

Whoopie's Over.

If you were in a position to see boys falling out of bed yesterday morning you realized that the Whoopie is over and that it was some whoopie, with years and years of sleep to make up. There is just one thing to do about it. The faculty will show no mercy; cuts and double cuts will go on; large duties will come with monotonous regularity. All you can do is go to bed at night, and before you go to bed get down on your knees and pray that you will wake up in the morning before your first class. In the meanwhile, the filigreed bass drum goes to the birds who came back early and slept late and missed the classes in which they had seven cuts.

Whoopie!

The best news we have for you in the new year is that Edmund Hogan, who hadn't a chance in the world to live, is getting well. The last Bulletin before the holidays announced that the doctors admitted for the first time that he might have a chance to live -- and that was seven days after the operation that had disclosed that his jugular vein was full of pus and rotted away. His case is as clear an answer to prayer as you would ever want to see. -- And another boy for whom the doctors had little or no hope of recovery has come through: Andrew Shiebler, of Freshman Hall, has recovered from pneumonia and is up and around. -- Jack Rockne left the hospital, entirely well, a few days before Christmas. -- John Bergan, off-campus sophomore, had a narrow escape from death just before New Year's, when a heart attack laid him low. He is recovering nicely.

Don't Expect Them To Believe You.

You may be able to put over some of your holiday stories to the freshmen, but save your wind with the faculty and upperclassmen. They have been lied to by experts.

The Three Kings.

Tomorrow is the Christmas of the Gentiles, the commemoration of the visit of the Three Wise Men from the East to the Crib of Bethlehem. Our Lord was manifested first to the Jews, His own people, and then to us. The proper commemoration of the day is, of course, the receiving into your heart of the Babe of Bethlehem who came to save you -- and Who was ignored by those He came to save -- "they found no room at the inn." Keep that in mind tonight. Behave yourself, and don't break your fast. Christ would not expect to find cold hearts at Notre Dame.

Novena For Health.

We will wait a day or two before starting this important Novena, to give the cut-savers a chance to join in on it. It will be offered for two intentions: the sick relatives and friends of faculty and students, and the protection of the health of all at Notre Dame and all who depend on our prayers. It is a dangerous year. You responded only feebly to the Novena in October that there be no deaths this year, and there was one death, although there were six miraculous recoveries.

Prayers.

Sister Lourdes, who has seen fifty-three years of service at Notre Dame, is very ill. Paul Koprowski lost an uncle and a grandfather during the holidays. Clifford Fisher's sister is very ill. Wm. Mottz was called home to California by the serious illness of his father. Tom Medland's aunt is ill. Edmond and Walter DeBaene ask prayers for their grandfathers, both of whom are quite ill. Robert Rink, an alumnus, has a serious throat infection. An uncle of the Prefect of Religion was anointed a few days ago. Prof. Provost's wife is ill. Three special intentions.