

Stations of the Cross in  
all halls at hours announ-  
ced by respective rectors.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
February 12, 1937.

Way of the Cross, main  
church at 7:00 for Brown-  
son and Carroll.

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To My Son Jim.

Someone took the pains to copy and send in the following letter. Many "Jims" may profit by reading it over thoughtfully.

Dear Jim,

Your letter, the copies of the daily Bulletins and the Religious Survey of the Undergraduates have made me realize the religious side of Notre Dame. From September through December it was football--in your letters, in the clippings you sent, and even in the papers here at home. It was like an eclipse; the old pig-skin hiding the sun.

A lot of thoughts surged through my mind when I read all the Bulletins and poured over the Survey. Naturally, these thoughts centered about you. Practically all of them wound up with the same old refrain: "What an opportunity my boy has if he can only appreciate it!"

But, then, observing you while you were home at Christmas, recalling your carefree letters before Christmas, and then this last pre-exam letter with its flood of Bulletins enclosed, I got the panicky thought that you might not be making the best of the opportunity. I even thought that you might be the "smart guy" that is pilloried in those Bulletins, that you might be one of the few who say they are "unhappy" at Notre Dame, who say they are not "proud" to be Notre Dame men, who "gripe" about the discipline, who even cast sly slurs at the Church.

I've seen that type of fellow in my own work. They're always getting cheated by someone. They try to sneak out of a hard job and at the same time look good. If they get caught they whine about being persecuted.

Certainly you don't talk that way to me, but I just wonder what kind of a line you hand your friends there at Notre Dame. I mentioned this to your mother. You know Mother. She went up in the air about how disloyal I was to you to have such thoughts. She always did defend you.

But I can't doige the fact that there is some basis for the fear. Not until you were facing exams did you suddenly wake up and give the best that was in you. In that pre-exam letter you were as pious as a saint. You asked us all to pray hard, you told how you were making the novena for exams, how you were getting up every morning in the cold to go to Communion, and how you had made a visit each day in the Hall Chapel. You sounded like a fellow who was getting ready to take the Hindenburg overseas for the first time.

To my way of thinking you should have been getting up all year when all you have to do is walk down stairs to Mass and Communion. How about it?

Are you one of those "Devils in health, saints in sickness?" Are you going to live you life halfheartedly, then, when face to face with the showdown, start baying up to Heaven for miracles? Answer that for yourself. I may have you all wrong, but even if I have, I would rather take the chance of being wrong about you now than have you all wrong later on.

College life and life that follows is full of exam-periods. Many "get away" with them by taking a chance, by cribbing, by hard study or work the night before, but sooner or later they get caught. I read in those Bulletins where they advise you to put in eight hours a day every day. Say, Jim, that suits me. Here's a dad who puts in much more, and you know it. It won't hurt you any to do the same.

Listen, Son, be regular with me. Get everything you can out of Notre Dame every day--not just before exams. There is a big lesson in exams. The Final Exam of all exams is not so far ahead. Are you going to keep in training for it, or are you going to depend upon convulsions of piety on your death bed? Answer that and I'll tell you the kind of a man you're going to make.

Your loving Dad.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Sister of Don. Favero (Carr.). Ill, Mrs. J.W. McAllister (operation); mother of Jack Gairora (old student). Two special intentions.