

Caf Chatter: "Father Gartland is afraid to talk in Walsh Chapel."

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 26, 1939.

Have you forgotten the Poor Souls? -- Penance cuts down your penalty.

Farewell To Football (1).

Trojan trickery once again! Stuffed with dynamite, the old wooden horse exploded Saturday afternoon right in the middle of the Notre Dame Stadium.

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It's all over now, that game with the California mammoths, that game Notre Dame wanted most: to repair the damage inflicted cut west last year.

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Still nobody feels badly about it. There's almost as much rejoicing as if Johnnie Kelly and all the other seniors who trotted off the gridiron for the last time had burned up the Horse of Troy with all the Lansdells and Naves inside. SOMEHOW IT SEEMS AS THOUGH WE WON!

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Why such contentment in the face of defeat? Why all the satisfaction in trailing eight points?

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In a nutshell, here's why: Not one thing more could have been asked of the Notre Dame players. They gave all they had, every erg of effort and energy, every movement of muscle and might, all the brain and brawn and brilliance the crowd had a right to expect.

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There was no room for complaint. Complaint would have been abusive. There was only room for the joy of a good football conscience, interior peace and the will to keep fighting. There was no mummeling of lives and buts, no stuffy sermonizing about moral victory, no excuses about being outweighed nine pounds a man.

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Now there is just the grand feeling: "I did my best." THAT-- much more than 10-16 against S.K.C. or 7-0 over Northwestern--

PRAYERS: (Critically ill) brother of Fr. McGinn, C.S.C.; father of Mike Mengovan '33; (recovering) Bernice Jordan; (operation) mother of Bill Hawes (Fil.); (ill) daughter of Dan Sullivan, Jr.; Jack Sexton, '33; (killed) friend of Irwin Schaffner. 2 spec. ints.

is the essence of victory: "I held nothing back."

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The spirit of the Notre Dame team last Saturday is the spirit that would make Notre Dame students genuine scholars if they would give all they have to their books; and saints if they would give all they have and are to Christ.

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If there were no holding back of persevering effort, no going to dances and shows when the student should be working out a problem in research, no loafing around, no idle vain chatter and wasting of time when the clock points to time for serious reading, then few if any would be the pink slips printed by the Ave Maria Press! Notre Dame would be turning out more men who could read and write, think and produce.

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If there were no dilly-dallying in the face of temptation, no thought of compromising Christ to please men or women; if there were more flying tackles at the first bad suggestion and a more liberal and heady use of the world's best offensive drive, daily Mass and Communion, then would this campus be alive with Catholic Youth who might say that they never lost a major spiritual battle!

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Footballers, scholars and saints, they must all adopt the same sort of attack if they are to be real, not merely people on paper. Summary: they must give all they have, do their best, never hold back. Only then, but then surely, shall they produce!

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The Prefect of Religion wishes he could say of every Notre Dame student in regard to the spiritual life what Elmer Layden could say of his grid stars with respect to their playing last Saturday: "They gave EVERYTHING." The problem of sin is solved by one thing: COMPLETE COOPERATION with Christ's grace.