

Tomorrow: Recollection Day University of Notre Dame  
beginning with Mass in Howard Religious Bulletin  
Chapel at 8 a.m. -- and ... May 18, 1955

...followed by conference at  
9:30 by Fr. Michael Murphy.  
Subject: The Divine Gifts.

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Overheard In The Huddle

D'ya know what I did the other day? Believe me or not, Mac, I called on one of the padres for advice. And did I get plenty! I said to him, I'm ~~having~~ a lotta trouble with racy thoughts, you know, sex and all that sort of stuff. Just can't seem to get them out of my mind. I thought maybe you'd give me a remedy -- sort of a formula like "X plus Y," and presto! The thoughts'd disappear.

D'ya know the first question he asked me? He says, What do you generally read for entertainment during the week? I told him I didn't read much of anything. I usually look at the pictures. That ain't so tiresome, you know. But I do read the wisecracks in a few movie magazines, and maybe I glance at Smut, and Quagmire, and some of those quarter books that are a little earthy and realistic. And then the daily papers.

Well sir, d'ya know what he did? He threw his arms clear into the air and said: In the name of God, why wouldn't you have bad thoughts, if that's the kind of stuff you are filling your mind with!

But right there I checked him. I said, Listen Father, I go to Confession and Communion every two weeks; so you don't need to look at me as though I were an APA, or a goon! I thought that'd hold him plenty. But it didn't.

He says to me, You're like a fellow who takes a bath every two weeks and puts on clean linen, and then starts to root around in the coal bin. How can such a chap expect to keep clean? Did you ever, at any time, read a life of a saint for variety? They were pretty real people at times, you know.

I said, Now Father, y'know I'm no sissy, and those goody-goody boys are not down my alley at all. Then, right there was where I made my tactical blunder, I guess. He fell on me like an elephant.

Sissies, he says. You big clothes horse! You sit around in overstuffed chairs, drinking beer, telling tall tales, and reading movie magazines! You haven't got the gumption to get down to hard work and cut out all this soft stuff. And you call fellows who can take it, sissies! Someone ought to really go to work on you, Herkimer!

Then he told me about some longshoreman named Matt Talbot who had been drunk for 20 years. One day he got himself by the back of the neck and kicked himself across the dock and into a church to confession. And for the rest of his life he never drank a drop. He worked hard every day at the dock, and when he died they found he had been wearing a hair shirt, and spiked chains which cut into his flesh -- wearing them for years as a penance for his sins! A sissy, was he? That fellow could take it!

Did you ever hear of St. Agnes? he says. She was only 13 years old, but she defied the Roman emperor. She suffered mutilation of her virginal body, rather than commit sin, and so died a martyr. A sissy, was she? Imagine the frowsy Hollywood queens imitating her! Listen Herkimer, it takes spunk to become a saint, lots of spunk.

Go To Mass Tomorrow -- Ascension Thursday -- A Holy Day Of Obligation.

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PRAYERS -- Deceased: grandmother of Henry Burke (Badin) and William Burke (Dillon); father of Pat Mulgrew of Cavanaugh; father of Brother Andrew, CSC; father of Rev. John Walsh, CSC. Ill: aunt of George Krasevac (C.C.); Charles Madden; Barbara Moore Best (Polio); Menillio Bello of St. Ed's (appendectomy).