Masses Saturday for
Bernard Nowicki's sister:
6:20, (Cav. Chapel) at request. 
University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
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of Cracow Club;
7:20 (Dillon Chapel) at
request of friend.
The McGutzky Cure.

Look, Stooge, 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 charitable con­
clude 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 aca­
demic endeavors and can begin the
latter form of treatment as early
as tomorrow morning."

Stop your laughin', Stooge. 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, what does it mean? Here in the Web­
er 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 suffer­
ing 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 Alac 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."

HAYERS: (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.