receives grace to overcome the allurements of the world, the flesh and the devil. If you have any stuff in you those lessons will make vacation just as much a time of virtue as the rest of the year. God does not take a vacation.

Prayers.

Edmund Hogan writes that the wound in his hip is still draining pus and that he must now go to the hospital for further treatment; he begs a continuance of prayers. An alumnus wants prayers of thanksgiving; Fr. Condon's brother is quite ill. Harlan O'Connor, former student, has just undergone a serious operation. A relative of Tom McMahon is undergoing an operation. A cousin of Frank Miller is quite sick.