

Howard & Cavanaugh
start longer hours
effective today...

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
April 20, 1938

...Confessions after
supper & Communion
till 10:00 A.M....

"All In A Day."
(A Post-Vacation Melodrama)

(TIME: Ten o'clock this morning).

Unaccustomed to receiving telegrams, Father X slits open the thin, yellow envelope anxiously, then reads the message with surprise:

I'M NO CHILD STOP I'M A
HOLDOUT TILL YOU TREAT
ME AS A MAN

McGUTZKY

Father X, feeling terribly responsible, since he is the only friend McGutzky has in the world, tucks up his cassock and dashes down the corridor for the nearest telephone.

"Operator, give me long distance, emergency, and Kickapoo 7, ring 11. I want to talk to Brick McGutzky in a hurry."

"Hello. . . Brick? Well, gee, it's good to hear your voice (the priest sighs audibly into the phone). I was afraid you might have taken the cup of hemlock by now."

"Oh, no, Father: not me-- not hemlock."

"Now listen, Mac, seriously: you've simply got to come back right away. You're a headliner down here at Notre Dame and the place can't run without you."

"Very touching, Father, but I'm not coming till you change that discipline: those ever-ringing bells, lights out, radios off, meals at 7, 12 and 6, 7, 12, and 6, compulsory prayers in common. When you begin to treat me like a man, then I'll come back."

"Well, make it snappy, Brick. I think I see a way to treat you as a man. Leave Kickapoo on the first connection. Hurry."

McGutzky hops the Kickapoo-Toonertown Flyer to Chicago. On the way he meets up with a Phi Ed Kappa man from Chi-Western,

PRAYERS: (deceased) Friend of Bill Donnelly, (How); Sr. Grace, C.S.C., formerly at the Students' Infirmary; Sr. Camilla, C.S.C.; Mother of Paul, Joseph, and Bob Hartman (graduates); mother of Francis J. McGehren, '34. (Ill) Mother of Fr. Robert Sheehan, C.S.C.; Professor Downey (improved); uncle of Bill Clark (Freshman).

who tells him all about "frat" freedom, initiation "fun", the kid tricks the candidates are put through. And Brick begins to wonder whether Chi-Western's kind of discipline really makes men.

First thing Brick knows, he is hustling for the interurban that leaves for South Bend along the Scenic Dunes Route. Then he hits Notre Dame.

He drops his Gladstone to the floor, flings clubs and topcoat onto the bed. Off he trots to Father X's door, all ears for "the way to be treated like a man."

"It's this way, Mac. You've got six weeks left this year, a real chance to make good. I want to see you hit your stride. You can do it, but not by a change in the discipline. You need to change your mind about discipline. If you use it right from now on, you'll make a man of yourself. Then everyone else will treat you the way you want to be treated."

"But it's no snap, Brick, this job. No one ever claimed that discipline's easy. No one ever liked it for itself. You can bend to it willingly only by looking ahead. A trackman doesn't mind training if it kindles the hope of breaking the tape. Suffering is nothing to one who can purchase by it great victory."

"Mac, we've just passed Easter. And Our Lord Himself said, on the way to Emmaus, after He had risen: 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and so enter into His glory?'

"It's a law. You've got to start beating yourself or you're going to be beaten."

"Those bells you complained of over the phone, and the lights going out, prayers in common-- they all give you a chance to train yourself for real manhood."

"Don't let the C.C.C. boys, the Hitler youth and Young Reds put you to shame. They train for only an earthly crown."