Outside readers have probably already bawled out the postman. "Where did you stick my Notre Dame Bulletin of last Friday and Saturday? Not down the sewer, I hope." No, nothing like that. There were only campus editions last Friday and Saturday. (Digest of same in the following paragraph.) You received in their place a complimentary copy of the first run of "No Smut." Perhaps your sharp eyes caught the "not" that shouldn't have hopped out of the Ave Maria Press into line 9, page 9 and the extra "and" starting line 10, page 15. Everything else is quite smooth. And these two slight typographical errors have been fixed in the second printing of 25,000 copies which got under way tonight. *** Previous orders totaling 12,000 copies from thirty-five states are being filled by the Student Committee for Decency-in-print starting tomorrow. New orders should be based on the following schedule: less than 100 copies, price five cents; 100 or more, price four cents.

IN SPRING turns to love. The warmer A YOUNG sun sucks new life from the MAN'S FANCY earth. It draws new pep from somewhere down deep within you. It dries up the marshy spots on the fairways and greens. It also evaporates your "gripey" ill humor pent up and kept moist by the dankness of winter.

Now you are free, not bound by the stuffy den of serious study. Every chance you get you dash into the fresh out-of-doors. The robins, newly back from Dixie, don't blame you. They hop all over the quadrangle hunting for worms. What's to stop you from sliding into an improvised second base, even if it does tear up the grass? (Nothing but an order from the Prefect of Discipline or a staccato jab from some weary workman's rake.)

Chippers run gayly in and out of the rocks at the Grotto. You jog around the lakes, speculating perhaps when you'll take your first dip into the spring-fed waters. You figure if the sparrows can chirp unrestrained atop the new-leaved trees, what shall stop you from humming your way to and from the barber shop? (Nothing but the lack of four-bits.) Now and then, if you're sharp-eyed you can spy a turtle coming up for air in the lake behind Morrissey Hall. Some of you, out of love for Chlorine, turtle-like, slide into one end of the Rockne pool to emerge at the end of seventy-five wondrously long yards.

Yes, thank God, with spring here the campus is in for better times. It's a deuce of a lot "hefter." As you walk toward the "caf" or the excavation for new Breen-Phillips Hall, you hear more "How the heck are you?" The warm spring sunshine develops not only Easter thoughts about "her" but a more pervading brotherly love. Next Wednesday let spring hit new life in everyone's soul. It's Easter Duty Day, when every Catholic enrolled at this University taps the source of divine life at the altar rail. If spring means resurrection, life born anew, in everything else, a thousand times more it means new life in your soul. In spring a young man's fancy turns also to love of God!

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was deeply hurt. Saturday the Bulletin announced "Easter Duty Day" which is set for next Wednesday. Every Catholic off campus and on, enrolled at the University, is expected to receive Holy Communion that day. Most, of course, have already satisfied the paschal precept but when everyone goes, the laggards get up enough courage to make their annual "hose through." The night of the others' example, of the solid lines in front of all "tents" is psychologically stimulating to those who, by themselves, might not "take the step." God wills that the dinner be turned from his ways. Stress in the office for Passion Sunday in hail on "heft not your hearts." It is a major tragedy to resist God's grace.

NAYETA: (deceased) George Burkitt '02, '11, sister of Mae Carroll (nurse--Infirmary);
father of Lou McKown (Corin); grandfather of Paul Rice (Alumni). Six special ints.