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McGutzky Gets Ruffled.

Over at the Dillon Hall Pamphlet Rack today I picked up one of these new Religious Surveys. They'll be distributed to all the halls tomorrow, they tell me. There's a lotta good dope in those pages, Stooge, and most of it's in the fellows' own words.

One question at least in that Survey ought to interest you a lot, McGutzky. Let's see if I can find it.

What's that? asked McGutzky, clutching the book close to him.

As I interpret our friend Stooge, interrupted Twaddlebury, with evident pleasure in his eye, the question has to do with self-denial. You will recall, my dear McGutzky, that after much big talk and bragging, after you laid me away for not undertaking any Lenten resolutions, you yourself suffered a complete breakdown only last week. It was amusing.

Didn't I tell you before, Simp, never to poison me with your breath. Don't look at me! Don't even think of me! Some day I'll completely forget myself and I'll...And the brawny McGutzky made threatening overtures with his weather-beaten right arm as Stooge moved into a strategic position.

Wait a minute, wait a minute, McGutzky, warned Stooge.

I can take it from anybody in the world except that willowy thing over there. If he had an ounce of red blood in his veins his skin would break out in a rash. He wouldn't attempt to fly a kite in his own name, and he sits there in his self-satisfied stupor, criticising everybody, finding satisfaction in anybody's failure!

I'll say this for you, McGutzky, placated Stooge. Since you broke away a week or so ago you've made a fine comeback. And that's something to be proud of. Father Willie Doyle once said, I believe, that perfection is a matter of many starts. The fellow who expects to get anywhere with himself has to develop his getting-up muscles. Anybody may slip now and then at the first. The whole question is, will he get up?

Well said, Stooge. You show real sense at times. But getting back to this Survey, since you brought up the question of self-denial, here are a few remarks. One fellow says, "Daily self-denial develops the will power as jumping rope develops the body for emergency resistance."

Another guy puts it this way: "Self-denial is the best way I've found to sock the devil right on the button."

And McGutzky's eye brightened as it rested on the last remark. His voice became unusually clear and distinct. Unconsciously he wheeled towards Twaddlebury.

"Self-denial," one very bright young man says, "puts steel--steel he says--in the weak backbone!" If you'd ask me, Stooge, I'd conclude that that's somethin' for our she-men to think over.

That's something for any of us to think over, laughed Stooge, as McGutzky hurried away to hash for the noon-day meal.

PRAYERS: Deceased, father of Father L. Sullivan C.S.C.; father of Tom O'Neil '34, killed in an automobile accident. Ill, friend of George Fitzpatrick (Dillon). Five special intentions. Ill, Charley Hodierne (Dillon); Pat Malloy and Bill Smith (Alumni); Hal Miller (St. Ed's.).