Drunken drivers are bad. Worse are those who dare travel sans God's grace.

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Confess & Communicate before you go home to your family's embrace.

Jack Coughlin Has Something To Say.

A St. Ed's boy last year, Jack has been "taking life easy" this year in the North Dakota State Tuberculosis Sanitorium at San Haven, where he reads the Bulletin with greater profit than some of you (meaning the "anti-Religious Bulletineers."). Hey, if you have any "stuff," why not come out with it in the open, argue point for point?).

Especially interesting and gratifying was the article on the Mantoux tests. I hope the fellows are wise enough to take it and follow it up with an X-ray, in case they show positive. This all takes so little of their time now. If some of them have it and catch up with it early, they can save years in bed—perhaps even their life.

Well, Jack, the students have been pretty good about that. (And, by the way, it's the Vollmer test, not the Mantoux). The results have been very encouraging. So far, thank God, not a serious case detected. "Doc" McMeel is finishing up with the putter-offers right now. He makes every "positive" submit to an X-ray. Same way, Jack, spiritually—everybody around here who's shown signs of "something wrong somewhere" has been urged to submit to the confessor's X-ray. His "X" is the sign of the Cross, absolution.

This is the first time I've ever had the chance to lie in bed, have my meals served in bed, and do just as I please as long as I stay in bed. Boy! I'll bet lots of my friends at school would give plenty to be able to roll over in the morning and sleep as long as they'd like. But what wouldn't I give now to be able to go to chapel each morning and receive Communion daily instead of just once in two weeks?

Looks like you believe in the old adage, Jack: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." For some of the fellows here, there are too many tabernacles (think of it!) They lose all sense of the value of Christ. Can't get 'em out of bed, can't move 'em to the Holy Table. Just a few, Jack—relatively—but maybe your words tonight will take hold on 'em.

You certainly did cheer me up when you told of the help "Others" will receive from the sale of the Christmas Seals. And the Knights are the ones to do it.

Jack, the sale went over big. Here's something about one of those "Others" that will gladden your heart. You remember reading of Jackson Chung, our Chinese student in Carroll Hall? Well, out at Healthwin the other day he was baptized and tomorrow he is making his First Communion. He took Benedict for his name to honor the Benedictans who used to teach at the University of Peking. Joe Wang, of the Sorin Sub, (Benedict's godfather) is a graduate of Peking. He said: "If the Divine Word Fathers, who now run Peking, had a saint, Jackson could have taken his name, too." Then it was thoughtfully added, "But the Divine Word founder shall be a saint some day." Chung is dieting on a copy of Radio Replies, which he thinks every student at Notre Dame, Catholic or not, should read through. As to T.B., Jack, "Ben" is coming along fine. But a wire today says our friend "Mike" Shannon, your hallmate last year, is not doing too well so we had better all keep him up on top in our prayers.

He Was A Notre Dame Man.

With emphasis on the man. Judge Thomas J. McKoon died yesterday in Los Angeles. He was an LL.B. back in '90, when Notre Dame sported crews on the lake and he was one of the captains. He was also varsity right end. Good mixer, fine Catholic, lover of everything on the Notre Dame campus, Judge McKoon was best known for his rugged manliness. This won him unnumbered friends. Long an attorney in Duluth, he retired from practice fifteen years ago, settled down on the sunny coast. Mass will be said in Sacred Heart Church for his soul. May God and Our Lady grant him eternal peace.

REMEMBER GENEROUSLY IN YOUR ADORATION PRAYERS MRS. GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON WHO DIED IN BEACONSFIELD, ENGLAND. MR. CHESTERTON FOUND SOLACE IN YOUR SACRED HEART CHURCH.