

Sophomores! Why not send
a Christmas bouquet to the
bereaved home of Leonard..

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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...Casassa? You can include
the intention in your regular
Christmas Novena For Your
Parents...

McGutzky Finally Goes To Town.

Big-hearted McGutzky, campus problem child, champion puter-offer, opens up a Christmas package. "Look, Father, what I bought in town. Silk socks for Dad. Pure linen handkerchiefs for Mom. Pretty nifty, eh?"

"Very nice, Brick, very nice. But the thought and affection behind the gift is what parents especially look to first of all, don't you think?"

"Whattaya getting at, Father? There's plenty of thought and affection behind these. I got them with my money, right out of my own allowance."

"Yes you did, Brick, and that's something. But your allowance, after all, is the money your Dad gives you, gratis. Easy money, isn't it? Don't we measure the affection in our acts by the sacrifice that they cost us? Why don't you, for once in your life, do a little Christmas shopping on your own in a way that costs you?"

"I don't quite getcha, Father."

"It's not hard to get me, Brick. Just hop out of your warm bed a little extra early these mornings, go down to Mass and Communion for your parents, try to put in a few half-hour periods of adoration and, with 1500 other fellows here, you'll be doing Christmas shopping strictly on your own."

"Aw sure, I know all that. It's mighty fine idealism, Father, but I'm not that kind of a guy. I'm no saint and never pretend to be. Some fellows are cut out that way, but not me."

"The trouble with you,Nogutzky....., is this. You confuse sissynood with sainthood. That scowl isn't interesting, so get rid of it. I've wanted a long time to tell you a few things at close range, Brick, and this is a chance."

"Ever since you came to Notre Dame, you've been shying away from everything that costs you even a little. You've been toying with religious convictions that have changed the course of history, dethroned kings and princes, destroyed a whole pagan civilization, christianized almost half the world. Big-hearted, happy-go-lucky, irresponsible Brick doesn't need a teacher, not even the Church. Has no room for religious piffle...Has no time for serious study. Why you have so many pink slips now that your desk looks like a ladies' bargain counter! All you have time for is to write sentimental letters to Cornsilk Sally. You have a burly body, but morally you're a coward, and intellectually you're, why you're just a"

"Take it easy, won't you, Father. I'm really a good guy at heart."

"Oh are you? Men of good heart are expected to show their good heart in actions, in actions that cut in and cost, especially when their own father and mother are involved. You're so warm-hearted toward your parents that you can buy them socks and handkerchiefs with their own money and not be ashamed of yourself."

"Well, it's too late to do anything different now. When I get back from the holidays...."

"Are you looking for an opportunity or for an 'out'? Here's your last chance: you can start tomorrow morning and complete an entire Christmas Novena for Your Parents by the 21st, the day you're supposed to leave for home. If you really have a good heart, show it now, get going with the gang tomorrow morning. This is your last chance, Brick, to do some Christmas shopping strictly on your own."

Note: Meeting of Third Order of St. Francis, Dillon Chapel, Monday evening, 8:00 p.m.
PRAYERS: (deceased) W.D."Hogan"Morrissey (Cincinnati); mother of J.M.Doran ('33).