

Religious Bulletin.  
December 17, 1923

Letter to Santa Claus.

Dear Santa Claus;

Your letter inquiring about the boys came three weeks ago, but I couldn't answer because I had used up all my stamps sending letters to backsliders.

You will have to ask Jake Hoffman about Absolom and Achitophel. They moved to town this year and now pick their teeth in the magazine of the La Salle. They will probably make their Easter duty at the Polish church on Trinity Sunday.

Hermogenes wants a mechanical dishwasher. He likes to cuss the dishwashers, but for the past four years he's had to get liquored-up every Saturday night to cuss the kind they have at the Tokio.

Samaliel has used up the horn you brought him last Christmas. You really ought to bring him a big one this year. And his friend Eliab wants one of the salvaged combinations from Andy Gump's crash. Since Eliab won the beauty contest he's making a collection of mirrors. He even keeps his irregular verbs pasted above the wash stand so they will impress themselves upon his mind.

Antiochus and Eupator are no longer with us. It was a rather hard season. You will still find the rest of the gang in the cafeteria at about one o'clock Sunday morning.

Ichabod deserves the noble prize for slumming. He has been consistent in fall, shadowing Isboseth to keep him out of trouble. Plenty slummers have their claims, but Ichabod is the only one who has spent a night in jail to rescue his friend.

You won't need to bring any Christmas present to Ananias. He has done pretty well for himself this fall. And you really ought to put a baked apple in Dagon's stockings. He still cribs in his senioryear.

Please, Santa Claus, don't play any more dirty tricks on Notre Dame like you have in the past few years. We can't do anything with boys who think the village cabaret is big-time stuff. We are very simple here, and don't ask us to try to educate men of the world. And please look over the crowd at the Palace on Sunday afternoons and check off the boys who get boisterous when the stuff gets rough. If you leave their stockings empty one Christmas they'll wise up. They're human.

Just one more. The Laetare Medal goes to Habacuc, for removing the Notre Dame colors from the lapel of a drunk down in Pittsburg.

Yours for a sober and holy Christmas,

John F. O'Hara, C.S.C.,  
Prefect of Religion.