During the past week we looked over some current notions of "education." In these scrambled ideas we found nothing that would fit in with Notre Dame's scheme of things, but now that we have had time to look over the crowd we have found some material for which we have no use, and which we would be glad to turn over to the animal trainers, oilers, vipers, shopping supervisors, dicticians, and other representatives of the IIeW ORDER.

We refer primarily to the four hundred or so who battled their way back to Notre Dame this year to relieve the stress of unemployment, and who are slipping the mission. We find among them the following types:

1. Those who lack good sense:
   a. The extra-curriculars whose work for the honor and glory of Alma Mater is more important than the salvation of their souls; 
   b. The lahibahs whose South Bend and Mishawaka dates have starved for company all summer; 
   c. The normals whose classroom is the speak-easy, whose text is a pinochle deck, whose preacher is Bertrand Russell; 
   d. The superior minds who worship only at the shrine of their own nighty intellectuals.

2. Those who lack good will:
   a. The devotees of pleasure who put off their conversion till they have nothing but a carcass left for the service of God; 
   b. The pacificists who act on the principle that "God helps those who help themselves; 
   c. The schemers who brush God aside when His teaching stands in the way of their ambitions.

3. Those who lack courage:
   a. Those who haven't the nerve to face a plain sermon; 
   b. Those who fear confession; 
   c. The slaves of sin who don’t see how they can give up an occasion of sin.

Blockheads all, they cannot get an education at Notre Dame. Education here is not animal training; it is not the infusion of some patent product, it is not a vouchsafing process. Catholic education is a "draining out" of something that is already there: a supervised development of the faculties of the body and soul, the intellect and the will, the character. When there is nothing there to draw out, you can't educate. You can train a pig, but you can't educate him, as Bishop Feeing once said.

A certain lady who has a sense of humor received that she once asked a number of the hierarchy in it is a sky to potentiates story parlor. She countered by asking her what went on there. She explained that there personal service stations have two departments, one for the removal of defects, and the other for building up perfections. In reply the bishop advised her to make thorough use of the beauty parlors of the Catholic Church - the confessionals for the removal of defects, and the altar rail for the building up of virtues.

The Notre Dame beauty parlors have been in operation for the past two weeks, but there are blockheads who don't know enough to use it. 

A student asks prayers for a friend burned in an accident, another for a deceased friend, two others for friends who are ill, and a fifth for a friend whose neck was broken in a football game Saturday. 

A friend who is ill, and the President of Religion. August von Huglin’s grandmother is very ill. One special intention.