

In case you "forgot"
start your Novena for
Mother tomorrow A.M.,
(Ill)mother of a priest.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 8, 1939.

Bill Coogan's sixth
month last Saturday.
Remember him at Mass.
(Ill) Sr. Teresa Clare
CSC

Two Philosophies Of Discipline.

This is the mind of Barney Blue on the
subject:

When a boy becomes a man; when he's made
the jump from high school to college, he
ought to know his own mind-- what's good
for him and what's bad: and he certainly
shouldn't be fettered by this rule and
that. Rules are for slaves.

"After all," says Barney Blue, "If I can't
take care of myself, nobody else can. In
fact, nobody else will. If I go wrong
(but I won't), that's my lookout and my
funeral. I'll ask for no sympathy." But
the fact is Barney always has belly-ached
about the penalty and pleaded for mercy.

This is what happened to Barney Blue (know-
ing his mind, you can understand it all):

When he was a freshman, ten o'clock lights
were inane and morning checks asinine.
Once he drank beer in his room and let
himself cut the window after the lights
went out. He didn't get caught.

As a sophomore, he got into several minor
jams. Once he was caught for cribbing and
flunked the course. "That such-and-such
prof put me into a mess. He's a cluck."

Barney could never learn, for he always
knew the answers beforehand. Came a day
in his junior year, the day of the Prom,
and he would have his drinks and his out-
of-town drive. "Suspension for a semester
broke my Dad's purse and my Mother's heart.
This is a heckuva school."

Finally Blue Barney walked out of summer
school with a late diploma. His last
words to a junior were these: "You had
better sit tight next year. They think
you're only a baby. The whole set-up's
against you... But I'm done now and am I
going to blacken the university's name!"

In school and after his graduation, Bar-
ney's first thought was himself. Rarely
did he think what pain his selfishness
brought to his Mother 'til it was too late.

This is the mind of the Catholic Church
and Notre Dame in the matter:

When Barney Blue first hit Zahn or the
Pastboard Palace, he was a boy becoming
a man. He had not fully matured. He had
lots to learn. For the first time in his
life he was really "on his own" -- away
from the influence of those he best knew.

He had great possibilities, happily for
good; unhappily for bad. Discipline; a
firm training of the will; schooling in
how to obey and "take it" were his great
needs. Notre Dame gave: he spurned. It
was the cussedness of human nature over-
ruling Barney's undeveloped best self.

Notre Dame's system was not perfect, not
by a jug-full. But at least it faced the
fact of original sin. *** Mr. Blue's
son had assumed he was "different." He
must experience "life." And this, despite
what the priests said: "A single risk
in the name of 'your freedom' can cost you
the health and happiness of a life-time,
even of an eternity."

Barney used to talk all day (and into the
night) about what he would do of his own
accord "if the C.S.C.'s minded their own
business and never checked." He would
"always do the right thing, if they lift-
ed their penalties." Mr. Blue, Jr. never
reflected that God Himself created hell
and that hell keeps men in line.

If Barney had had less of the spirit, "I
shall do THIS because the know-nothing
Fathers say NOT to," and more of Christ's
idea that only "the truth shall make you
free," he would have seen life AS IT IS,
strong points and weak, and acknowledged
the wisdom of buckling down to the things
that are hard: obeying and building up
will. Only by discipline can he learn to
say "Yes" and "No" when he should. More
of last weekend's family spirit will help
Barney settle down to willing cooperation
with Notre Dame discipline and his college
life will cease to be bleak and blue. He
will become a great credit to his Mother.

FATHER DOMINIC CANNON, C.S.C. died late
Thursday, his 60th birthday. This meek
and gentlemanly priest taught here, at
St. Ed's and Portland twenty-five years.

BROTHER LEONARD, C.S.C., only 39, died the
next day. He taught high school lads in
New Orleans and Indianapolis. His model
was St. Joseph, guardian of the boy Christ.