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The Boiler Kid.

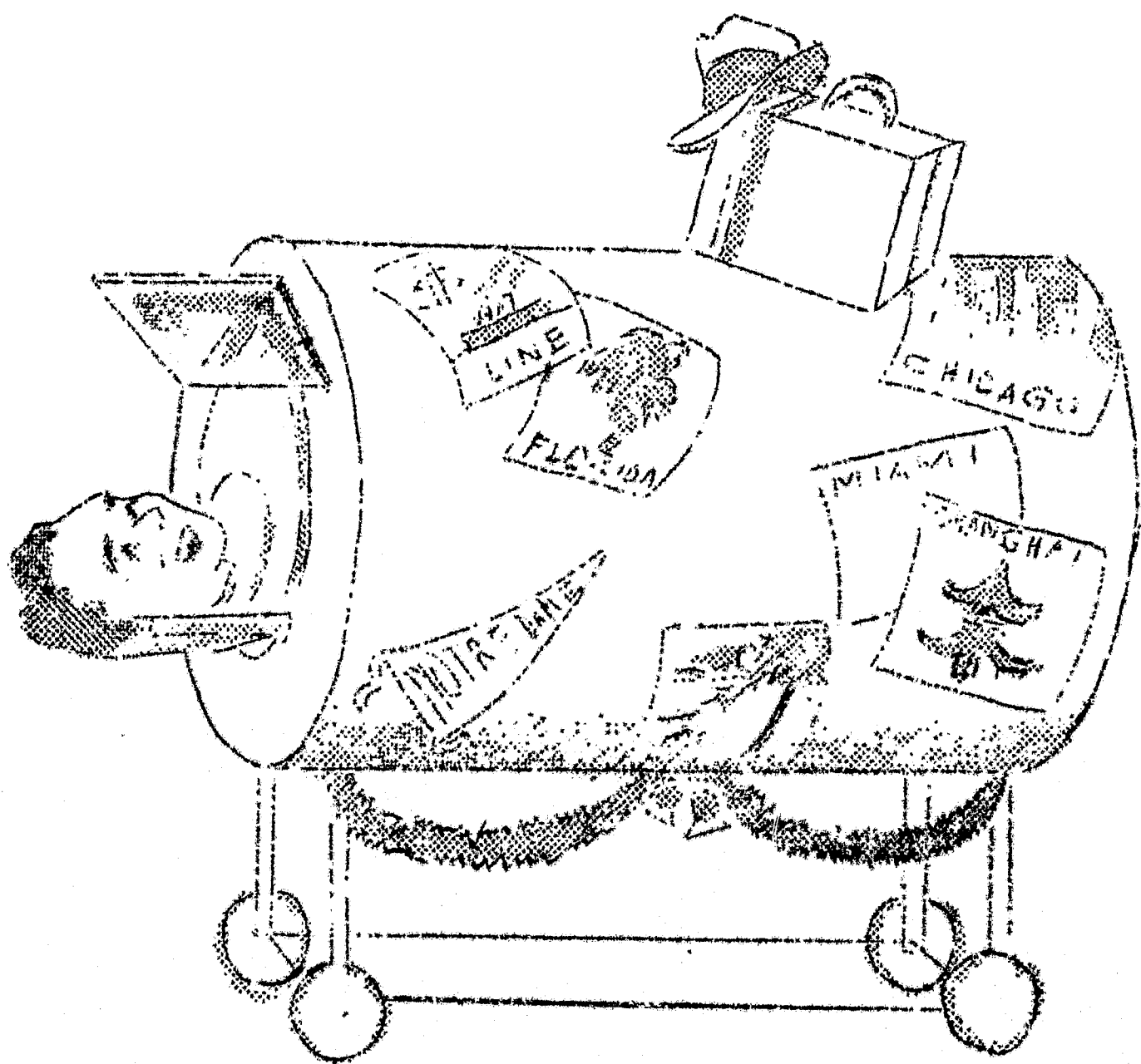
Dear Fred:

The nickname hits it, but you're a boiler that never blows up.

Were you quoted right the day you were told it might be seven years in the tank? "Make it nine, Dad. Then if I get out in seven, I'll feel better about it." Gee, you should drop our fellows up here a line. They howl whenever they're "campussed" or restricted in any way.

But don't be too hard on them, Fred. The whole gang is offering Mass and Communion this Friday for you and all the sick. They are going to ask Our Lady of Lourdes to give you bodily health. Won't you pray for the health of their souls?

In Dillon, Howard and Cavanaugh Hall, Thursday night, as on every night, the priests are hearing confessions till 10:00. You wrote before of an "indescribable thrill" when one of your best friends said: "Thanks, Fred, for making me a better Catholic."



Smiling Van.

Dear Van:

Sorry to hear of those floods again and certainly hope your new jalopy did not get soaked.

Thank God, nothing--in all the fifteen years you have been on your back--has ever dampened your perpetual smile.

That is a smile of beauty, Van; not canned like movie smiles, not specially posed for a toothpaste advertisement, not strained but easy and natural, straight up from the heart, where you are always at peace, full of joy. Van, send the fellows your formula, will you?

* * *



PRAYERS: O Lord, for everyone, a smile like Van's and some of Snite's humor.....