

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Night Club.

"Nine mammoth men from Marquette were they. With nine fair dates-- in a joint. Oh, of course it wasn't so bad on the surface. Like the Cleveland ball club, it looked good on paper. But the floor show jokes were as funny as mud and as dirty as a Mexican dinner. Guys wore tuxes and the girls their gowns-- but strange vapors filled the air. Strange vapors, yes, and smells. And so after a while the Marquettters stood up, and the gals they stood up too. And the gals slowly donned their coats and stuff-- and the people were beginning to stare. And then they all began to walk, and oh what a walk that was. Clop, clop, clop-- the football feet on a night club floor-- and the gals they chimed in too. And the show up front was forgotten now-- and that sad, sad crowd just looked. (They tell me that folk do get tired of laughing to show other folk that they know the facts of life, hey, hey. So I suppose this diversion was something to hang on to.)

"And so they marched-- eighteen who were not afraid-- between the tables and around-- and to the check room-- and out. And the manager ran his finger beneath the collar he wore. And the story is over and ended. Perhaps.

"Some will say that you've got to be able to take it. Others, with me, will decide that if we were in an unfriendly neighborhood, and up a dark alley at that, we would less rather meet up with those guys who walked out than with the pimply-faced punks who did not." (Martin Crowe in the St. Thomas College Aquin.)

"Quad" Talk.

And did you hear the still-sleepy Sorinites explain it away? "They are Gentlemen." The reference was to the three Walsh men who asked to be waked for Mass the morning after the Ball. They finished their Novena of Communions and Masses for Mother.

Under the Lyons Arch a sapiential sophomore recalled the priest's words: "Have you filled out your questionnaire?" Of course he had. "Have you passed it in?" And the soph had to fish the thing out of his pocket. More than 300 are needed at once for a representative survey.

Thanks.

In a splendid little mimeographed publication, "Vianney Newsette", Notre Dame gets this attention:

"Notre Dame has always impressed us as being the Alma Mater of soldiers and saints. (Soldiers of Christ, who so lived as to become saints.) No, we haven't changed our minds in that regard. Our opinions have been strengthened by the reading of your friendly, straightforward Bulletin, which has made us realize that the spirit of Notre Dame which hitherto seemed to be beyond the reach of us ordinary mortals is not to be obtained by waiting for great things to do, but, on the contrary, by doing each ordinary thing in an extraordinary way. In a word, your enthusiasm is catching and we, too, want to be worthy of our faith."

"Doing each ordinary action in an extraordinary way"--there's something to think about these beautiful spring days. Ordinary for you it is to study, to get up and go to Mass and Communion in the morning, but extraordinary it will be to continue to do so against the temptation to sleep and in spite of the spring urge to let down.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Mr. Hubert Davis, friend of Art Gartland; aunt of Tom Walker (Howard); Thomas J. Gillooly, friend of Joe O'Connell (Badin). Ill, friend of Phil Bayer (Al.); aunt of Miller Mallett '37; mother of Phil Canale (Lyons); (operation) mother of Don Sackley (Morissey). One thanksgiving. Five special intentions.