

Mission Mass Thurs.  
for Judge Cain.....  
7:20 Dillon Mass Fri..

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
September 21, 1938

for mother of Mr. Mc-  
Guinness, request of  
service staff in Walsh.

-----  
"If I Had A Son . . ."  
by J. Edgar Hoover,

If I had a son, I'd probably be frightened. I don't know. I've never feared the responsibilities which have come to me in twenty years' experience with crime and criminals, but if I were a husband and father, I might be afraid. So much would depend on me.

I'd feel that it would be my fault if my son didn't grow up to be a fine, honest man, a good citizen in every sense of the word. For that's the keystone of success-- good citizenship. If I couldn't supply my son with sound character through home training, I'd know that none of my worldly ambitions for him would ever be realized.

If I had a son, I'd swear to do one thing. I'd tell him the truth. I'd never let him catch me in a lie because I would never tell him any lies. I wouldn't skimp the truth, either. That might be a trial at times, for boys are sometimes very inquisitive and persistent.

Some of the thousands who visit the display rooms of the Federal Bureau of Investigation will certainly grow up to be cross-examiners. But their guides don't reply with a brief "no" or "yes" if that perfectly truthful answer mightn't be entirely satisfactory to the young visitors. For the average youngster knows enough to resent it when he's carelessly dismissed. If I couldn't answer my son's questions, I'd say so. Then we'd get together and find out.

This matter of the whole truth is doubly important because every boy is a hero-worshipper. His inclination is to look up to his father as head of the house, a repository of all knowledge, the universal provider, the righteous judge. He cannot do so if he's continually catching his father in half-truths. A liar is a weakling and a boy admires strength. No matter how difficult it might be, I'd tell my boy the truth.

And in return I'd insist that he tell the truth. That might be hard to enforce. But though some scientists have said that all children are born liars, it's certain that the courageous telling of the truth is a character-builder. If my son broke a rule and told the truth, I wouldn't punish him. But if he tried to take advantage of me by covering deliberate mischief with a cloak of truth I'd show him that he's cheating and penalize him for it. He wouldn't respect me if I did anything else, for boys can be severely just in their judgments of their elders. If I succeeded in making truth the rule on both sides, I'd be on the road to success.

Each year a parade of rogues passes under the eyes of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They're of all sorts-- handsome, old, young, rich, ragged, plausible, murderers, thieves, forgers. They're alike in only one thing: they are all liars.

The whole matter of good citizenship revolves around the simple proposition of honesty. A truthful boy is an honest boy. And an honest boy grows into a successful man. A thief can't be truthful: he can't afford to be. A back-alley kid wouldn't be a hero and leader to my boy, but just an unpleasant kid with bad manners and vile speech and a habit of telling lies.

I'd try to be absolutely fair with my son, and to the extent of my capacity, I'd try to be understanding. Boys will get into trouble now and then. They can't help it. So if my boy made an honest mistake, I wouldn't punish him unless he lied about it.

(To be concluded tomorrow).

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Edward Crotty '37; Thomas F. Barrett, nephew of Bro. Maurilius, C.S.C.; father of Phil Gallagher (Badin); brother of Bro. Raymond, C.S.C.; Mrs. Peter Stearns (Utica, N.Y.); Patrick E. Stone; aunt of John Kerrigan (Brownson). Ill, mother of Prof. Bartholomew; F. J. Sullivan, friend of the University; friend of Don Smith (operation); friend of Joe McDonald (Alumni). Three special intentions.