

Mr. Lunn's "Current Cant  
About Spain" will continue  
in tomorrow's Bulletin.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
November 4, 1936

Mass, Mr. Amison, 6:15  
basement; request Faculty  
club.

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On The Air: Chief Puddlebubbles, Taxi Cowboy.

Tsk, tsk.....Nobody's gonna get me all hepped up about anything. These bells and those profs drive me nuts! What mug oughta care if I do take it easy? I spend a lotta time in town, and that's my business. It's true the old man puts up the dough, but what the old man doesn't know won't hurt him.

Why don't they have more social activities around here? Why don't they put a band up in the balcony in the dining hall and let's have music with our meals? Clear out the tables and chairs and have public dances! What're we here for?

This checking in for morning and night prayer's kid stuff. I'd probably get up often-er if they'd let me do as I please. (Hysterical titters.)

Why should anyone worry about when or where I drink? I'm old enough to ~~take~~ care of my-  
self. A fellow can't develop will power unless he takes the stuff as he pleases. And  
a fellow's gotta develop will power some time in his life. (Large guffaws.)

What of it if I do spend a lotta time at the K. of P.? A fellow could even have a  
good respectable evening of it up there if he tried. Why do they have restrictions on  
where I go?

This taxi-ing all over town costs dough. It set me back \$2.95 to get the girl-friend  
over to Mishawaka last night and to get myself back home on time. Why can't a guy  
have a car of his own? (Repressed laughter.)

All this talk about having a schedule's the bunk, put out by theoretical pedagogues.  
A fellow's young only once in his life, and why tie himself down to a thing like a  
schedule? Makes a machine out of a guy. I knew a fellow once who followed a schedule,  
and I wish you could see him. Why that guy's got intellectual hives!

I'd get up and go to Holy Communion once in a while for the Poor Souls if they never  
mentioned it around here. This keepin' records so that they know who goes, and who  
doesn't, makes me sick. It's my business whether I go, or go to hell for that matter!

I'm old enough to take care of myself.

These profs that pour it on make me sick! You should be free to go to class if you  
wanted and to stay away if you wanted. Let the guys do as they please! Why don't  
they stop prodding them?

I like the kind of prof who isn't makin' you read all the time, who lets you take it  
or leave it...the kind who can summarize his whole semester's work in one quick lec-  
ture. And I bet he's popular with most of the guys! (Hilarious approval.)

They have it in for me around here. The fellow next to me got a 94 and I gotta big  
68 and I swear I know my stuff better'n that dope. Anyway, I'll get along better when  
I'm out working because, instead of all this book stuff, I'll know a thing or two a-  
bout the world.

After all I've done here to make good, some day I'll probably get picked up for some  
little thing and then they'll kick me out. That's all the thanks I'll get. Ho hum.

(Theme Song) I'm a night club boy from the Platz-Savoy...Teedle dee dee dee.....Taddle  
da dee da. (Fade-----)

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of Dan and Jack Cannon, '30. Ill, Frank Carroll and Joe  
Ryan at St. Joseph's Hospital; mother of Mr. William C. Potter, trustee of university.  
MASS Thursday of Octave of All Saints, p. 1041; 2nd col. Holy Ghost, 1185; 3rd for  
Church or Pope, p. 661.