

At request of Senior
class: Masses Fri.
and Sat.....

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 15, 1934.

.....7:20 Dillon:
Mothers of Fr. Boland,
and George Mack.

Discipline.

Bill Cunningham, in a recent article in the Boston Post, on Notre Dame's rule against intoxicating liquors, gets off this meaty sentence: "It is a hard, Spartan life out here (at Notre Dame), which is another way of saying that it is a clean, wholesome life, the sort of natural regulated life a youngster should be leading as he's turning into manhood."

Modern softies will dote on "hard" and "Spartan" and will skid over the really important point which Bill Cunningham brings out--that you can't begin to develop clean, strong, alert boys on an unrestrained diet of movies, pretzels, and 7% beer; that the price of wholesome living is a reasonably-disciplined life.

He concludes his article with this pertinent paragraph:

"Some of the Eastern universities have hogged the headlines of late years with their "revolutionary" leanings toward intramural athletics. Notre Dame at this had a laugh all to herself. She's had that plan in full operation ever since she had athletics of any sort, and that means for something such as 40 or 50 years. The first football team Notre Dame ever had, as a matter of fact, was an intramural team. I was looking at its faded photograph in the gym only yesterday. It was one of those funny old-timers with the lads in skin-tight suits and mostly wearing moustachios like the man on the flying trapeeze. If they don't want to play football, there's plenty more they can do. The university has its own golf course. There are tennis courts, baseball diamonds, squash courts and the rest. It's a pretty nice picture, all said and done, and somehow I think a little more of the place since I heard about the beer. There's plenty of time for beering and night owling later on, lads, but you only get the chance to go to college once. If you're smart, you'll give it everything you've got while the chance is yours. Apparently they're smart at Notre Dame."

And, lads, if you're smarter, after Notre Dame, you'll see the holes in the beer-and-night-owl theory of getting joy out of life.

Union.

Warren Brown, in his highly-readable column in the Chicago Herald and Examiner of some weeks back, cracks over this one: "And Boland seems to be getting results at Notre Dame where everyone now speaks to, instead of about, everyone else. The strong, silent man is Chet Grant, the fashion plate is Tom Conley, and the Boss, is Elmer Layden."

Close union, unfeigned loyalty, sincere friendliness--on the playing field and off it--these are "naturals" at Notre Dame, where men study and play and pray on the same campus in a solid group. Envidable qualities, they are not born of headline hunger, nor of thirst for personal glory, nor of alibi-ing and griping, but of a self-sacrificing determination to try hard, and to fight for, the glory of the group.

There is no success for any individual, unless there be success for the group. There is no defeat for any individual (nor for the group) unless someone commit inner treason against the common cause.

In proportion as this spirit of unity flourishes, Notre Dame men in every activity will--in spite of momentary setbacks--victoriously march on.

PRAYERS: Deceased, mother of Walter Carr (Carroll). Ill, Most Rev. T. C. O'Reilly, Bishop of Scranton; uncle of Jerry McIntee. Four special intentions.