

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Notre Dame, Ind.

**GIVE
WHAT
YOU
CAN!**

Wherever you may happen to be on Sunday, you will be asked to help with the missionary work of the Holy Father. While your own needs may be numerous, just ask yourself how they compare with the needs of the missionaries around the world. The Church has 102,000 missionaries in the field. 7,000 of these are Americans who have left homes like your own. The missionaries are maintaining 53,000 schools with nearly 6,000,000 students, 300 leper hospitals with over 75,000 patients, 1700 orphanages, 200,000 teachers and catechists, and 6,000 nurses and doctors. Can't you forego a pack or two of cigarettes in order that you might become a part of the Church's missionary effort? Have you ever stopped

to figure out how much you spend a year on smokes? I'm sure it's a bundle. So, Sunday, give what you can.

KNIGHTS

The Knights of Columbus are still campaigning for new members. If you've been thinking about joining, get in now. There is someone in the Council Chambers in Walsh every afternoon from 3:00 until 4:30. Drop in and talk over the advantages of joining.

HAVE YOU CONTRIBUTED TO THE SPIRITUAL
BOUQUET FOR THE HOLY FATHER ? ? ? ? ?



Tomorrow's game will as usual be dedicated to Our Lady. We will invoke her under the special title of Our Lady of Czestochowa, principal Patroness of Poland and all the Perkowskis, Rutkowskis, Kolskis, Oloskys, Kolasinskis, and Slafkoskys. There is a shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa just off of the Lady Chapel in Sacred Heart Church. Join your prayers with those of the team. Stop there before the game tomorrow.

IN YOUR CHARITY

Please pray for the following. Deceased: Uncle of Bob of Morrissey and Russ Hoover of Alumni; uncle of Phil Donnelly of Dillon; cousin of Al Johengen of Fisher; friend of Peter Murray of St Ed's; Michael Lawler, '28; Thomas J. Glynn, '21; Edmund Speis. Ill: Rev. Theodore J. Mehling, C.S.C.; grandmother of Peter Derrico of B-P; father of Bill Fry, Off-Campus; mother of Mrs. Garoszewski of the Guidance Dept.; Ann "Honey" Murphy. One Special Intention.



If you made the scene at Giuseppe's last Saturday night, you know that the craze that has hit the big town's bistros hasn't passed our little town by. Can't say that I think much of it. Except that I hope it passes quickly. But quickly.

Habitués of Meyer Davis Land Go West of 5th to Dance the Twist

By ARTHUR GELB

Cafe society, having ignored rock 'n' roll for years, has suddenly, by an apparent process of mass hypnosis, embraced the teen-age craze. The élite of the social set and celebrities of show business have discovered a sensuous dance called the Twist, performed to rock 'n' roll, and are wallowing in it like converts to a new brand of voodoo.

Although the Twist appeared earlier this week in such haunts as the Stork Club and the Barberry Room, the high temple of the new cult is a low dive called the Peppermint Lounge.

Adjoining the Knickerbocker Hotel on the south side of Forty-fifth Street east of Seventh Avenue, the Peppermint and its surroundings are the scene of a grotesque display every night from 10:30 to 3 o'clock.

Revival of Bygone Pays

Cafe society has not gone shamming with such energy since its forays into Harlem in the Twenties. Greta Garbo, Noël Coward, Elsa Maxwell, Tennessee Williams, the Duke of Bedford and Countess Bernadotte—often in black tie or Dior gown—vie with sailors, leather-jacketed drifters and girls in toreador pants for admission to the Peppermint's garish and seedy interior.

Patrolment are bedeviled by a stream of limousines and taxis. Passers-by are shoved off the curb or forced to elbow their way through gaping throngs. The strident sounds of rock 'n' roll pour into the street from a doorway reinforced by five bouncers.

The lure is a tiny dance floor undulating with the twist.

The music is blasted, trampled and shrieked by five men called the Starlighters, led by a frail, baby-faced, 22-year-old ex-college student named Joey Dee.

He has been invited to provide the music for a fund-raising champagne dinner on Nov. 6 at the Four Seasons. This dinner, one of the big social events of the year, will benefit

Girls' Town. The affair will be called the Twist.

The Twist, stemming from a dance called the Madison that erupted a number of years ago in Philadelphia, is a rhythmic, shoulder-shaking, hip-swiveling step in which the partners synchronize their movements but do not touch.

Hank Ballard, a singer, recorded a song called "The Twist" five years ago. Its fame was spread by Chubby Checker, a 19-year-old singer, who has been plugging the song and the dance across the country. Mr. Checker will leave soon on a European tour.

Early yesterday morning, the Peppermint looked and sounded like a surrealistic nightmare. In the hot, jammed, smoky room, which holds 200 persons, patrons were squeezed against the wall and bunched together at a mass of small tables.

Frenzy of Jostling

On the bandstand Mr. Dee and his musicians shouted and leaped like young demons on hot coals. "It's my job to whip up the dancers," Mr. Dee confided.

On the dance floor, couples

gyrated in a joyless frenzy. They scrupulously confined themselves to a few inches of space apiece, but everyone was being jostled nonetheless.

Waitresses wearing short aprons over tight slacks forged through almost nonexistent aisles, slapping down drinks. Occasionally, sypping a tiny opening on the floor, a waitress abandoned her tray, commandeered a partner and threw herself into the melee.

"If I couldn't do the Twist, I'd die," one waitress, Janet Huffsmith, said.

That today's youngsters find the frantic atmosphere of the Peppermint congenial is not surprising. But what enchants the well-heeled is a little harder to understand.

A dancer in a dinner jacket said, "It's a good way to work off tension."

Return To Primitive

Several psychiatrists, questioned informally, seemed to agree that the rite approximated certain primitive, ritual dances. The momentary wiping out of social distinctions, the psychiatrists said, had a therapeutic effect on all the participants.

Earl Blackwell, publisher of *Celebrity Register*, has reserved a table at the Peppermint a number of times since he discovered it about a month ago.

"There's nothing like this anywhere," he said with profound satisfaction yesterday morning. "It's different from anything I've ever seen. The rhythm is contagious. It makes you want to get up and dance. What's most important is that it's an easy dance to do. Everyone can do it."

Mr. Blackwell is one of the favorite dozen or so who do not have to wait in line at the street entrance. He is privileged to enter the Peppermint through a door in the hotel lobby that leads past garbage cans through a narrow serving pantry and into the haven. Until recently, the Peppermint's small

steady clientele, occasionally including adventuresome college boys with dates, would enter without fanfare by the street door.

The saloon, which now turns away customers by the hundreds every night, has no telephone listing. Mr. Blackwell discovered that he could phone the Knickerbocker Hotel and be connected with the Peppermint. But it is pointless for anyone else to try to reserve a table this way; a barmaid's voice will tell you, "first come, first served."

Another saloon called the Wagonwheel, a few doors up the street, which also offers the twist, gets much of the Peppermint's overflow.