

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.
October 29, 1924.

I.

The sun rose bright and early Monday morning. This surprised twenty-five of the boys, for they were willing to bet that the sun would never rise again. Even when they rolled out and reported for morning prayer--for the first time since September--they were inclined to doubt their eyes: it couldn't be the sun; it was only blue Monday.

II.

It had been a very successful Home-coming--especially for the prefects and for the alumni bootleggers. Local competition had been reduced materially during the week, and since an alumnus isn't particular what he furnishes an undergraduate, it was mostly "block and fall." Twenty-five fell--into the clutches of the prefects. Hence the assembly of notables at morning prayer.

III.

The twenty-five heads were not so clear on Sunday (most of them bobbed disrespectfully during Mass) but cold showers on Monday morning helped wash away the traces of sleeplessness, and twenty-five imaginations were put to work concocting allegories to be presented to the Board at 12:30.

IV.

Sage advice was not lacking: "Lie hard, but stick to your lie;" and, "There was a fellow here two years ago who told the truth, and he was canned straight off. Don't tell the truth whatever you do."

V.

Noon came, but the twenty-five had failed to wind their appetites and their stomachs were slow. Twelve-thirty struck and the long line formed to the right. The Board filed in and fate began its dreadful work.

VI.

The agony of examination and cross-examination ended at last;---the mean innuendoes, the personal questions, more searching than an income tax questionnaire, the inevitable tie-up in testimony, the impertinent "Have you anything to say in your defense?" This ordeal over, a worse suspense begins.

VII.

It develops that each of the twenty-five is the victim of a too-trusting nature; it is his first offense; he had only a few glasses of wine out of a bottle brought from home by an old maid friend of the family; he was class valedictorian in high school; father expects him to make good....

VIII.

"What will mother think of me?"

IX.

Nobody ever knew you had a mother till the Board got on you.

John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.,
Prefect of Religion.