Religious Bulletin
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And now t. is on with Our Story.

The football team is speeding across the land today, far enough away for us to have a heart-to-heart discussion of last Saturday’s game which no inveterate grape-hanger can mail on to the boys to dampen their spirits for Saturday.

It’s a good thing we lost. A defeat gives a you lesson in sportsmanship. What you expect of these boys -- who are only boys, no older than yourselves -- is no less than a national championship. You expect them to make all the sacrifice that goes with Notre Dame football, keep their heads under rooms of publicity and no end of flattery, stand the terrific strain of a tangle-racket schedule, travel all over the country, and bring home a championship that will let you lord it all over Sedan when you go home for the holidays. And when they crack under the strain you act as if they had betrayed you.

What have you done to support them? One of the players said before leaving that there was no danger of his fumbling this week, as his hand was in perfect condition; after victories it was squeezed to death. They asked for your prayers -- repeatedly. That answer did you give them? The following table compares the number of Communions on the eight days preceding the Army game with the eight days preceding the Tech game:

| Army game | 1185 1282 1251 1255 1260 1284 1165 1343 |
| Tech game | 852 890 911 966 1082 690 766 887 |

The totals are 10,003 and 7,008. The eight days before the Tech game were the first eight days of a Novena for the t. (The ninth day, Sunday, the number was 972.)

Sacrifice? You don’t know what the word means. You got up at four-thirty to share the thrill of victory after the Army game; but that was a stunt. Any high school kid could do that. Mob spirit carried you through that. Homecoming was another thing. There were 1665 Communions the day before Homecoming, and 852 Saturday morning. You were asked to make the sacrifice, not to break your faith after midnight Friday, and it was too much. You were asked to do it for the team, to start a Novena that day. You couldn’t do it. You took the rest of the season for granted -- and you squealed like babies when the team you had deserted gave in.

It’s not only here; it’s hereafter. One of the players said last week, when he was going over the prospects of a defeat at the hands of Carnegie Tech, that he was almost glad we lost to the Army last year, because it showed up the Alumni. The year before they sobbed over the boys and Albert later; last year when the boys looked around after the game they found only three or four of the old guard there to shake their hands and put them on the back and say, “Never mind, boys, you’ll get them next year.” That’s not Notre Dame spirit.

Defeat is a good thing. It shocks out the jelly-fish. A chiropractor would have gone broke around here Saturday evening and Sunday. The Wellesley Home Sunday morning was typical. You made so much noise that you could almost be heard in Fresh Hall; but you didn’t eat it for lunch; you were too hungry. -- and this isn’t a good thing; it changed the character of the afternoon in South Bend Saturday night. God was less offended.

You can do as you please with it now. Wait your turn; think about the team and the coaches and the schedule and all the rest of it next year. If you want to blame anybody, blame yourself; blame your poor sportsmanship, and if you want to help the team, you know how you can do it. (And in your prayers remember seven urgent intentions recommended by your fellow students.)