

"National Communion Day"
tomorrow. Everybody re-
ceive for the Holy Father.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
October 15, 1938

Confessions tonight in
Dillon, Howard and Cav-
anaugh till 10:00 P.M.

It's A Heart-Breaker.

Don't miss Boys Town. It came to South Bend this morning. This drama of Father Flanagan's work with boys, on the outskirts of Omaha, puts across an idea every priest believes in: There's no such thing as a bad boy. (Imagine, not even one bold, bad man on the campus. How often we've taken the name of McGutzky in vain!)

At heart every boy is good. Sometimes the slums or a sulky temper thickens the skin 'round his heart, and nobody quite gets a look at it. But he's still just a boy and he has a heart.

Often the untimely death of Mom or Pop strips a kid of good clothes. And in rags he begins to smoke, cuss and throw dice, spit out his bitterness at the heels of the unfriendly people he hates.

Only one thing can check him: the smile of a Father Flanagan's eyes, Christ-like and kindly lips. Like magic, Father Flanagan has pieced together thousands of broken and wayward hearts. Now they pump steady, loving God, man and self.

It's not really magic but toil. Father Flanagan had to sell his kids the idea that no matter what's gone before, life's still worth living straight. He shows them, to their surprise, that deep down they're good, that a good boy's life is an admirable thing. Honesty, chastity, love of Others, self-respect: all these spell out discipline. And Boys Town is discipline.

But at Boys Town discipline is not hard. It's human. Boys Town shows you what boys are and are made to be. In the film one scene teaches a lesson the Bulletin has been stressing this year. The little tough guy, Whitey Marsh, at last softens up when a whizzing car knocks faithful Pee-Wee senseless. Whitey sees that he really lives only when he lives for Others.

Boys Town is not drama but fact. In the show, Father Flanagan's chief headache is the mortgage-banker. That's so in reality. And another thing-- every day Father's bread bill mounts to five dollars. He has formed a Bread Club. See the picture first. Then reflect-- it's all true! You'll want to belong to that Bread Club.

But five dollars is pretty stiff for a man in college. No doubt of that. Is two bits too much? You'll pay that much or more just for the show. Why don't you form your Two Bit Clubs tonight? Write down your names in twenties. Attach the five bucks to the card. Hand both (card and the bucks) to the Prefect of Religion (107 Cavanaugh Hall) or to his assistants (106 Howard, 117 Dillon).

The Bulletin will forward your names and a check to Monsignor Flanagan. Boys Town will never forget you.

PRAYERS: (deceased) uncle of Charles W. Schmid (Mor.); Max Herder. Ill, friend of Bob Harrington (Fresh); friend of Bill Wilson (Zelm); uncle of Neil McCarthy (Cav.).

