

Sermon tomorrow by the
Prefect of Religion on
Good Example in Summer.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
May 27, 1939

Last Sun. Benediction
of the year tomorrow.
Make attendance 100%.

Thank God There Are Only A Few!

There may be places in this world where students have to sit and listen to vulgar, filthy talk. But that place isn't Notre Dame.

Foul language, suggestive conversations and "Flannelmouth" talk (the boastful recitation of "listen to the dirty things I did") can't be tolerated under the shadow of the Golden Dome. No Notre Dame student need feel that he has to "take" that kind of rot if he runs into it. In the old days it meant "the lake." Why tolerate these few slop-heads? Why keep around here, as your companion, anyone senseless enough to prate and brag about his mortal sins? *** The language of Scripture is strong. You don't pat a sick dog on the back for going back to his vomit!

The Real Stuff.

Only the other day a Notre Dame graduate was called on to speak at a bachelor dinner. What he said, and the incident that led up to his words, are best told by a young lady who writes as follows: (All proper names are fictitious)

Jim told me a story about a bachelor dinner held here recently. It might be an inspiration to some of your boys, as it certainly was to the fellows present. It seems the lad for whom the dinner was held is a great admirer of Steve White, ex-Notre Dame, who coaches at Greenland. Steve was asked to speak last that evening. Many of the men who spoke were newspapermen....and each told a story decidedly off-color. When Steve arose, he was received enthusiastically and his opening words, after the applause died, were: "As you know, I am from Notre Dame, I am used to speaking to Catholic men. I have no stories to tell." What a man!

That grad was a football captain. He is now a popular, eastern coach. He sticks yet to an unwritten rule that every true Notre Dame man in his time kept.

If you know any Flannelmouth still on campus, mark this story and mail it to him. He is the wise type for whom the Bulletin is too simple. But this young lady's letter might help him see what a cultured Catholic college gentleman thinks of foul talk.

NO SMUT!

SISTERS, BROTHERS AND PRIESTS WHO WISH TO PLACE THE PAMPHLET NO SMUT! INTO THE HANDS OF THEIR PUPILS BEFORE VACATION ARRIVES SHOULD SEND IN THEIR ORDER NOW AS THE LAST SPRING PRINTING GOES TO PRESS. *** A FEW MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT COMMITTEE FOR DE-CENCY-IN-PRINT WILL REMAIN ON CAMPUS AFTER EXAMINATIONS TO SHIP ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY. THIS SIXTEEN PAGE, ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET SELLS FOR FIVE CENTS A SINGLE COPY; IN LOTS OF ONE HUNDRED, AT FOUR CENTS; FIVE HUNDRED LOTS, THREE-AND-A-HALF CENTS; THOUSAND LOTS, THREE CENTS. *** NO POSTAGE CHARGES IF REMITTANCE ACCOMPANIES YOUR ORDER.

From a medical man in Indianapolis: "There may be a little irony in Our Lady's inspiration at this time....when the most serious thought in the mind of some college men is to attain a new record for consuming goldfish....She wishes to show that her 'fish-eating' sons can take on even bigger game in the forms of demons and serpents."

Grateful Acknowledgements.

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