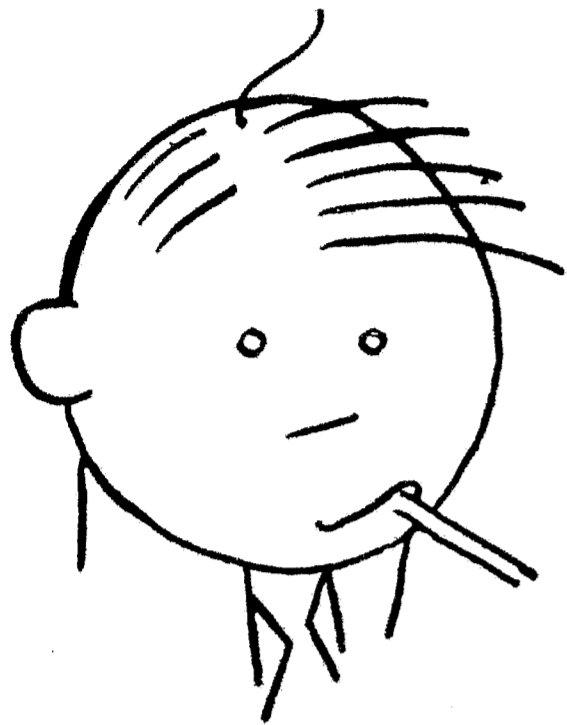


University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 27, 1935



TRANSITION



McGUTZKY.

This is my last soul-revealing confession and it's coming straight to you. No Stooge, no Twaddlebury in between this time.

Here on the campus I've been Griper No. 1. I've always argued that there's too much discipline, too much religion. The other day I got to asking myself—too much discipline, too much religion for what?

Too much for my own laziness and self-opinion? Certainly not too much for my own progress and growth! Did that conclusion make my face red!

I've just come to realize that progress or excellence in any line—physical, intellectual, or moral—demands a certain mixture of freedom and constraint. The football coach doesn't just tell his team not to smoke, not to drink, not to eat soft, sticky pies and cakes. He doesn't merely give them the principles of blocking and tackling and then let them work them out by themselves. No sir, he follows up on the field and off the field by seeing that his squad does exactly what he tells them to do.

What about the professor who would merely "recommend," "warmly advise" a certain amount of work? No reward at all for doing the work. No punishment for skipping it. No exams at the end to find out what had been done. A swell class that prof'd have!

And this idea that the "upright character" can go where he pleases, and stay as long as he likes, and still remain good, the idea that he's a kind of granite column, proof against all influences and conditions—that's the bunk! That sort of thing makes beasts with men's faces, not real men.

And too much religion—well, it's just too funny to talk about that one now. Why, if you rolled all the compulsory religion we get here at Notre Dame into one bundle you wouldn't have much more than an hour-and-a-half out of the 168 that go to make up the week.

No, I've come to the conclusion that most griping has no fact under it at all. It's a fever, and it's contagious like a fever, among weaklings. You take the old professional griper himself,—griping doesn't bother that bird much. But the thin-skinned griper, he doesn't know the philosophy of griping. He takes it too seriously.

This little confession of mine today is partly by way of restitution to the amateur gripers, partly a matter of resolution for the summer months to come.

I know that you can go through the summer on a do-as-you-please program, but you'll make a mess of it. Your folks won't be pleased, and you'll probably be months, or maybe years, away from what you ought to be in the end.

You've simply got to watch the company you keep. You've got to keep up, on your own, the moral safeguards that we've learned here at Notre Dame. You've got to get in those morning and evening prayers. You've got to get to that Communion rail at least once a week. Discipline, my constituents, really gripes only the guy that really needs the discipline. I've found that out after a lot of griping in my years here at Notre Dame.

This summer we'll all be praising everything that's Notre Dame. We always do. Let's not be the kind of dumb hypocrite who fails to really appreciate and practice what he is glad to preach.

Goo'bye! Seeya all in the Fall.

Don't leave the campus unless you are in the state of grace!

PRAYERS: Deceased, Mother M. Barbara, and Sister St. John, St. Mary's Convent; father of Elmer '34 and Walter Crane, Ill, cousin of Joe Hickey (St. Ed's.); father of Louis Hansman. 7 special intentions.