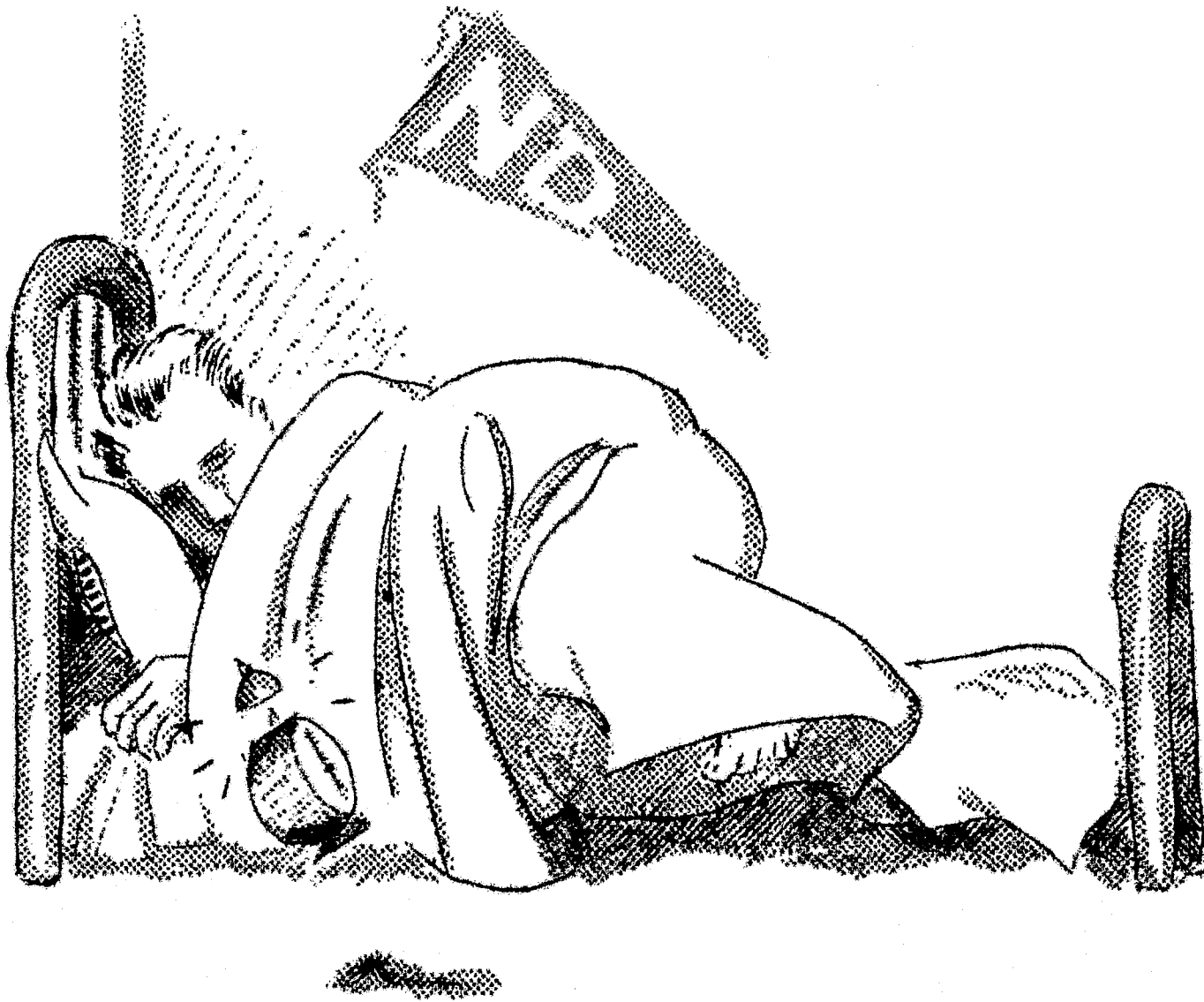


Masses Saturday for
Bernard Nowicki's sister:
6:20, (Cav. Chapel) at request..

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 26, 1937.

...of Cracow Club; at
7:20 (Dillon Chapel) at
request of friend.

The McGutzky Cure.



Look, Stooze, what that Prof has written here on the bottom of my paper:

"See your Rector at once, Mr. McGutzky. Unless he has reason to suspect that you are sometimes normal, I shall charitably conclude from your work in this class that you suffer chronically from encephalitis lethargica. That disease calls for treatment not by a professor of literature but either by a Simon Legree or by a competent physician. A trip to the hospital or hard labor in the mines may be prescribed as a remedy. So far as I am concerned you are hereby released from academic endeavors and can begin the latter form of treatment as early as tomorrow morning."

Stop your laughin', Stooze. He's really telling me in polite, sarcastic language that he's all washed up. He wouldn't "charitably conclude" on anybody. Not that bird. Don't laugh, Fool!

This e-n-c-e-p-h-a-l-i-t-i-s l-e-t-h-a-r-g-i-c-a, what does it mean? Here in the Webster it says...Why that...It says "epidemic fever commonly called sleeping sickness." I told you that guy has no sense of humor, or charity in his heart. You'd think he'd soften up now that Christmas is coming on.

"See your Rector," he says. (Wonder if they've ganged up on me?) Only last week the Rector jumped me--the last time he said--for never being down to chapel. And then, just my luck, who should I meet in the back of the church last Sunday but the Rector himself. He stood there like an actor at his climax, as if he'd been waitin' all morning only for me.

"Old McGutzky," he chirped up, "late again, eh? So you don't hear the alarm. Uh huh. Well, you won't have to hear the alarm over in Brownson."

He's coming in that door any minute now and the verdict will be: Brownson or Out. I hope it isn't Out. I'd hate to go home to my Dad right now. He has a remedy for everything.

"Son," he'd say, "what's this stuff, encephalitis lethargica, they say you're suffering from?"

"Oh yes, your Uncle Alec and your Cousin Jake both caught it the winter that I made my first big money. I'm not a medical man but I scouted around and found that it's an infection that comes to certain people from handling too many soft paper dollars.

"You get the same treatment that I gave to Alec and Jake. Go out to work and get some thick, honest callouses on your hands. Then you'll find that you can handle money without being infected. That's how your mother and I have, for all these years, avoided the dread encephalitis lethargica."

PRAYERS: (deceased) grandfather of Will Herbring (Fresh); sister of John, Francis and Matt Payne. Ill, Rev. John Farley C.S.C.; James Merrion (Cav., in Chicago). Ill, (critically) mother of Bill Fallon ('37). One special intention.