Feast of O.L. of Lourdes tomorrow. Fray to her & Bernadette for the sick.

University of Notro Dame Religious Bullotin February 10, 1940. (R.I.P.) Sr.M. Alacoque (soe first <u>Note And Re-</u> <u>mark</u>, today's <u>Avo Maria</u>)

Catching Up.

Somebody sent us a copy of Art Kuhl's article in YCUTH called <u>Alligators and Jive</u> in which he puts the okeh on jitterbugging and winds up with the conclusion, "Se I'd advise the moralists to take another look at the jitterbugs and stop worrying."

This is a line just to advise the young man who sent in the clipping that the <u>Bullctin</u> still doesn't go for the jitterbug stuff even though the editor quite agrees with Mr. Kuhl that jitterbugging is not immoral.

There are lots of better, more intelligent and specifically human ways of relaxing than doing the jive.

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The other night one student came in for a long session on the problem perennial: <u>pre-</u> <u>destination</u>. Father Ed Murray develops an answer for YOUTH in one of its forthcoming issues, arguing that there's no sense to the idea of doing penance (or anything good) if you're <u>still</u> going to land in heaven or hell <u>without</u> doing penance (or anything good).

Until some wizard comes along and proves you're predestined one way or another, the smart thing for you to do is continue your Lenten schedule of penance. And the most profitable, positive penance in Lent is to unplanned interruption (by TF) of his college course, writes a few lines of interest to his fellow '40s. Approxiative, the R.F. gladly prints Mike's linesbecause they are a mice plug for the good old R.B.:

I want you to know that my thoughts often dwell on Notro Dame, the students and priests. You can't imagine how much I appreciated the prayers of all, for they helped me greatly when I was nearest death. October 12th my respirations went down to four a minute and they could hardly count my pulse. To see me new you wouldn't think I had ever been 111. I'm up an hour a day now and yesterday I went out for an automobile ride.

Keep plugging away for Mike's complete recovery as you make your Masses, Communions and Adoration periods during Lont. Mike is the ex-St. Ed's lad who found a padlock through the buttonholes of his tuxedo very shortly before a prom at St. Mary's two years ago. *** Almost forgot the end of his letter:

I lock forward to the <u>Fullotins</u>. They are all the Notre Dame I now have.

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There are plonty of Kenedy and Stedman missals (and supplements) in the three

get up out of bed every morning for the whcle Mass and Holy Communicn.

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What a fellow wants, when he's faced with a problem, whether speculative or practical, is an answer that satisfies. In matters Catholic yeu can always find a good answer in the old standby, Paulist Father Conway's QUESTION BOX or in the Rumble-and-Carty opus, RADIO REPLIES. Most compact of the wise-answer books, curt, clear and complete is <u>MINUTE MEN CATHCLIGANDA</u>. One thin dime will bring you a copy from the Chancery Building, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

Mike Shannon, an ND ray of California sunshine and bubbling happiness, despite the

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offices.... If you'ro locking for one of the neat copies of Summi Fontificatus distributed by the Knights several Sundays ago, drop in anytime at the K of C clubrooms, basement of Jalsh The fines paid in by a group of waiters who forgot to show up for their dining hall jobs after Christmas amounted to \$94 and instead of accruing to the University were sent to Father Frank Sullivan, pastor of St. Augustine's Negro Parish downtown. Space is lacking to explain that Penny-A-Day-In-Lent idea; wait till next week. Meantime be saving your pennics for Our Lord's poorest missions ... Thraks to the SCHCLASTIC editor, Bill Fay, and associates and to the training fighters for all the tedious preparations they're making to put over the BENGALS TELLING FACTS for Jan .- Feb. exposes the American Youth Congress, Mrs. Recevelt's protoges.

PRAYERS: (Very 111) Bill Anderson; (I11) friend of Rex Ellis; friend of John Maleney; friend of Ed Holland ox-'36; (Decessed) grandmother of Dick Bolden; aunt of Doug Haley.