Two Philosophies Of Discipline

This is the mind of Barney Blue on the subject:

When a boy becomes a man; when he's made the jump from high school to college, he ought to know his own mind—what's good for him and what's bad; and he certainly shouldn't be fettered by this rule and that. Rules are for slaves.

"After all," says Barney Blue, "If I can't take care of myself, nobody else can. In fact, nobody else will. If I go wrong (but I won't), that's my look out and my funeral. I'll ask for no sympathy." But the fact is Barney always has bellyached about the penalty and pleaded for mercy.

This is what happened to Barney Blue (knowing his mind, you can understand it all):

When he was a freshman, ten o'clock lights were inane and morning checks asinine. Once he drank beer in his room and let himself cut the window after the lights went out. He didn't get caught.

As a sophomore, he got into several minor jams. Once he was caught for cribbing and flunked the course. "Suspension for a semester broke my Dad's purse and my Mother's heart. This is a hockuva school."

Barney could never learn, for he always knew the answers beforehand. Came a day in his junior year, the day of the Prom, and he would have his drinks and his out-of-town drive. "Suspension for a semester broke my Dad's purse and my Mother's heart. This is a heckuva school."

Finally Blue Barney walked out of summer school with a late diploma. His last words to a junior were these: "You had better sit tight next year. They think you're only a baby. The whole set-up's against you... But I'm done now and am I going to blacken the university's name!"

In school and after his graduation, Barney's first thought was himself. Rarely did he think what pain his selfishness brought to his Mother 'til it was too late. In case you "forgot" start your Novena for Mother tomorrow A.M. (Ill)mother of a priest.

This is the mind of the Catholic Church and Notre Dame in the matter:

When Barney Blue first hit Zahn or the Pasteboard Palace, he was a boy becoming a man. He had not fully matured. He had lots to learn. For the first time in his life he was really "on his own"—away from the influence of those he best know.

He had great possibilities, happily for good; unhappily for bad. Discipline; a firm training of the will; schooling in how to obey and "take it" were his great needs. Notre Dame gave: he spurned. It was the cussedness of human nature overruling Barney's undeveloped best self.

Notre Dame's system was not perfect, not by a jug-full. But at least it faced the fact of original sin. *** Mr. Blue's son had assumed he was "different." He must experience "life." And this, despite what the priests said: "A single risk in the name of 'your freedom' can cost you the health and happiness of a life-time, even of an eternity."

Barney used to talk all day (and into the night) about what he would do of his own accord "if the C.S.C.'s minded their own business and never checked." He would "always do the right thing, if they lifted their penalties." Mr. Blue, Jr. never reflected that God Himself created hell and that hell keeps men in line.

If Barney had had less of the spirit, "I shall do THIS because the know-nothing Fathers say NOT to," and more of Christ's idea that only "the truth shall make you free," he would have seen life AS IT IS, strong points and weak, and acknowledged the wisdom of buckling down to the things that are hard: obeying and building up will. Only by discipline can he learn to say "Yes" and "No" when he should. More of last weekend's family spirit will help Barney settle down to willing cooperation with Notre Dame discipline and his college life will cease to be bleak and blue. He will become a great credit to his Mother.

FATHER DOMINIC CANNON, C.S.C., died late Thursday, his 60th birthday. This man and gentlemanly priest taught here, at St. Ed's and Portland twenty-five years.

BROTHER LEONARD, C.S.C., only 39, died the next day. He taught high school lads in New Orleans and Indianapolis. His model was St. Joseph, guardian of the boy Christ.