

Sleep in this morning?
There's a Mass at 5:10
in Sacred Heart Church.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
December 2, 1957

Blood Donors still needed.
See the Prefect of Religion
in 117 Dillon.

Back To Work

There is a theory that a university education instills ideals into young men, and sets them above their fellowmen with a mission to draw all humanity after goodness and truth. At Notre Dame, there are men who believe that this theory has a sound basis in fact; and they turn away from the insipid distractions of the world to devote their lives to it. These are the real students.

Imagine a fellow buying a ticket to a play, then tearing up the ticket, as he laughingly moves away from the box office. Who's the loser? Certainly not the theatre.

That's exactly the way it is with some men on campus. They matriculate at the University, then try by every means possible to defraud themselves of the education to which they are entitled, and for which their parents sacrificed past all measure of devotion! Sharp! You answer that one.

You can't get much of an education in South Bend -- not the desirable kind. And yet we have some among us who are largely intent upon a "Bachelor of Arts" degree from South Bend society. All their lab work takes place off-campus. They count the day lost that does not find them in the city and its environs. For them it would be a humiliation to be found in the University library. Nor does their social schedule permit this sort of diversion into learning. Busy place, that Walgreen U. library!!

There are many good people in South Bend; but most of the society boys never meet them. They are people who mind their own business, and have neither time nor inclination to devote their energies to distracting young men from serious studies. The "Bachelors" whom we refer to are the ones who may come from New York, from the South, or the dirt farms of Iowa, or the Windy City itself -- all unable to by-pass the booby-traps lying in wait for them. In no time at all, and with a total lack of good sense, they're mingling with tavern queens, or some counter-jumper who hasn't much sense, much taste, much intellect -- nothing to recommend her but Max Factor!

And their conversation! How a university mind could put up with the jabber, and return it in equal measure, is something these "Bachelors'" parents could never believe. It's something they better never hear about, too! Scholarly? Hardly. Better say that it hovers on the fringes of respectability. It is certainly extra-curricular -- not at all a requirement for a University degree. This sort of lab work gives no credit, and is no credit.

At its best it is undesirable. May God deliver us from this sort of education, and give us some men with backbone, particularly in the Junior and Senior Classes! We want men who are not afraid to get up on cold mornings for Mass and Communion; men who will do an honest day's work in these privileged years given to prepare themselves for life; men sharp enough to avoid the shabby elements; men interested in a field trip embracing something beyond Michigan Avenue, and something loftier, too. Imagine yourself being first in your class at the Walgreen Commencement! About that time, imagine the look on your dad's face, too!

A real Notre Dame man remembers that his education teaches him how to live in order to die well. And no one has ever learned how to die well unless he has first learned how to live in the state of grace. That's a requirement for a real education. And the less you see of South Bend, the better your chances of getting a real education. There are dance halls and taverns and night clubs all over the world. But there's only one Notre Dame; and it's yours for four talented years. Make the most of it, and what it has to offer you. Later, you'll be glad that you did! This mid-term reminder comes to you as the "pinkies" confront you and your parents.