

Tomorrow is Bill Coogan's Month's Mind; 6:30 Freshman; 7:25 Cav.

University of Notre Dame Religious Bulletin December 5, 1938

6:30 Mass Tues. Mass in Basement for Fr. O'Hara's uncle.....

Clmen, Cheer Up.

Yes, the radio was right Saturday. And the Sunday papers had it straight. The old Trojan horse broke loose. That's all. The shock and pain of getting kicked are now over. The world goes on. So does Notre Dame. There are no regrets. Each player did his best. You're with the team more than ever. No excuses are offered by Elmer. Nobody asks one. No one's hurt, thank God. So-- see you next year, Goddess Football. (You were mighty kind this fall). Congratulations, Southern Cal. (But keep an eye on "Clashmore Mike" Like the elephant, he ne'er forgets).

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Little did he think it, short time ago, but Ed Sullivan, Hollywood commentator whose stuff is carried in the Trib, wrote the larger part of tonight's Bulletin.

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"So your football team got beaten last Saturday? What of it, so long as you played your best. A victory or a defeat is just a set of numerals. I'll grant you that pagans never gave their mummies the idolatry the American public gives to scores, but believe me, success isn't that important, and failure isn't that tragic. . .

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"From grammar school up, American kids are taught that the main objective is to win. Stuff and nonsense. . . Us older dubs can rationalize the matter. Win, lose, or draw we know that we have to go back to work the next morning. . . That's what sport should be to you.

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"Let's look over some of the winners and losers of the world. Benes of Czechoslovakia is a loser. Little Haile Selassie of Ethiopia is a loser. Hitler is a winner, a go-getter. Yet no man in the history of the world has won so little affection or inspired so little respect as Hit-

ler. You'll find through life that the nicest people you meet are those who are failures, according to material standards. So don't get a cockeyed impression of success and don't sacrifice too much for it, because it is rarely worth it . . .

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"The point I'm trying to drive home to you kids is that defeats are part and parcel of life and should so be considered. I've met an awful lot of people in my time but never met one who hadn't dropped a lot of decisions and experienced a lot of discouragement.

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"So don't place too great and mournful an emphasis on defeat and don't yield to the American habit of overemphasizing victory, because one is no more important than the other. Through life you'll encounter your share of both of them, and you'll find that defeats are really the prep schools of victories. In the final analysis, believe me, they are only sets of numerals and they're not written in indelible ink."

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There's a whale of a difference between defeat and futility. Defeat is fertile. Futility is the end of things. From the Cross came the Resurrection. From the smouldering bricks of Notre Dame's fire came the victory of this present campus. One good thing will certainly come of Saturday's loss: McGutzky'll be doing a little less fool braggin' this Xmas, and the rest of you will all be a trifle more humble. Already this defeat's brought you closer together, like old times. You've felt it, not liked it, but you're better friends. Besides, from now on, you'll be looking for compensations-- more victories. You'll not let down on that Novena for chastity. Even there defeats aren't irreparable. Got right up. Only staying down would be futile.

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of Frances Lapp (St.Mary's); uncle of Murray Tocke (Pro.); friend of Martin McGinnis (Walsh). Ill, brother of Mary J. Blatterman (St.Mary's); mother of Joe Rorick (Freshman); friend of Geo. Hartmann (Pro.). Seven special ints.