

Religious Bulletin
June 9, 1926.

The Inquiring Reporter.

Question: What does vacation mean to you?

T. Turnover Fluey, '29: "The old Rolls-Royce will look pretty good to me. I'm going to do the Berkshires the first week in July, and of course I'll roll up to Montreal off and on during the summer. All I want is my hand on the wheel."

Florian Sappy, '27: "Girls! Dates! Dancés! Life! I live again! After I got home last June the first night I had without a date was July 13. I don't know why I'm so popular, but the girls simply won't let me alone. Really, to get a bit of rest I try to get substitutes for some of my dates, but it's no go. It will be a glorious summer, but I'll be glad to sleep it off again in September."

Pug Mumble, a home boy, '28: "Home brew and mother. I've tasted home brew in nine different states of the Union and some of this Canadian real stuff, but mother can make the swellest home brew anyone ever tasted. She can make swell strawberry short cake, too, and gee, but she can fry chicken swell. But home brew is her specialty, I'll tell the world. It's swell."

Ardliegh Awlthere, subconscious-lab material, '32: "I'll be glad to get out of this jail where there's someone on your neck all the time. Where do they get that stuff, callin' this a university; run you to church, run you to morning prayer, run you to class, run you to the refectory, run you out of town, run you everyplace. My old man's broadminded. I've got a key to the front door and can stay out till two o'clock every night in the week if I want to. I'm sure going to be glad to get out of this jail, and I'm sure goin' to go to a man's school next year."

Ezra Rodman Toot, conditioned freshman: "One grand spree. I'm going to drink up all the liquor in Hardwood County, and when that gives out I'm going to take a job in the shellac factory. Watch my dust, boy, watch my dust."

Personal Items.

The many friends of T. T. Fluey will be sorry to learn that his pater received a ticket yesterday for parking his ford on the wrong side of the street.

It is said that a surprise is in store for F. Sappy, the well-known Mexican athlete who flunked Accounting again this year. His girl has recovered her sight.

Puggy Mumble, famous for thirds in the refectory, was taken to the hospital this morning with an acute attack of gastritis.

A Awlthere has accepted a position as night watchman at the cheese factory, where he will hold forth during the early part of the summer. His paternal ancestor has arranged for him to spend the rest of the vacation at the Fort Potts training camp.

Local police picked up E.R. Toot in a stupid condition last night. He had been smelling corks again.

Till We Meet Again.

Behave yourself; be good to your mother; go to church; say your beads; keep your head; be a Notre Dame man. And may God bless you and keep you.