

Papal Blessing tomorrow  
6:30 a.m. in the church,

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
September 27, 1935

for all who made the  
first mission.

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From Brick McGutzky's Dad.

When my son, Humbert, --that's his real name but he'd kill me for telling the fellows out there--got back from Notre Dame last Spring, I thought I noticed a big change in him. He was still the rough, old redhead, but he had an altogether different attitude towards his mother and me. When we spoke he seemed to think we had some right to be listened to.

He didn't have to be nagged to church on time, and for the first few days he even got up early in the morning and went over by himself to Holy Communion. His mother and I both remarked the change that had come over him.

Then he got trotting around with a willowy, corn-silk blonde. From that time on he was on the taboggan.

On the level, Father, she's as empty and fickle as a slide trombone. Brick was even ashamed himself to bring her to the house. At least, I flatter myself and his mother that he was ashamed of the blonde and not of us.

But anyway, after he got going around with her, he'd come in all hours of the night, and, when I told him about it one morning, he like to jump down my throat. He was old enough to take care of himself. He knew his way around, and all that sort of thing.

And money? Why that dame must have had him buying three-figure bonds. For a couple of weeks after he got back he worked in the plant for me and seemed to get a kick out of it.

But the corn silk one just had to go to the beach,--you know how they are--and she just had to have her little palsy walsy take her. That ended the work.

And it began the flow of McGutzky money to the corn silk blonde. Brick went swanky all of a sudden--cocktail parties, night clubs, splash parties, and all that sort of thing.

Well, sir, Father, I thought he'd got all that trash out of his system out there at Notre Dame. I'm not blaming you, understand. I've known young men and Brick too long to do that.

But see if you can't get him back--again to the place he was last June. See if you can't pound a little perseverance--or whatever you call it--into his system. He knows what's right now, but he's still too weak to plug through on his own. And honestly, in spite of his bravado, he's not happy over it all.

I don't want him to be one of those dumb, jazzy raccoon creatures that think college spirit consists in getting tight at football games. I want him, after his college years, to have something on the ball, and to be so convinced of his Catholic Faith and practice that nobody can shake him in it. If he gets a girl that will help him, she's o.k. with me.

But I don't want him to tie up with any cocktail canary.

I'm getting along in years, Father, and I'm banking on Brick. He'll have to take my place at the plant. His mother and I are sacrificing plenty these years to send him out there.

It will simply break us completely if he doesn't come through. Goodbye, Father, and try to help old Brick.

PRAYERS: (deceased), Father Walsh, Geneseo, Ill.; mother of Donald McIntosh '34; Ill, Robert Laughna, Stewart H. Osborn '35, (appendectomy)