

## RELIGIOUS BULLETIN.

June 9, 1925.

### Prayers.

Eight students ask prayers for parents or other relatives who are ill, four for deceased relatives, and five for special intentions.

### Now Go Home and Blow!

The bragging we have heard about the home town will now give way to the bragging about Notre Dame, and for the next three months there will be a session that will knock your eye out. And the fellows who will blow the hardest are the ones who have knocked the hardest during the year, just as they will be the first ones back next fall.

\*

But be careful what you blow about. You know the old student who told you before you came here, and the upperclassman who said in September, "You can get away with murder if you work it right?" Count them over on your fingers and see how much murder they have gotten away with. You won't find any presidents of large corporations among them, you won't find any of the great legal lights of your community, you won't find any of the people whose opinion is sought on important questions. And among the students who told you that in September, how many have gone through the year unscathed? If they got by with murder, they got by---and that's all. That's all they'll ever do in life---just get by. The world is full of pikers, as the Bulletin has pointed out before.

\*

People size you up rather quickly. They may get a wrong impression of your school from what you say, but the impression of your school will do you much less harm than the impression they will get of you. When you brag about beer parties and gin babies they put the Indian sign on you right away.

\*

How stupid it is to brag of excelling in a line that people know Notre Dame does not handle! How can you compete with a man from Uxoria University, for instance, when all the world knows that the boys and girls there have 900 tea dances a year? What kick can you get out of telling a man from Lumbago College how you talked back to the Prof when the front pages scream to the Universe that the boys at Lumbago use fire axes on the professors when marks are not just right? How futile must be your small talk about heart-smashing when the public is saturated with the diaries of the boys at Noodle University. Even the South Bend High School boys go down town without hats, and if Crusinberry ever visits Doolittle College he'll write back to his paper that the boys there sandpaper their chests every morning when they get up.

\*

Of course, you know the way it gets started. The boys---and the girls---from X and Y and Z, having nothing much in the way of intelligent background, move the conversation rather swiftly to the things that fill the vacuum nature left in their heads. And you, having no backbone, try to go them one better. As a matter of fact, you don't have to have backbone; the least bit of second-gallery cleverness will save the day for you. You can turn the conversation very prettily by saying, for instance, "By the way, how did Guzelo College make out in football this year? I didn't hear." Or you can get in a dirty dig by asking, "How come you missed out on that suicide club that Professor Neuresthenia organized at Piffle Poly last winter?" Or you can ask archly, "What did the Board of Trustees do when Judge Sockus gave the report to the press that thirty-five per cent of the men at Washonia were diseased?"

\*

If you have avoided the nicer side of Notre Dame, you stand to learn about it through the words of your fellow students in the Religious Survey. You can learn there about all kinds of decent things for which Notre Dame is distinguished. Don't be "colle e" be different.---And God bless you---and keep you---alive and well---till we meet next year.

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