

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 16, 1934.

To Loafers.

God gave you a head--red, black, curly, or bald--to direct your life with. He didn't stick it up there, like the knob on a flag pole, merely to top off an angular physique.

Inside the head he placed a brain--not merely to fill up the posterior bump--but to use, to think, to plan.

When a man walks cow-eyed and half-dazed across busy streets, out of turn, he frequently gets bumped. Drivers take him for an intelligent creature who can guide his own feet. On that presumption they often bump him.

The big percentage of the 699 boys who recently received pink slips haven't been using their heads.

They've been ya-yaing by the hour; they've been the loudest mouths at the heaviest bull sessions. They've sat in the front row of too many afternoon movies; they know the names and histories of too many crooners, the steps of too many rhumbas and tangos. They've crawled too close to the pillows between too many classes on too many mornings and afternoons.

Now a flock of the 699 are ready for the last bust-up.

To comment on their failure is not to advise but to write their obituary. They are too dumb to understand advice.

They missed a great grace, the early use of their heads; and that's a serious handicap.

God put holes in the side of their heads which they might hear through, eyeballs above their cheeks that they might see. They have read and heard that that should work day by day according to a planned schedule--that it would prevent waste of time, economize their day, eliminate hit-and-miss expenditure of energy.

But that was a new idea. The why of it they couldn't understand and never thought to ask. Cow-eyed and limpy-eared they moped on.

Pink slips, like the blast of the driver's hown, made them shudder momentarily, but that's all. A momentary shudder was the longest, sustained response they were capable of.

February will bring the big bust-up, with tears and petitions and promises, and, after all, with the slow, sad, long trip home.

To those of the 699 who have enough gumption to pick up their ears, once more, wake up! Go to someone and ask him to help you map out a daily working schedule. Ask him to rub you down behind the ears periodically so that you can stick to a schedule after it is worked out.

Mass for the Team.

Tomorrow morning at the usual time, 6:25 in the Main Church. Be there!

PRAYERS: Deceased, Monsignor George Lacombe; Hon. Frederick Landis, friend of the University; William Mikutaitis. Five special intentions.