

Fr. Craddock is back
for Howard and sophs.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
October 28, 1940

Dec., Father of Rees (Dil)
and Homer (Wal) Hughes.

~~Joan Doe Writes Again~~
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Saturday there came another letter, this time more optimistic, from Joan Doe (he spells it Joan again, possibly to identify his letters at General Delivery). Part of his letter, just as written, is given below with a short answer. It may make a few students think.

"Your Bulletin about the old, Protestant lady impressed me very much. When the dawn of faith breaks into the full splendour of the noon-day sun, I'll crawl on my hands and knees, too (if I'm here) -- and from one communion rail to another all day long. In my four years at N.D. I met a few of the wise guys you speak about. They used to get my goat pooh-poohing Notre Dame's stress on religion. They were the big shots who knew it all. But strange to say, these were just the very men who had queer notions about almost everything else. They pooh-poohed whatever did not suit their pampered tastes. The more stable and sounder men were always those who really practiced their religion. The other chosen few who seldom, if ever, received the communion were the peculiar ducks. As a rule, they were what you have so aptly called smut-alecks. (A subscriber coined, the Bulletin used that phrase, Joan.)

"I've known good Protestant people who lived better lives than they ever will, who wouldn't think of dragging sex through filthy gutters, who would consider it disgraceful to look at, what's more, to pass on, a smut magazine. The smut-alecks scandalized me. For my life I couldn't reconcile their belief, their faith in the Eucharist, with their daily life. I understand now quite well that these men weren't the normal type, that their convictions on life were as thin as threads, and just about as strong.

"Thanks for everything, Father. Your suggestions helped. See you again, I hope."

An Answer.

Dear Joan:

Thanks for your latest letter. Only a part of it can be printed for two reasons: (1), your war descriptions are a little too realistic for the students, and for their mothers especially; (2), the students want short articles.

Your dollar, as requested, is in a fund entitled Gold Star Mothers of World War II.

Every priest and brother at Notre Dame knows you speak the truth throughout the part quoted, particularly in the sentences underlined by us. As for the "wise" boys and alecks, it's futile to be angry with them. Pity them; smile at them and ignore them. They are just kids who think they're wise. They may grow up sometime, but in the meantime their stupidity causes a lot of damage. You called them "peculiar ducks"; Bishop O'Hara called them "squirrels", and we still have them with us.

Take your example from the great majority of the students, those "more stable and sounder men who really practice their religion". Those who really practice their religion develop character and good sense.

Thanks to you, too, Joan, for your letter. We're sending you, in care of General Delivery, Notre Dame, a pamphlet selected for you by a member of our Student Commission for Decent Literature. Meanwhile, you have the prayers of the priests, brothers and most of the students. You pray for the "squirrels." Write again.

PRAYERS: Deceased: Mr. Frank Urich. Ill: Don Tiedeman (Al.) and Bill McAllister, (Ly.), operations; Friend of Bill Sylvester, (Cav.); Friend of Bob Matthews, (Dil.); Brother of Tom Mulligan, (Sor.); Sister of R. McCoy, (B-P). 3 Special Intentions.