

Class of Inquiry
opens tonight in
107 Cav. at 6:45

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
October 11, 1938

Many Masses are being
said for Dick Meier.
Join your prayers.

A Word To The Bulletin Picture Fans.

Ninety-two percent of you ordinarily read the Bulletin. You admitted that in your Survey last spring.

Last Friday night, when Flannelmouth made his appearance with tongue hanging out, the independent minority joined the gang. Very few of you missed that Bulletin.

Not one missed the point. Still, several were peeved. But neither for them nor anyone else is the Bulletin going to go pretty-pretty.

The Bulletin is written primarily not to coddle a few dissenters, but to talk man-to-man with the vast majority of you who want to be clean and stay clean, regardless of what the rest of the world with its magazines, papers, movies and stories thinks.

In other words, the Bulletin thinks more of preserving from harm those sacred "Others" than it does of stroking with the touch of false friendship a few slick softies who can and do murder souls with the wag of their dirty tongues.

Smut-tellers think they're hard. They certainly are: on Others. They're soft themselves, often sleek-shaven, powdered, a "wow" with the girls, smelling of eau de cologne.

The Bulletin knew that its point would be lost if it printed the pretty face of the smut-man. So it printed a sketch of his soul.

Already the ugly face of last Friday has done some good. Instead of clipping their tongues out, men who in the past have indulged in bad stories from thoughtlessness rather than malice have drawn them in.

Perhaps now the critical few will pull theirs in too.

Meantime the Bulletin sticks to its guns and briefly repeats:

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Bob Donovan (How); Mrs. Wm. Nelson (Chicago); Sister M. Gildas, C.S.C.; uncle of Chas. (Al.) and Dick (Dil.) Metzger; anniv. of father of Gerry Morrissey, Ill., (critically) John Slattery, friend of Ray Quinn (Carroll) and John Nolan (Brownson); Fr. James Kehoe, C.S.C.; brother of Jim O'Hara (St. Eds.). Five spec. ints.

1. Smutty stories are below your level.
2. They give you bad thoughts.
3. They often lead Others to sin.

To remedy this:

1. If you're telling them, stop.
2. If you're listening, stop.
3. If your "friend" persists:
 - (a) Starve him off the table.
 - (b) Throw him out of your room.
 - (c) Thump him a good one.
 - (d) Wash his tongue with P & G soap.
 - (e) Make him feel like a fish out of water.
4. If he must be a moron, cart him off to the nuthouse.

And why all this? Well, how can one tongue sincerely say: "Blessed be God," "Holy Mary" and the things the smut-tellers say?

Loyal Sons.

Out in the forgotten sticks of the north-east fringe of the campus, the men of Freshman Hall have banded together to express their sympathy to their rector.

Yesterday morning Father Dupuis buried his sister. Tomorrow morning all Freshman Hall, at his return, is turning out to offer a General Communion for her repose. One of the students arranged the Mass. Others gathered a little fund and sent a large floral wreath to Father's home. Each did his part in swelling the Spiritual Bouquet.

(Incidentally, beginning tonight for these loyal sons the regular evening confessor will be Father Laskowski.)

Request of the Wranglers.

When Dick Meier was here, he was one of our finest debaters. The Wranglers, wishing to remember him now, have requested a Requiem High Mass in Sacred Heart Church.

Father O'Hara will celebrate it tomorrow morning at 6:25.