
Sugar?

"Self preservation is the first law of Nature." Observe the law. If you are made of sugar don't go out in the rain. It rained yesterday morning, and the number of Holy Communion in the basement chapel dropped to 161 from Monday's 239. (But there were a dozen hardy Chemical Engineers at a 4:30 Mass before their departure for Chicago on a mill-inspection trip.)

Undiscovered Notre Dame.

You have heard of people who are color-blind, you have seen people who can't get math or who can't learn a foreign language, you know that there are such things as far-sight and near-sight and foresight and hindsight, and you must know some people who are blind. There are people who lack one sense or another, and there are people who lack sense. And as one avenue of perception or another is closed, the individual's capacity for knowledge is lessened to a definite extent.

America was here before Columbus discovered it, gravitation was a fact before Newton formulated its laws, the earth moved around the sun long before the days of Copernicus. And Notre Dame has its own undiscovered beauties -- undiscovered, at least, by many of those who here live and move and have their being (such as it is).

Of four hundred and twenty-odd seniors, one hundred and sixty-nine (of those named on the Washington's Birthday list) have given their names for Perpetual Adoration; and of the group of those who expect to mount the platform on Commencement Day, candidates for Notre Dame's high seal of approval, twenty-two have not yet made their Easter Duty this year. Meanwhile, from remote places come letters like the following:

From Belize, British Honduras -- "Kindly send me fifty copies of your pamphlet, "Intimate Experiences with Frequent Communion," by students of the University of Notre Dame."

From Maine -- "I wish to thank you for the copy of your recent Religious Survey which came to my desk some weeks ago. I wish, too, to state that, in my judgment, it is evidence of one of the finest and most salutary movements that I have seen coming from any of our Catholic schools. God bless you for it. I should be very thankful if you could send me a dozen or two of these booklets for distribution among the young men of this institution. I have no doubt but that the scanning of such a book alone will bring many a boy to our Lord's feet, where he belongs."

From Louisiana -- "We have opened this year, with singular success, a Retreat House for high school students from towns within a 60-mile radius. Both parish priests and principals have been very glad to cooperate with us. We find your booklet, "Frequent Communion for Freshmen," very useful and fruitful for these boys."

Discovered and undiscovered, the beauties of Notre Dame exist. Monday we went to check on attendance at adoration when the list showed only two names: we found twelve students in cassock and surplice, and four more in their campus dress. Of some twelve hundred signatories to date, only half a dozen have reported that they forgot to report at the time chosen -- and in no case was there anything to worry about. More than three hundred and eleven thousand Holy Communion have been distributed to students since September -- as many as during the whole of last year. We pity the blind who cannot see these things, and thank God for the edification they have given to others far away as well as for the graces they have earned for us here at Notre Dame.

Prayers.

Timothy Obando left school yesterday because of a lung infection; Louis Godoy will probably have to leave for the same reason. Art Gleason, an alumnus, asks prayers for his deceased grandfather. Three deceased persons; four special intentions.