

Religious Bulletin
November 18, 1927.

Pukey Comes Back.

The following letter refers back to the sketch of Pukey Buttercup, smut-slinger par excellence, which appeared on the Bulletin for November 3. Weighty matters pushed it aside until now

"Dear Bulletin: Have you got the correct dope on Pukey's school of smut? Having been a sailor I object a little to the insinuation that he might have been with us, even in a boarding house. Sailors are tough enough to render police departments helpless, drink shellac after pouring it through a dress blue hat, get Congressional Medals of honor for valor, rate a salute (as gobs, mind you) and the privilege of using the captain's gig when going ashore for the mere stunt of going into a fire-hold of a ship full of boiling water and steam when boilers let go to get the black gang out (most of the flesh comes off their legs) and break parole from the brig, go down to ocean beaches where the undertow is kicking up, save four people in one day and die on the beach from exhaustion and probably from former dissipation and, of course, swear artfully, sincerely, vehemently and frequently. Yet I doubt if any self-respecting tar would tolerate the smart (?), simpering, lecherous exudations of the lily-liver like Pukey. Please have him sling his stinking hammock some other place, wont you? --- USNRF.

Gobs or seamen? Full credit is granted the gob for his service (which could be performed even better with a clean heart, chaste mind, pure body, and unsillied lips -- and many a time has been so performed in the same USN), but the letter is beside the point. The phrase "sailors' boarding house" designates something with which gobs are not overly familiar.

Its function is to house merchant seamen, no gobs or beachcombers, although gobs sometimes get drunk enough and beachcombers change enough to get into such a joint. And our correspondent should observe that a distinction is drawn in the sketch between the foundation acquired in the boarding house and the finishing touches given by the high school girls' magazines.

We still maintain our position, and will argue the point with no one who has not had at least two years of experience getting drunken and riotous seamen out of jail into sunshine, or out of boarding houses into ship's articles. However, we can't blame anyone for wanting to disclaim credit for Pukey -- even high school girls.

The Scholarship Dance.

The Scholarship Club of South Bend is an organization of ladies who have undertaken the laudable work of providing tuition for needy students at Notre Dame. Many students have been and are still helped by their efforts. Their principal source of income is from dances, such as the one to be given tonight. Their purpose is very worthy, and they make an effort to see that the girls they invite are such as your mother would have you meet. They hope that the boys who attend will be such as they would have their daughters meet.

Prayers.

Father John Ryan's mother, who has been ailing for a long time, had a relapse Wednesday evening. George Koch, a graduate of a few years ago, lost his mother yesterday. Charles Short's grandfather died Tuesday. Bob Hamilton has just undergone a minor operation for an infected finger. Wm. Dell'Era lost a relative this week. Three special intentions and one act of thanksgiving are recommended. John Eldredge asks prayers for a relative who is given little chance to live.