

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Promoters wanted  
to canvas halls  
for Adoration

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Wear A Chip On Your Shoulder.

Coach Rockne once asked a mild-mannered football candidate: "What can I do to make you mad?" The youth replied without batting an eye: "Take away my food." Whether or not Rock tinkered with the boy's diet we do not know, but the lad was later mentioned on several All-American teams. Rock had found some way of arousing the fight in him, and converted the boy into an asset instead of a liability on Cartier Field.

We asked a similar question recently of a young scion of the Green Isle who had been a mild renegade on religion. He replied: "I'll fight for just three things - my family, Ireland, and the Catholic Church." He would also fight for America, but he would let you kid him about the U.S. Senate. After all, a joke is a joke, and some of the sacredness of the Conscript Fathers disappeared when the Volstead Act was passed.

But "fighting for" is not so popular nowadays; "fighting about" is more the rage.

When Irishmen were Irish, the "stage Irishman" was driven from the stage. That was not so long ago. Thirty or forty years ago, when the word went around that such and such a theatre displayed a travesty on the Irish race, few Irishmen paid out money to see the show, but the few who went paid the minimum fare into the gallery - and carried bricks. Those who boycotted the offending theatre saw to it that advertisers wrote letters to the newspapers about the matter - and their letters were printed. The managers learned, the producers learned, the actors learned, that it did not pay to insult the Irish. The atmosphere cleared in a hurry. The reaction took the form of the Chauncey Olcott type of Irish drama, which made all the world love the Irish.

Something similar, though more genteel in form, stopped the anti-Catholic drama and gave to the theatre such Catholic productions as "Richelieu," "Joan of Arc," "Mary Stuart," and "The Eternal City" - the authors of which were all non-Catholics.

But that all happened in the days before the Irish were admitted to Harvard, before Catholics had made enough money to receive social recognition, before the "sons of God married the daughters of men," before the descendants of martyrs became broad-minded, before faith became a thin veneer.

Try now to get a united front on religious or moral problems. Ask Mike Rafferty to write a letter to the paper protesting against a film that insults your religion -- that represents the early Christian martyrs as a bunch of fanatical psalm-singers -- and Mike tells you: "I see your point of view, all right, Father, but Mrs. Rafferty and Mrs. Van Floozie, the manager's wife, belong to the same bridge club, and I am afraid more harm than good will come of it." Preach a sermon on birth control - or with unfavorable mention of the subject - and you receive a call from Mrs. de Cieve, who tells you: "I certainly will never bring a Protestant to church again. My daughter-in-law was at Mass with me this morning, and her church, which has certainly given the matter great study, believes in birth control. She wanted to get up and walk right out, but I got her not to make a scene."

If you have any fighting blood left in you, wear a chip on your shoulder with regard to faith and morals, or get out of the Catholic Church. If your faith isn't worth fighting for, it isn't strong enough to save your soul; if your charity won't keep you from scandalizing your neighbor, it will never cover your multitude of sins. Don't be a hypocrite. Don't be a Judas. Be a real Catholic or none at all.

PRAYERS: Deceased - Ted Scholzen, '32 (drowned while skating); John Venables' father (third anniversary); a cousin of Richard Eckrich. Ill - the fathers of Al Phaneuf and Claude Tourek; the wives of Joe Dienhart, ex-student, and Geo. Belting, '29; the grandfather of John and Thos. Gorman. Five special intentions. a thanksgiving (no. 10) from the Depression Novena.