

Religious Bulletin.
Sept. 15, 1923.

The Masses Tomorrow.

Seven-thirty and 8:30 in the church.

Keep out of the basement chapel at 8:00 and keep out of the church at 10:15. Those are parish Masses. Can't you take a hint? Do you want the university to assign pews to you and check you in or out like they had to do at parochial school?

Correspondence courses in Collegiate Drinking.

Lesson 1. Tonight: Get an experienced guide -- say a Sophomore, to show you the slums. Take three slugs of "block and Fall." Your friends will drag you up the fire-escape and you'll have a wonderful time.

Lesson 2. Next Saturday: Guide a few of your greener friends and show them how much a real man can drink. Stick to red-eye. Miss Mass Sunday morning.

Lesson 3. The Army game: Shift to "crazy gin." There's plenty of it around in Gordon bottles. Cut your Monday classes. You'll be in shape by Tuesday noon.

Lesson 4. Homecoming dance. Lay off the white mule and get a pint of private stock from a collegiate bootlegger. Your girl will laugh herself sick at your antics.

Lesson 5. Having learned that "private stock" is just as much shellac as "block and fall," shift to "laundry-box-Haig-and-Haig." Coming from home it's bound to be good -- and it's no more expensive than the other. Choose a secluded spot to vomit.

Lesson 7. Throw one big party the night before Thanksgiving, and then come around for your degree "Consummate Ass" /

Short Course.

Lesson 1. Take a pledge to cover the first three months of your college career.

Lesson 2. Watch your less fortunate friends and learn that "there's no good whisky left."

Lesson 3. Look back at Christmas and see what a wonderful time you had. Your diploma will read, "Wise Head."

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Prefect of Religion.