

THE DEAD END KIDS OF SORIN HALL You want to watch out for them. They're the toughest guys on the north side of Alumni and Dillon Halls. With nothing to do but wait patiently for the final exams-- those mere formalities-- and then hop into big-time jobs or rackets they loll on the benches in front of their world-famous porch. They smoke there, they knock the softball around, they talk at you gruff as you pass carefully, cautiously, stealthily by. Yessir, the Dead End Kids of Sorin Hall are men to watch.

Proudly, the other day, they pointed to the broken panel of glass at the right of their hallowed front door. "Last night we put a bozo's dome through dat!" Their cough is killing, their bark a nightmare; say! their grisly beards are enough to shake you into a delirium tremens! Perhaps you've noticed it lately, the Gentlemen of Walsh are all hiding out in their cosy cubicles. Here's betting they circle Sorin tonight instead of passing in front of it as they piously parade to the First Friday benediction and sermon on Mary.

Why, one of those Dead End Kids even stuck up a priest in the sight of all-- it was midday-- and made off (you'll say this is a modern miracle!) with four cigars! The undoubted object of this burly bandit was to put the C.S.C.'s in the hole. *** Still another one of the tough guys took to yelling across the campus and his bad-man's bass voice shattered the petals, the peace and the beauty of the quadrangle's prize magnolia trees! And the words he bellowed were these: "Don't call me a Dead End Kid, for I'm Brother Rat from the Sorin Sub!"

THEY PLOT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION At least the Bulletin is hoping they do. They're clearing out-- these Dead End Kids-- and it's really tough seeing them go. One month, nay even less, and their undergrad days at N.D. are over.

Down the world's broadways and back alleys they'll go, into houses of business, big-time and small, into newspaper city rooms, perhaps to first base on a big league ball club, into the ticker room of the stock exchange, into the wholesale liquor game; and a few years hence perhaps one or two will take seats in the House or Senate.

WHOSE DEATH DO THEY PLOT? So far as themselves are concerned, the Dead End Kids plot death to the "Catholic" lawyer who dares set up a shyster practice; death to the "Catholic" political boss who makes friends of the poor by his crafty smile, his impossible promises, his lavish gifts poured from the coffers of Others; death to the "Catholic" doctor or surgeon who would arrogate to himself the power of life and death; death to the "Catholic" judge or cop or night watchman who winks at corruption or secretly abets it to edge in on a slice of the graft; death to the "Catholic" publisher, editor, manager or distributor whose wanton policy of greed and more greed, cost what it may, is eating the flesh and heart of American youth with the smelly cancer of lust and disease; death to the "Catholic" employer, foreman or supervisor who, like a Simon Legree, loads the weight of inhuman hours on the backs of tight-lipped employees denied by his scheming their right to a living wage, their right to form unions, their right to voice a legitimate plea for collective bargaining; death to the "Catholic" who without mercy or conscience keeps brother Negro grovelling in darkness and cold and penury; death to the "Catholic" who heils Hitler against his brother, the Jew; death to them all, for these "Catholics" disgrace their Church and their Nation. Of course, there are Jewish Communists and Jews who have sponsored a dirty stage. Perhaps there are Puritan Protestants who have milked the people through scheming and high finance. But they and these "Catholics" are what they are not because of their faith but despite it.

WHAT SHALL THESE DEAD END KIDS DESTROY? The excuse for Fascists, Communists and Bundists to exist; for "Catholics" to leave the Church; for non-Catholics not to come in. If you Dead End Kids turn out to be thoroughbred Catholic alumni, not money will be your god but Christ the King; not worldly fame for a fraction of time shall satisfy your ambition but the sight of God for eternity. This has been YEAR FOR OTHERS. Prove you have caught the idea. Only by hard, honest work, self-sacrifice and prayer can you reshape giddy, Godless, goal-less society into the Mystical Body of Christ.

FOUND: gold wrist-watch in St. Mary's Lake; "My Crucifix" at 3rd hole on Golf Course.
PRAYERS: (deceased) John Clark, friend of John Vicars (Presbytery). Ill, brother of Bob Scally (Ly.); Mrs. B. Fenninger, friend of Tom Walker (Walsh). Five special ints.