
Wild Week-ends And Forbidden Books.

Monday night in the Caf is time for hash and a re-hash of what was done over the week-end. Every once in a while you hear one of the gripers moan and start beefing about the local restrictions on driving cars and drinking liquor.

There are too many splash-ups of blood on the highway to justify the objections and doubts sometimes proposed by juvenile geniuses against the University's more experienced and prudent wisdom.

Too often young men and women and liquor start out on a ride in search of what they call a good time only to wind up on the other side of a telephone pole. Usually there is no Prefect of Religion, equipped with purple stole and holy oils, trailing a few paces behind them on a motor-cycle. Nor do they always land conveniently on the lawn of a handy rectory. And sometimes, when they do, they are no longer alive.

By the time the wrecking crew has arrived and the mathematicians have reconstructed the probable path of the joy-ride by figuring speed, curves, bumps and lurches, there is nothing to do but quietly cart away the gory remnants of wine, women and song strewn on the road.

Unhappiest thought: in the light of the evidence and the known doctrines of Christ, it may only too often be assumed that the other side of the telephone pole is hell.

Eternal punishment is too much of a gamble any time, for any reason, for any man. Even a college man. So let the beefers quit beefing. And may the tribe of the truly wise ever increase!

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Another infantile gripe of the juvenile geniuses is the Roman Index of Forbidden Books. They pooh-pooh it as something destructive of intellectual freedom or restrictive of the cultural process. It

is usually the gripe of the type which is stuffed with so much intellectual pride that he thinks he has a corner on the best brain cells in the world and that God and His Church have nothing on the ball, as the saying goes. That gives rise to the interesting question, How come God has been getting along eternally and the Church nineteen hundred years but this mountainous thinker only twenty-one years?

Just as it is not wise to eat everything that you see, for example, the living room chair or an attractive blue-plate special of nice chicken-lobster ptomaine, so it's unwise to nibble at the indigestible philosophies which crucify mind and deify atoms, or to feast upon the indecent and sex-exciting details of the romance of the world's most passionate lovers-- no matter how beautifully the details are strung together with figures of speech.

If the Index were a hit-or-miss proposition and not the judicious decision of the keenest and most vital organism in the universe; if it were just the cheap cover-up, which pseudo-intellectuals make it out to be, for the weaker moments in the human side of the Church's history and not truly a maternal measure of safety for Mother Church's children, you can sleep tight tonight on this proposition: colossal converts like Newman, Chesterton and Heywood Broun-- to mention but three, representing three millions and more through the centuries-- could never, never have stomached it.

It is because the Index-gripers are not mentally colossal but mere Lilliputians in the world of thought that they cannot discover soundness in any judgment which counters their own. Because they are so sturdy in their own conceit, they cannot shake off their Almighty-complex. Perhaps a brief reminder that the Church backs up her Index with excommunication will impress them. ***** Which do you prefer: taking orders from puffy, intellectual squirts or God's living voice in the world today?

PRAYERS: (DECEASED) Uncle, aunt, two friends of Jim McCabe (Sor); Senator Wm. E. Borah; mother of Mrs. Samuel Shallow (Bstn); aunt of Bill O'Brien (Al); Patrick Rasche (Idaho); father of Arthur J. McCann '30; Lowell McLoughlin; grandmother of Mike Hines; (ILL) Appendectomy, Miss Carol Roll; mother of a sophomore; mother of Bill Wood; father, R. Frocks.
