

Mass Sat. of St. Theresa,  
p. 1001. Sunday, the 18th  
after Pent., p. 585; 2nd col.  
of St. Francis, p. 1003.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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Go to Mass and Holy  
Communion Saturday  
for the team.

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Harold Johnson's Case.

Dear Boy:

Your mother and I have just come home after a pretty dreary evening at the Johnsons'. It's nearly midnight, and mother is already asleep (or pretends to be), but I just can't turn in until I write you. Harold Johnson, in case you don't know it already, has been sent home by the University after having been there less than a week. I wish you could have been with us tonight. You know how hard Mr. Johnson can be and how proud Mrs. Johnson has always been of Harold. Tonight she acted like someone who had been caught in a shameful crime. Mr. Johnson blames it all on her, of course, and neither of them can figure out how they will explain it to their friends. After Harold got home his father and he had a big row and Harold went off in a huff and said he would never come back. But he'll be around for breakfast, of course.

Mother and I didn't stay long tonight at the Johnsons', and on the way home we hardly spoke to each other. Both of us were thinking about the same thing, and you know what it is. Listen, Son, you and Harold ran around a lot together this summer. I always thought he was a good boy, and although I don't know what this scrape is all about, I still think he is not really bad. But he is thoughtless and wants to do as he pleases, and he just can't think of being anything but a "big shot" out with the boys. His parents never made him work or carry any responsibility, and he thinks life is all a big song and dance.

Tonight I couldn't help but realize that we've treated you pretty much the same. Things have come easy for you, but for the Lord's sake, don't get it into your head that they always have come easy for your mother and me. I'm not a bit nervous about you when you're here at home in the family. I feel altogether able to take care of you. But you're easily influenced and you're afraid to have your friends think that you wouldn't dare take a chance. Just sit down and figure it out for yourself. How many of Harold's friends came home with him to ease things up for his father and mother and himself? How many of them care a snap whether Harold ever gets another chance? I don't think that Mr. Johnson will ever send him back to school; in fact, tonight he said that he was really going to crack down on Harold.

Boys are never the same when they get together in a big group, and that's why those rules at Notre Dame about drinking and being in by 12 are good rules. I'm sure it must be the same with any other rules they have there. I don't want any alibis from you. I expect you to keep those rules and I want you to realize just what would happen if you ever were sent home. I want you to dig in and study hard there at school. You're not there for fresh air and friendship. I work eight hours a day and I'm no longer on the sunny side of life. It won't hurt you a bit to do the same. It's all right to have a good time, but see that it really is a good time.

One more thing, Son. If I were you, I'd choose for myself a priest that I could go to from time to time in a confidential way. When anything at all important puzzles you, talk it over with him. In that way, he can act like a kind of Daddy towards you.

You said something in your last letter about Joe and Julaine driving your car. I've told them to keep their hands off, so don't worry. Mother and I and the kids send you our love. Write when you can.

Your loving father,

PRAYERS: (deceased) Sister St. Agatha (Dublin): friend of Father Ryan, C.S.C.; Mrs. William Church, relative of C. G. Macdougald (St. Ed's.). Ill. father of Aurelius Rizzi (Badin); Victor Trizzini, friend of A. DiErienza (Howard).