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There's No Fool Like a Big Fool.

Pardon the liberty taken with a good old saw, but the seniors are hardly old enough to be old fools, but they are the big boys around here, and when they are fools it seems logical to call them big fools.

Now, who is a fool? Wisdom is that gift which enables us to choose the best means to attain the end desired; folly consists in the choice of from bad to the worst means to reach this end. Probably the most foolish fool of all is the man who chooses the best means and turns them away from their good end to serve evil.

We have in our midst a group of men we call seniors. There is dignity in the name. From our worshipful ancestors we derive the laudable custom of paying homage to our seniors. (For reasons, read Cicero, De Senectute.)

We firmly believe that the vast majority of our seniors are wise young men, quite entitled to the reverence we pay them. Were it otherwise (perish the thought!) we should shut up shop. But it is also our unfortunate conviction, forced upon our unwilling intellect, that not all seniors have received this grace of state. And we refer not to the squirrels, who may be as wise as their quainter and more sedate classmates, but to another class to whom, for want of a fitter term, we apply the Scriptural term of fool, using it in the Scriptural sense.

To test a senior in this regard, examine into his attitude towards Catholic education. He came to Notre Dame ostensibly to seek one. He should know what this school gives. Its reputation reaches him in advance; the President tells him about it in his opening sermon; the Mission hammers away at it; he hears it in the class room and sees it in operation all around him; the Bulletin hammers away at it everlastingly. He comes here to seek the only thing the school gives -- and he resists it with all his might and main. He goes through four years here serving Baal and not God. Has he earned the right to the name we give him?

Who is this fool, specifically? Don't pass judgment. This is written for the eye of the fool, and if your conscience does not accuse you, don't accuse your neighbor. Read no further. Leave it to the man for whom it is intended. But your conscience may accuse you in little if not in great, and if it does, examine your conscience on these points:

1. Am I getting anywhere in straightening out the kinks in my character?
2. Will I, a year from now, be regretting that I cannot get the spiritual advice that I can get now for the asking from priests who specialize in boys?
3. Will I, when I get out in the world, blush for the ignorance that I might have relieved by spiritual reading at Notre Dame?
4. Will I, on my death-bed, bemoan lost opportunities for graces, especially daily Mass and Communion? Will I, in my half-dilemma of that hour, be trying to make the General Confession I might have made at Notre Dame.

Every year brings its sheaf of letters from self-styled fools who long vainly for the opportunities they turned down while they were here. You may be of that number if you don't settle down now and use the head God gave you. Look you to it.

Sunday Accommodations in the Sorin Chapel.

The last Sunday before Christmas a new service was inaugurated in the Sorin chapel -- Confessions and Holy Communion from 7:20 till 8:10. Twenty-nine students took advantage of it that day; last Sunday the number was nine.

PRAYERS: The deceased father of Fr. Hackett, of Kalamazoo. Three special intentions.