

Sixteen years ago today University of Notre Dame
George Gipp died. Remember Religious Bulletin
him. --Mass Tues. Octave, p. 669. December 14, 1936.
--Ill, Fr. W. Carey, C.S.C.

Ill, uncle of Joe McCabe,
'32; Fred Snite; Ruth Cos-
tello, pneumonia; Jim Corco-
ran (StEd's), appendectomy.

Ingratitude.

"Behold this heart that has loved men so much, and receives from them nothing but ingratitude." This is the sorrowful way Our Lord denounces ingratitude when He appears to St. Margaret Mary, exposing to her His heart ablaze with love. At least once, too, during His lifetime He complains of ingratitude, of the ingratitude of the nine lepers who, being cured, fail to return to give thanks. "Where are the other nine?" He asks sharply.

Merely human hearts are sensitive to ingratitude. Shakespeare thus expresses a common lament:

Blow, blow thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

Next to God, no one has better right to gratitude than your parents. How they now realize the truth of the words which the priest read to them at their wedding: "Sacrifice is usually difficult and irksome. Only love can make it easy; and perfect love can make it a joy."

Yes, their married life has been a life of sacrifice. They have spent many a sleepless and thankless night ministering to your needs. Today they are depriving themselves of much they could have, in order to give you an education.

This schoolyear, the Eucharistic Calendar reminds you, is dedicated to your parents. And this Christmas Novena, the last of the year 1936, is for your parents. If you have not made the Novena, go at least to Mass and Holy Communion for them tomorrow and the next day. Spend a half-hour for them tomorrow before the Blessed Sacrament exposed,

Other Christmas presents you can buy for them--with their money. This one will come straight from your own heart.

Spend much of your time during the holidays at home with your parents. Be kind and affectionate to them. Be faithful to your religious duties. Then your father and mother will realize happily that their sacrifices have not all been in vain.

Selfishness is at the bottom of ingratitude. Battle against selfishness by giving your parents love, attention, and your heartfelt gratitude. They come first, remember, and not the girl of your dreams; at least, not yet.

Au Revoir Notre Dame.
By Arnold Lunn.

It is with sincere sadness that I hit my typewriter for the last time in this little room which has been my home for months, the room beautified by Shane Leslie's inscription on the walls and uglified by my litter on the floor. Some day when I have time I shall try to write for the Bulletin an adequate thank-you to all my friends at Notre Dame, to the Faculty, and to the members of my class who have been singularly forbearing to one who has never taught anything but skiing in his life and who still experiences a secret and unholy joy at being addressed as 'Professor.' You have all been exceptionally kind to me. It has been for me a memorable experience and I shall carry back to Europe feelings of the warmest gratitude to Notre Dame and to her University. My address for the next few weeks will be Kurren, Switzerland. I hope to return to this country next Fall. So au revoir.

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of Ray Meyer (Now.); aunt of J. J. Hayes (Dil.); Mr. Patrick Quilter; anniversary of Norman Steyskal; niece of Zanny Godman (Dil.); Mrs. Catherine O'Rourke; mother of Rev. Kerndt Healy; mother of John Gleason, '36. Ill, mother of Ed Crotty (Alum.); grandmother of Harry McDonagh (Lyons); Msgr. Birrenbach; friend of Frank Lougee (Dil.); father of Aram Jarrott (Dil.); Jack Ward, operated on today.