

First Friday--Mass at
6:25 in the Church.
Adoration 7 to 7.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
December 6, 1934

Confessions 7:30
tonight in all
hall chapels.

Sophomoritis.

It is a vacuous swelling between the ear drums that emits far-sounding sputters through the mouth.

It is not confined to sophomores, but is prevalent among them.

Many freshmen contract it early. Some juniors and seniors keep it late.

You're tellin' me? Nerts, big boy, you're tellin' me nuthin'. I'm runnin' my own life, see? Whose gonna tell me whatta do, huh?

If I wanna drink thas my business. And if they kick me out for drinkin', lettem kick.

The old man and mater'll understand. We had the stuff at home.

(McGutzky before the Board: "This will kill fawtha and mutha. Oh do, kind sirs, considah them, even if you must punish this remnant of a man!")

This mornin' the rector and I had another rassel. And was his face red when I got through withim! Why the heck don't he lay offa me!

It's none of his business if I don't wanna go to Communion, doggonit! And it's none of his business either if I never get up for morning prayer.

They're always atcha around here. If it isn't the Poor Souls, it's the Novena for Purity, or the Novena for your dad and mother. Why can't they get practical?

Carmel, didja say, Pete? The blonde? Sheeza pal!

Some day that rector is really gonna get my fur up, and then--- Listen, Stooge, they've got you all keyed up on religion and studies, you go down and ask for the late pers.

Concentration? I heard all about that stuff in high school.

Budget your time? Let prisoners budget their time.

Discipline? It's the bunk. If ya happenta kick a hole in somebody's doer they charge it on the bill. Ifya make a few good cracks in Washington Hall they sittonya. If you slap a bit of butter in somebody's eye in the Dining Hall, they gitya by the neck. They kicked a guy out over in Morrissey the other night and he told me himself he found his own room without anybody leadin' him.

Why can't they leave us alone?

Hey, Stooge, another squint at your paper. That prof's really got the finger on me. I saw it in his eye the last quiz he threw.

Why the heck don't they have some sassiety around here? They oughtta give those gals over at Saint Mary's a break once in a while.

Hey you guys down at that end of the table, go easy! You say I hog all the steaks?
Well---

PRAYERS: Ill, Bob White of Lyons called home, his mother is dying; mother and father of Bob Siegfried (Lyons), injured in an auto accident; grandmother of Joe McGrath (Bolin); aunt of a student. Four special intentions.