Ideal Notre Dame Men.

I.

Dear Father O'Hara:

This I copied from my roommate's notebook. He is my ideal Notre Dame man.

Our Lady's Squire.

My mother is a saint in heaven
But I am not alone;
My heart burns with a radiance
Yours may not have known.

Worldly pleasures I disdain
And for them never yearn
Because what others do not see
My loving eyes discern.

For I am Mary's promised squire
And strive to be her knight;
To my sweet Mother I am pledged
To do but what is right.

A love for her burns constantly
Within my loyal heart.
To her I consecrate my life;
And frailties depart.

One of Four.

Dear Father:

My ideal Notre Dame man is too much of a stiff to stoop—

1. To teaching a freshman (who thinks Mr. Upperclassman can help him get into the swim) to play red-dog, serving him drink while he relieves him of twenty-five dollars;

2. To studying the weaknesses of an older person whom he should respect, and by playing to these weaknesses flatter him so broadly that the older person tells everyone who will listen that Mr. Upperclassman is a go-getter, one of our finest;

3. To licking boots, pulling wires, and making arrangements so that if A throws votes to him in one instance, he will be A's henchman in the next;

4. To flaunting himself so on the campus that his offensiveness makes decent young men the more silent.

It is Christian morality that gives my ideal Notre Dame man backbone.

Newman's Gentleman.

Too Late.

A student who was here last year (now at another Catholic college) writes to one of the priests:

"The basement chapel was about the greatest convenience I know of for a student; and I can kick myself all around the block for not making better use of it. Here we don't know when or where to go. And there are no Religious Bulletins!"

Not Too Late.

The Novena for the Sick was not so well attended. Another will begin on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes tomorrow. Hand in names. There is a basket for this in the rear of the basement chapel.

John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.,
Prefect of Religion.