

Bro. Leopold's funeral  
Wed. morning in Church.  
Adoration starts at 10.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
March 12, 1935.

Keep up your Novenas--  
for Joe Sullivan, and  
for a Happy Marriage.

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Those Bones!

D'ya know what I learned today in Religion class? asked McGutzky as he scrupulously fingered through the World's Greatest sport page. I learned that gambling's not wrong in itself, that it's all jake to gamble if a fellow's got the money to gamble with.

And so what? said Stooze.

And so, funny fellow, I come near throwing away two good pieces of spotted ivory and depriving myself of some fascinating recreation.

Your folks, of course, send you money to gamble with?

They don't exactly specify that in so many words, stupid, but I get money every week for entertainment, and if I choose that form of entertainment, it's all oke, isn't it?

Suppose your folks know you were gambling with the money they send you for recreation, it wouldn't make any difference in the amount they send you, would it?

Well, it probably would. But that's because they never went into the theology of gambling. They don't know it's an indifferent thing in itself.

Listen, McGutzky, there isn't a student on this campus who gets money for gambling. Their folks would be up in arms if they knew the money was being used for any such purpose. And to squander parents' money in playing cards or shooting dice is certainly sinful.

Says who?

Gambling is worse than drink in a good many ways. Once it gets hold of a person it's his boss, like using dope. How many men in this world really have money for gambling? Not one in ten thousand. If they do any amount of gambling they are almost certainly depriving their families of things that belong to them.

And you think you have a right to contract a habit that will bring serious uncertainty into your own life and misery into the lives of your wife and children later on! You think you have a right to saddle onto yourself a habit you won't be able to shake off, even if your children are starving as a result of it!

Did you ever see a gambler trying to pull himself out of a hold--lying, borrowing, stealing sometimes, to get at that last fat purse that will put him back on his feet?

That's about the first idea you ever got out of a Religion class, McGutzky, and what a mess you've made of it! Fellows like Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller can gamble with some of their superfluous money if they want to. The ordinary man can't afford to gamble at all.

And certainly a student, with no money of his own, has absolutely no right even to think of gambling.

I suppose you know better'n the theologians, grumbled McGutzky sheepishly.

If you spent a little more time on your Religion instead of memorizing batting averages, you'd probably get the whole truth and not the more smattering that simply won't make sense.

And Stooze walked off in a huff.

PRAYERS: Deceased, father of Harry Schoberth (Carroll); grandfather of Paul Kuboske (Off-Campus); friend of Vince Hartnett (Morrissey). Ill, Vic Kursweg (Walsh); mother of John Kelly '34; mother of Jack Gleason (Alumni); brother of A. J. Waldron (Dillon). Five special intentions. Sister and brother-in-law of Rev. W.F. Cunningham, C.S.C., ill.