

Universal Notre Dame
Night next Monday on
NBC-Blue at 7:00 CST.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
April 15, 1939

Regional Conference CCD
St. Mary's, April 21-23!
See Monday's Bulletin.

Two-Time Tommy.

Tom, you're just an old heart-breaker. Around Palm Sunday you had your last date with sad South Bend Sue. How she sobbed when you said you were going home on vacation. But you would be faithful. "No other goil anyplace, nossir, not even in my hometown will take your place, Sue. 'Course, if you want to date while I'm home, that's up to you and you can tell me when I get back." You added a whole lot of similar drivel.

Then after six rip-snorting, dizzy days in the big town, you took leave of Brooklyn Bess at the Grand Central. "Don't be blue, Bessie, there's just six or seven more weeks of school and then we'll be together all summer. I'll be thinking of you all day long and far into the night out there on the campus. I always tell the fellows what a good girl you are. Those dames out in Greater South Bend don't mean a thing to me." You kissed beaming Bessie, ran after the train and hopped on.

Sad South Bend Sue.

You know, Tommy, it isn't right for you to be dashing around winning every girl's affections like that. Take Sue. She's got a future to think of probably right in this neighborhood. You drop around for an education and think a practical course in love-making is part of the liberal arts. You think she's a nice kid, real sweet, A-hone-cooked meal once in a while. Sue's dad is pretty regular when it comes to the car. It's a swell set-up. Soft, inexpensive for you.

You ought to know, Tom, that's costing Sue plenty, maybe her "chances" for life. Perhaps just on account of you, Sue will be on the shelf in a couple of years. You're pretty selfish stringing a good girl like Sue along. You'll clear out of here and won't give her a thought in the midst of your pleasures. But Sue will be stuck.

Brooklyn Bessie.

Or, who knows? maybe the story's the other way around. You're on the level with Sue but you're practically engaged to Bess back in Brooklyn. You've known her and her folks for years. She's a real sort, cooks nice, dances; real fetchy. You keep writing her week after week. There must be no let-down in love-- like the show must go on. Her letters amuse you. She's really thinking of you; waiting. Meantime you've got in with somebody else who has it all over Bess. Poor Bess, she's really antiquated and besides her folks give you the itch and they know you too well. Still you keep writing those gallant letters about the sweetest little thing God ever made.

Then you graduate, settle down on a farm in the midwest seneplace, get hitched and that's the end of Bessie. *** Because of you, two-timing Tommy, there's much sadness in South Bend and Brocklyn.

Flay Square.

If you like a girl and she likes you and you both want to date, that's a fine thing. God expects it and blesses you. But never kid a girl along. Human personality is too deep and sacred to fool around with and cheapen. Life means too much. Don't raise her hopes for a happy marriage, then leave her flat when you roll up your diploma. That's no credit to Notre Dame. Flay square. If all you want is a date now and then, say so-- by all means say so if you discover she's serious and you have no mind to reciprocate. When you waste her time at this stage, you waste her life. Marriage, that is, happy Christian marriage, doesn't give her the call every day. Some day, a long time from now, you will find that because you were selfish about dates you caused a major tragedy.

PRAYERS: (deceased) grandmother of Harry Keefe (Dillon); mother of Gordon Love, Ill, friend of Tom Reilly (Fresh.); Bill Reynolds (Colgate); three friends of Paul McManus '33; Mr. Schanz (N.Y.); mother of Tony Consolatio (How.); mother of Geo. Martinet '34.