

Religious Bulletin

January 4, 1927

1927.

That's the first time we've written it, and we had to do it twice to make sure. It looks nice. Will it be a nice year? The state of grace can make it so.

We Hardly Expected You Back...

so soon! If you satisfied your thirst for knowledge a full week before the official closing date, one wouldn't expect you to work up a thirst again so quickly. But perhaps it isn't that. More than likely you folks got tired of not seeing you around the house, and kicked you out in order to save gas.

Disillusionment.

Not that you've been home and seen to your own dissatisfaction that Bertha's nose is a little flat, and Lucinda's shoulders stoop too much, and Ophelia's lisp is much more noticeable than it was when she recited the class poem, and Trudella's halitosis put her quite hors de combat, you may as well settle down to woman-hating and study. Don't take it too seriously like the boys at Illinois and Rochester who shoot themselves when life ceases to be worth living. Get back to church and the world won't look so ugly after a week or so of living in the grace of God.

Don't Bore Us With Details.

If the holiday poison you drank wasn't all you expected, don't bother us with the story. The only interesting booze cases are the ones that die. They make the first page in every paper in the country. If you survived, don't brag about it: it means that you're not even a good news story.

Take a Look at the Statue on the Dome.

Whether we like it or not, you are back with it, and we will have to put up with you until you get caught at some major offense, or fail to talk a couple of profs out of passing grades, when the skids are ciled in February.

You are here, and whether you have a purpose or not, the school has a purpose. Take a look at the statue on the Dome. Are you more worthy of Notre Dame than you were when you went away? If you are not, then you are less worthy. There is no standing still in the spiritual life. If you picked up any scrofulous ideas through your contact with the world's rottenness, shed them at once with a good confession.

Students come and go. Notre Dame has stood for a long time, and, please God, it will stand much longer. Brush up your ideals if they have become tarnished; be the boy your mother and Notre Dame want you to be. Most of all, don't brag about sin. Nothing is in worse taste at Notre Dame.

Vacation had its Tragedies.

On his way home Mr. Smithberger, of the English Department, wired that he had just received word of the death of his father. Karl Kaschewski's father died two days before Christmas. A week ago today John Murphy, who had remained here with the hockey team during the holidays, received word that his father had died suddenly. Joe Morrissey's father died on the last day of the old year, at his home in Danville, Illinois. Monday night Bernard Reavy's mother died; his father is very low with pneumonia. Father Hudson, editor of the Ave Maria for the past fifty-two years, is quite ill. -- you need to be more urgent than usual in your prayers for these intentions, since the requests came while you could not be reached.