

Mass Thurs. of St. Titus,
p. 744. Collects p. 744, &
2nd of St. Dorothy, p. 1128.

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Ill, relative of Dick Carney
(Bad); grandmother of Francis
Payne (Dil). 3 sp. ints.

Tiddybelle to Stooge.

Dear Mr. Stooge,

How glad I am that you take such an interest in my Big Moment (ha! ha!). Goodness knows, he needs somebody to watch over him, now doesn't he?

An old meaney of a professor from out there told me that Brick's hardly a representative Notre Dame man. Brick's too thick in class and in other things, this professor said. But don't you think that Brick has possibilities, Mr. Stooge?

This professor mentioned, kinda suspicious like, that Brick belongs to a certain little butter-slinging, bread-grabbing crew in the dining hall. Goodness knows, it just broke my heart. What would poor little me ever be able to do with Brick? Please write and tell me that it isn't true, because the McGutzkys are wealthy people here in Cranberry Bog, and I'm really interested in Brick.

Just for your own self, Mr. Stooge, don't you think it's awful for boys to be too he-man-ey or lumber jack-ey? Tell me, just whom do they want to appeal to in that way? Know what I mean--careless about their p.a.? (Goodness sakes, that might mean, too, a kind of tobacco!) You won't misinterpret me?

Now, honest Mr. Stooge, I don't like collar-ad men, but I do think naturalness-can be carried to the point of savagery, don't you?

I'm so sensitive, Mr. Stooge, and I really want to tell you a secret. Brick took me to an Embassy Dinner during the holidays. It was just awful, the way he acted! He seemed to think he'd offset the caviar and French "dog" (as he called it) with smart slang from the latest gangster pictures. I was humiliated beyond words, and sometimes he even seemed to feel out of place himself. I had an awful time convincing people that he was a very nice Notre Dame boy just doing a George Raft.

Once, too, we took lunch together in a swanky little tea room. Tables were glass-covered, and he started showing me some kind of a game he said they play with a saltcellar. Only this time he used a sugar bowl, and instead of it balancing on the edge as he said it would, all the sugar dumped out in my lap. I wouldn't have minded if people had thought he was one of the Marx Brothers, but they didn't believe that he even amounted to that.

I'm so awful thankful that I can say all these things to you, Mr. Stooge. Goodness knows, Brick thinks you're wonderful. And I guess you are.

I like to think that Brick is a diamond in the rough, although at times I'm tempted to believe it's a very small diamond and an awful lot of rough. Do you ever think that way about him, Mr. Stooge?

I'm coming to South Bend to one of the dances soon. Brick's invited me. Maybe they know him so well out there that they'll pass off a lot of things. If they do, it'll be a big night for me. But can we have a long talk then, and see what we can do about Brick? Do write me again.

For the nonce I'll just sign myself this way--

Brick's Broken-hearted,

Tiddybelle.

PRAYERS: (deceased) aunt of Ed. Hogan (Bad.); Fr. Schumacher's mother; grandmother of Hugh Magovnoy '25; mother of Prof. David Campbell and John Campbell (O.C.); child of Haskell Askow '31. Ill, father of Harry Boisvert (Bad); Bob Langer's (Lyons) parents.